The Garden of Lies

By Justus Miles Forman

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CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

I find, now that I come to write it, that I can give no adequate description of the strange alteration which had taken place in her, of the cold, proud aloofness, the regal majesty that seemed to hold her at some great inexplicable distance. She seemed to have gained in stature, to tower above us, lofty and alien in her bitterness and proud grief. As Miss Mannering had said, she had suffered little physical ill. She appeared strong and well, save that the circles had come about her eyes once more and that her lovely mouth drooped at the corners. Her voice was low and quite civil but infinitely cold.

"You see, you see!" cried Miss Mannering, when the princess had left. "Do you wonder that no one can approach her? How—how does she seem to you, Mr. Creighton?"

But I shook my head.

"Don't ask me," I said. "A queen nursing a pain too great for words but holding a calm face to the world, if you like. I don't know. Great heaven, her eyes are the saddest tragedy I ever saw! How she's suffering! And how she must have loved him!"

I rose, still shaking my head.

"I must be going back to Denis," I said. "He's waiting for news of her. Yes, von Altdorf's right—Fate plays."

Once back in the studio, I told Denis all that I had heard and seen, proud that I had so much to give him. He made no comment or remark save an occasional "Yes, yes, man, get on! get on!" when I paused for breath. And when I told him how the princess had suddenly come into the room where Miss Mannering and I sat talking, he gave a deep-voiced "Ah-h-h!" and dragged his chair nearer.

"But, lad, lad!" he cried, when I had made an end, "dear lad, you tell so little! Nothing that I didn't know before. All these things one could take for granted. Tell me the little things, Teddy, how she bore her eyes, and that queen's head of hers. Ah, high in the air, I'll warrant! And was she paler than her wont, lad? And was one little curling lock of her hair loose over the ear—the left ear, as it always is? Had she a flower at her breast? Ah, you've no eyes, Ted! I'd have known every tiniest thing about her in an instant."

He rose and went over to the window that gives upon the garden. It was open wide for the sweet spring air to enter, and he stood by it staring out into his lost paradise for a long while.

"I'll walk in the garden for a while," said he at last. "No one will be there to see me or interrupt. I want to sniff the perfume once more, and—sit on the stone bench." He threw a foot over the window ledge and vaulted down to the turf below.

I took up a pipe and a book to pass the time, but Denis walked up the old gravel path between the straight prim rows of chestnut trees; and the heavy fragrance of the blossoms above hung over him like the scent of burial flowers.

He walked, head down, eyes fixed upon the ground before him, hands clasped behind his back, so that he came slowly into the little circle of shrubbery that surrounds the fountain, and where stands the cracked old stone bench, without glancing ahead.

Then he raised his eyes and fell a step backward.

"I—beg your—pardon!" said he, very low, and in a queer, breathless voice. "I didn't—know there was any one—here. I—thought I should be alone."

"And I," said the Princess Eleanor from the old stone bench. "Else I should not have come."

"I'll go away at once," said Mallory, not looking at her. "I—won't intrude upon you."

"Just a moment, please!" begged the Princess Eleanor. She rose to her feet to confront him, frowning a little, eyes half closed, her lips with the slightest additional curl as if he were something offensive, unpleasant to see.

"I do not know, sir," she began coldly, "what has been told you relative to—to what occurred on the day before yesterday, or to my sentiments toward you at present—and for all time in the future?"

She spoke as if in question, and paused a moment.

"I think I have—heard it all," said Denis quietly, "or at least quite enough to understand—quite. Of course I'm not surprised," he went on, "at your feeling about it all—I—expected to be—despised, and—all that, for you can't know, probably never will know, how desperately necessary it was to take some immediate action, and how we were forced to lie to you, to impose upon you for your own sake. Ah, I'm not crying for your mercy! I'm not even trying to apologize for what we did. However we hated the task, we knew it was the only thing, and we'd do it again, I think, if the same problem were offered us."

"I can understand, sir," said the princess, "how Sir Gavin MacKenzie and these other gentlemen—even my Cousin Jessica, might use a deception to save my—health. There is nothing terrible in that. But that you should carry the thing on, day after day, seeing, as you must have seen, what it was coming to—seeing that I must grow to care for you, letting me care more and more, aye, making me care! till you had me, heart and soul in your hands. Ah, there's where the awfulness of the thing lies! To think that a man could be so base, so contemptible, so infamous!

"To think that I could have loved such a—such a thing! Ah-h, I could tear the heart from me and stamp upon it, when I think of these past weeks! It's unclean, vile!—I had not supposed that any human being, anything made in God's image could crawl so low, could do such a hideous thing as to mask himself in smooth, fine words, to prate of his honor, honor by heaven! to palm himself off upon an unsuspicious woman as her husband, win the greatest, purest love that was ever in the world, and then go back when his day's work was done, back to his—den and laugh, laugh and sneer at what he'd done! Ah, fine sport it must have been for you! Royal times you must have had, those evenings, gloating over what you'd won!

"I only wonder that God whom we're taught is all wise, suffers such things as you to wander about the earth poisoning whomever you touch! Do you think I shall ever be clean from you? Do you think I shall ever pass a day without shuddering to think that I've sat here with you, poured out my heart and soul to you as I've never done to another being, kissed you? Oh-h—you've made the remainder of my life hideous—I only wish I might die here and now before I live to hate myself the more!"

Mallory raised a white and quivering face. His voice shook when he spoke.

"And you—you thought—you think that I was—playing the lover as well as the husband? You thought I went back to my rooms daily to laugh and sneer?—Eleanor, you sear my very soul! You—ah!—as God lives and loves His world, I've loved you and love you now with all the heart and soul and body that is mine. If ever I have tried to stammer my love in poor words I could have beaten my tongue for its pitiful halting, stopped my breath for its wretched effort. Words have gone so limping behind my love that they have shamed it, belittled it. Ah, despise me as you will—as you must, princess, but you cannot kill my love for you. You've called me the lowest of crawling things. You've said that my presence soiled you, left you unclean——Oh, madame, I am not your husband and I've no right to any kind word, any good will from you, but no love so great as mine has ever soiled any woman, and no such worship has ever degraded her."

"Would you carry your infamy further, sir?" she cried. "Have you not done? Would you insult me again with your pretense of love? 'Love'! As if you knew what the word means!"

"I tell you the truth, Madame," said Denis Mallory patiently. "I would not have you, for your own sake, believe me worse than I am. I ask nothing of you, not forgiveness, not pity. I've wronged you past all that—though I did it, as did we all, for what I believed to be a good end. But lie to you in the matter of love I did not, nor could have done so had I wished. Can you not see that I must be telling you the truth? that I should gain nothing by lying to you now?"

The princess shook her head and turned impatiently away from him.

"I can see nothing," said she, "believing nothing, trust nothing, put faith in no human being again. You see what you have done for me with your 'love.'"

"Yes," said he very low. "Yes, I see. My only hope is that time and reflection may, in part at least, undo it. Time is the greatest of healers, madame, the kindest and most merciful of friends."

"And time, sir," said the princess coldly, "the greatest of healers, will, no doubt, quickly efface all traces of this wonderful love you so stubbornly profess."

But Denis looked at her wide-eyed.

"Time efface my love, madame?" he asked in a wondering tone. "Time efface my love? Why—why—how little you know of love after all, princess! Shall love die for lack of feeding, like a neglected child? Shall love live only when it's loved? Time efface it. Eternity won't efface it, madame."

"Nor be words prove an honest man, sir!" said he, "as I've reason enough to know."

"Why did you come out in the garden to-day, madame?" he demanded suddenly, looking into her eyes. "Why did you come to sit upon the old stone bench?"

The princess flushed from neck to burnished hair.

"Why—why I—came because the day was fine, sir," she murmured. "Because the house tired me. I came—what is it to to you, sir, why I sit in my garden? How dare you demand my reasons for doing as I please? Your insolence is in keeping with your other qualities!"

"As you like, madame," said he bowing. "And now, before I go, will you let me make an appeal to you?—No, but wait! The appeal is not for myself. I ask for nothing, nothing. I beg only that you permit that greatest of healers, time, of which we spoke, to teach you that there are good and true men still in the world and that not every one is a—liar and blackguard. Madame, Prince Karl of Novodnia is an honest gentlemen who loves you well, nay, too well, for he has left his realm in direst peril to come to you—alas too late! I beg that when you have a little recovered from this—this shock, you will listen to him. It is evident that at one time you were willing to give your life to him, even if no great measure of love. Listen to him, princess, and take the high place in Novodnia that waits for you. You, who are a queen among women, must be a princess before the world. There will never have been so regal or so kind a princess!"

The Princess Eleanor looked at him, still frowning under puzzled brows, as if she could not make him out.

"Has Prince Carl sent you to make this plea?" she asked. "Is this part of your task? You perform it but ill, sir. To profess a great and lasting love for me one moment, and urge me toward another man the next, is but poor logic, as I understand it? Are you being paid for this new trick as no doubt you were for the old?"

Denis flushed crimson.

"Prince Karl, madame," said he, "has at no time asked me or sent me to speak for him, and you pay love a sorry compliment to think that it may never be unselfish. I should love you but ill should I not wish for you all the happiness—at whatever cost to me—that fortune can offer. Even were you not another man's wife I know that you could never feel again for me anything but loathing and despite. I am not to be considered at all. But the prince, madame, is a gentleman and he loves you. It would give me the nearest approach to content that the world has now to offer if I could know you happy with him and reigning over Novodnia."

The princess sat staring at the ground and her breathing came a bit fast.

"That were love indeed, sir," said she in a half whisper.

"And as for payment," he went on, "I have a perverse fancy that you should know the worst of the truth. Sir Gavin and the other gentlemen concerned, chose me to play the part of the prince because no one of them could bring himself to do it—it was too base. They found me in a cafe one evening, drunk, as I often was, and told me their plans. They knew me for a good-for-nothing loafer, an ex-soldier of fortune who'd nothing to show for his soldiering but an ill name, an empty pocket and a constant thirst; who made a wretched living by writing for London papers. They knew that few things were too low for me to undertake, but that I wouldn't be quite low enough to play them false, and they—they offered money—forty pounds a month to do this work. I was drunk, as I have said, and I agreed—wait, wait a moment!—After I'd been with you that first afternoon I refused the money and there's been no question of payment since. Still there was, once, and for that I shall never forgive myself. That was the basest of all."

The princess turned wearily away from him.

"It is all of an equal baseness, sir," she said. "You can surprise me with no low details. The life you've lived, what you have been or are, or will be, are of no interest to me—I know only that you made me love you with your lying words of honor and tenderness, with your lying eyes and lying smile, and that now I hate you, despise you, as I hate and despise and loathe myself. Have you done?—for I can bear no more of this."

"But one thing more, and I have done," said he, "one very little thing." He put a hand into his waistcoat breast pocket and drew out a little knot of narrow pink ribbons.

"You wore this," said he, "upon the breast of your white gown that first day. It came unfastened and fell when you were not looking, and I picked it up and kept it. I have had it ever since. It has never left me night nor day."

He held out the little knot of ribbon toward her, but the Princess shrank back.

"I could not touch it, sir," said she.

His hand shook and the knot of ribbon fell to the ground at their feet. He stooped and picked it up quickly, and held it between his hands at his breast. The Princess saw his face and looked away.

Then he stood aside and bowed.

"If I have your permission, Madame," said he in a very low voice, "I will go. I shall not intrdue upon you nor try to see you again."

The Princess Eleanor, up in her chamber, pulled aside the white curtains and looked down into the garden. The old stone bench was hidden by shrubbery, but the fountain gleamed through the new leaves with a trickle and spurt of running water.

"And now," said the Princess Eleanor in a low, tired voice, "now I have hurt you as much as you have hurt me. Now I've made you suffer as much as you made me suffer, and you'll hate me as I—as I—hate you, for no man can ever forgive what I have said to you, the insults I've heaper upon you. They'll burn you so long as you live, Denis.—'Denis'? I like your new name, Carlo, it's Irish, isn't it?—as the lying speeches you've made to me must burn always; as, God pity me, the love I bear you must burn in my shamed heart till I die!" cried the Princess Eleanor, and fell to sobbing most bitterly.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

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Household goods a specialty. Unequaled facilities and lowest rates. Packing by experienced men.

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MINNEAPOLIS DRY GOODS CO.

The Great Bargain Sale Goes On

We have promised you a week of bargain-giving---not the common kind, but the kind that startles. We have kept our promise. We have made your dollars and even your nickels go farther than ever before. Today we tell of new opportunities. They are just as notable as the first. You had better keep close track of this sale down to the last moment.

Wash Goods

Thin goods, worth 18c a yard, including Batiste, Fancy Lawns, Corded Dimities, Scotch Lappets, etc., all at **9c**

New styles in pretty Dimities, dark and light effects, yard **10c**

Batiste and Dimities, including many white grounds and pretty styles for dressing sacques, yard **15c**

Silk Ginghams in plain shades and fancy corded and lace stripes, 50c cloth, at, per yard **29c**

Down Stairs—Apron Ginghams, Indigo Prints and Comforter Prints—a clean-up sale at **4¾c**

Fancy Figured Cotton Foulards, and Fancy Striped Crepes; for kimonos and dressing sacques nothing is prettier—per yard **9c**

Chambrays in five staple shades, 32-inch wide, regular 15c goods, sale at **10c**

Undermuslins

Each item here means a big saving of money.

Cambric Drawers of fine quality, made with deep umbrella flounce, finished with two rows of lace insertion and lace edge; 75c drawers at **50c**

Children's Cambric Skirts, made with deep lawn flounce, edged with lace and further trimmed with two rows of lace insertion; all sizes from 5 to 12 years; they are 75c Skirts—on sale at **59c**

Black Amisilk Petticoats with accordion plaiting in Van Dpke effects, $1.98 value, at **1.39**

Another Black Amisilk Skirt with deep accordion plaited flounce, edged, at top and bottom with ruching in plain black or black and white; these are $2.75 skirts, to close **1.98**

Underwear

Mostly a Saving of Half.

Ladies' high-necked ecru Vests, with short sleeves, neck and front silk trimmed and with a silk tape at the neck; 50c garments at **25c**

Ladies' White Combination Suits—low neck, no sleeves, knee length—made with the wide umbrella drawer; garments worth to 50c; all at **25c**

Ladies' White Drawers; 25c kind, umbrella style, trimmed with lace; now at **15c**

Millinery Ideas

The very ones that are in your mind at this time.

New Shirt Waist Hat, in black, white, burnt and navy, prices rising from **1.50**

Silk Pompons, in all colors **50c**

A special lot of Straw Braids has just come direct from the factory. They're of good quality and all colors; yard, **10c, 15c** and **20c.**

Geranium Foliage, with red and white blossoms, large bunches at **50c**

Sample Easter Suits

No words would be extravagant in telling of the "snap" that we report today. One of the best manufacturing houses in New York has sold us an entire sample line of Easter Suits. If you knew the house as we know it, you would almost buy one of their suits without looking at it, for it's a house that turns out nothing poor or cheap. These samples, of course, are up to their highest standard. None but fine suits in the lot; made of Cheviots, Voile, Veiling and Wire Voile; some are walking suits. Mostly size 36, but there are a few other sizes. We bought them at a third off, and you will get just the same reduction. The regular line would sell at $30 to $80; our price will be **$20** to **$50.**

There are other things in this week's remarkable sale. For instance, a lot of Black Dress Skirts, taken from our regular $6.50 line and offered at less than cost. The omission of a comma in our last advertisement made us limit the sale of these to one day, but you may still get them Thursday at... **3.98**

$12 to $22.50 Tailored Suits are also in the sale at **6.98**

Finer ones, worth to $35, on sale at... **15.00**

A small charge will be made for alterations.

Specials in Flannels, Waistings and Suitings

These goods are in the basement. It is worth while going down just to see what extraordinary values they are.

1. All wool Tricot Flannels, self-striped cotton-and-wool Waistings, and fine all-wool German Flannels, in stripes and broken plaids; worth to 35c a yard; sale at **18c**

2. All-wool Striped Flannel Waistings, Union Striped Serge Waistings, and fine all-wool Printed French Flannels, cloths that were 48c to 75c a yard, sale at **25c**

3. A lot of 56-inch cloths that sell regularly at $2 a yard, including fine plain Venetian, Scotch Homespuns, Camel's Hair Cheviots and German Broadcloths; sale **1.50**

A Stirring Sale of Silks.

The rest of the week there will be bargains in silks that are not likely to be duplicated again this season. The half-price sale of Grenadines will first attract your attention but you must not overlook the extraordinary values which follow:

Black Fancy Grenadines, in stripes, checks and figures, ranging in price from **$1.00** to **$6.50** a yard; all prices cut exactly in two, so that you get a $3.00 at **$1.50**, a $2.00 cloth at **$1.00**, etc.

Colored Corded Wash Silks, a big assortment of the best quality, on sale at **25c**

36-in. Cream Lining Satin, usually valued at $1.35; on sale at **1.10**

36-in. Black Peau de Soie, fully warranted, a cloth that will wear; $1.35 the yard is a fair value for it, but about 200 yards go on sale at **1.00**

Bonnet's 27-in. Black Taffeta, the $1.25 grade, what we have left, yard... **1.00**

Also a good 27-inch Black Taffeta, $1.00 grade, at **65c**

Linens

Crash Toweling at Half Price.

Short pieces, such as we always have left after a big sale like that of last week; they'll all be at Half Price.

A pure linen, soft-finished Damask that we call cheap at 62½c a yard—sale at, per yard **37½c**

Stairway Tables—A case of 25c Turkish Towels, heavy full-bleached kind, sale, at **15c**

Also a lot of Scarfs and Center Pieces, regular 25c and 29c ones, all at **10c**

Basement—Washable Table Covers, 1½ yards square, regular $1.25 and $1.50 kinds, at half the price of the cheaper kind; each **62½c**

Same quality in 8-4 size, were $2.25, $2.50, $2.75 and $3.00—all at Half Price.

5c Wash Cloths for One Cent. Six at a purchase is the limit.

Jewelry

See these big reductions of price.

Gold-plated Brooches with pearl settings, 69c and 75c values, sale at **39c**

Gold-plated Brooches, with pearl turquoise and imitation stones, worth up to 75c, sale at **25c**

Gold-plated Stick Pins with settings of opal and turquoise, values up to 75c—sale at **39c**

Stick Pins set with turquoise or pearls, worth 39c, sale at **12½c**

Silver-plated Watch or Fan Chains, 69c values, sale at **39c**

Umbrella Bargains

A 26-in. Twilled Cotton Umbrella, fast black **25c**

Ladies' fine Union Twilled Silk Umbrellas, 26-inch, with choice natural Princess handles, cover and tassels, each... **1.50**

Ladies' all silk Taffeta Umbrellas, 26-inch, choice assortment of colors.... **1.89**

Men's Union Silk Twill Umbrellas, 28-inch, with natural handles **1.00**

Drug Prices

Tooth Brushes, our 25c line, **15c.**

Isle of Violets Sea Salt, **25c.**

Java Rice Complexion Powder, 50c size, **25c.**

Peterman's Roach Food, **15c.**

$1.50 Gloves, 50c.

They are Ladies' Kid Gloves, in fine French kid, suede and German lambskin, two-clasp, all good styles. They are regular $1.50 and $1.00 grades, and come in all colors besides black and white. In some the first stitching was imperfect, causing them to rip when fitted. Little repairs like these have had to be made; they make the gloves as good as they should have been in the first place, but the first price cannot be restored, so the lot will go at **50c**

Ladies' Lisle Gloves of fine quality, in modes, grays and whites, 25c quality; sale at **15c**

White Goods

Can you imagine these things being much cheaper?

A fine, sheer, 48-inch French Lawn, one of the most popular fabrics for party dresses, a 65c quality, yard **39c**

Tuckings, a little lot consisting of plain and cluster tucks, also with lace insertions; the 59c quality, to close at **39c**

The $1.00 quality at **69c**

Fancy Striped Lawns in lace and openwork effects, 12½c and 15c cloths, closing out, in the basement, at **7½c**

Dress Goods

You pay two-third prices for some of these; less than that for the rest.

Our 75c German Grenadines, all this season's styles; sale at **48c**

44-in. Crepes and Jacquards, and 46-in. Diagonals, $1 and $1.25 values, sale at **48c**

The above are all black cloths; in colors, see the 50-in. Canvas Cloths, 46-in. Whipcords and Granites; 75c and 85c values; sale at **49c**

Good Shirts

Black Sateen Twill Shirts, the extra good quality that workingmen like, made with collar, pocket and extension neckband; 69c worth for **50c**

Heavy Drill Shirts, in plain black or black and white stripes, double stitched, made with extension neckband; a good value at 69c. Sale at **50c**

Soft Madras Shirts with collars attached, some also in cheviot; double stitched; some have ties to match; large bodies. Excellent shirts at **50c**

Laces and Embroideries

Such reductions as these are almost beyond comprehension.

Ladies' Turnover Collars, Imported Swiss, Embroidered and hemstitched, 20c and 25c kinds, each **7c**

Embroidery Remnants, in Edgings, Insertions, Beadings and Allovers, all reduced to half the marked price.

Colored Ruchings, 15c and 25c kind, at **2c**

Point de Paris Laces and Insertings 1½-inches to 5 inches wide, 12½c to 25c kind. Sale at **7c**

Ribbons

120 pieces of No. 2 Black Velvet Ribbon with satin back, the kind on which our price is usually 10c a yard or 89c for the bolt of ten yards; in the sale at **39c** a bolt—yard **4c**

Black Ribbons at Half-Price—Black Satin and Gros Grain Ribbons of extra fine qualities.

No. 22, reduced from 25c to **12½c**

Nos. 30 and 60, reduced from 39c to **19c**

350 yds. of all silk black gros grain Ribbon of finest quality, Nos. 12, 16 and 22, reduced from 37½c to **19c**

Handkerchiefs

Only two items, but how much they give you.

Ladies' Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs, some plain, some hand-embroidered initials, all at **5c**

A lot of Ladies' 15c Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, embroidered or trimmed with lace, all at **8c**

Hardware

Regular 89 Rattan Go-Carts—brand new ones, with up-to-date English geer, rubber tires and lace parasol, put into this sale at **$7.25.**

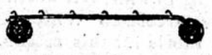
Half-a-dozen $7.50 Go-Carts, left from last season, to go at **$4.75.**

BATHROOM FIXTURES.

Hardwood Bath Seats, the regular $1.00 kind, sale at **69c.**

Swing Towel Arms—solid brass, nickel plated, $1.25 kind, **95c.**

Nickel plated Towel Bars—



21-in., 69c kind, each **45c**
24-in., 75c kind, each **59c**
30-in., 98c kind, each **75c**

Bath Sprays, a $1.48 kind, sale at **98c.**

Nickel-plated Tumbler Holders, 85c kind, **60c.**

Nickel-plated "Beauty" Sponge Holders, $1.75 kind, **$1.25.**

Nickel-plated Soap Dishes, think of it, only **10c.**

Art Goods.

More of those Pillow Tops, the 50c and 69c ones, stamped and handtinted, with backs, sale, top and back, each **7c**

Columbia Fairy Zephyr, in all colors, the latest novelty yarn for knitting opera hoods, fascinotors and scarfs; our price is generally $1.25 a pound, or 18c a skein; 75 pounds go into the sale at **79c** a pound or **10c** a skein.

Cotton Counter

Yard wide, Bleached Muslin 4½c
Yard wide Unbleached Sheeting **4½c**
Yard wide, extra fine Unbleached Sheeting **7c**
9-4 Unbleached Sheeting.... **14c**
9-4 Bleached Sheeting..... **15c**

Curtains Waking Up.

Compared with Tuesday's rush, it seems as if our curtain trade had been asleep. Of course the unusual bargains caused the awakening. Fortunately this is not a one-day sale, and those who did not act at once have other opportunities ahead of them. We quote the same prices today, except on a few lots sold out. Read thoughtfully. Reductions are from our own prices, not from prevailing prices.

SCOTCH NET CURTAINS.

Our 50c kind reduced to 33c a pair.

Our $1.50 kind reduced to 95c a pair.

Our $2.25 kind reduced to $1.29 a pair.

Our $3.50 kind reduced to $2.15 a pair.

Imported Irish Point, Brussels and Renaissance Curtains:
Our $5.00 Curtains, $3.25 pair.
Our $7.50 Curtains, $5.25 pair.
Our $10 Curtains, $7.25 pair.
Our $14 Curtains, $9.25 pair.
Our $16.50 Curtains, $11.25 pair.
Our $20 Curtains, $14.25 pair.
Our $25 Curtains, $17.25 pair.

A good, strong brass Extension Rod given with every pair of lace curtains bought during this sale.

TAPESTRY DRAPERIES.

Our $3.50 Portieres, $2.25 pair.
Our $4.50 Portieres, $3.25 pair.
Our $6.50 Portieres, $4.50 pair.

TAPESTRY

For drapery and upholstering; our 50c goods at 32½c a yard; 40c goods at 23c a yard; $1.50 goods at 98c a yard; $2.25 goods at $1.60 a yard.

Grecian Cretonne, fine for drapery and coverings yd. 8¾c.

Silkoline, 36-inch, best quality, yard, 7½c.

Imported Curtain Swiss, the 35c kind, yard, 24c.

Extension Curtain Rods, ½-in. diameter, 30 to 54-in. extension, each, 5c.

3-panel Screens, made of polished oak, filled with nice silkoline, 98c.

Rope Curtains, all new and fine values, 98c to $7.50.

More Hosiery Bargains

Two-thirds price for Ladies' black Cotton Hose, with double soles and high-spliced heels; 12½c stockings—sale at 3 pairs for **25c**

Half Price for Men's Imported Fancy Lisle Hose, our 50c kind, pair **25c**

Two-thirds price for Children's Black Lisle Hose, 1-1 rib, with double knees, heels and toes, sizes 5 to 10; 18c stockings at **12½c**

Half Price for Shawknit Half Hose, "seconds" in name, but firsts in real value—per pair **12½c**

Notions

Half price or less is what you pay for these:

Crowley's Gold-eye Needles, of all sizes, made of the finest English steel, regular 5c papers at **2½c**

Corset Clasps, 5-hook, covered with jean, cheap at 10c, sale, pair **2c**

Corsets at ½

Dr. Warner's Corsets, in pink and blue batiste, medium length, bias-gored, straight front, full boned, neatly trimmed with lace and ribbon, sizes 18 to 29. Never sold for less than 50c, but they go at half price **25c**

Children's Knit Underwaists, sizes 1 to 8 years .. **10c**

Defective Page