



Monday we start another week of tremendous selling and bargain giving (Store closes evenings at 5 o'clock, Saturdays at 9)



July Clearing Sale of Silks, Pongees and Foulards

All broken lines of Pongees and Foulards must be sold. We have sorted out all odd pieces that sold up to 75c and \$1.00 per yard—every color included—and some of our very best sellers this season. We have divided them into two lots for quick clearance Monday, 38c and 48c at.....

A Great Sale of Yard-Wide Black Silks \$1.50 quality 36-inch Dress Satin Duchess, at 98c \$1.50 quality 36-inch Imperial Messaline, at 98c \$1.50 quality 36-inch Imported Satin de Chine, at 98c These three items are the biggest bargains ever offered in black silks.

Special Inducements During July Clearance Sale in High Grade Bed Spreads, Sheets and Pillow Cases Monday

Imported Marseilles Bed Spreads, white or colored, extra large sizes, worth \$7.95; sale price, each..... \$4.95 Imported Hemmed Marseilles Soft Quilted Bed Spreads, full size, worth \$5; sale price, each..... \$3.25 Extra Large Crochet Bed Spreads, heavy knotted fringe, cut corners, worth \$4.25; clearance sale price, each, at only..... \$2.75 Extra Large Crochet Bed Spreads, heavy knotted fringe, worth \$3.50; July Clearance Sale Price, each..... \$2.25 Full size \$1x90 Hemstitched Bed Sheets, made from very best sheetings manufactured, worth \$2.00 each—July clearance sale price, each..... \$1.50 Full size 45x24 Hemstitched Pillow Cases, made from some of the finest linen, worth 60c—Sale price, each..... 35c

Clearing Up Odds and Ends in Our Drapery Department

About 200 pairs of odds and ends in curtains; several pieces of yard goods, etc., at very low prices. Several pairs of curtains that sold at \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00, at..... \$2.98 Several pairs that sold at \$3.00 will go at \$1.98 Several pairs that sold at \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$1.75, at..... 98c



Startling Price Reductions

Monday's Wonderful July Clearing Sale Program in

Cloak and Suit Dept.

Ladies' Coats All Our Fine White Serge and "Cloth of Gold" Coats at JUST HALF FORMER PRICES MONDAY. \$35.00 White Serge Coats \$17.50 \$30.00 White Serge and Pongee Coats \$15.00 \$25.00 White Serge and Pongee Coats \$12.50 \$20.00 White Serge and Pongee Coats \$10.00

Ladies' and Misses' Suits at a Fraction of Their Value

Misses' and Ladies' Suits—Choice new styles, serges and mannish materials; finely finished and usually priced at \$20.00; Monday, choice..... \$6.75 Ladies Suits—About 300; the finest shown this season. No matter what the former price, you get the choice of any suit, Monday, at..... \$10.00 Misses' Silk Chiffon Party and Dancing Dresses, all new pastel shades; usually sold to \$25.00; Monday's Clearing Sale..... \$14.95 300 Ladies' and Misses' Wash Dresses; sold up to \$5.00; Monday's Clearing Sale price..... \$1.45 Ladies' Long Coats—Poplin, Linen and Crash; suitable for traveling, street or automobile wear; formerly priced up to \$10. Monday's Clearing Sale Price..... \$2.95 Ladies' Silk Tea Gowns and Kimonos—We have about forty very fine, handsome garments usually sold at \$15, to \$30; Monday, they will go in Clearing Sale at Just Half Price. Don't miss seeing them.

Ladies' Fine Messaline and Taffeta Petticoats; the kinds usually priced up to \$7.50; Monday..... \$2.95 Ladies' Tailored Waists—With white grounds, figures and polka dots, and neat colored stripes; the \$2.50 kind; Monday, at..... \$1.00 Special prices on all Infants' wear in our Baby Bazaar Monday.

\$2.00 Allover Laces 79c

A grand clearance of fine Irish Crochet, Venetian, Net Top, Val and Fillet Allover Laces, worth \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00, on 59c and 79c sale Monday at yard.....

We are Direct Importers of Genuine Irish Crochet Laces. See the beautiful display of these popular laces.

Special Inducements During the July Clearance Sale in Our High Grade Linen Department Monday

Grand assortment high grade Huck towels hemmed ready for use; worth 15c; Monday, each..... 10c Grand assortment high grade Turkish Bath towels, cream or white, worth 21c; Monday, sale price, each..... 15c Warranted all pure linen dinner napkins, good size, assorted designs, worth \$3.50 per dozen; sale price six for only..... \$1.98 Warranted all pure Linen Table Cloths, full grass bleached size 8x10, worth \$2.50; sale price, each..... \$1.98 Imported Mercerized Satin Damask, beautiful assortment of patterns, worth 75c; sale price, per yard..... 50c Quilted Table pads, hemmed, ready for use, heavy and heat resisting, size 54x54 inches, worth \$2.75; sale price, each..... \$1.50

\$2.50 Hand Bags \$1.19



A beautiful 10-inch Seal Grain Handbag with Gold or Silver Mountings, Leather Gusset, Coin Purse and Moire Lining—the most sensational bag ever offered in Omaha, on sale, Monday, at..... \$1.19

75c Embroidery 25c

Full 18 and 27-inch Skirt Flouncing and 18-inch Corset Cover Embroidery worth up to 75c per yard, on sale Monday, yard..... 25c

MILLINERY

25 Styles of New White Felt Hats \$1.98, \$2.50, \$2.95, \$3.50, \$5 to \$7.50

Trimmed Straw Hats, 200 to select from; worth \$6.00, choice 98c

Sheetings, Sheets, Pillow Slips, Muslins, Toweling, Towels, Etc.

9-4 Bleached Rosedale, genuine article, worth 25c, at..... 18c 9-4 Lockwood or Pepperal, genuine article, at..... 23c Fruit of the Loom, at..... 6c Lonsdale, at..... 6c Hope, at..... 6c 42-inch Androscoogin, bleached Tubing, at..... 14c BATH TOWELS, at..... 25c All 25c Bath Towels, at..... 22c All 29c Bath Towels, at..... 22c All 18c Bath Towels, at..... 12c

In Our Famous Domestic Room

All 15c Huck Towels, at..... 10c ALL WASH GOODS IN DOMESTIC ROOM MUST GO. 3 lines of wash goods, that sold at 10c, 12 1/2c and 15c, at..... 5c 5 lines of Wash Goods, that sold up to 18c, at..... 7c 3 lines of Wash Goods, that sold up to 25c, at..... 10c 500 pieces of White Goods, sold up to 25c a yard, per yard, at..... 10c 300 pieces sold up to 18c a yard, 7c Several lines to close at various prices.

The Best Shirt and Underwear Bargains Ever Offered SPECIAL FOR MONDAY

Ladies' and Children's Knit and Muslin Underwear and Corsets AT LESS THAN HALF FOR MONDAY



Dresser and Chiffonier Special Monday, Furniture Dept \$25.50 Golden Oak Chiffonier, at..... \$22.50 \$22.50 Golden Oak Chiffonier, at..... \$20.00 \$21.00 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$19.00 \$18.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$17.50 \$16.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$15.00 \$14.00 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$13.50 \$12.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$11.50 \$11.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$10.50 \$10.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$9.50 \$9.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$8.50 \$8.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$7.50 \$7.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$6.50 \$6.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$5.50 \$5.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$4.50 \$4.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$3.50 \$3.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$2.50 \$2.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$1.50 \$1.50 Mahogany Chiffonier, at..... \$0.50

Carpet Department

Discriminating buyers from whatever section, are asked to inspect our general offering in floor coverings of every description. Tapestries, Velvets, Axminsters and Ingrain Carpets.

Domestic Rugs

All the rug novelties in Wilton, Axminster, Tapestry and Body Brussels, all sizes and all grades. CHINA AND JAP MATTING. Linoleum and floor oil cloth. Unquestionably the largest and greatest assortment to be found west of Chicago. Prices always the lowest. TRY HAYDEN'S FIRST. IT PAYS.

Read the BIG GROCERY SPECIALS for Monday

Hayden's Save the People 25% to 50% on Their Housekeeping Expenses. 19 lbs. granulated sugar 3c McGowan's Peanut Butter, 48-lb. best high grade Diamond H family flour for..... 41c 4 lbs. fancy Japan Rice, 10c quality Japan Rice, 6 lbs. good Japan Rice, 25c quality..... 25c Bromine, jelly, or Jello, pkg..... 15c Tull can Columbia River Salmon..... 24c Oil or Mustard Sardines, can..... 20c The best Dairy Butter, 1-lb. pkg..... 15c Full Cream Cheese, per lb..... 18c Full Cream white or colored Cheese, per lb..... 18c The Best Fresh Eggs, per dozen..... 17c FRESH FRUITS. Fancy California Apples, per bushel..... 1.00 Fancy California Peaches, basket..... 25c Fancy California Musk Melons..... 50c Fancy large, juicy Lemons, doz..... 20c Fancy large, ripe Valencia Oranges, per dozen, at..... 30c FRESH VEGETABLES and FRUIT PRICES THIS WEEK. Sweet Corn, per doz, 8c 15c bunches fresh beans 5c 4 bunches fresh turnips 5c 4 bunches fresh radishes 5c 4 bunches leaf lettuce 5c Fresh peas, per qt..... 7c Fresh green beans, lb..... 7c 15c fresh cabbage, 5c 15c green peppers..... 7c Fancy Ripe Tomatoes, lb..... 7c

Closing Out all High Grade Wash Goods

All Batistes, Linettes, Zephyrs, Gingham, Novelties, Silk Warp Wash Goods, Etc., must move to make room for Fall goods. 15c French Batiste, at..... 12c 25c French Brodies, 40-inch wide, at..... 18c 25c Scotch Gingham, at..... 15c 25c Voiles, new stripes, at..... 15c 25c Organdies, at..... 12c 15c Batistes, at..... 10c 35c Shirting Madras, at..... 25c 25c Shirting Madras, at..... 15c Several other lines not advertised to close.

July Sale on Dinnerware

\$38.00 100-piece Haviland Dinner Sets, green and pink decorations..... \$29.50 \$30.00 white and gold Austrian China 100-piece Dinner Sets..... \$19.50 \$18.00 Decorated China Dinner Sets..... \$12.50 \$18.00 English Porcelain Dinner Sets, 15 different decorations..... \$12.75 Pink and blue 100-piece Dinner Sets, at..... \$6.95 Plain white Meakin's English Porcelain 100-piece Dinner Sets at..... \$6.75

The Lady of the Spur By David Potter

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

A pheasant soared up from a clump of chickadees, while I was still some paces distant. The bird's wildness was beyond the ordinary—it must recently have been disturbed. The ground here was harder than usual in the Bayrens, and I could find no trace of hoof prints, but the pheasant's flight made me keep on hopefully. A couple of hundred yards further on, a growth of snaky brambles scored deep scratches across my boots. I dismounted, getting some unpleasant stabs for my pains, and searched about among the brambles. It was as I had hoped—I discovered not one but three or four strands of cloth in the grip of the jealous thorns. They had been torn from Ferris' riding habit—already pitiful enough. God knows! It was now pretty certain that she had sought the bay shore, and in that part of the coast—as I had learned from Sam's directions—there was but one spot whither she would be likely to go. The bay line for ten miles north and south was a wilderness of salt marshes and devious water channels. At two points only, ridges of pine-covered loam thrust firm fingers into the bay. One of these ridges ended in Lost Hollow. The other—it had no name by Sam's account—was the place where Ferris might be found. I pushed straight for it.

I s'pect you've scared more'n a hundred squirrels 'way from me in yo' time. If 'twas't yo', 'twas some of yo' kin. Yo' needn't boller at me, dad blim yo'! Yo're makin' a heap of noise, but yo' don't know who's awakin' up here behind me, but Ah do. The rascal had seen me a hundred yards away. I wasted no time with him. "Where is she?" I demanded. "Just ovah the neck, sah" he replied. "She was theyah a liddle while ago. Mastah Henry." I added my roan to the two horses he was already holding and hurried across the ridge. Ferris was standing at the very edge of river bank, her hand at her eyes looking over the water. There was little or no wind, and the sunlight sparkled back from a bay as smooth as glass. So intent was she that, although my eyes had at first been all for her, they were forced to follow the direction of her gaze. Within plain sight—almost within halting distance—an oyster sloop lay becalmed. The tide was drifting it westward off shore, but it moved only by inches. Of its crew of two men, one ran busily from helm to jib, and back to mainmast sheet, on the alert for every breath of wind, the other, large and broad-shouldered, sat motionless in the stern. Presently, as the sail flapped listlessly over, I saw that the larger man had one of his legs stretched stiffly on the deck—a leg swathed in voluminous bandages. As I gazed, a breeze came up from seaward, jib and mainmast filled, the stiff-legged man seemed to settle into his place and stood almost as high as his own. "By Heaven, madam, you shall live upon my bounty—for as long as I like." For a moment she faced me, frowning. All at once she hid her face in her hands. "Oh!" she wailed. "Oh, if my mother could be here!" I was in a passion of regret. "Cousin! My dear lady! Ferris!" I kissed the shielding hands. "Oh, no," she said. "Oh, no." "Why not?" I cried. "Ferris, I love you with all my heart." "How can you after—?" "Ah, but I do, Ferris, will you marry me?" She stared at me with bated breath. "Marry you? Never—never!"

water—her mouth drooped wistfully. She started at me as if I were an apparition. "You!" "Yes, certainly!" "Oh!" she said. "Why have you followed me?" "Why not? I'd follow you around the world." She silenced me with her proud gesture. "I've just resolved to leave here," she said, "to leave this part of the country. I haven't any more right to live on here than they"—she motioned toward the fast-vanishing sloop—"than those wretched men have." "But why should you leave—leave Morvan, and me?" "Cousin," she said, "my father has died by his own hand. Oh! was it only yesterday? It seems a year. My father has killed himself—I plotted to ruin you. She clenched her hands passionately. "Yet I'm living upon your bounty. It kills me—it kills me! I'll beg my way about the country, first." She was not humble, as I had a right to expect. On the contrary, she seemed fairly to defy me. I caught her wrist with a temper quite as high as her own. "By Heaven, madam, you shall live upon my bounty—for as long as I like." For a moment she faced me, frowning. All at once she hid her face in her hands. "Oh!" she wailed. "Oh, if my mother could be here!" I was in a passion of regret. "Cousin! My dear lady! Ferris!" I kissed the shielding hands. "Oh, no," she said. "Oh, no." "Why not?" I cried. "Ferris, I love you with all my heart." "How can you after—?" "Ah, but I do, Ferris, will you marry me?" She stared at me with bated breath. "Marry you? Never—never!"

"I'll make you love me." "I do now," she said simply. "But your wife? It would be monstrous. My father—he was buried only yesterday, too." "Yes, but you've said yourself it seems a year since. If we love each other, isn't that enough?" The gray eyes looked me through. "Yes—it is enough," she said, and burst out sobbing. I took her by the shoulders with both hands. "You'll marry me?" "Yes." "When? Now? Today?" "Yes, if you want me very much."

Tom Bell. Often since that day I have wondered if the sight of her, weeping, blushing and trembling before me, would alone have served to arouse in me the honor I had almost strangled. I had gained the point toward which, whether consciously or not, I had been aiming ever since I had first seen the veiled Lady of the Spur in Pole Tavern. That proud head was bent—the gray eyes were tear-wet—for me. Yet even as I was about to draw her close, heart to heart and mouth to mouth, a horror of myself turned me cold. Would I have confessed all, without other prompting than that of her lovely innocence? I vow I do not know. By some high grace I was not left to decide for myself. For as I turned my sick eyes from the girl to the forest behind her, a man stood up in the middle of a clump of cedars, as if summoned by art-magic. It was Link! For a moment my startled gaze met his—to my bewildered mind he was like an apparition from another world—then he

and eight years ago I was convicted of robbing Sir Geoffrey Walton, the British ambassador to this country—robbing him by night at the pistol's point. It's useless to say I wasn't guilty—every felon says as much. I was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. But at the eleventh hour I was pardoned. I was sent out of the state with orders never to return. I was only 20. "A boy—a little boy!" "In the west I met Henry Morvan—the real one. We grew to be great friends. He died in my arms of a frail fever two months since. I came here. I intended only to give the proofs of his death to his lawyers, then to go into hiding in the marsh islands. Then I saw you, and the world changed for me." "And for me," she said. "I've played the villain, but Henry Morvan told me that I ran was the heir. In his last illness, he'd forgotten you and your father. Morvan intended to me that Iram should inherit the property. When I took Morvan's name I didn't dream of harming anyone but Iram. Afterward, I found it was you, but I couldn't give it up—it and you." "She made a sudden peremptory gesture. "You! Tom Bell, the highwayman? I don't believe it!" "Again I put my hand to my breast. "You've seen the picture of Henry Morvan's father, in the library in the manor-house? Then look at this one of Henry Morvan himself." I thrust a miniature into her fingers. "Compare that with your recollection of his father's picture—then compare both with me." She stared at the miniature. The face of a young man smiled gravely up at her—a face like mine at first glance, yet upon closer inspection, very different. I saw incredulity change to wonder as she gazed. Then wonder grew to fear, and fear to conviction. And then I could look no more, but stood with hanging head. "After what seemed a long time, I felt a timid hand upon my arm. "Dear—I don't believe it." "It's true." "Oh, you may be Tom Bell—a name's nothing—but highwayman, never!" "Ferris! Your saying that will always be a comfort to me—wherever I am." "She gave a little frightened cry. "You're not going away?" "I must." "You refuse to marry me, then?" "Ansel!" I cried. "You don't know what you're saying. A convicted highwayman marry the heiress of Morvan! The law forbids it. Besides, you must hate me at

this moment for what I've done." "You know I don't. Stay, and be the Squire of Morvan—with me. Or if you go, I shall go with you." "No," I said. "I love you too well to shame you." At that moment Link's voice, very low and penetrating, sounded from the thicket. "Captain! captain!" Ferris faced the sound, her eyes wide. "What is it, Link?" I demanded. "Four men, with guns, comin' up the neck! Too quiet about it. Saw 'em nuff fresh caps on, too. Looks bad." "Apathy—a dreary indifference—held me motionless. "Very well," I said. "But, captain, tell you it looks bad." His voice took a hurried note. "Here they come. Run this way for your horse, captain—I'll hold 'em back a minute. Run for your horses—and the lady! You can make the island by tomorrow morning." "Yes, yes!" cried Ferris. "Run—run! With me!" She had actually seized my arm and was hurrying me toward the forest. I came to a halt and fell a pace from her. "No, no. Life's not so sweet to me that I'll spoil yours." (To Be Continued.)

How to Make a Real Wrinkle Remover

(From Fashion Reporter.) In these days of cleverly advertised "beautifiers" of 57 varieties and more, it is hard for any woman to believe that one can make a simple home remedy, which will do her much more good, and cost her much less than the average made preparation. Take the subject of wrinkles, for instance. There is nothing in the world so effective for removing or preventing wrinkles, bumpy cheeks and double chin, as a solution of sorbolite and witch hazel. Get an ounce of pure powdered sorbolite from any drug store, dissolve the full ounce in a half pint of witch hazel and use the mixture daily as a refreshing lotion. The quick and satisfactory results will surprise you. Even after the very first application there is a marked improvement. The wrinkles are less in evidence and the face has a firm, "solid" feeling that is very comforting.—Adv.