

HAYDEN'S

MONEY SAVING CHANCES SATURDAY.

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.

Excursionists and Visitors HAYDEN'S

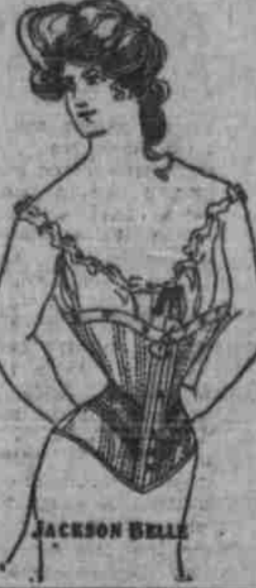
To all visitors to Council Bluffs or Omaha, at any time, whether buying or not, Hayden Bros. give a most cordial invitation to visit this typical American store. It will be found interesting to note the vast quantities of merchandise in all lines and the varied assortments. Every accommodation extended free. Your baggage checked free. Waiting rooms with writing materials, etc. Meet your friends at Hayden Bros. Main Hayden Bros. headquarters. Anything we can do to make your stay more pleasant or satisfactory we'll be glad to do.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments

SPECIAL SALE SATURDAY. 400 ladies' fine tailored light weight jackets, made in latest styles, silk and satin lined, in black, gray, tan, brown, castor, red, blue and green, worth \$12.50 and \$15, on sale Monday at \$7.50 each. Also 200 ladies' Dress Shirts, in black and colors, worth up to \$10 each, for \$2.95. 200 ladies' man tailored suits, in all new shades, worth \$15 and \$18, for \$7.75. 100 Silk Taffeta Waists, in black and colors, worth \$4, for \$2.85. EXTRA SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY— 25 dozen Ladies' Wrappers, worth \$1.50, for 40c. 25 dozen Ladies' Waists at 30c each. Your choice of any Wash Suit on our counters, worth up to \$5, at \$1.50 and 95c. 20 dozen Black Mercerized Undershirts, worth \$1.50, for 75c. 15 dozen Wash Undershirts, worth \$1, at 50c. 40 dozen Wash Dresses for children, worth \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50, sizes 12 to 14, at 40c, 50c, 75c, 95c and 10c. 50 Rain-Proof Skirts, trimmed in satin bands, worth \$4, for \$1.50. 25 Silk Dress Skirts, worth \$10, for \$5.05.

Grand Sale on Ladies' Furnishing and Underwear

1,000 dozen ladies' fine Hiale thread hose, drop stitch and plain lites, in black and fancy colors, worth from 60c to \$1, at 25c. We are closing out our fancy Parasols, in all the newest shades, past silk and chiffon trimmed, worth up to \$5, at 95c. Ladies' Night Gowns, in fine netstock and long cloths, low necks and elbow sleeves, handsomely trimmed with fine laces and embroidery, all finished with hemstitching, worth up to \$1, closing out at 75c. Ladies' fine sleeveless or short sleeve Vests, in fine Richelieu ribbed, worth 10c, at 10c. All the standard Summer Corsets that sold for \$1, to close them out, 40c. Dr. Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets, in ventilated and saten, \$1.00 quality, at \$1.



China Dept

Genuine decorated Holland salad bowls. These bowls generally sell for 75c to \$1.00. Our price, 15c. Six-piece crystal cream sets, 19c. Decorated China oatmeal and fruit dishes, 1c. Mason fruit jars, pint size, 30c; quart size, 45c. CUPS, SAUCERS, plates, vegetable dishes and fruits, 1c each. 10,000 pieces of decorated dinner and tea patterns, consisting of plates, cups and saucers, platters, bowls, vegetable dishes, fruit dishes, cups, pitchers, etc. Choice, 10c. Crystal water sets, 7 pieces, 21c. Art pottery jardiniere, 25c. Tin top jelly glasses, per dozen, 25c. Decorated toilet sets, \$1.25. 100-piece decorated dinner sets, \$4.25. Full line of fancy candles and candle shades. Seven-piece berry sets, 25c.

Sheet Music Sale

Hayden Bros. show the only complete assortment of sheet music, books and folios to select from. A splendid line of popular late music, including nearly all the most desirable hits, in 2000 songs, ballads, two-steps, etc. On sale Saturday at 15c. Call and ask to see this lot.

Read Hayden's Low Prices on Groceries

One-pound can blood red salmon..... 84c Tall bottles assorted pickles..... 10c Root beer extract..... 10c 16-ounce package corn starch..... 5c Sellyoung, per package..... 84c Olives, per bottle..... 9c Can of corn..... 5c Beans, per can..... 8c Fresh Ripe Peaches, per basket..... 18c

Fish Specials

Fancy snow white codfish..... 84c Imported mackerel, each..... 6c Russian sardines, per pound..... 12 1/2c Family white fish..... 4 1/2c Black codfish, each..... 4 1/2c Blood red Alaska salmon, per pound..... 15c Norway cels, per pound..... 12 1/2c

Meats

Three-pound can pure leaf lard..... 35c Fresh botoga sausage..... 12 1/2c 1/2-pound case poached meats..... 95c

Saturday in the Bargain Room

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. Our 25c, 50c 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 1-3c a yard. Another line, picked from the goods, will be put on one table, worth 25c a yard, will go Saturday at 10c a yard. Another table still of Wash Goods worth from 15c to 25c, prints worth 6 1/2c and other Wash Goods, will be on sale Saturday at 2 1/2c a yard. NO DEALERS, PEDDLERS OR MANUFACTURERS SOLD TO IN THIS ROOM. 64c Bleached Muslin, only 20 yards to a customer, at 2 1/2c a yard. 54c Yard wide Unbleached (LL) Muslin, only 10 yards to a customer, at 3 1/2c a yard. Steeple Postcard, in some of the most beautiful shades made—the cloth is as fine as silk—regular 25c goods, all go Saturday at 9c a yard.

Extra Specials

64c Bleached Muslin, only 20 yards to a customer, at 2 1/2c a yard. 54c Yard wide Unbleached (LL) Muslin, only 10 yards to a customer, at 3 1/2c a yard. Steeple Postcard, in some of the most beautiful shades made—the cloth is as fine as silk—regular 25c goods, all go Saturday at 9c a yard.

Furnishings

All the men's Underwear that sold for 50c, in fancy colors and balbriggan, now on sale at 17 1/2c. Men's 7c Colored Laundered Shirts, with separate collars, at 25c. Men's 25c String and Bow Ties at 5c. Ladies' 5c fast black Stockings at 5c. Boys' 5c Colored Waists at 10c. Ladies and children's 25c Underwear at 10c. Men's 15c Suspenders at 6c.

Clothing

Boys' all wool knee pants, worth \$1.00, at 25c and 35c. Boys' 50c Knee Pants at 19c. Boys' \$2.50 all wool Long Pants at 85c. Boys' \$1.50 Wash Suits at 25c and 35c. Boys' Wash Pants at 15c and 20c a pair. Men's \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.00 all wool Pants at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.95 a pair. Boys' \$1.50 Pants at 95c.

Closing Hat Sale

Closing out men's, boys' and children's straw hats at 15c. Men's Panama, Panama, Fedoras and Derby hats, in all colors, at 75c to \$3.00. A very big and sweet toll was taken from the same soft quarter an instant later. Their dream of love was rudely broken by loud voices gradually drawing nearer from the direction of the barnyard. "I'll never pay no such scoundious price as that," retorted Uncle Benny in righteous indignation. "It's no more'n it's worth—th' trespassin' an' all-th' hull cabbage patch is spilled. An' I calulated ter make at the least 317 outer that patch."

Hayden Bros.

Special Bargains in Oxfords and Shoes

Saturday we will sell all kinds of Oxfords and Slippers less than cost. Now is the time to buy fine Oxfords at the price of common shoes. Brooks Bros' best Oxfords, worth \$3.50 and \$4.00..... \$2.50 Ultra Oxfords, worth \$2.50..... \$2.00 All Oxfords—all leathers—worth \$2.00..... \$1.50 Women's patent calf Colonial, worth \$1.50..... \$1.00 Women's patent calf Strap S. H. Sandals, worth \$1.75..... \$1.25 Misses' patent calf Colonial, worth \$1.50..... \$1.00 Women's fine Oxfords, worth up to \$2.00..... \$1.45 Women's Lane Oxfords, worth \$1.50..... \$1.00 Women's Donagala Oxfords, worth \$1.25..... \$1.00 Women's Donagala Strap Sandals, worth \$1.00..... 75c Agents for Brooks Bros., "Ultra" and "Grover" shoes for WOMEN and the Steetson and Crockett shoes for MEN. These goods are as good as money can buy.

Special Furniture Sale

VARIETY—You can please your own individual taste from wonderful assortments shown at Hayden Bros. Carloads of furniture from the best factories in America, made from best selected woods, in handsome, new designs and unequalled for style and finish. You will be astonished at the savings in price in this sale. Two-passenger Lawn Swings, \$4.85. Four-passenger Lawn Swings, \$5.35. Golden Oak Rocker, like cut, for \$1.95. The best Couches in Omaha and the largest variety to choose from, at from \$2.05 to \$10.50. The Chiffonier like cut is extra large and well made, has five large drawers with locks, 12x20 bevel mirror—Hayden's sale price \$4.85. Special—Three-panel Screen, worth \$1.75, for 95c. A beautiful Combination Bookcase, solid oak, hand carved, best polished, finest finish, worth \$18.25, sale price \$9.95.

Saturday is Ribbon Day

Always at Hayden Bros. Bigger and better bargains in SATURDAY'S SPECIAL SALE. The new novelty wash ribbons, worth 25c per yard, at 15c. 25c wash taffeta ribbons at 10c. New fancy ribbons, worth 25c, at 15c. 35c ribbons at 15c.

We Have Notions

Ladies' belts, worth up to 25c, at 10c and 15c. Ladies' 25c to 50c wash ties at 10c. Embroideries in 2 and 4-yard lengths, worth from 15c to 50c per yard. On sale at 5c, 10c, 15c and 25c yard.

Save Your Sight—Save Your Money

Don't strain your eyes, but have them fitted with crystal lenses in up-to-date frames. Aluminum, gold filled or solid gold. Good spectacles, just what you need, for 95c. No charge for examination by skillful optician.

In the Gift of the Wind

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL.

(Copyright, 1902, by Lilian C. Paschal.) "Gosh Jam!! That's the first of red cow in my cabbage patch yet!" Zebulun Plint, familiarly known throughout the Iowa blue grass belt as Skindint Zeb, surveyed warily, in the dim twilight, the damage wrought in his cherished vegetable garden by the predatory cow of his detested neighbor, "Uncle Benny" Wray. "Since that cat o' her'n died o' her scours she's gotten to be breechiest critter in th' hull county. Blames 'er she ain't broke th' top board off'n that fence jumpin' like 'er, that!" And he brandished the empty milk pails he was carrying toward the intruder. She calmly snatched the heart out of a succulent head of cabbage and switched her tail by way of reply to the traitor salutation. "Hey, outer that!" Zeb advanced warily in her rear. Old Ned had also developed "hooky" tendencies since her recent bereavement and must be approached diplomatically. She wheeled suddenly and poked up a dusty challenge from the cabbage patch. "The old man retreated precipitately to the safety of the adjoining cowyard. "That goes another head!" he groaned, peering through the fence with sordid despair in his little bearded eye. "An' I coudn't sell ever 'one of them cabbages for a cent apiece. Gosh Jam th' pecky critter!" His irascible temper exploded in his favorite expletive, which was as near to the ragged edge of profanity as his stanch "method" principles would allow. In his vengeance he clanged the tin pails together smartly to frighten the trespasser, though he would have thrashed his boy Naphthalen for such wicked thoughtlessness. Clanging them might make them leak and milk pails cost 12 cents apiece. This action, even more than the half profane expletive, evidenced the depth of old Zeb's mental perturbation. Few things in the heavens above or the earth beneath would have tempted him to let sacrilegious hands on anything that "cost money." "I'll make o' Benny Wray pay dear for them cabbages," he growled, in helpless rage, turning his back on the sickening sight in the garden. "Well, hyer I see a-wastin' time on that cerry 'er o' tow—see them thrashers a-cornin' at sun-up. An' me wid all them milkin' ter do yet, 's wix'n th' stable above. Summer 'er ever' time they thrashers come—an' me a-payin' 'em by the ox. Ay all times ter get gooder-cornin' kid o' mine ter go an' stud kinest' with green apple—an' it the day 'ere thrashin'!" Old Zeb hated to milk. That task was usually performed by young "Naph," about 15, at this present rising hour of 4:30 a. m., wrestling with cholera morbus, aided by shikim-glassed tea and his faithful older sister Phyllis, the directing expert of their Slat Zeb's meager household. The mother was an invalid, from over work and too much stalling, said the county gossip. "Book cow! Book cow! Soo-oo-oo!" A shouting low entered the old man's averted mind, and stopped his cow call in the middle. "Gosh Jam!!" he muttered. "Me' two gallons o' fresh milk—the remuneration!" An' that mil' was jes' bran new on'y last fall. Now I'll hev ter go ter th' house an' get the wooden water bucket ter—"

He muttered vengeance as he strode, his stiff blue jeans overalls and cowhide boots rubbing out a whisper, squeaky accompaniment: "Whish-eeek! whish-eeek!" "Philly!" he called loudly, depositing his burden on the cave steps and slumping the roof door down upon it. "Ain't 'Breaker's' ready yet?" "Yes, pa, it's more ready now," came the answer in a clear, girlish voice from behind the newspaper shade of the pantry window. "I'd 'a' had it ready long ago only I had to 'lead to Naph,' apologetically. She hurried to and fro laying the table, her sweet face showing that she was worn from a night of watching beside the sick boy, and her crusty father stormed up and down the porch. "Well, hurry up an' get it quick," he ordered roughly, casting apprehensive glances down the country road. "Them thrashers'll be hyer by sun-up—less'n 'a'farn'er fow now—an' 'er they ketch us eatin' w'ile 'er ter give 'em th' 'break'ed' milk's not 'er coffee—an' th' chores an' th' milkin' yet!" "Why, pa, didn't yer get th' milkin done?" She paused a moment and glanced out through the screen door at him. "No," he replied, his wrath blazing anew. "One o' them blamed cows kinched th' bucket—an' o' Benny Wray's red cow was in th' cabbage patch—an' I hed ter get 'er out—she's more' ruined th' hull patch. An' see, hyer, young woman, I don't waster 'er yer makin' sheep's eyes at young Ben. 'If he comes with th' thrashin', I won't hev no gal o' mine hev'n' anything ter do with such trash as them Wray. D'er-stant!" She nodded, but only said, "Breaker's ready now, pa," thinking to her ashamed but fluttering little heart, "Daddy'll not be so cross after 'er's had his coffee—an' maybe Ben don't care for me, anyhow." The milk safely over without interruption, he took the heavy water bucket from its cloth-covered shelf in the corner of the kitchen and went down to the barn, while Phyllis took up the heavy burden which was daily laid on her slight young shoulders. She donned a huge gingham apron over her blue print house dress, rolled up her sleeves above her dimpled elbows and began to knead out the bread dough which was all puffed up with waiting on the pantry table. "Morris, Philly," said a voice at the pantry window, a voice that swept over her heart like a tender hand across a harp, setting it all a-quiver with sweet music. A shadow, mainly blue, looked in at her from beneath a wide-brimmed straw hat. "Morris, Ben," 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. "Beautiful morris, ain't it?" she remarked, looking out beyond him toward the field that was so lately black with the sound of the threshing machine. "It's sure to be a beauty," he answered, gazing back into the rose face before him—"I'd order be sprin' 'stead o' harvest time—it's so kind o' blossomy an' sweet an' possylike."

cyonians or storms. But of you ain't a-goin' ter love me, Philly?" Both the little fiery hands were imprisoned by this time. His tender dark eye drew her sunny, blue gaze up to his. She smiled tremulously into them. "If it's weather indications yer're after, Ben," she faltered bravely, "I'm 'sraid yer're goin' to be disappointed, for there's a big storm a-cornin'—pa told me only this mornin' not to have anything to do with yer, Ben—dear," the last word seemed to be drawn from her rose lips almost against her will by the compelling eyes, even as another and sweeter toll was taken from the same soft quarter an instant later. Their dream of love was rudely broken by loud voices gradually drawing nearer from the direction of the barnyard. "I'll never pay no such scoundious price as that," retorted Uncle Benny in righteous indignation. "It's no more'n it's worth—th' trespassin' an' all-th' hull cabbage patch is spilled. An' I calulated ter make at the least 317 outer that patch."

worked, begrimed and sweaty, at the threshing, stopping for a short nooning only long enough to gobble and shovel in the big, toothsome dinner while Phyllis had labored so hard to prepare for them. Many a gall farm lad's eye brightened as he followed the slender, graceful figure of Skindint Zeb's daughter in her fresh pink lawn and white apron, hastily donned while the men were washing their dusty faces in the tin basin out under the box alder. In the middle of the afternoon the driver suddenly wheeled and stopped the horses. In answer to old Zeb's inquiring glance from his post as handcounter, he shouted, pointing with his whip to the southwest, where lay a low bank of greenish-gray clouds. "Look-athar! Cyclone's comin' sure's yer're born!" "Cyclone yer granny!" phased the old man, wiping the dust from his wrinkled face—"Yer jes' a-wastin' a rest. Si' Thompson a-tell me th' thrashin'," he shouted, and the men obeyed, though with apprehensive glances toward the southwest and the sky overhead, fast covering with flying gray cloud. "Whese-o'com-ee," once more sang the grain-eating monster, till "Si' mince his—along 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 cloud. "Ye-o'n thrash yerself later th' 'saw o' death ter save a few cent' o' Skindint's!" he shouted defiantly at the old farmer, and broke for cover. "But I'm a-goin' ter the cave. See thet!" Looming up above the horizon was a terrible, brown, drenched by the prairie dwellers than the plain, a huge, greenish-black funnel-form cloud, hanging point down like a great balloon partly overturned, and with clavlike anchors dragging the earth beneath, leaving death and desolation in its wake. The stifling air was deadly still; not a leaf stirred, not a bird peeped; the doves had flown to the barn eaves; and were watching the oncoming storm with fear in their gentle eyes. The silver linings of the poplar leaves grined, wrong side out, like a menace of disaster. The colts and cows out in the pastures stampeded, bellowing and neighing for shelter, as the wind broke with a dull roar about the now frightened laborers. Abandoning the equalling horses, maddened and snorting with terror, the men made a wild rush for the cyclone cave. Old Zeb ran shouting to the house, whose quiet occupants were unaware of the danger that menaced them. "Philly!" he yelled, tearing through the house, shutting doors and windows. "Cyclone's comin'—quick, git yer mother up an' I'll carry Naph—hurry, for goodness sake!" The girl started up from the oven door, where she was trying the cake with a broom straw, and turned white. But she was brave and cool and met to the terrible storm front. 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, fled to the cave, whose slanting trap door the threshers held open for them. An instant later old Zeb came stumbling down the cave steps, carrying the sick lad who followed by a muffled roar from the stability, low-crushing storm heat with the flame-farting eyes. "Gosh Jam!!" gasped Phyllis, as he laid the boy down on the cement floor and felt wildly in his breast pocket. "No fear that pocketbook on th' way!" An' it hed over a thousand dollars in it!" He walked, his white dress in the increasing uproar outside. Phyllis pushed open the door a crack

and peeped out. A gust of wind slammed it down again in her face. "I see it, pa—a-lyin' on the porch—I'll get it!" she cried. And before any one could restrain her she had shouldered through the trap door and sped like a deer toward the house. "The howl of the storm burst above like a bellied beast of prey as the cyclone broke in all its mighty fury upon the land. Great trees snapped like pipestems in its giant grasp, whole house walls sailed by overhead, a flock of squawking hens went over as securely held in the teeth of the wind as if in the claws of a feathering tiger, a sheep was picked up, bodily from a neighboring field, the roof of the porch lifted off like a hat from Phyllis'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 path. "Run! Philly—Run!" shouted the man in a frenzy as they watched, expecting every instant to see her gathered to the cruel bosom of the storm. "Reached the cave, another step and she'd be safe. The door opened joyfully to receive her. But an instant later enough for things to happen. Just as the little flying foot was planted on the top step a great scuffling from the demolished barn struck the door and she fell beneath it, plunging white and unconscious into her father's waiting arms. "Oh, God!" he whispered over and over again, as he bent with twitching lips above the still limp little form of his first born. "Oh, God!" But she was only stunned and soon revived under the dash of cold water from the tub where the milk was kept cool. She sat up weakly after a while with a pale little smile and a brave "I'll soon be all right, daddy."

a wrecked barn, they heard a low moan of distress coming apparently from the clearing sky. On looking up they saw perched knee deep in timothy hay, on the high ledge of a half cut rick—Old Ned! Old Zeb looked on at the horns lowering over the edge of the stack, far above his head, and actually began to grin. "Sure yer didn't put 'er ther yare?" Ben, 'er ter look at!" he asked, wheeling with sudden suspicion upon the young man. "Nary a bit w'ile it," put in Uncle Benny, jovially. "Th' cyclone jes' planted 'er thar—'er 'light mysse', I'm a crack in air saw door wher I was a-wastin' ter see 't' th' hosses was stumped!" "Well, boys," said Skindint Zeb slowly, turning to the gaping crowd, "we allers been a man o' my word—even if I'll say yes ter thet anyhow—gess if I be a little near."

OVERHAULS THE UNCLE SAM

Little Craft Purchased by Emperor to Be Used in Practice by Cadets. BERLIN, Aug. 15.—The American yacht, Uncle Sam, of the schooner class, which was bought by Emperor William after the boat had won the emperor's gold cup at the international regatta at Kiel, has been overhauled and turned over to the navy. The little yacht which is thirty-one feet and ten inches over all and twenty-one feet on the water line, is to be used for practice in learning how best to handle a small craft. The emperor knows that German cadets do not get good results from their yachts as do American and English yachtsmen. He observed that the naval cadets at Kiel were weak and failed to make the most of the emperor's silver goblet. Captain Ben Barker told the emperor that when the shipper's opinion was asked and the emperor expressed his dissatisfaction at the work on the Comet. The fact that the emperor had an English racing crew on board the Meteor, with fourteen picked German sailors as apprentices is another example of his belief that German are not so adept in handling racing crafts as might be desired. Look out for malaria. It is seasonable now. A few doses of Prickly Ash Bitters is a sure preventive.

A.B.C. BOHEMIAN Beer & Wine Importing. Bottled Only at the Brewery in St. Louis. Order from H. May & Company