

OUR ANNUAL SPRING CLEARANCE SALE NOW OPEN UNTIL JUNE THE FIRST

Hardware! Hardware!

During the Month of May
Spot Cash Looks Good to Us

DAVIDSON'S

Vote for Center St. Bridge and a Greater Phoenix.
22-24 WEST WASHINGTON ST. PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

Furniture! Furniture!

We have determined to reduce our large stock of Stoves, Ranges, Crockery, China, Furniture, Guns, Cutlery and expect to make it a historical event in Maricopa county and one that will save money for our many customers.



15% OFF
On Entire Line of
Moore's Steel Ranges

Retailing from \$21.50 to \$85.00, consisting of over 40 different styles. Every range is a quick baker, with wrought steel seamless ovens, draw-out ash-pans, drop oven doors. Burn coal or wood. Positively no discount on these ranges except during this sale. Over 400 in use in Maricopa county.

20% Discount
on all American and English
BREAKFAST AND DINNER SETS.

33 1/3% Discount
on all
FANCY CHINA
Cups and Saucers, Chocolate Pots, Cake Plates and many other handsome pieces. This includes all Hand-Painted China and Cut Glass.

FURNITURE

BIG DISCOUNTS—Have you ever visited our Furniture Department? It's a dandy and every piece is brand new—nothing second-hand.

- 25% off all Iron and Brass Beds.
- 25% off all Maple and Oak Dressers.
- 15% off all Mattresses.
- 25% off all China Closets.
- 25% off all Ladies' Desks.
- 25% off all Dressing Tables.
- 20% off all Dining Tables.
- 20% off all Fancy Rockers.
- 25% off all Trunks and Suit Cases.
- 25% off all Baby Carriages.
- 25% off all Rugs and Carpets.
- 20% off all Cook's Linoleums.

- 25 Per Ct. Discount** on all Keen Kutter, Case & Sons **POCKET KNIVES** Every Knife Guaranteed.
- 20 Per Ct. Discount** on every one of our splendid line of **BEAUTY HAMMOCKS**
- 20 Per Ct. Discount** on every **DOUBLE-BARREL SHOTGUN** in the store. They all go during this sale.
- ALARM CLOCKS** Cheap at \$1.00. Only **87c**
- GALVANIZED WATER PAILS** Worth 25c **15c**
In Our Bargain Basement
- BARGAINS IN THE BASEMENT**
- Wire Coat Hangers... 5c
- Thomas' Inks... 5c
- Dish Mops... 5c
- Great Big Nice Enameled Tea and Coffee Pots... 35c and 50c
- 25 Per Ct. Discount** on everything in the Toy Department.
- 20 Per Ct. Discount** on all Haviland China **BREAKFAST AND DINNER SETS.**
- 33.1-3 Per Ct. Discount** on every **FANCY OIL LAMP AND ELECTROLIER** in the store.

A special invitation to the people of Buckeye, Glendale, Tempe, Mesa and Scottsdale to attend this Big Sale. Now is the time to furnish the house for little money.
Yours for business,

Davidson's Cash Store

And presently she spoke, still playing softly.
"My father was an American, my mother Italian. But I have lived in Europe nearly all my life. There! you have more of my history than I intended telling you." The music went dreamily.
"I knew it. Who but an American woman would have the courage to do what you are doing tonight? Who but one of mine own countrywomen would trust me so wholly and accept me so frankly for what I am, an American gentleman?"
"Softly!" she warned. "You will dig a pit for your vanity."
"No, I am an American gentleman, and I am proud of it, though this statement in your ears may have a school boy ring."
"A nobility in this country? Impossible!"
"Not the kind you find in the Almanach de Gotha. I speak of the nobility of the heart and the mind. He was very much in earnest now.
"Indeed!" The music stopped, and she turned. She regarded his earnestness with favor.
"I have traveled much; I have found noblemen everywhere, in all climes, and also I have found beasts. Oh, I confess that my country is not wholly free from the beast. But the beast here is a beast; shunned, discredited, outcast. On the other side, if he be mentioned in the Almanach, they give him sashes and decorations. And they credit us with being money mad! It is not true. It is proved every day in the foreign cables that our love for money is not one-tenth so strong as that which our continental cousins evince."
"But if you are not money mad, why these great fortunes?" dubiously.
"At a certain age a fortune in this country doubles itself without effort on the part of the owner. Few of us marry for money; and when we do, we at least have the manhood to keep the letter of our bargain. We do not beat the wife, nor impoverish her, nor thrust opera singers into the house she shares with us."
"And when you marry?"
"Well, it is generally the woman we love. Dowries are not considered. There is no social law which forbids a dowryless girl to marry a dowryless man," laughing. "But over there it is always and eternally a business contract simply. You know that."
"Yes, a business contract," listlessly.
"And yet these foreigners call us a business nation? Well, we are outside our homes. But in the home we are husbands and fathers; most of us live cleanly and honestly; we make our homes our havens and our heavens. But of course there is always the beast. But they talk of nobility on the other side. That is it; they talk, talk, Italy, France, Germany! Why, I had rather be the son of an English farmer than a prince on the continent. And I had rather be what I am than the greatest nobleman in England."
"Go on, go on! I like it. What do you call it—jingo?"
"Call it what you will. Look at the men we produce. Three or four hundred years ago Europe gave us great poets, great artists, great soldiers, great churchmen and great rascals. I admire a great rascal, when he is a Napoleon, a Talleyrand, a Machievelli; but a petty one! We have no art, no music, no antiquity; but we have a race of gentlemen. The old country is not breeding them nowadays."
"No, she simply prints new editions of the Almanach. Continue; I am becoming blundered."
"If I am boring you?"
"No, I have the greatest admiration for the American gentleman. My father was one. But I have met Americans who are not so loyal as you, who see no good in their native land."
"I said we have beasts; I forgot to mention the cats. I am perfectly frank Italy is the most beautiful country in the world; France is incomparable; Germany possesses a rugged beauty which I enjoy for my country's sake. Every square foot of it is cultivated; nowhere the squalidity one sees among the farm houses of this country. Think of the histories, the romance, the art, the music! America has little history; and, saving the wildernesses, it is not beautiful; but it is generous and bountiful and healthy mentally. Europe is a story-world, and I should like nothing better than to read it to the end of my days."
"Signora, dinner is served!" The little maid stood between the sliding doors which gave entrance to the dining room.
Signora! thought Hillard. He certainly would look at her hands again.
"After you, Mr. Hillard," she said. He bowed and passed on before her. But not till he had passed did he understand the maneuver. To follow her would have been nothing less than the temptation to pluck at the strings of her mask. Would he have touched it? He could not say, the temptation not having been his.
That dinner! Was he in New York? Was it not Bagdad, the bittle and the gent! Had he ever, even in his most romantic dreams, expected to turn a page so charming so enchanting, or so dangerous to his peace of mind? A game of magic hide-and-seek? To see, yet to be blindfolded! Here, across the small table, within arm's length, was a woman such as had been a painter, he must have painted; a poet, he must have celebrated in silken verse. Three-and-thirty? No, he was only a lad this night. All his illusions had come back again. At a word from this mysterious woman, he would have started out on any fool's errand to any fool's land.
And she? A whim, a fantastic, unaccountable whim; the whim of a woman seeking forgetfulness, not counting the cost nor caring; simply a whim. She had brought him here to crush him for his impertinence; and that purpose was no longer in her mind. Was she sorry? Did he cause her some uneasiness, some regret and sadness? It was too late. There could be no Prince Charming in her world. He had tarried too long by the way. Not that there was the least sentiment in her heart regarding him; but his presence, his freshness, his frank honesty, these caused her to resort to comparisons. It was too late indeed.
On the little table was a Tuscan

brass lamp of three wicks, fed by olive oil. It was sufficient to light the table, but the rest of the room was sunk in darkness. He half understood that there was a definite purpose in this semi-illumination: she had no wish that he should by chance recognize anything familiar in this house. Dimly he could see the stein-rack and the plate-shelf running around the walls. Sometimes, as the light flickered, a stein or a plate stood out boldly, as if to challenge his memory.
He watched her hands. The fingers were free from rings. Was she single or married? The maid had called her signora; but that might have been a disguise, like the mask and the patches of court-plaster.
"May I ask you one question?"
"No," promptly. There was something in his eyes that made her grow wary of a sudden.
"Then I shan't ask it. I shall not ask you if you are married."
"And I shall not answer one way or the other."
She smiled and he laughed quietly. He had put the question and she had answered it.
Neither of them at: much of this elaborate dinner. A game like this might easily dull the sharpest appetite. He studied her head, the curves of her throat, the little gestures, the way her shoulders seemed to narrow when she shrugged; and all these pictures he stored away for future need. He would meet her again; a touch of prescience told him this. When, where, did not matter.
A running conversation; a fencing match with words and phrases. Time after time she touched him, but with all his skill he could not break through her guard. Once or twice he thrust in a manner which was not in accord with the rules.
"And that interesting dissertation on the American gentleman?" she said jolly, putting aside each thrust with a parry of this kind.
"That's the trouble with posing as a moralist: one must live up to the precepts. Would you believe me if I told you that, at the age of three-and-thirty, I am still heart-whole?"
She parried: "I trust you will not spoil that excellent record my making love to me." She reached for the matches, touched off one, watched it burn for a moment, extinguished it, and then deliberately drew a line across the center of the table cloth.
"Now what might that represent?" he asked curiously.
"A line, Mr. Hillard. The moment you cross that line, that moment you leave this house. On guard!"

(To be continued.)
COLISEUM TONIGHT.
See Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Jeffries in the great fight pictures.

SANITARY PREPARED DRINKS

We can serve anything from a 5c phosphate up to the fanciest frappes.

"That will taste good to you."

"Remember When Thirsty and Dry Come to the Bears"

OUR SPECIALS TODAY.

Jno. D. (Very Rich.)	Teddy Bear (Dec-lighted.)
Tonto Flip	Queen Sabé.
Banana Split.	Heavenly Twins.

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HOUSE OF RELIABILITY OPP. CITY HALL.

The Best GIFT Of All

THE USEFUL GIFT.

Give Her a Watch

THOUGH a Locket, Bracelet, Ring, Spoon, etc., will be appreciated by her, the best gift of all—the most useful gift—one that will be appreciated in after years—is a Watch. Our line of quality Watches—guaranteed, every one—run from \$12 to \$325. The finest line in Arizona—or outside of Los Angeles. EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED.

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