

The originals of the paintings used to illustrate Verbeck's Book of Bears, published by Lippincott last month, will be on exhibition for one week in our craftsman room—first floor.

W. B. Moses & Sons, Inc.
Fire Underwriters say the private rooms in our new Fireproof Storage Building are the most approved. Moving, Storage, Packing.

Dining Room Furniture.

Special Prices.
A NUMBER of recent purchases of manufacturers' entire made-up stocks enable us to quote retail prices that many dealers would be glad to pay wholesale for like goods.

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We've made a thorough canvass of the stock and assembled all the small lots and single patterns, and in every instance cut prices to the very bed rock of lowness.
You can understand just what extraordinary values we are offering when you consider that many of the rugs embraced are left from special mill purchases and were already far under market figures.

SIDEBOARDS.

Reg. value.	Sale price.
Weathered Oak.....	\$50.00
Early English.....	\$200.00
Early English.....	\$140.00
Weathered Oak.....	\$150.00
Golden Oak.....	\$165.00
Golden Oak.....	\$70.00
Golden Oak.....	\$35.00
Mahogany.....	\$110.00
Mahogany.....	\$90.00
Mahogany.....	\$90.00

SMYRNA RUGS.

Reg. value.	Sale price.
16 in.x30 in.....	\$1.00
21 in.x34 in.....	\$1.75
36 in.x54 in.....	\$2.00
30 in.x60 in.....	\$2.75
36 in.x72 in.....	\$3.50
48 in.x84 in.....	\$5.00

AXMINSTER RUGS.

Reg. value.	Sale price.
6 ft.x9 ft.....	\$20.00
8 ft. 3 in.x10 ft. 6 in.....	\$25.00
9 ft.x12 ft.....	\$30.00
10 ft. 6 in.x12 ft. 6 in.....	\$45.00

ROYAL WILTONS.

Reg. value.	Sale price.
4 ft. 6 in.x7 ft. 6 in.....	\$15.00
6 ft.x9 ft.....	\$25.00
8 ft. 3 in.x10 ft. 6 in.....	\$35.00
9 ft.x12 ft.....	\$40.00
9 ft.x12 ft.....	\$40.00
36 in.x63 in., regularly \$7.	\$9 and \$10.00, now.....

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS RUGS.

Reg. value.	Sale price.
6 ft.x9 ft.....	\$12.00
8 ft. 3 in.x10 ft. 6 in.....	\$18.00
9 ft.x12 ft.....	\$20.00

JAMESTOWN RUGS.

Reg. value.	Sale price.
6 ft.x9 ft.....	\$5.50
8 ft. 3 in.x10 ft. 6 in.....	\$7.75
9 ft.x12 ft.....	\$10.50

Kensington Art Squares.

These are Fine Wool Art Squares—woven in a solid piece without a seam. A great variety of designs and colorings at the following prices:

Reg. value.	Sale price.
12-ft. Cathedral Oak.....	\$116.00
10-ft. Early English.....	\$89.00
10-ft. Golden Oak.....	\$85.00
10-ft. Golden.....	\$110.00
Cathedral Oak.....	\$80.00

CHINA CLOSETS.

Reg. value.	Sale price.
Weathered Oak.....	\$30.00
Weathered Oak.....	\$44.00
Early English.....	\$125.00
Early English.....	\$41.00
Early English.....	\$84.00
Cathedral Oak.....	\$100.00
Mahogany.....	\$150.00
Mahogany.....	\$100.00
Mahogany.....	\$100.00
Weathered Oak.....	\$33.00



THIS \$50 SIDEBOARD FOR \$30.00.

An elegant piece of furniture in weathered oak—quaint, attractive design—hammered brass trimmings. The price is 40% less than regular.

I slightly damaged Sideboard in this style for \$27.

W. B. MOSES & SONS, INC., F Street, Corner of 11th.

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Our collection is wide in variety and of unquestioned merit. We show these rings in plain and carved effects and also set with the various precious stones. Many designs are exclusive.

Berry & Whitmore Co.,
JEWELERS, SILVERSMITHS, STATIONERS, F. and Eleventh Sts.



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Read the directions carefully and carry them out to the letter.
25c. Sold by all druggists.

Roof Protection Costs \$1.

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THE GAMBLER

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON,
Author of "The Masquerader," Etc.
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At 9 o'clock on the night following her first venture in the world of gambling, Clodagh was again standing by the roulette table in Lady Frances Milbanke's salon. She had been playing for two hours, with luck persistently against her; but no one who had chanced to glance at her eager, excited face would have imagined even for a moment that the collection of coins in her gold-netted purse was dwindling and not increasing.

Deerehurst had been correct in his deductions. She played for the play's sake. The losing game, the hazardous game, was the one which appealed to and absorbed her; the safe, the unexciting, the uneventful sense of danger lifted her to an enchanted realm. And on this night she made an unconsciously picturesque figure as she stood fascinated by the chances of the play—her face flushed, her eyes intensely bright, her fingers restlessly eager to make their stakes. Round about her was gathered a little group of interested and admiring men—Deerehurst, Luard, Serracauld and a couple of young Americans who had come to Venice with introductions to Lady Frances Hope; but on none of them did she bestow more than a preoccupied attention.

She permitted them to stand beside her; she laughed softly at their compliments and their jests; but her eyes and her thoughts were unmistakably for the painted board over which the ball was passing. Another half-dozen rounds of the game were played; then suddenly she turned away from the table with a quick laugh. "The end," she cried, "I have won!" She was standing nearest to her, and with a quick gesture she held up the gold-netted purse. "Let me be useful!" he whispered, quickly. "Or me? I represent your husband, you know." Barnard leaned across the roulette table.

"Oh, come, Barnard! I spoke first." But Clodagh looked smilingly from one to the other and shook her head. "No, no," she said, hastily, "I-I never borrow money." Serracauld looked obviously disappointed. "Nonsense, Mrs. Milbanke," he began. "If Mrs. Milbanke doesn't wish it, Valentine," he murmured, soothingly. "Mrs. Milbanke, let me take you out of temptation." He bowed to Clodagh and courteously made a passage for her through the crowd that surrounded them. If any cynical remembrance of the scene of the night before had suggested to her that she should gamble rose now to confute her never denial, no shadow of it was visible in his face.

As they freed themselves from the group of players they paused simultaneously and looked for a moment around the large, cool salon, above which the elder or more serious of the assembly were now engaged in conversation or cards. Neither spoke, but after a moment's wait Deerehurst turned his pale eyes in the direction of the open windows and by the faintest lifting of his eyebrows conveyed a question. Clodagh laughed, then silently bent her head, and a moment later they were forward together across the polished floor.

As they passed one of the many groups of stately figures that were seated in the shadowed portion of the room, Clodagh caught a glimpse of her hostess, once again in conversation with Sir Walter Gore, and she was conscious of a fleeting moment of Gore's clear, reflective eyes roving on her in a quick regard. With a swift, almost defiant, movement she lifted her head and turned ostentatiously to Deerehurst.

"Is it to be philosophy tonight?" she asked, in a low, soft voice. He paused and looked at her, his cold, pale eyes slow and searching in their regard. "Not tonight—Circé," he said, almost below his breath. Clodagh colored, gave another quick, excited laugh, and, moving past him, stepped through the crowd of players. Gaining the balcony, she did not, as usual, drop into one of the deep lounge-chairs, but moved straight forward, stood by the iron railing and looked down upon the quiet canal.

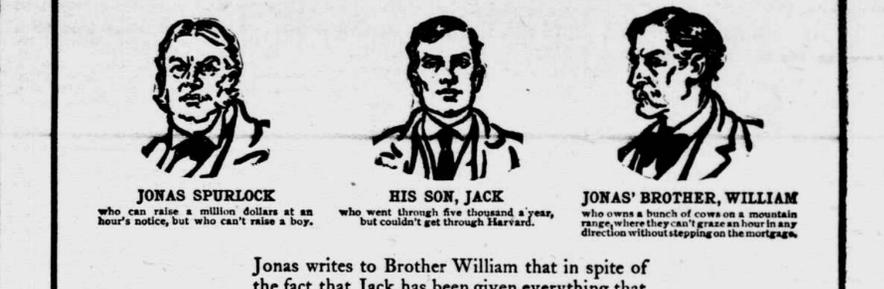
The night was exceptionally clear, even for the Venetian sky. The stars were in the smooth, dark waters; while over the opposite palaces a crescent moon hung like a gleaming reaping hook, extended from heaven to garner the waters. For a moment Deerehurst hesitated to disturb her; but at last, waving his scruples, he went softly forward and stood beside her. "Are you offended?" he asked, in a very low voice. "No." Her answer came almost absently; her eyes were fixed upon the moon. "Then said?" he asked, almost below his breath. "He drew a little nearer."

And why said? She gave a quick sigh and turned from the glories of the night. "I have only two more days in Venice. Isn't that reason for being sad?" "My husband is leaving." He smiled faintly. "And is he such a tyrant that you must go where he goes?" She laughed involuntarily. "A tyrant?" she said. "Oh, no. I can scarcely say that. He is a tyrant only in the sense that he will not let me do anything but what he desires for me." "Then why do you go with him?" She looked round for a moment, then her eyes returned to the pageant of the sky. "Why does one do anything but what she feels, suddenly, in a changed voice." With a quiet movement Deerehurst leaned forward over the railing and looked into her face. "Usually we do things because we must," he said, softly. "But compulsion is not altogether a pleasant thing. We are compelled to action by our own desires."

Clodagh, conscious of his close regard, felt her breath come a little quicker. But she did not change her position; she did not cease to study the sky. She knew that his arm was all but touching hers; she was sensitive to the faint and costly perfume that emanated from his clothes. But she felt these things vaguely, impersonally, as items in a drama unconnected with herself. When the next words came she felt that she was more of you than a mere acquaintance seems to be something more than a mere friend. Clodagh still looked intently at the stars, but unconsciously her lips parted. "Why?" she asked, below her breath. And it seemed to her that the word was not spoken by her, but by some one else. With an eager gesture Deerehurst extended his hand, and his long, pale fingers closed over her hand. "Then over the balcony floated the strong, delicate voice of Lady Frances Hope. "Lord Deerehurst! So sorry, but Rose wants you to give an expert opinion upon one point in the matter of bridge. It won't take two minutes."

Letters to Unsuccessful Men

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son



Jonas writes to Brother William that in spite of the fact that Jack has been given everything that money can buy he has made a mess of his life.

Here follow some extracts from Brother Bill's letter in reply:

"Jack is your problem and you're welcome to it. You could solve it, but you won't, because Jack isn't wheat, or steel, or stocks, but just flesh and blood."

"If he were a million-dollar deal gone wrong, no subordinate could touch him. But when your son starts for hell in a canter, you send a hired man after him to beat him back with a club."

"Have you looked up the men who have taught Jack as carefully as those that you have hired to run your plants?"

"You expected him to associate with idlers and not be a fool. That is a pretty big contract for one boy to fill, even with a father working overtime to help him."

"You and your special breed of business men are all alike. You begin in your corner groceries sarding the sugar for pennies; and you finish in Wall Street sarding the sugar for millions."

In this week's issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST \$1.50 the year

5c the copy In the next installment Jack breaks a strike in his father's Chicago plant and almost breaks his father.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Deerehurst? Her voice was high and strained. Gore made a gesture of contempt. "Deerehurst—" he began, hotly; then suddenly his tone changed. "Mrs. Milbanke," he said, earnestly, "whatever you may say, whatever you may do, I cannot believe that in your heart you are in sympathy with these people, whose every object in life is to gamble to gamble, with honor, money, emotion—anything, everything with the savor of risk and the possibility of gain.

"You have no justification for belonging to these people. You have the good things of life, the thing many women are forced to steal—position, a home, a good husband." At the last word Clodagh started violently. And with a quick, impulsive movement she entered the room, and, closing the door, stood leaning against it. "You are intoxicated with life—or what seems to you to be life. You are forgetting realities. I have seen your husband. He is an honest, simple, trustworthy man—who loves you."

The tone of his voice came to Clodagh with great distinctness, and she seemed only become dead. While she had been sitting rigid and erect in the stern of the gondola, everything ordered to her mental vision—everything had undergone a fundamental change. The purple twilight; the mysterious night scents; the breezes blown in from the sea; the soft, rhythmic music of the water; nothing but Gore's clear words, of her own soul stripped of its self-protection, were left. "Take me home," she said, in a number of words she wheeled round in sudden protest. But as his eyes rested on her cold face a tinge of self-consciousness chilled his soul—self-consciousness and the sudden remembrance of the fact that his action was, after all, unjustifiable. His own figure suddenly stiffened.

"As you wish, of course," he said, quietly. "I suppose my conduct seems quite unpardonable." For the second time an impulse—a desire—crossed Clodagh's face; but as it trembled on the brink of utterance Gore leaned forward in his seat and gave a quick, imperative order to the gondolier. A moment later they had glided up a narrow waterway and emerged again upon the Grand Canal. From the door and windows of Clodagh's hotel a stream of light was still pouring out upon the water. As they drew level with the hotel she turned her face away from this searching radiance and rose quickly to her feet. "Good-night," she said, in an almost articulate voice. "Good-night. Don't stir. Don't help me."

But Gore had risen also, and in a sudden return of his earlier, more impulsive mood, he forgot the self-consciousness that had chilled him. "Mrs. Milbanke," he said, quickly. "Clodagh evaded his eyes and with a sharp, nervous movement shook her head. "No," she said. "No. Don't help me. I don't want help." Stepping past him with an agile movement she ran up the steps and across the terrace to the door of the hotel. Gore turned to follow her, but as his foot touched the side of the boat he paused, drew slowly back, and dropped into his former seat. With almost breathless haste Clodagh ran up the silent staircase of the hotel, and, entering her own room, turned on the light; then, walking straight to the dressing table, she paused and stared into the mirror at her own reflection. The sight of that reflection was not reassuring. Her face looked colorless, as only olive-tinted skin can look; her wide eyes, with their narrowed pupils, seemed almost yellow in their intense clearness, while her whole air, her whole appearance, was frightened, tired, pained. As she looked a nervous panic seized her and she turned her gaze away. With freedom to look elsewhere, her eyes roved over the dressing table and suddenly fixed themselves upon a large, square envelope bearing her name, which stood propped against a scented bottle. "What a nervous haste she picked it up and looked at it uncomprehendingly. It was unusually large and thick and addressed

Deerehurst? What about Lord

THE WHOLE THING
THAT'S THE WAY A TENNESSEE MAN LOOKS AT COFFEE.
The following letter is so interesting and contains so much good hard sense about the coffee question, we publish it for our readers. "I laughed at the idea that coffee injured me, notwithstanding the trembling hands, sallow, muddied complexion, the tired, listless feeling and nervousness to mental or physical effort. Also, the terrible moments in the night when my heart would palpitate so violently that it seemed each moment it would wear itself out and become forever still. "When I married, my coffee days came to an end—my good wife refused to serve it to me, placing Postum on the table instead. "This was done over my protest. I had had experience with Postum—a straw colored liquid with an insipid taste. But the cup she set before me was not so bad, and in a way I even enjoyed it. But we had not then fully learned how to make Postum properly by long boiling. "Then the results came. The old heaviness after meals no longer troubled me, the heart palpitation stopped. I found more enjoyment in outdoor exercise, and, best of all, I found myself as insipid as the coffee I had used before. "Many persons have spoken to me about Postum in such a way as to leave no doubt that they do not know how to make it. You might as well as most, most vegetables on the back of the stove and let them steep, as to prepare Postum that way. "I say to such, 'bottle it'—bottle it till it has a dark, rich color and then you will have a beverage that will win and hold you.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the famous little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' in page. "There's a reason."