

AT THE TAWDREY HOUSE.

In 7-C.

Her light hair, abundant and pretty, softened a face on which the lines of care might have otherwise been apparent.

Nevertheless a malicious little smile which whisked like an imp from lip to brow caused me to distrust Billkins's good faith as he watched her follow the boy to the elevator.

"I didn't think you would do it, Billkins," I said reproachfully.

"If you had one of your own I would tell you to go and mind it, Sniffen," retorted Billkins. "I gave her all she asked for; if she got more, why that's the way we have at the Tawdrey House."

Just then the register was taken rather unceremoniously from me as a gray and withered man scanned the open pages with eager glasses.

"This lady—Mrs. Considine, didn't register her home town, I see," he remarked hesitatingly.

"Yes?" said Billkins, drawing a picture on the blotter.

"I suppose she didn't say—"

And the stranger flew away as if something had exploded inside of him.

"Crank No. 2," murmured Billkins, as he swung his back around and began to count his cash.

It was deadly dull in the office at that hour of the afternoon, with the sun banking through the stained glass like the middle of a hay field.

"Excuse me, that kind of a suit case under there, which belongs to 7-C," added John with the shadow of a wink.

"A man looks for more'n he's entitled to, Mr. Sniffen. I generally hands it to him toward the lift."

"But 7-C, John. I went on. 'I thought that was to be turned into a storeroom; I thought it was to be occupied by—"

"So the boss said, sir, truly, after the last was taken out—your remember, sor, the comm'ral man, who used up a stin-shooter—and he wanted it, it is that a carpet store to keep up with the fikes of him, he was that messy. But this is a liddy, Mr. Sniffen."

"But you're wrong there, Mr. Sniffen. 'If a man is down on his luck or half leary with drink I don't say he wudn't be better off than alone in a room, with the electricity never seems able to brighten and heat the pipes in the wall are wuss than a wake with their nise. But a woman, the Lord love her, niver minds when she's set her things about all right, and she's a good deal of a mind and thin, sir, it will take more'n a change of room to change that."

"But the associations? It isn't fair."

"'Poof for the associations, sir. If you don't know about them! Move a baby's cradle into a vault and the darlin' will keep sleepin' just as sound. How wud any stranger know the nise of a woman, with the savin, 'I'm, painted out, and the seven-C, painted in—comin', comin'—in a leasure, comin' win I get down ready! It's a queer puss in the house, so it is that 'inks a man has nawthin' else to be doin' but answer the bell."

I went to my room on the seventh floor to dress for dinner, glad of a variation in the endless task of doing nothing.

The little passage way leading to 7-C was as black as a pocket. Not the glimmer of a ray shone through the half turned transom from within.

Mrs. Considine was sitting in the darkness then, alone, if happily solitude there can be where grumbled and growled and whined and thick and fast. I know that I had a shiver of fear as I entered my own room, lest the electricity should refuse to lighten, lest the pipes in the wall should give forth their doleful sounds.

The next morning I was eating breakfast in my front room, it being one of my lazy days, I mean laziest days. From the bedroom in the rear came sounds of dire portent as Katie the maid lighted perfumery toilet with comments full as caustic on those honored by her service.

"A lot of bats and traps, she was nuttering. 'I vally thin no more than dirt. 'T'wos thin an' it's low, I say, and let it go at that; it's more than they deserve. If they enter a complaint to go to the office and have them put out. That for them!" she snapped as the opening door let her in with the dust she had raised.

that in comparison would turn his hottest fire into his coldest refrigerator.

And, mark me, Mr. Sniffen," she concluded solemnly, "this thing will be a riot if not in bloodshed. There is a man, we don't know his name yet, who acts as the chef's agent, a gray and withered man they say. If he help ever get sight of me, for the next time, they'll tear him limb from limb. Excuse me kindly, Mr. Sniffen, for forgetting my duty."

And Hannah, back to lowest earth again, hobbled to her task in the bathroom. A gloomy day for the laziest of lazy days, dark and stormy without, even more depressing within. As the clouds kept lowering, and the wind howled, the wretchedness of the very air of the Tawdrey House.

I could read it in manners more sullen and answers more surly of servants great and small; could meet in faces behind the desk, less smug and satisfied, as heads bobbed more closely together. Had there really been force back of Hannah's fulsome, I might have been as troubled in length arousing concern upstairs?

Late in the afternoon the storm broke and raged without and within. I was half dozing in one of the great office chairs when the whirl of the tempest was pierced by even more discordant shrieks and yells.

Billkins came flying from behind the door, white faced and gasping, Nonchalant in a funk. I followed him to the elevator shaft alongside of which the stone basement stairs descended. Like him, I shrank back before the furious hurly-burly ascending.

As light, as frightened as a hounded fawn, a man came darting up the stairs, into my own room, and as he passed and his heels pressed and snapped as he went, he carried blood and fire over Parisian barricade. Up the stairs to the living floor, swarmed pursued and pursuers in such hot, mad haste that I could scarcely recognize old Hannah, once more inspired, among the latter, could scarcely identify in the former the gray and withered man who had shown such an interest in the occupant of 7-C.

I took the elevator at peril of life and limb, the boy in charge was so rattled, to the seventh floor. Anxious faces, as the cries of havoc kept coming nearer and fiercer, were thrust from different doorways. By the Prince's suite the young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Banning, were standing in the smiling confidence of bliss.

My own room, and having prudently fastened the chain watched and waited by the crack.

Not for long. Panic brought the gray and withered stranger, victim of chance resemblance, to the seventh floor. Panic sent him plunging and swaying down the hall past the gaping doors, with bruises and belated cries behind. Panic guided him into the little black passageway leading to 7-C, which now, as I peered cautiously out, seemed to swallow him up.

The mob fairly banged against the end of the hall and then hung uncertain.

"The spicidoo room!" cried first one voice and then a score of voices in awed tones. And you could fairly hear the united courage oozing away.

It was wonderful to note how quickly hesitancy was followed by blank refusal and blank refusal by a sudden "No!" and "He'll get it all his own way," said one, "and he'll get it all his own way," said another.

"Here's the boss," warned another. And the ragged, old woman, who had been as white as rats, like rats, fair strikers, scuttled away.

With one notable exception. Old Hannah had led the van; old Hannah had urged advance against the halt of superstition. But closely as I scanned the scurrying wretches as each one sought safety in secrecy, not a sign did I see of Hannah.

"I followed them in silence. In a few terse words I explained how a mob of the lesser help had mistaken a stranger for the chief of their party and how he had unwittingly saved himself by seeking refuge in a room held in terror by the superstitious account of the number of suicides that had been committed in it."

"A stranger?" repeated Paul Banning. "Then you were right, Ella. It must have been Ruthven."

"Youth and beauty appeal powerfully to me," I said, "especially beauty in distress. If my judgment were as undoubted as my age—"

"We are English people," began Banning abruptly. "We married Ruthven, we came to this country secretly. Why? you will ask. To avoid publicity and disgrace or its alternative, blackmail. My dear mother-in-law is Mrs. Ella Thalie—your understanding?"

Indeed, I did understand. The Thalie partition case, while ostensibly the dry division of landed property, had developed into the sensation of the age, and the idle and vicious of two continents were racked with curiosity regarding the principal defendant, whose main fault after all had been a lack of firmness under distressing circumstances hardly to be expected in a woman still young and attractive.

"We planned to come to this country and live our own lives in peace and happiness. But it was not to be. At a banquet on the courts, a process server, deputy sheriff, all round rogue, if not worse, named Ruthven, who dogged our poor mother and made her life miserable, came to my rescue. He paid him some large amounts, so I learned, and then when she saw that this had only whetted his appetite she fled alone by night leaving me to go to jail, or rather a circuitous route, here at this very hotel."

"We came, though earlier than she had expected we would. There was no word, overheard cars in town; but my mother, worried, were we, Ella, until we saw that man they chased. It was Ruthven, I tell you, the spy, informer, blackmail, and doggerel. One day, I reflected, 'your wife's mother's name is Ella. There is a strange lady, very retired, stopping at this hotel, named Mrs. Ella Considine. I have heard this name in the papers, and I have heard that, by Jove, she occupies the very room, the suicide room, into which he bolted.'"

"At this instant there was a deeper shadow from without and feet steps along the fire escape. A white face peered through the window. Then the snarl was raised, overhead cars in town; but my mother, careworn had it not been for the setting of her pretty light hair, sprang into the room."

"Paul! Ella!" she moaned with extended arms, "save me from that wretch."

have fled across the world to avoid. I didn't seem to care, I didn't seem to care about anything except my own intolerable misery.

"I believe it is in the very room—I can't explain—a sense of gloom, of the wretchedness of life, of its worthlessness—oh, dear me, I can't think of my talking and feeling in such a way."

"But the man, Ruthven?" persisted Banning.

"Of course, he was terrified when he came in. Mrs. Thalie went on, reluctantly, "and well nigh spent for breath. But yet, after he must have known from the sound that his pursuers, whoever they were—I was they might have got him—were gone, after he recognized me, the one person in the world he wanted to find, he didn't seem to take heart."

"Dove he sat opposite me in a dull sort of way, and there we sat staring at each other when we weren't staring at the dullness of the light and the wall with its dulled sound. 'In fact, Ella, if I might not be sitting there yet, like two marionettes on a shelf, bobbing away, if some woman had come up and given a queer sort of groan, which frightened me more than his presence had, so out the window I put—"

"There was a rap on the door, which I answered. There stood old Hannah, with dignity on; quite an imposing figure, despite her rags."

"Would you come to 7-C, Mr. Sniffen, please," she said.

"Why should I do that, Hannah? I asked in return, for the first time a strange repugnance against the room coming over me. I will tell you, sir, who she was, and away I made up my mind to go after that man; why should I fear any person, place or thing?"

"I entered the room just as this lady there went out of the window. I couldn't see his face well; 'tis gloomy there at best; but what light there was must have shown some; for he recognized me—he thought, 'I was a ghost. Over he went with a gas.'"

"Wait a bit, Hannah," I interrupted, impatiently. "Let me understand. He recognized you, he thought you were a ghost? When, then, had he ever known you?"

"I was his wife in England, sir, many years ago," old Hannah answered simply. "The wife whom he abused, the wife whom he believed and still believes, perhaps, he murdered."

"I stepped back softly into the hall, thinking the fright might do him good. Then I heard a sound, sir, like a report. 'You know about the room?' It frightened me, too, sir; here, I'm as cold as ice. 'She laid her trembling hand on her heart. 'Ah, do come!'"

I went in silence, leading the way. Banning and three women following. 7-C seemed more full of shadows, more of a queer sound as we entered than ever before; but there was light enough to see Ruthven's dead body, a revolver still in his dead grasp; there was stillness about the room, as if Hannah's murmured prayer as she fell on her knees beside him.

END OF FAMOUS WRITERS. Literary Geniuses Who Died Miserably Poor and Destitute.

That Ouida should have died as she did in poverty and loneliness, an exile, though a voluntary one, from the land of her birth, was an undeniably pitiful ending to an exceptionally brilliant career.

For instance, Richard Savage, the gifted poet, died in a debtor's prison at Bristol, after enduring the pangs of semi-starvation for years. Chatterton, driven desperate through hunger, poisoned himself at the age of 18.

Dr. Dodd, whose "Beauties of Shakespeare" was well known, was hanged for forgery. George Gissing, after suffering hardships that embittered his whole existence, died just as he was beginning to make his name.

Stow, the famous antiquarian, author of the "Survey of London," became in his old age a licensed beggar, asking alms from door to door through thirty-six counties.

Robert Burns, writing only fourteen days before his death, inspired his friend Cunningham to use his influence with the Commissioners of Excise in order to get his salary raised from £35 a year to £50, "otherwise, if I die not of disease, I must perish with hunger."

Lorenzetti, the learned and talented historiographer of the Inquisition, was glad to die in close confinement, but his unfortunate career to hire himself out for a few hours a night to keep watch over the dead bodies at the Paris Morgue, and died eventually of starvation. Camoens begged his bread from door to door until compelled to take refuge in an almshouse, where he died.

It is told of Ben Jonson that when in his last illness King Charles sent him a small sum of money he returned it. "I send me miserable thanks for it," he said, "I have no need of it, because I am poor and live in an alley. Go and tell him his soul lives in an alley."

Very sad was the fate of Ulrich von Hutten, one of the greatest writers Germany has ever produced. He was a man of high ability, but he got into trouble through his own fault, by trying to tramp through the country, begging food and shelter from the peasants. One bitter winter's night he was refused both, and next morning was found frozen stiff and cold in the drifting snow outside the village.

The only thing he died possessed of besides the rags he wore, says his biographer, Zuinglius, "was a pen."

Saint-Simon, the celebrated French author, who wrote "The Regeneration of European Society," was twice driven by want to attempt his own life, and although he died a natural death in the end it was among the most lamentable surroundings. "For fifteen days," he says, writing to a friend just before the end of his life, "I have lived upon bread, without a rag, I have even sold my clothes."

DINNER FLOWERS OF CANDY

NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON IN TABLE DECORATIONS.

Rosebuds, Violets and Jonquils Nearly as Costly as the Real Flowers—Mint Most Expensive of the Canded Fruits—Pansies Big, Elaborate and Natural.

There have never been more elaborate decorations for the table than there are this winter and they are for the sake of novelty made of candy. They are nearly as costly as the real flowers.

Rosebuds somewhat smaller than the original are made in pink and white and glaze like their natural prototypes with dewdrops. They cost 15 cents each, while violets as large as the best of the natural ones and seemingly lacking only the fragrance of the real flowers cost 6 cents more.

Jonquils are made somewhat smaller than the real size and so are the exquisite purple flags, which have the same variety of shades as the originals. The candies are an expensive item at a dinner when the guests take it into their heads to eat them. It rarely happens, however, that more than one or two persons make this unusual use of them.

None of the table flowers is so elaborate as the large pansies. They are also preserved in the natural colors. Every stem is sifted a tiny shower of sugar, which barely conceals the purple and yellow tints. These blossoms cost as much as 30 cents. If every guest should decide to eat one it can be seen how much of an expense such a dish would be.

Among the canded fruits which are to be found in all the shops none costs so much as the canded mint. But it is the most expensive than some of the others because so little of it is required. A pound of canded mint costs more than \$4. But a taste is all that anybody requires, so strong is the flavor. The old fashioned sugared violets have been almost entirely superseded at dinner by the new canded reproductions of the flowers. These colored flowers in candy are arranged just as the natural flowers. There are not violets and rosebuds, jonquils and fleurs de lis in one box, but each flower is kept in a separate box. The flowers are maintained throughout all the dishes. Just as the real jonquils are grouped together in the flower vases, so are the yellow sugar blossoms placed together with no other flower to break the color scheme.

Fortunate nowadays is the hostess who possesses low flat candy dishes. The tops are covered with the fine white perforated paper and on them the flowers are laid. They must not be crowded together, as in that way much of their effectiveness is lost. They are placed so as barely to touch. They do not retain so much of their beauty when put into a deep dish.

STREET MERCHANTS OF CALLAO.

Most of the Buying and Selling of This Peruvian Town is Done Outdoors.

To Callao belongs the distinction of presenting the most interesting phases of street life and the most varied types of street characters of any city in the Western Hemisphere, if not in the world.

The way the clouds of the Pacific have of banking in against the Peruvian Andes without precipitating any of their moisture gives a climate which for coolness accompanied by dryness is quite a rare one in similar latitudes. The conditions for outdoor life are as near the ideal as in any place in the world, says a correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, and as a result, of this probably nine-tenths of Callao's buying and selling is done on the streets.

The city has no large shops whatever, and even the arcades so common in most Spanish-American cities are rare; on the other hand, more or less itinerant street vendors and hawkers are legion in practically monopolizing the retail trade of the whole town.

Few carts are used in trade, most of the vendors carrying their wares on their heads or on horse or mule back. A ruminant among the latter class being the panadero or baker. He bakes his bread in a big stone outdoor oven during the early hours of the morning and delivers it during the day. His outfit consists of two bin covered baskets to throw on either side of a horse, between which he perches himself—usually with both feet on one side as though mounted on a side saddle—and he hands out his bread to his customer as they respond to his lusty hail at their doors.

Sacks of stale bread for chicken feed are occasionally carried, being tied to thongs on the outside of the big bags. The bread loaves consist of long slender sticks of glazed gluten, with crust so hard as almost to scratch glass when fresh, and which, stale, will resist a knife blade like a piece of hippo hide. Loaves of five or six feet long, and of a diameter of a whole foot in fact it is said that their length on these occasions is only limited by the width of the extremely narrow streets through which they are carried.

The grocer boy delivers in two big bags made of untanned cowhide, with the hair out, and his mount is usually a mule. When his bags are full, on the out trip he rides on the neck of the mule, but going back, empty, he either rides with one foot in each bag or else climbs in one bag, invites the mule to step on the other, and thus a balanced load, and thus has company for the home trip.

One of the funniest things I saw in Peru was a match between two youngsters—one in either bag of a delivery outfit—who had evidently come to a serious misunderstanding over something and were having it out then and there, while the old mule, unmoved by the diversion which furnished unlimited amusement for every one along the street, kept on his way as if he were a principal street, neither batted an eye nor deviated an iota from the sober measure of his even, plodding tread.

For the strangest of all the mounted men of Callao is the pollero, or poultryman. His stock is carried in two huge cages, one on either side of his horse, and covered with a netting of wire or heavy cloth. The cages are filled with chickens and sometimes even geese and turkeys. They buy fowls as well as sell them, and are always ready to make any kind of an exchange. The polleros have the name, as a class, of being rather rascally fellows, with an uncontrollable propensity for annoying any stray person who may be flying around, or, if a bird, a mifon, el pintero ("look out, children, the poultryman's) is the usual admonition his coming evokes.

Ice in Dentistry. From Ice and Cold Storage. The first use of ice in dental operations was in what the public term the "freezing system."

The first use of ice in this way was in America, and it was first used in the small bags so shaped as to fit each side of the mouth and the wretched patient held these in his mouth until the desired temperature was reached. The bags were made of a heavy, oilproof molar or molar.

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BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS. BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS. BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS. 5c. fare by Subway Express to our store and you will save lots of dollars.

Here Are a Few of the Special Bargains Which Will Be Waiting To Welcome You On Monday. Greatest Sale of Silk, Net & White Lawn Waists Ever Shown in Brooklyn. A great array of styles, for every taste and figure. We quote just one value—see the others. \$4.98 to \$7.98, white or ecru, \$2.98 many styles, sizes 32 to 44, at None C. O. D., only 2 to a customer.

12 1/2c. Hemmed Huck Towels, 3 for 25c. Large size, good quality; subject to weavers' errors. Not more than 6 Towels to a customer. None C. O. D. No mail or telephone orders. 10c. Muslin & Cambric at 63c. Yard wide unbleached Muslin, 7-8 wide bleached Muslin and Cambric. Limit 10 yards to a customer. None C. O. D., no mail or telephone orders. Fruit of the Loom and Lonsdale Muslin, 9 1/2c. Full pieces, perfect goods. Limit 20 yards to a customer. None C. O. D., no mail or telephone orders. 40 in. White Lawn, 8 1/2c. Full pieces, perfect goods. Not more than 4 yards to a customer. None C. O. D., no mail or telephone orders. 25c. to 50c. White Waists, 12 1/2c. Striped shirting Madras, Silk and Mohair mixture, figured Chevots, figured Swisses, etc.; mostly full pieces and perfect goods; some short lengths slightly imperfect. 15c. All Linen Napkins, 9c. Each. Subject to imperfections in weave. 20c. All Linen Napkins, 12c. Ea. Some with initials woven in; subject to imperfections in weave. \$2.75 Hemmed Irish Linen Cloths at \$1.98. 2x2 1/2 yards long; all linen. \$1 All Linen Satin Damask, 79c. 2 yards wide, very fine quality; because we have no napkins to match. 10c. Bleached Huck Toweling, 8c. \$2 White Full Size Eiderdown Blankets, \$1.59 Pair. Annex, Main.

Silks From the Great Trade Sale. Black Taffeta. One yard wide, all silk; 89c. grade at 69c. yd. Black India Silk. 27 inch, all silk, extra fine; 98c. grade at 59c. yd. 98c. Foulard, All Silk, 49c. Plaid Silk. Spring colorings, satin bar plaid, choice colorings; 79c. grade at 49c. yd. White Habutai Wash Silk. 3,000 yards at 25c. and 29c. yd. 49c. Crepe de Chine, 29c. Yd. 24 inch, black, cream and colors. 29c. yard, value 49c. Main Floor.

Another Landslide of Wash Goods Direct from the Mills and the Great Trade Sale. Luzine Tissue. The 25c. grade dot and check Luzine Tissue, manufacturer's loom length, 3 to 10 yds.; each 12 1/2c. yd. Silk Stripe Organdine. 39c. and 49c. grade, rich stripe and figures, suitable for waists and children's dresses; manufacturer's loom lengths, 3 to 10 yds. 19c. yd. Spring Challis, 3 1/2c. a Yd. Apron Gingham, Fast Color, 5c. Yd. Imported Pekin Stripe Voiles. 27 inch very fine cotton stripe Voiles, 59c. grade at 29c. yd. Yard Wide Silk Mull. Very desirable for under waists and evening dresses; come in every desirable color and tint; also black and cream, 36 in. wide 39c. yd. Dress Gingham. Fine domestic Gingham, check, stripe and plain colors 8 1/2c. yd. Hydegrade Galatea. Seconds and firsts. Another lot 300 pieces in the new stripes now in demand; 18c. 12 1/2c. yd. Satin Stripe Pongee, 27 inch, Black and Colors, 45c. Yd. Voiles, Black and Colors, 7 1/2c. Yd.

Women's \$3.50 Tan Shoes, \$2.48 And the Great Demand for Tan Shoes Makes This an Important Offer. Made of fine tan Russia calfskin, in button and Blucher lace, shapely narrow and round toes with tips, Cuban and military heels, soles have close extension edges and are of the regular walking weight. The leathers are of the best selling shade of tan Russia calfskin, soft and easy to the foot, perfect fitting, and the great demand for tan shoes makes this one of the best bargains of the year. Widths are C, D and E and the range of sizes is from 2 1/2 to 6.

Floor Coverings at the Lowest Prices Ever. Choice Millinery Flowers. In such demand that they can not be manufactured fast enough, here Monday at about half price. Lovely Roses with bud and foliage, imported, 14c. Roses with small pink and Jack buds, 19c. Two Roses, with buds, all shades, 25c. Cluster bunch of 4 roses, with foliage, new shades, 29c. Large Roses, half blown, with bud and foliage, rubber stems, all new tints, 39c. Delightful Apple Blossoms, pink and white, at 69c. Second floor.

Paint the Baby's Cheeks Rosy Red in One of Our New Go-Carts. \$15.00 folding Go-Carts at \$9.98. Some 50 Carts in the lot at a decided saving. Handsome models, no two alike and there are many pretty designs. Carts have solid reed bodies, reclining backs and adjustable foot rests. Complete with parasol and rod, special at \$9.98. REED AND LEATHER HOOD GO-CARTS, natural or oak finish, upholstered throughout; a large variety to select from; very special, up from \$11.98. Third Floor. We will make for ordinary suit of five pieces of furniture, allowing 24 yards best Belgian stripe, bound with binding, perfect fit guaranteed. This offer applies only to city limits. If you want Slip Covers it is worth considering right away. Drop a postal; we will send a competent person with samples. Curtains and Upholstery, \$1 Saved on a Pair. \$4.98 Irish Point Lace Curtains \$3.98 pair \$5.98 Irish Point Lace Curtains \$4.98 pair \$4.49 and \$3.98 Roman Shades, new colors \$2.98 pair \$3.50 and \$2.25 Nottingham Lace Curtains \$2.49 pair \$2.98 Nottingham Lace Curtains \$1.49 pair \$1.98 Nottingham Lace Curtains \$1.49 pair \$3.50 ruffled Renaissance Bed Sets for \$3.95 set \$2.50 double face Verona velvet Portieres for \$14.95 pair \$1.98 crinkled silk Portieres for \$9.95 pair \$9.98 duplex mercerized Portieres, all colors, for \$6.98 pair To keep our expert workmen busy we offer special low prices for upholstering furniture, making of window shades, draperies and slip covers. Let us quote you prices now on Spring work.