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THE SECRET OF TONI

Copyright, 1907, D. Appleton & Co.
By **MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL,**
Author of "The Victim," "The Sprightly Romance of Marac," &c.

CHAPTER X.

Seven years afterward, Toni found himself one day at the little town of Deauville, in the valley of the Seine, where the circus was performing. For Toni had remained with it all that time. Beautiful young ladies gaudily clad in white and gold, demigods in red satin and white, and a demigod in red satin and a white sash, and the crack rider of the circus. He had a large head-line of letters a foot high all to himself—M. Louis d'Arrens he was called on the billboards, although everybody about the circus called him Toni. He was then twenty years old and at least twenty years wiser than he had been seven years before. One does not spend seven years in the circus without learning many things. He learned all the immense wickednesses as well as the immense virtues which may be found in the lower half of humanity.

But, like most demigods, Toni was not happy. Perhaps it was a part of the general quarrel which every human being has with fate. But Toni's principal quarrel was that he was haunted with fears of all sorts. This madcap fellow, this daring bareback rider, this center of a man, to whom nothing in the shape of horseflesh could cause the slightest terror, who could ride four horses at once, and could do a great many other things requiring vast physical courage, coolness, and resolution, was, morally, as great a coward as he had been in the old days when he ran away from all the boys in Bienville except Paul Verney, and ran away from home rather than face his mother after having taken a single franc. He was mortally afraid of a number of persons: of Cleri, the tailor in far-off Bienville, for fear he might see the police on him; of Nicolas, who had the upper hand of him completely, and of a friend of Nicolas', Pierre by name, who was the most complete scoundrel unhung except Nicolas himself. Both of these two men Toni could have whipped with one hand tied behind his back, for he was unusually muscular, and though somewhat short, a perfect athlete. His two scampish friends, Nicolas and Pierre, were wrecked objects physically, such as men become who are born and bred in the slums, who have behind them a half-starved ancestry going back 500 years, and who are on intimate terms with the devil. For a circus rider may practice every one of the seven deadly sins with perfect impunity except one, that of drunkenness. A circus rider must be sober.

They had drawn Toni into many a scrape, but he never gave his strong cowardice had saved him from taking an actual part in any wrong-doing. He watched out for Nicolas and Pierre, and when they kept their stolen gains, how they cheated the manager, how they abused the women. But Toni himself, although the associate of two such rogues and rascals, and in many ways their blind tool, had kept himself perfectly free from the commission of any crime or misdemeanor. His heart remained good—poor Toni.

He still hankered, mother-sick, for Mme. Marcol. Once every year since he had run away he had written to her as well as he could, for Toni's literary accomplishments were very meager, a letter all tea-stained, telling her he was well and trying to behave himself, and he hoped she did not have rheumatism in her knees and that he was sorry for having stolen the franc. He even sent her a little money once a year, which Mme. Marcol did not need, but which Toni did, and in these letters he always sent his love to Denise, but he never gave her his address, nor did he tell her where to address her letter, and so did not really know whether his mother were alive or dead.

His heart still yearned incessantly after Paul Verney, the friend of his boyhood; and one of the young ladies in tight and spangles had been able to put into his mind little Denise in her blue-checked apron, and her plait of yellow hair hanging down her back, and her downcast eyes and his sweet way of

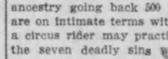
not handsome, but better than handsome—manly, intelligent, clear of eye, firm of seat, full of life and energy, and with an unstained youth it was—it was—Paul Verney.

As the two flashed past, followed by the groom, Toni almost cried aloud in his agony of joy and pain, but he dared not run after them and call to them. They, of course, knew that he had run away from Bienville because he was a thief. The thief of a franc was perpetually gnawing at Toni's heart. The sight of Paul Verney seemed to show him the gulf between them. Toni stood, leaning on the wall, his head hanging down, his mind and soul in a tumult, for a long time, until presently the sound of a clock striking through the open window of the keeper's house aroused him to the knowledge that it was almost midnight and time to begin. He ran nearly all the way to Deauville, for he worked his honesty at the trade of a circus rider—only it did not seem like work to Toni—as Paul Verney did at his as a subaltern of cavalry.

But all that day, though the performance, during the intermission, and at the afternoon performance and in the evening, when Toni went back to his little lodging in the village, the vision haunted him. Lucie and Paul looked so young, so happy, so fresh, so innocent! They had not behind them anything terrifying. Neither one of them had ever stolen anything, unless it was the other's heart. They had no Nicolas and Pierre to make them stand watch while thefts were being committed—to make them lie in order to shield rascally proceedings—always to be threatening them with exposure.

Toni was so tormented by these thoughts that he lay on his hard little bed in his garret lodging, wide-awake, until midnight and then he was roused from his first light sleep by a pebble thrown at his window. Toni waked, started up in his bed and shuddered. There was the sign that Nicolas and Pierre wanted him. They were his masters; he knew it, and they knew it. He got up obediently, however, slipped on his clothes, and went down the narrow stair noiselessly. Outside were his two friends.

"Come along," said Nicolas, "where are you going?" weakly asked Toni.
"We will tell you when we get there," replied Pierre, with a grin.
There was no moon, and the night was warm and sultry, although it was only May. Toni followed his two friends along the highroad. Nicolas and Pierre spoke to each other in voices and puffs, and they easily made out that they were engaged on a scheme of robbery. At this his soul turned sick with horror. He had never robbed anybody of a single cent except that one solitary franc which he had taken from his mother, but he knew more about robberies than most people. The bare thought of them always frightened him inexpressibly, but he continued to tread along without making any protest.



LADIES' SAILOR WAIST. Paris Pattern No. 3332. All Seams Allowed.

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No more comfortable style for waists can well be found than the popular sailor. Not that this resembles, even remotely, the shirt worn by a sailor, but it has a sailor collar, and this, according to the custom of the fashion world, is sufficient to give it a name. In our model the waist is absolutely plain, except for the finish of the neck. This is out in quite a deep V and the sailor collar is attached to the outline. Where the waist is open a chemisette is inserted and this has a standing collar attached to it. It can be omitted, if preferred, or made detachable so that it may be worn if occasion requires it. The sleeves are puffs reaching just below the elbow and finished with a plain band. The closing of the waist is diagonal and the buttons offer another chance for a little ornamentation. This waist can be used as a model, no matter what material is employed in the making. Lightweight woolen fabrics, tafetas, foulard, pongee, gingham, linen and so on through the list are all suitable. The collar may be of a contrasting color or material, or it may be trimmed as we have shown it, with a band around the edge. With some materials it is as well to make the chemisette and collar of the same and with others to use lace or embroidery. Taste and discretion will direct one wisely here.

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

Washington Herald Pattern Coupon.
Name

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

When a man once complained to Alice Freeman Palmer, the famous president of Wellesley, that she could not remember the names of half the people he met, Mrs. Palmer answered him:
"Oh, yes; you could if you had to. It is simply that you never had to do it. Whatever we have to do we always can do."
As an abstract statement, I suppose that is true. Indeed, I own it sounds very much like some remarks of my own in former chats, but I do wish the great college president had gone a step further, and contributed a few definite details as to just how that impossibility could be made possible.

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MENUS AND RECIPES.

TO-DAY'S MENU.
BREAKFAST: Farina, Sugar and Cream; Hashed Lamb in Curry Sauce; Dry Toast; Coffee.

LUNCH: Fish Chowder; Crackers; Green Corn Pudding; Spice Cake; Tea.

DINNER: Boiled Salmon, Egg Sauce; Peas, Boiled Potatoes; Cucumber Salad; Crackers; Cheese; Almond Cream; Coffee.

Recipes.
Green Corn Pudding—Score the kernels of two dozen ears of sweet corn and press out the pulp, using the back of a knife blade to scrape all pulp from the cobs; add one and one-quarter cupfuls of milk, three eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half of a tablespoonful of sugar, one-half of a tablespoonful of salt, and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Turn into a well-greased baking dish and bake one hour in a moderately hot oven.

Vanilla Icing for a Large Cake.
From the Philadelphia North American.
Put into an agate sauceman two cupfuls sugar and one-half cupful of hot water. Cook, without stirring, until it spins a thread when a fork's dipped into it. Have ready the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff, with an eighth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Four the boiling syrup slowly over the whites, beating steadily until sugared at the bottom of the pan. Take from the stove and beat vigorously until the right consistency for spreading. Flavor with vanilla and spread on the cake while the cake is still warm.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
Has been used for over SIXTY-FIVE YEARS by the mothers of CHILDREN who were CHILDREN WHILE TREATING WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IN SOOTHING THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD. ALL PAINT CHILDREN WIND COLIC, AND THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and get the genuine Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind, as it bears the name and trade mark of the Food and Drug Act, June 20th, 1906. Serial Number 28. An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.

THE SECRET OF TONI

speaking his name. He never heard the church bells ringing on a Sunday morning that his Bienville Sundays did not come back to him—his mother washing and dressing him for church; the sight of Denise, in her short white frock, trotting along solemnly with her hand in Mile. Duval's; Paul Verney smartly dressed and hanging on to his father's arm; Mme. Ravenel, in her black gown, standing just inside the church door, with Capt. Ravenel, grave and stern-looking, standing outside—these were the world in which Toni lived. He seemed like a dream, and this dream of Bienville the only solid reality.

One friend remained to him, the ever-faithful Jacques, now battered almost beyond the semblance of a soldier. Toni continued his friendship for horses. Half of his success with them came from the perfect understanding of a horse's heart and soul which Toni possessed. The other half came from that strange and total absence of fear where actual danger was concerned. When the circus tent caught fire in the midst of a crowded performance, Toni was the calmest and most self-possessed person there, and careered around the ring doing his specialty, a wonderful vaulting and tumbling act, while the canvas roof overhead was blazing and no one but himself saw it. When the bridge broke through, with the circus train upon it, Toni was the first man to pull off his clothes and jump into the water, and assisted in saving half a dozen lives. He was regarded somewhat as a hero and daredevil, while secretly he knew himself to be the greatest coward on the face of the earth. Nicolas and Pierre knew this weakness of Toni's from the beginning, and traded on it most successfully.

The company was performing in the fields outside of Deauville, but as they were playing a whole week's engagement in the town, some of them were quartered in the little hamlet close by. Within sight of the hamlet's church spire was a beautiful chateau standing all white and glistening in the sunlight, surrounded by grim and beautiful gardens, watched over by sylvan deities in marble. On the broad terrace a fountain splashed, and lower down a beautifully wooded park stretched out. Over the stone gateway, leading into the park were the words, "Chateau Bernard."

The first time Toni saw this when he was on his way to the midway performance in the town of Deauville. He stopped, and the meaning of that name flashed into his mind in a second. Little Lucie, that charming little fairy whom Paul Verney loved so much, and of whom he had confided, blushing and stammeringly, some things to Toni in those far-off days at Bienville, seven years before, when he and Paul had sat cuddled together on the abdomen of the bridge—the sight of the name "Chateau Bernard" brought all this back to Toni.

It was a beautiful, bright spring morning at the chateau, his black eyes as soft and sparkling as ever they had been, although now he was a man grown. But there was an eternal boyishness about him of which he could no more get rid than he could cease to be Toni. There had not been a day in all the years since he left Bienville that he had not thought of Paul Verney, and thinking of Paul would naturally bring to his mind the beautiful little Lucie, and he would dream of her, and he would dream of her, and he would dream of her in her way as he was in his. Courage is a very variable quantity and subject to mysterious ebbs and flows. Some gold and bank notes were on a table before them and the old lady was saying, weeping a little as she spoke:
"I think you have behaved to me most cruelly, Count Delorme. Whatever Sophie's faults were, you got, at least, the benefit of her entire fortune, which you squandered in your five years of marriage. Now you come here, when my little Lucie is at an age to be damaged by making up this old story about Sophie, although you know very well, if I would give you 2,000 francs a year, that you would never show yourself in this part of the country."
"I am obliged to show myself," responded Delorme, a thin-lipped, hawk-eyed man, who looked the villain he was. "What are 2,000 francs a year? My cigars cost me almost as much as that. And as for Sophie's fortune—well, a woman like that was dear at any price. If I had not got it, I should not be able to think that you would be particularly proud of him as a grandson-in-law."
"I am not," responded old Mme. Bernard weakly, and then summoning something of dignity, added, "but I venture to say that he is a better man than you are, Count Delorme. At least, he has been far more considerate of the feelings of Sophie's family, and has kept himself and her in the strictest seclusion, nor have they asked me for a cent. I think, also, that the Ravensels still have many friends, while I am not aware of a single one that you have, Count Delorme."
In answer to this, Delorme coolly plucked up the notes and money, and, without counting either, stuffed them in his pocket. Mme. Bernard made a faint protest. "There is much more mean," she cried, "than 2,000 francs. I did not mean to give you all." But Delorme, rising and taking his hat, bowed out of the room, and let himself out of the house by a small side door.

Toni knew then what his friends were up to. The three followed Delorme through the park, Toni lagging behind. Presently, in a dark place overhung by a clump of cedars, they came upon Delorme, who had every vice except that of cowardice. He turned on them and said, in a threatening voice:
"What do you mean by following me, fellows?"
For answer, Pierre and Nicolas fell upon him, Nicolas striking him a violent blow on the head with a short, loaded cudgel. Delorme fell over without a word, and in a minute his pockets were rifled. Toni stood by, dazed and unable to move. It was all over in less than two minutes, and the three were running away as fast as they could. Toni knew that Delorme was dead, lying in the roadway in the dark. His face turned upward toward the night sky, himself robbed of the money of which he had robbed Mme. Bernard.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

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As in the case of samples, the best models will be found to be those that are most soiled and mused, but none that will not be perfect after the first laundering.

Sizes 14, 16, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44.

FALL MILLINERY NEWS. FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

A man of millions predicts an era of profit sharing which will restrict the number of millionaires to those whose fortunes were previously accumulated, and bring comfort to the hosts of workers. He declares that wages will be livable and the scheme of profit-sharing will furnish luxury or savings, according to individual taste.

I think I see an increased interest in saving money. So much has been said on the subject of high prices and the likelihood of permanency that men and women have come to fear the future. That means some effort to safeguard it, and no better way than saving has been discovered. I know scores of families in which the children own bank books which are fattened by additions at birthdays or at Christmas from parents and relatives, even when the small ones are permitted to spend every penny that finds its way to their hands. This is a provision for their future which they are expected to protect when a suitable age has been reached.

The parents themselves are doing something in the way of saving. It is not much, because expensive tastes once formed are hard to kill out. But by cutting out a theater ticket once in a while and simplifying the daily living, a few dollars find their way to places of safe keeping. Where there is a determination to save, ways and means can always be found, but if the money is not saved for the future, there is little sense in personal sacrifice.

I once saw a long line of boys in front of the receiving window of a 5-cent savings bank. I was told that it was made up of weekly depositors, mostly newsboys, but all hard-working little fellows with level heads. The largest amount deposited on that day was 25 cents, 5 being the usual amount tendered by a grimy hand. I could imagine the self-restraint practiced by those children, some of whom had no parents, while others were worse off. Those boys are going to amount to something in the big world, and the habit of saving is going to be the power that will carry them upward in the social scale.

The power of money is undisputed, but it does not look doors against brains or talent or ability. Men and women have always fought their way to the top, and the chances to-day are just as good as ever—better, according to some investigators. Education and refinement are within the reach of everybody, the former by act of government, the latter through observation and reading, and those who secure either or both are not going to be content with poor conditions when better ones are to be had by striving.

Useful Hints.
Dipping the tips of the fingers in warm olive oil every night is the best method for keeping the nails in good condition.
Raw eggs rubbed into the hair and scalp before washing are excellent, and tend to prevent the hair from turning gray.
To clean rugs, lay them straight and brush with a stiff, dry scrubbing brush. This is much better than shaking or beating them.
Though it is extravagant the substitution of cream or milk in the making of pumpkin pie will result in a most delicate dessert.
In making cranberry jelly or jam, much less sugar will be required if the sugar is not added until the fruit has been well cooked.
Ignorance, like Nature, shows a restraint; therefore prefers a cheap crimson to an empty wall space.

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