

BRANDEIS STORES

SPECIAL OFFER OF HIGH GRADE

EMBROIDERIES

18, 22 and 27-inch fine embroidered flouncings, skirts, corset cover widths, also wide insertions and galloons—elegant designs in English eyelet, floral, blind and shadow effects. Thousands have admired the window display—many 75c, at, yard 25c-39c

HIGH GRADE ST. GALL NOVELTY FLOUNCINGS

22 and 27-inch wide, elegant designs, exact simulations of real Baby Irish lace and hand embroidery, on fine French batiste and soft finished costume linen fabrics, correct style for the new lingerie gowns, worth up to \$4.00 a yard, \$1.59 and \$1.98

45-INCH ELEGANT EMBROIDERED SKIRTINGS

English eyelet, Japanese, floral and combination designs—worth up to \$2.50, at, yard 98c and 1.25

35c WIDE EMBROIDERIES, AT, YARD, 15c

18-inch fine nainsook and cambrie flouncings, corset cover widths, wide insertions and galloons, at, yard 15c

Embroidery, Edgings, Insertings and Beadings

Hundreds of dainty designs—narrow and medium widths—worth up to 12 1/2c a yard, 5c



Hundreds of elegant, new lingerie and tailored waists, worth up to \$5, \$2.50

BRANDEIS STORES

Great May Sale WAISTS

Most Extraordinary Bargains in High Class Waists Every day we bring forward hundreds of new waists that are shown for the first time. Monday's varieties and Monday's bargains will be greater than ever.

- 98c For Women's Fine Waists Worth up to \$2
\$1.39 For Women's Elegant Waists Worth up to \$3
\$1.98 For Women's Beautiful Waists Worth up to \$4



SILKS, NET AND LACE WAISTS For dress and evening wear—worth up to \$7.50, at \$1.98-\$3.50

Great Sale of Linens

- \$2.25 Hemmed German Linen Pattern Cloths; extra heavy weight; special, each \$1.69
Slightly Soiled Pattern Cloths; all lengths, worth up to \$4.00, at each \$2.69
Imported Mercerized Dinner Size Napkins; worth up to \$1.75; per dozen, at 98c

SALE OF FANCY LINENS

- 45x45 Bleached Damask Lunch Cloths; hemstitched; \$1.50 values, at, each 69c
Odd lots of Renaissance Lace Center Pieces; hand made filet and Irish embroidered pieces; worth up to \$4.00, at, each 98c
Hand Drawn Lunch Cloths and Scarfs; all new designs, worth up to \$5.00, at, each \$1.98

BRANDEIS STORES

THE NEW LINEN DRESSES

Your choice of 55 very pretty new linen dresses—white, colors and natural shades, as well as combinations—extremely stylish—made to sell up to \$30.00—\$15

THE NEW LINGERIE DRESSES

A beautiful and complete line of the dainty summery frocks, in embroidery and lace combinations, some made with the new tunic overskirts, at \$13.85, \$17.50, \$22.50, \$25

EXTRA SPECIAL THE CELEBRATED EPPO PETTICOATS

The celebrated Eppo Fitted Petticoats at special price never before offered. All the Heatherbloom Eppo Petticoats, worth up to \$7.50, at \$3.98. All the Heatherbloom Eppo Petticoats, worth up to \$3.50, at \$1.75. All the black Feathersilk and sateen Petticoats, worth up to \$2.00, at 98c

WOMEN'S AUTO AND STORM COATS

Very stylish new rubberized silk and satin coats, cravenettes, auto, dust proof and storm proof coats, samples from Holstein & Young, 11 East 17th St., worth up to \$25.00, at \$10

WOMEN'S NEW LINEN SUITS

These linen suits are very fashionable this season—all the new style features, very smartly made—launder well—at \$10.00, \$15.00, \$19.00, \$25.00

WOMEN'S \$10 SKIRTS, AT \$5

Three hundred beautiful new skirts, in voiles, serges, panamas, worsteds, etc.—all latest ideas—worth up to \$10.00, \$5

Misses' Cambric and Percale Dresses

These are pretty girlish dresses, made of fine colored cambric and percales—smartly trimmed and very well tailored—a special group in our misses' section—\$5



BRANDEIS STORES

New Pongee and Shantung Silk

Yard wide and 27-inch wide, fine quality, medium and heavy weights, Tokio, Motora, genuine hand looms Japanese and Chinese goods—worth \$1 to \$1.75—bargain squares, 59c, 79c, \$1

SPOT PROOF AND WATER SHED FOULARDS

All shades of blue predominate—dots, scrolls, cameo patterns, jacquard effects, etc., at, yard 49c, 85c, \$1

45-INCH PRINTED FOULARDS, AT, YARD, \$1.25

Lyons, France, high class printed foulards—pretty pastel shades, etc., at, yard \$1.25

BLACK BONNET SILK

—A limit of 15 yards—Monday, at, yard 59c

SILKS ON BARGAIN SQUARE—5,000 yards of popular priced plain and fancy silks, at, half the regular price, at, yard 39c-69c

Mail Orders Filled.

Specials in Basement

- Extra fine India linen—worth up to 20c yard, sold from the bolt, at, yard 12 1/2c and 10c
Fine printed Bastiste, values up to 19c, sold from the bolt, at, yard 10c
Full bolt Nurse stripe gingham, sold everywhere at 12 1/2c and 15c, yd. 8 1/2c
Printed lawns and batistes—pretty patterns for waists, dresses, etc., yd.—would be cheap at 10c yd., special, at, yard 3 1/2c



Women's All Leather Bags

ENTIRE STOCK ON HAND OF A BROADWAY N. Y. MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER

All the finest leathers—all sizes, all new styles, made with elegant fittings—Positively Worth up to \$15 \$2.98 and \$5

THRILLS AT LIFE'S FINISH

Wierd Examples of the Grim Reaper's Strange Franks.

ENGINEER'S DEATH AT THROTTLE

Races Won Despite the Clammy Hand-Life's Realities and the Counterparts in Fiction.

A recent dispatch from Chicago tells of an express train, carrying scores of passengers, running for miles with the cold hand of the dead engineer grasping the throttle.

Like many other true incidents, the story is wrier than any fiction. The engineer was at his post on the side of the cab, his head out of the window, his hand on the throttle. The fireman was attending to his duties, tossing coal into the furnace and now and then giving a blast of the whistle. Once or twice he spoke to the engineer and got no answer, but he supposed his cabmate was not in a talkative mood.

As the train approached a station where it was wont to stop the fireman gave a long blast on the whistle, the signal that a stop was to be made. But the train sped on with unslackening speed. Not until it had gone past the station like a flash did the fireman's suspicions become aroused.

"What the matter, Bill?" he asked, "What's wrong?" There was no response, and the now frightened fireman placed his hand on the engineer's shoulder. He withdrew it with a yell when he found the man's body stiff in death. With a presence of mind born of a life of danger, the fireman quickly reversed the lever and brought the train to a stop.

How long the engineer had been dead is not known, but it was probably a half hour or more. A weak heart, a slight convulsion unnoticed by the busy fireman, and the engineer was dead at his post, while death's hand held the throttle.

Wedding in a Cemetery.

Several years ago, according to a dispatch published throughout this country, a Russian cemetery was the scene of a weird wedding. A young woman who had been betrothed died suddenly on the eve of her marriage. Great preparations had been made for the wedding, and the bridegroom and his friends determined that

the intervening hand of death should not interfere with the ceremony.

The funeral cortege took the form of a bridal party. The bridegroom walked beside the coffin containing the body of his fiancée as it was borne to the cemetery. At the grave the marriage ceremony was performed, after which the body of the bride, clad in her wedding garments was lowered into the grave.

The story of the Phantom ship, or the Flying Dutchman, who for his blasphemy was condemned to try in vain to beat around Cape Horn until the day of judgment, has its modern example in the fate of the ship General Siglin, about ten years ago.

The General Siglin sailed from San Francisco for Alaska, but never reached its destination. Months later the sealing schooner Arietis was cruising about 200 miles off the coast of British Columbia when she sighted a ship. The Arietis signalled the stranger, but got no answer. Drawing closer to the vessel, the crew of the Arietis made out the figure of a man at the helm, grasping the wheel, his gaze apparently fixed ahead. The man at the wheel was hailed, but returned no answer.

The story of the ship's fate can only be conjectured, as none of her crew was seen. It is supposed that the vessel was caught in a storm and began to leak badly, and the crew deserted her, the captain refusing to leave his vessel.

Won and Lost.

Not many years ago a valuable cup was won in a bicycle race in Australia by a man who was dead when he passed the winning post. The race took place before a crowd estimated at 10,000 persons. The betting was lively and the contest close, and the spectators were worked up to a high pitch of excitement. In the last lap James Somerville, one of the riders, forged ahead and got such a lead that victory was assured. When within twenty-five yards of the finish those nearest to him saw him relax his hold on the handlebars and lose his footing on the pedals. Amid the frantic cheers of the spectators he sped past the goal, winning the race by a few yards or more, when he pitched forward from his machine. When he was picked up he was dead, and doctors declared the speechless life left his body when he was seen to lose his grip on the handlebars. It was a lifeless body that had crossed the line a winner.

Many older English sportsmen will recall the part which the proprietor of a London gambling house was made to play after death. The man's name was Crookford, and he owned many race horses. The day before the derby one of Crookford's horses was poisoned, and the misfortune brought on an attack of apoplexy, which caused his death late that night. Many of his friends

had staked large sums on Crookford's horses, which were disqualified by the death of the owner. Only a few minutes before his sudden death, however, and these were sworn to secrecy.

On the day of the race Crookford's body was made to look as lifelike as possible and placed in a chair at an upper window of his home, partly concealed by the curtains. People going to the track and viewing the house saw the figure at the window and cheered him. It was said that Crookford was not well and was unable to attend the race. Crookford's horses won, and the next day it was announced that Crookford was dead. It was several years, however, before the true story leaked out.

A Battle After Death.

Of all the stories of the days of chivalry none is more interesting than that how the Cid Campeador, God's scourge upon the Moors, won a battle after death.

The Cid died at Valencia and before death directed that his body be taken to Cordova. Just about this time a mighty army lay siege to Valencia, but the story is best told in the quaint language of the chronicle.

Three days after the Cid had departed this life King Bucar came into the port of Valencia and landed with all his power, which was so great that there is not a man in the world who could give account of the Moors he had brought. And there came with him thirty and six kings and one Moorish queen, who was a negress; and she brought with her 300 horsewomen, all negresses like herself, all having their hair shorn save for one left on the top, and this was in token that they came as if upon a pilgrimage and to obtain the remission of their sins; and they were all armed in coats of mail and with Turkish bows. King Bucar ordered his tents pitched around about Valencia and Abenalarix, who wrote this history in Arabic, saith that there were full 15,000 tents. And he had the Moorish negresses with her archers, to take their station near the city. And on the morrow they began to attack the city, and they fought against it three days strenuously; and the Moors received great loss, for they came blindly up to the walls and were slain there. And the Christians defended themselves right well, and every time that they went upon the walls they sounded trumpets and tambours, and made great rejoicing, as the Cid had commanded. This continued for eight days or nine, till the companions of the Cid had made ready everything for their departure, as he had commanded. And King Bucar and his people thought that the Cid would not come out against them, and they were the more encouraged, and began to think of making bastilles and engines therewith to combat the city, for certes they weened that the Cid Ruydez dared not come out against them, seeing that he tarried so long.

Planning the Charge.

"All the while the company of the Cid were preparing all things to go into battle, as he had commanded before his death, and his trusty Gil Diaz did nothing else but labor at this. And the body of the Cid was prepared after this manner: First, it was embalmed and anointed, as the history has already recounted, and the virtue of the balsam and myrrh was such that the flesh remained firm and fair, having its natural color, and his countenance as it was wont to be, and his eyes open, and his long beard in order, so there was not a man who would have thought him dead if he had seen him and not known it. And Gil Diaz placed the body upon a right noble saddle, and this saddle, with the body upon it, he put upon

a frame, and he dressed the body in a gambus of fine sedital next the skin. And he took two boards and fitted them to the body, one to the breast and the other to the shoulders. These were so hollowed out and fitted that they met at the sides and under the arms, and the hind one came up to the poel and the other up to the beard, and these boards were fastened to the saddle so that the body could not move. All this was done by the morning of the twelfth day, and all that day the people of the Cid were busy in making ready their arms, and with loading baskets with all that they had, so that they left nothing of any price in the whole city of Valencia, save only the empty houses.

"When it was midnight they took the body of the Cid, fastened it to the saddle as it was, and placed it upon his horse, Baylica, and fastened the saddle well, and the body sat so upright that it seemed as if he were alive. And it had on painted hose of black and white, so cunningly painted that no man who saw them would have thought but that they were greaves and cuirasses, unless she had laid his hand upon them; and they put on it a surcoat of green sedital, having his arms blazoned thereon, and a helmet of parchment, which was so cunningly painted that everyone might have believed it to be iron, and his shield was hung around his neck, and they raised his arm and fastened it up so subtilly that it was a marvel to see how upright he held the sword. And the Bishop Don Hieronymo went on one side of him and the trusty Gil Diaz on the other, and he led the horse, Baylica, as the Cid had commanded him.

Enemy Overwhelmed.

"And when all this had been made ready they went out from Valencia at midnight, through the gate of Rosero, which is toward Castle. Pero Bermudez went first with the banner of the Cid, and with 500 knights. And he had so sudden that they killed full 100 Moors before they had time to take arms or go to horse. But that Moorish negress was so skillful in drawing the Turkish bow that it was held for a marvel, and it is said that they called her in Arabic Nuguewmet Turva, which is to say the Star of the Archers. And she was the first to get on horseback, and with some fifty that were with her did some hurt to the company of the Cid; but they slew her, and her people fled to the camp. And so great was the uproar and confusion that few there were who took arms, but instead thereof they turned their backs and fled toward the sea."

"And when King Bucar and his kings saw this they were astonished. And it seemed to them that there came against them on the part of the Christians full 70,000 knights, all white as snow; and before them a knight of great stature upon a white horse with a bloody cross, who bore in one hand a white banner and in the other a sword which seemed to be of fire, and he made a great mortality among the Moors. And King Bucar and his kings were so greatly dismayed that they never checked rein until they had ridden into the

sea; and the company of the Cid rode after them, singing and slaking and giving no respite; and they smote down so many that it was marvelous, for the Moors did not turn their heads to defend themselves. And when they came to the sea so great was the press among them to get to the ships that more than 10,000 died in the water. And of the six and thirty kings twenty and two were slain. And King Bucar and those who escaped with him hoisted sails and went their way and never more turned their heads."—Baltimore Sun.

LOST HIS NERVE SOMEWAY

Melancholy Plight of Denver Man Too Anxious to Please.

A quiet, bashful sort of a young fellow was making a call on a Capitol Hill girl one evening not so very long ago, when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about 9:30 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair, straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said: "Young man, do you know what time it is?"

"The bashful youth got off his chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied. "It was just going."

He went into the hall without any delay and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached the door knob the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was. "Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good night."

And he left without waiting to put his coat on. After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl.

"What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon and I wanted him to tell me the time, so that I could set it."—Denver Post.

SPEAKING OF FISH STORIES

What Happened to a Fisherman Who Introduced Novelty in Bait.

Mark Twain's famous jumping frog story concerns chiefly a practical joke played on the frog. But the present story, told by a contributor to Recreation for April, narrates how a frog got the laugh on a fisherman, who was using it as bait to catch bass.

"This happened last fall," says the storyteller, "when I was fishing with Steve Crump on a little bass stream near Ocean pond, in Georgia. It was a little late in the season, but Steve insisted that a good lively frog would prove a little morsel that no bass—even if he were frozen stiff—could resist, and he set out to find one. He found a good one, put him on the hook and set down on the mossy bank to await results. The frog was active enough, but the bass did not seem to appreciate frogs as much that day; for not a strike did Steve get. The sun was warm, the air balmy and Steve became drowsy. I don't know what dreams passed through his brain, but one of them must have been that he had a strike, for I saw him start suddenly and give his rod a yank. Not feeling the expected resistance on his line, he awoke. He looked in the water, but could see no line.

"Must have been a whooper to be able to break that new line," he probably thought.

"Then, as he became more thoroughly awake, his glance followed his rod. The

line ran from the reel, and out through the guides—and then up to the air! Just then he heard a triumphant croak above his head, and looking up into the tree under which he had been lying, he saw his frog sitting comfortably on a limb!

"Steve was pretty much surprised, and thought at first that he had been 'hung up' by that last vicious yank of his rod. But I had seen the whole performance and knew just what had happened. Soon after Steve fell asleep, I saw his frog stealthily swim ashore and climb the nearest tree. Steve had plenty of slack line out and Mr. Frog managed to wind it several times around the limb, and sat there, resting himself when Steve awoke. But Steve wouldn't believe it and accused me of treachery. He even wanted me to climb that tree and 'unwind' his frog!"

LIFE'S LOTTERY CAUSES SOBS

Profitless Turn of the Wheels Shades the Life of a Bricklayer.

He was working with trowel and mortar when I first met him and, in spite of his age, seemed to be about as active as any of his four younger associates. Indeed, as I watched him at his labors, it appeared to me that he worked better than they, he longed, perhaps, to a generation of labor that, instead of doing as little as it could for as much as it could get, believed in the principle of giving every man his due, even a contractor. After he had set several dozen bricks in the wall, he turned from his work and gazed off at the sun for a moment and then fanned himself with his trowel.

"Kind of hot work out here in the sun," I ventured.

"Yes," he answered, cheerfully; "but Ol ain't complainin' if y'd ever trowld shovellin' show in a blizzard we wouldn't found much to kick about in a nice warm job lokk this."

"Been at it a good many years, I suppose?" said I.

"Forty-sixin years," he answered. "Good long time that," said I. "Almost

time to retire, I should say—considering your age."

"Ol don't mind workin'," he answered. "It kapesh me from 'linkin' about me hard luckin'."

"Hard luck!" said I. "Have you really had hard luck?"

"Yes," he said. "Ol don't know of anny man who's had much worse."

"That's too bad," said I.

"Ah, well," he smiled, "we've got to take it as it comes."

"Lose your money on Wall street?" I queried.

"Not me," he answered. "Ol never had anny to lose. My hard luck began the day Ol was born."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear that," I said.

"Yes," he went on, "ye see, sorr, Ol'm a twin brother of Mither Andrew Carnegie, sorr. We was born the same day and the same hour, and but for wan little Ol'm Ol might have been as rich as him."

"You Carnegie's twin brother?" I demanded.

"Yes, sorr, only there was wan little thing that shooed between me and riches."

"What was that?" I asked.

"We didn't have the same parents," he volunteered. Whereupon he resumed his bricklaying and I went on speculating sadly upon the strange chances in this lottery called life.—Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

OPTIONISTS MAKE DEMAND THEIR ISSUE BE INCLUDED Executive Body in Session at Lincoln Wants Measure in the Call.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

A LINIMENT FOR EXTERNAL USE. Baby's coming will be a time of rejoicing, and not of apprehension and fear, if Mother's Friend is used by the expectant mother in preparation of the event. This is not a medicine to be taken internally, but a liniment to be applied to body, to assist nature in the necessary physical changes of the system. Mother's Friend is composed of oils and medicines which prepare the muscles and tendons for the unusual strain, render the ligaments supple and elastic, aids in the expanding of the skin and flesh fibres, and strengthens all the membranes and tissues. It lessens the pain and danger at the crisis, and assures future health to the mother. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for our free book, containing valuable information for expectant mothers. THE BRADFIELD CO., ATLANTA, GA.



Despair and Despondency

No one but a woman can tell the story of the suffering, the despair, and the despondency endured by women who carry a daily burden of ill-health and pain because of disorders and derangements of the delicate and important organs that are distinctly feminine. The tortures so bravely endured completely upset the nerves if long continued.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for weakness and disease of the feminine organism.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and builds up the nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Honest medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing to urge upon you as "just as good."

It is non-secret, non-alcoholic and has a record of forty years of cures. Ask Your Neighbors. They probably know of some of its many cures. If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing, and he will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. In handsome cloth-binding, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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