

# THE RE

By REX BEACH.

(Copyright, 1912, by Rex Beach.)

### CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"Yes, I've just come of age," he declared, with some satisfaction. "I realize that I'm free, white and twenty-one for the first time. I'm going to quit idling and do something."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

Woman. Perhaps you will wish me as much happiness as I wish you both."

"Then you have found your Italian girl?" queried Myra Nell, with flashing eyes.

"Victoria!"

"Victoria!" Miss Warren shrieked. "Victoria!"

"Victoria!" cried Myra Nell, who was who spoiled everything."

"Yes! You'll be a count," said Rilleau. "There follows a long and somewhat incoherent explanation, and then the beaming bridegroom tugged at Myra Nell's sleeve, saying:

"Now that it's all over I'm mighty tired of being a widower."

She flung her arms about his neck and lifted her blushing face to his, explaining to her half-brother, when she could: "I don't know what you'll do without some one to look after you, Bernie, but—it's perfectly grand to cope."

Dreux rose with a grin and winked at Norvin as he said:

"Oh, don't mind me. I'll get along all right," and seizing his hat, he rushed out with his chin facing all ablaze.

When Blake was finally alone he closed his desk and with bounding heart set out for the foreign quarter. His day had dawned; he could hardly contain himself. But as he neared his goal strange doubts and indecisions arose in his mind, and when he had reached the office he hesitated, lacking courage to enter. He decided it was too soon after the tragedy at the house, and he would rather wait until that intruder himself now would be in offensively bad taste. Then, too, he hesitated if Margherita had wished to see him she would have sent for him—all in all, the hour was decidedly unpropitious. He dared not knock, but he remembered the handkerchief, the ill-timed declaration; therefore he walked onward. But no sooner had he passed the house than a thousand voices urged him to return, in this the hour of the girl's loneliness, and lay his devotion at her feet. Torn thus by hesitation and by the sense of his own unworthiness, he walked the streets, hour after hour. At one time he approached the house desperately determined, the next he fled, mastered by the fear of dismissal. So he continued his miserable wanderings, on into the dusk.

Twilight was settling when Margherita finally finished her packing. The big living room was stripped of its furniture, trunks and cases stood about in a desolate confusion. There was no look of home in the house, and the whole place echoed dimly to her footsteps. From the rear came the sound of preparation, and she paused for a moment. Pausing at an open window, Margherita looked down upon the street which she had grown to love, the suggestion of darkness had softened it, and it glowed with a twilight beauty, like the face of an old friend seen in the glow of lamplight. She remembered the evening she floated upward, stirring the chords of motherhood in her breast and emphasizing her loneliness. With Olivia gone, what would be left? Nothing but an austere life compressed within drab walls—nothing but that sickening and suffering every day. She had begun to think a great deal about those walls of late and the bells of a convent pealed out softly in the distance, bringing a tincture to her throat. In spite of herself she shuddered. Those laughing children's voices mocked at her empty life. They seemed always to jeer at that hungry mother-love, but never quite so loudly as she remembered surprising Norvin and Blake at play with these very children one day, and the half-shamed, half-defiant light in his eyes when he discovered her watching him. Thinking of him, she recalled just such another twilight hour as this, when, in a whirl of shamed emotion, she had been compelled to face the fact of her love. A sudden trembling weakness seized her at the memory, and she saw again those cold, gray walls, which never echoed to the gleeful crowing of babes or the thrilling merriment of little voices. In that brief hour of her awakening life had opened gloriously, bewilderingly, only to close again, leaving her soul bruised and sore with rebellion.

She crossed the floor listlessly in answer to a knock, for the repeated attentions of her relatives and friends and touching, were intrusive—then she fell back at sight of the man who entered.

The magic of this evening hour had brought him to her in spite of all his fears, but his heart was in his throat and he could hardly manage a greeting. As he passed the threshold of the disordered room he looked round him in dismay.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Olivia is going home to Sicily. It is our parting."

"And you?"

"Tomorrow—I go to the sisters."

"No, no!" he cried, in a voice which thrilled her. "I won't let you. For hours I've been trying to come here—Dear-est, don't answer until you know everything. Sometimes I fear I was the one who was dreaming at that moment when you confessed you loved me, for it is all so unreal—but my love is not unreal. It has lived with me night and day since that first moment at Terranova—I couldn't speak before, but all these years I've been thinking about you, and I've been living in the garden of Sicily, where you first smiled at me and awoke this love. You asked me to take no part—I had to refuse—I've tried to make a man of myself, not for my own sake, not for what the world would say, but for you."

In the tumult of feeling that his words aroused, she held fast to one thought.

"What—what about Myra Nell?" she gasped.

"Myra Nell is married!"

The curling lashes, which had lain half closed during his headlong speech, flew open to display a look of wonderment and dawning gladness.

"Yes," he reiterated. "She is married. She has been married ever since the carnival and she's very happy. But I don't know, I was tied by a miserable misunderstanding, so I couldn't come to you honestly until today. And now—I'm afraid—"

"What do you fear?" she heard herself say. The breathless delight of this moment was so intense that she shivered with it, fearing to lose the smallest part. She withheld the confession trembling upon her lips until he was so timid to take for granted, too blind to see.

"Can you take me, in spite of my words, back to the past, to the time when I was never known how hard it was—couldn't do what you asked me the other day, but thank God, my hands are clean."

He held them out as if in evidence; then, to his great, his never-ending, surprise, she came forward and placed her two palms in his. She stood looking gravely at him, her surrender plain in the curve of her tremulous lips. The association of the committee of railroad, the condition of the committee of railroad, made the announcement.

It was suggested that petitions be signed by every resident of Anacostia, requesting the extension. It also was stated that the railway officials had expressed the belief that an extension by way of the Pennsylvania Avenue bridge and Minnesota avenue would entail a large expenditure of money, not commensurate with the returns, and if this be so, they are to be asked to extend from 8th street south-east through M street to 11th and on 11th to Anacostia. The present car service was bitterly attacked.

The association feels that this amount of travel demands that some ac-

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to marry Felicie, to begin with; then, maybe, to get on my feet, I'll get a job."

"I will," said Blake.

"Thanks, but—well, I'll rather impose on somebody else at the start. I want to make good on my own merits, unless I've lived off my relatives long enough. It's just as bad to let the deceased members of your family support you as to allow the live ones."

"Bernie!" Blake interrupted, gravely. "I'm afraid I won't marry Myra Nell. You think she won't have you, eh? She has been acting queerly of late, but leave it to me."

**W. B. Moses & Sons**  
F and Eleventh Streets

**REMNANT SALE**

**NOTICE**

The September sale has left us with many odd pieces of furniture that cannot be matched. Dressers have been sold from complete suites, leaving the balance of the suite incomplete. These pieces we will sacrifice to make room for new stock. Our Early English line of Dining Room Furniture has been broken up to such an extent we have decided to dispose of the balance at such prices as will sell them immediately.

Open 8 A. M. Close 6 P. M.

**This Genuine Mahogany Dresser**

Plate Mirror, \$38.00—Reduced to **\$30.60**

**\$36 Chiffonier... \$29**

**\$26 Toilet Table... \$20**

Exquisite pieces—of very high grade—at a very low price.



**Finest Household Linens**

Friday Morning Specials

Another large purchase has just arrived, and our customers shall have the advantage of our buyers' skill in landing an unusual assortment of bargains.

24 pairs 45x36-in. Round-thread Pure-linen Pillowcases, hand hemstitched. Were \$3.25. Now, pr. \$2.50

12 pairs 72x96-in. Heavy All-linen Hemstitched Sheets. Were \$5.00. Now, pair..... \$4.00

24 pairs 90x90-in. Heavy Pure Linen Hemstitched Sheets. Were \$6.50. Now, pair..... \$5.00

45-inch Round-thread All-linen Lunch Cloths, hemstitched. Were \$2.50. Now..... \$2.00

25 doz. 27-in. Heavy Double Damask Dinner Napkins; new line of patterns. Were \$8.50. Now... \$6.00

50 doz. Hemstitched Bird's-eye Damask Towels; soft finish. Were 31c. Now..... 25c

18x36-in. Huck Towels, red border; extra good for the price. Were \$1.20. Now, doz..... \$1.00

25 doz. Full Dinner Size Plain Damask Napkins, with satin border. Were \$7.50. Now..... \$5.00

50 doz. 24-in. Full Bleached Irish Damask Napkins; extra good value. Were \$4.00. Now..... \$3.50

18x54-in. Hand-drawn and Embroidered Bureau Scarfs. Were \$3.75. Now... \$2.50

**Silver Bargains**

Guaranteed Silver-plate

6.00 Odd Teapots... \$4.00

3.75 Sugar Bowls... \$2.50

2.00 Cream Jugs... \$1.00

88.50 Dessert Sets... \$5.25

16.00 4-piece Tea Set..... \$12.50

18.00 4-piece Tea Set... \$11.50

2.50 Cream Jugs... \$1.75

5.00 Sugar Bowls... \$3.00

6.00 Dessert Set... \$4.00

5.00 Odd Teapots... \$3.50

4.50 Dessert Sets... \$3.00

21.75 Tea Set and Tray..... \$15.00

**Colonial Dining Room**

In Mahogany

Sideboards.	Dining Tables.	China Cases.
Were \$190.00	Were \$100.00	Were \$90.00
Reduced to \$125.00	Reduced to \$60.00	Reduced to \$55.00
\$47.00	\$119.00	\$40.00
\$112.00	\$72.00	\$65.00
\$145.00	\$87.00	\$75.00
\$84.00	\$86.00	\$83.00
\$87.00	\$79.00	\$62.50
\$88.00	\$65.00	\$56.00
\$140.00	\$125.00	\$75.00
\$120.00	\$90.00	\$53.00
\$72.00	\$65.00	\$52.00
\$60.00	\$49.00	\$36.00
\$100.00	\$97.50	\$84.00
\$140.00	\$109.00	\$58.00
\$54.00	\$46.00	\$45.00
		\$105.00
		\$89.00

**Colonial Bed Room**

In Mahogany

Colonial Bureaus.	Colonial Chiffoniers.	Colonial Toilet Tables.
Were \$47.00	Were \$60.00	Were \$56.00
Reduced to \$37.00	Reduced to \$46.00	Reduced to \$28.00
\$200.00	\$195.00	\$42.00
\$156.00	\$97.50	\$25.60
\$38.00	\$75.00	\$30.00
\$160.00	\$52.00	\$19.00
\$120.00	\$35.00	\$21.00
\$64.00	\$36.00	\$44.00
\$130.00	\$105.00	\$44.00
\$80.00	\$50.00	\$39.00
\$85.00	\$58.00	\$25.00
\$35.00	\$76.00	\$49.75
\$47.00	\$60.00	\$70.00

**Rockers**

Mahogany and Mahogany Finish

\$21.00 to \$15.00	\$32.00 to \$23.50
\$18.50 to \$14.50	\$37.00 to \$29.00
\$23.00 to \$18.00	\$40.00 to \$30.00
\$23.00 to \$17.50	\$17.50 to \$12.75
\$28.00 to \$20.00	\$30.00 to \$18.50
\$24.00 to \$18.75	\$16.50 to \$12.85
\$25.00 to \$20.00	\$15.00 to \$12.00
\$33.00 to \$25.00	\$17.00 to \$13.50

**Bedding Specials--**

Blankets, Comforts, Spreads, Etc.

This is the opportunity to prepare for the autumn and winter. The goods and the prices are right.

Double-bed Satin-covered, Wool-filled Comforts; solid colored borders..... \$5.00

Double-bed Satin-covered, Down-filled Comforts..... \$4.50

Double-bed Satin-covered, Down-filled Comforts; solid color border..... \$6.00

Double-bed Size California All-wool Blankets, made of the finest wool. Per pair..... \$8.50

Extra Large Double-bed Size California Blankets; soft and fleecy. Per pair..... \$10.00

11-4 Double-bed All-wool Blankets; soft and closely woven. Per pair..... \$7.00

11-4 Double-bed Wool Blankets; extra good value. Per pair..... \$5.00

11-4 Heavy Crochet Quilts; Marseilles patterns..... \$1.50

11-4 Fine Satin Quilts; good line of patterns..... \$3.00

Extra Fine Satin Quilts; scalloped and cut corners..... \$4.25

Extra Fine Satin Quilts; English made; scalloped and cut corners..... \$3.75

66 x 80-in. Wool Nap Blankets, in pink and blue border. Pair..... \$2.00

Double-bed Comforts; silkoline covered; filled with laminated cotton; silk borders..... \$3.00

**Three-piece Parlor Suites**

\$160.00 to \$120.00	\$120.00 to \$75.00 (As Is)	\$75.00 to \$39.00
\$48.00 to \$34.00	\$50.00 to \$39.80	\$66.00 to \$48.00
\$45.00 to \$30.00	\$37.00 to \$29.00	\$125.00 to \$62.50
\$121.00 to \$89.50		\$75.00 to \$37.50

**Mahogany Toilet Tables**

\$56.00 to \$28.00
\$42.00 to \$25.60
\$40.00 to \$30.00
\$26.00 to \$19.00
\$44.00 to \$33.00
\$50.00 to \$39.00
\$25.00 to \$20.00
\$68.00 to \$49.75

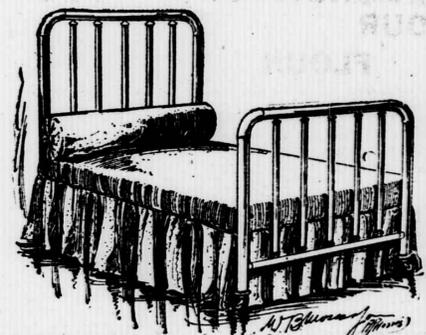
**Golden Oak Rockers**

\$5.50 to \$4.55	\$8.25 to \$4.00	\$7.00 to \$5.50
\$6.50 to \$5.00	\$8.50 to \$6.00	\$5.00 to \$4.00
\$6.00 to \$4.50	\$7.50 to \$5.00	\$6.75 to \$4.50
\$13.00 to \$8.50	\$7.50 to \$6.00	\$7.50 to \$5.85

**\$22.50 Polished Brass Bed, \$12.95**

Satin Finish. Polish Finish.

\$56.00 to \$28.00	\$22.50 to \$12.95
\$72.00 to \$52.00	\$42.00 to \$20.00
\$70.00 to \$39.00	\$27.00 to \$15.95
\$75.00 to \$48.75	\$45.00 to \$27.50
\$25.00 to \$18.00	\$52.00 to \$29.00
\$22.50 to \$12.95	\$23.00 to \$11.50
\$45.00 to \$27.50	\$0.00 to \$30.00



**Many Other Parlor Tables Reduced.**

\$12.50 to \$9.95	\$20.00 to \$15.00
\$28.00 to \$19.75	\$13.50 to \$7.95
\$15.00 to \$12.00	\$44.00 to \$29.50
\$9.50 to \$5.85	\$80.00 to \$60.00
\$12.00 to \$9.00	\$44.00 to \$33.00
\$15.00 to \$12.25	\$45.00 to \$35.00
\$19.00 to \$13.80	\$60.00 to \$48.00
\$19.00 to \$15.00	\$27.50 to \$19.85

120 other designs in choicest patterns and finest workmanship in stock.

**Accommodation Accounts at Slight Advance in Price.**

**W. B. Moses & Sons**

**How Nature Cures Constipation**

And Why Drugs Are Being Used Less and Less for That Purpose.

The custom of internal bathing for keeping the intestines pure, clean and free from poisonous matter—curing constipation, biliousness and the more serious diseases which they bring on—has become so universally popular, and so scientifically correct in its application, as to merit the most serious consideration.

Drugs for this purpose have proven that their doses must be constantly increased to be effective, that they force Nature instead of assisting her, and, once taken, must be renewed.

On the contrary, the scientifically constructed internal bath gently assists Nature, but is infinitely more thorough in its cleanliness than any drug, no matter what its nature.

The J. B. L. Cascade, which is now being used and praised by thousands, and prescribed by many eminent physicians, is now being shown and explained by the Adick Drug Stores, 13th & F. Sts., n.w., and 904 G. St., n.w.

Its action is so simple and natural as to immediately appeal to all common sense. That is the reason for its great and deserved popularity.

Ask for booklet, "Why Man of Today Is Only 50 per cent Efficient."

**ANACOSTIA.**

A conference is to be held in the near future with President Hamilton of the Capital Traction Company, by a committee of Anacostia citizens, for the purpose of endeavoring to induce that company to extend its lines to Anacostia. This information was made known at the October meeting of the Anacostia Citizens' Association last evening, J. F. Earnshaw, chairman of the committee of railroad, made the announcement.

It was suggested that petitions be signed by every resident of Anacostia, requesting the extension. It also was stated that the railway officials had expressed the belief that an extension by way of the Pennsylvania Avenue bridge and Minnesota avenue would entail a large expenditure of money, not commensurate with the returns, and if this be so, they are to be asked to extend from 8th street south-east through M street to 11th and on 11th to Anacostia. The present car service was bitterly attacked.

The condition of the re