

Men's \$6.50 3-piece Outing Suits, slightly soiled.
Boys' K. E., Mother's Friend and K. S. Shirt Waists and Blouses, all patterns.

\$2.90
33c

Continuation of Closing Out Sale

Men's 75c and 85c Straw Hats, new shapes, natty braids, choice.
Men's Straw Hats up to \$1.50, yacht and Panama shapes, all this season's styles, choice.

15c
25c

Greater values than ever—a sale unparalleled in history. Eilermans are going out of the retail business—everything must be sold regardless of quality or cost. *Don't forget* this is absolutely the greatest **money-saving sale** on record—no such low prices ever known or ever quoted by anyone. All new, reasonable and up-to-date merchandise at **astounding low prices**. No odds and ends or carried over stock. Every item stylish and dependable. The prices are low to sell the goods quickly, and for no other reason. The sale beats all previous sales for **low prices**, and if you miss this chance you will never have another like it.

It's a Special Going Out of Business, Cut Price, Sacrifice, Less Than Cost Closing Out Sale, and we will hold the record for a long time. Nothing is Reserved. Money saved for you, and lots of it, if you buy quickly.

EILERMANS GOING OUT OF THE RETAIL BUSINESS.

Men's 80c Silk Neckwear, 17c	Men's Four-ply 20c Collars, 9c	Men's \$1.00 Unlaundered White Shirts, 39c	Children's Overalls, 17c	Men's \$1.50 Silk-Mixed Underwear, 79c	Men's 75c Percale Shirts, 2 collars, 29c	Boys' 20c Fast Black Stainless Stockings, 8c	Men's 10c Collars now 5c	Men's \$1.50 Linen Night Robes, 79c	Men's 50c Belts, now at 19c	Umbrellas, \$1.25 values, 79c
Men's Boston Garters, 19c	The Best \$5 Men's Suit in the city for. \$2.90	The Best Child's \$1 Sailor Wash Suit in the city 39c	The Best Men's \$13.50 Suit in the city. \$7.75	The Best \$12.50 Men's 2-piece Blue Serge Suit in the city for. \$6.90	The Best \$28.00 Men's Suit in the city, equal to custom made. \$16.45	The Best \$3.50 Boys' Blue Serge Blouse Suits in the city. \$1.48	The Best \$6.00 Child's Suit in the city. \$3.30	The Best \$18.00 Men's Suit in the city. \$11.40	The Best 75c Child's Wash Suits in the city. 29c	The Best 75c Men's Underwear, 39c
Men's 75c Overalls, 39c	The Best Men's \$4 Crash Outing Pants in the city. \$2.20	The Best Men's \$10 Suits in the city for. \$5.85	Boys' All Mixed Cheviot Suits, \$2.00 value. 90c	Boys' \$3 All-Wool Outing Suits, cuff bottoms. \$1.80	The Best \$6.00 Child's Reading Pants in the city. \$1.28	The Best Men's \$5.00 Pants in the city. \$2.90	The Best \$12.00 Boys' Long Pants Suits in city. \$6.90	The Best Men's \$5.00 Pants in the city. \$2.90	Men's 10c Handkerchiefs, 3c	Men's 25c per doz. Lawn Ties, 9c
Men's 25c Suspenders, now 9c	The Best Men's All Wool \$1.50 Pants in the city 68c	The Best Men's \$15 Blue Serge Suit in the city. \$9.30	The best \$12.50 Tipperary Irish Homespun Outing Suits in the city. \$6.90	The best \$4 Men's Blue Serge Unlined Coats in the city. \$2.40	The Best \$4.00 Young Men's Suits in the city. \$2.65	The Best Youth's \$7.00 Suit in the city. \$4.15	The Best Men's \$7.50 Suit in the city. \$4.65	The Best Youth's \$7.00 Suit in the city. \$4.15	The Best Men's \$20 Suits in the city. \$12.60	Men's Fancy 50c Hose, 19c
Men's \$1.50 new shapes Stiff Hats, 79c	35c Boys' Knee Pants in cheviot and worsted. 10c	The Best Child's \$4.50 Suit in the city. \$2.40	The best \$1.50 Youths' Long Pants in the city. 68c	The best \$25.00 Men's Suits in the city. \$13.90	The Best \$13.50 Youth's Suit in the city, sizes 14 to 19 years. \$7.75	The Best Men's \$20 Suits in the city. \$12.60	The Best Men's \$7.50 Suit in the city. \$4.65	The Best Men's \$20 Suits in the city. \$12.60	The Best \$8 All Wool Two-Piece Men's Outing Suits in the city for. \$4.65	Men's \$1.50 Soft Shirts, 79c
Boys' 15c Suspenders, 5c	SPECIAL NOTICE—Messrs. Geo. E. Crist, Andrew M. Nordstrom, J. L. Lynch and J. L. Dickinson will be pleased to give personal attention to all their friends and patrons. After May 1st, 1904, they will be in business for themselves at the corner of Nicollet and Third Street.									
Boys' 50c Madras and Percale Shirts, 25c	 318 and 320 Nicollet Avenue.									
Boys' 35c Crash Knee Pants, 12c	Men's Fancy Hose, 15c values, 4c	Men's 50c Balbriggan Underwear, 19c	Men's 50c Black and Striped Shirts, 19c	Men's 75c Leather Belts, 39c	Men's 15c Celluloid Collars, 5c	Boys' 50c All Wool Caps, 18c	Men's 25c Bow Ties, in Silk, 7c	The Best \$4 Hats Made, \$2.68	Men's Black Sateen Shirts, 75c values, 39c	Men's 75c Suspenders, silk and linen, 39c

THE FILIGREE BALL

Being a Full and True Account of the Solution of the Mystery Concerning the Jeffrey-Moore Affair.

By **ANNA KATHERINE GREEN.**

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," etc.

BOOK III

The House of Doom.

The wind had not yet risen and the shutter which a half-hour later moved so restlessly on its creaking hinges, hugged the window so tightly that I imagined Mr. Jeffrey had fastened it the night before. Looking for some receptacle in which to set the candle I now lit, I failed to find anything but a empty tumbler, so I made use of that. Then I glanced about me, but seeing nothing worth my attention—Mrs. Jeffrey's wedding fixings did not interest me, and everything else about the room looking natural except the overturned chair, which struck me as immaterial—I hurried downstairs again, leaving the candle burning behind me in case I should wish to return aloft after I had refreshed my mind with what had been written about this old room.

"Not a sound disturbed the house as I seated myself to my reading in front of the library shelves. I was as much alone under that desolate roof as mortal could be with men anywhere within reach of him. I enjoyed the solitude and was making a very pretty theory for myself on a scrap of paper. I tore from another old book when a noise suddenly rose in front, which, slight as it was, was quite unmistakable to ears trained in listening. Some one was unlocking the front door.

"Naturally I thought it to be Mr. Jeffrey returning for a second visit to his wife's house, and knowing what I might expect if he surprised me on the premises, I restored the book hastily to its place and as hastily blew out the candle. Then, with every intention of flight, I backed toward the door by which I had entered. But some impulse stronger than that of escape made me stop just before I reached it. I could see nothing the place was as dark as pitch, but I could hear the tread of a person—Mr. Jeffrey, or some other—was coming my way and in perfect darkness, I could hear the faltering steps—the fingers dragging along the walls; they a rustle as of skirts, proving the intruder to be a woman—a fact which greatly surprised me—then a long-drawn sigh or gasp.

"The last determined me. The situation was too intense for me to leave without first learning who the woman was who in terror and shrinking dared to drag her half-resting feet thru these empty halls and into a place cursed with such unwholesome memories. I did not think of Veronica. No one looks for a butterfly in the depths of a dungeon. But I did think of Miss Tuttle—the woman of whom I had heard so often in connection with my husband's case. Without attempting to imagine the reason for her presence, I stood my ground and awaited till the heavy mahogany door at the other end of the room began to swing in by jerks under the faint and tremulous push of a terrified hand. Then came silence—a long silence—followed by a moan so agonized that I realized that whatever was the cause of this panting woman's presence here, it was due to no mere errand of curiosity. This whetted my purpose. Anything done in this house was in a way done to me; so I remained quiet and watched. But the sounds which now and then came from the remote corner upon which my attention was concentrated were very eloquent.

I heard sighs and bitter groans, with now and then a murmured prayer, broken by a low wailing, in which I caught the name of Francis. And still, possibly on account of the utterance of this name, I thought the woman near me to be Miss Tuttle, and even went so far as to imagine the cause of her suffering to be the nature of her retribution. Words succeeded cries, and some sort of agonized hesitation. Once these broken sibilations were interrupted by a dull sound. Something had dropped to the bare floor. We shall never know what it was, but I have no doubt that it was the pistol, and that the marks of dust to be found on the connecting ribbon were made by her own fingers in taking it again in her hand. (You will remember that these same fingers had but a few minutes previous groped their way along the walls.) For her voice soon took a different tone, and such unintelligible phrases as these could be heard issuing from her partly paralyzed lips:

"I must—I can never meet his eye again alive. He would despise— Brave enough to—another's blood—toward—when— Oh, God, God, then another glance during which I almost made up my mind to interfere, then a loud report and a flash so startling and unexpected that I recoiled, during which the room leaped into sudden view—she too—Veronica—with baby face drawn and set like a woman's—then darkness again and a heavy fall with which the room seemed to rattle. The flash and that fall frightened me. I had just witnessed the suicide of the last Moore saving myself, a suicide for which I was totally unprepared and one which I do not yet understand.

"I did not go over to her. She was as dead when she fell as she ever would be. In the flash which lit everything, I had seen where her pistol was pointed. Why disturb her then? Not did I return upstairs. I had small interest now in anything but my own escape from a situation more or less compromising. Do you blame me for this? I was her friend and I was where I had no legal right to be. Do you think that I was called upon to publish my shame and tell how I lingered there while my own neck waited for the millstone? That shot made me a millionaire. This certainly was excitement enough for one day—besides, I did not leave her there neglected. I notified you later—after I had got my breath and had found some excuse. That wasn't enough? Ah, I see that you are all models of courage and magnanimity. You would have laid yourselves open to every reproach rather than let a little necessary perjury pass your lips. But I am no model. I am simply an old man who has been too hardly dealt with for seventy long years to possess every virtue. I made a mistake—I see it now—trusting a dog when I shouldn't—but if Rudger had not seen ghosts—well, what now?"

We had, one and all, with an involuntary impulse, turned our backs upon the door. "What are you doing?" he hotly demanded.

"Only what all Washington will do tomorrow, and afterwards the whole world," gravely returned the major. Then, as an ejaculation escaped the astonished millionaire, he impressively declared, "I am the only man in this room who is innocent and woman to remain under the suspicion of murder for five weeks is one which not only the law has a right to punish, but which all society will condemn. Henceforth you will find yourself under a ban, Mr. Moore."

My story ends here. The matter never came before the grand jury. Suicide had been proved, and there the affair rested. But I myself it is enough to add that I sometimes call it Durbur to help me in a big case.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"You Have Come! You Have Sought Me!" These are some words from a letter written a few months after the foregoing by one Mrs. Edward Truscott to a friend in New York.

"Edinburgh, May 7, 1900.

"Dear Louise—You have always accused me of seeing more and hearing more than any other person of your acquaintance. Perhaps I am fortunate in that respect. Certainly I have been favored to-day with an adventure of some interest which I make haste to relate to you.

"Being anxious to take home with me some sketches of the exquisite ornamentation in the Rosslyn chapel about which I wrote you so enthusiastically the other day.

"Time amply verified this prophecy. Mr. Moore is living in great style in the Moore house and drives horses which are conspicuous in Washington. But no one accepts his invitations, and he is as much of a recluse in his present mansion as he ever was in the humble cottage in which his days of penury were spent."

and, passionately as I loved her, she is no more mine, but God's. Let her woeful spirit rest. You who suffered, supported—who sacrificed, alas, that woman holds dear to save what, in the nature of things, could not be saved—have more than right to happiness. If it is in my power to give it to you, I who have failed in so much, but never in anything more than in not seeing where true worth and real beauty lay. Cora, there is but one hand which can lift the shadow from my life. That hand I am holding now—do not draw it away—it is my anchor, my hope. I dare not confront life without the promise it holds out. I should be a wreck—

"His emotion stopped him and there was silence; then I heard him utter solemnly, as befitting the place: "Thank God!" and I knew that she had turned her wondering eyes upon him or nestled her hand in his clasp as only a loving woman may.

"The next moment I heard them draw away and leave the place.

"Do you wonder that I long to know who they are and what their story is and whom they meant by 'the erring one'?" (The end.)

Ile Royale

Is said to compare favorably in its scenic characteristics with the coast of Norway and its fjords, and it is a royal place for an outing.

Northern Pacific's "Lake Superior Limited" to head of the lakes, in connection with the steamer ride on Lake Superior, is the proper thing.

Elks' Excursion to Baltimore; \$27.50 for the Round Trip.

Tickets on sale July 17 and 18th at C. M. & St. P. ticket office, 325 Nicollet avenue. For full particulars address W. B. Dixon, N. W. P. A., St. Paul.

REMINDED HIM OF HOME.
New York Times.

It was one of those early morning cars, with all the passengers in a hurry and the conductor nervous. They were making good time until they struck a downtown street with a wagon loaded with hay on the tracks. The motorist almost touched the rural team. Then suddenly he allowed the car to creep along behind the hay wagon. The passengers began to get nervous during the first block; the second block found them mad; and the third block had them killing. Still the motorist crept along, not so much as ringing his bell. Finally the conductor went to the front platform and exclaimed: "Say, why don't you ring your bell and get the hay wagon out of the way?"

"I just can't do it," answered the motorist. "It reminds me so much of home."

There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

A Medicinal WATER

Augusta White Lithia Water is prescribed with success by physicians in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Bright's Disease, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and as a general tonic. It is especially effective in eliminating Uric Acid from the system. Druggists and grocers sell it. Sparkling, delicious, healthful, as a table water.

E. H. WEINBLAND,
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Augusta White Lithia Water

Dr. T. T. FAUNTILEROV, M.D., STANTON, VA.



Thirty Seconds From Scratch To Finish

Extra long sticks—
Burn a half minute.
Extra strong sticks—
Don't break easily.

SEARCH LIGHT MATCHES

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THE DIAMOND MATCH CO.