

# GREAT REMOVAL SALE

## Silks Greatly Reduced

Very desirable silk fabrics at a fraction of former prices—black silk grenadine, 44 inches wide, black and white, or all white silk grenadine, 19 inch all silk Liberty satin, 19 inch colored taffeta silk, 24 inch colored Mohair silk and 19 inch all silk Messaline in colors, fine dress and waist silk, sold at 50c to \$1.00 per yard, choice per yard..... **39c**

\$1.00 printed Foulard silks, per yard..... 50c  
 \$1.00 fancy shirt waist silks, per yard..... 59c  
 \$1.25 novelty silks, 27 inches wide, yard..... 69c  
 \$1.00 Tussah pongee silk, yard..... 59c

## Silk Petticoats

GREAT CLEARING SALE of silk petticoats, high grade garments, beautifully made and trimmed, in both staple and fancy colors, at prices that are about half what they were formerly marked..... **1/2**

Three Lots

**\$4.50 \$6 6.38**

## Curtain Clearance

Fine ruffled muslin curtains, full deep ruffles, full ruffles, full length, regular 1.50 grade, pair..... 91c  
 \$6 point d' Arabe curtains, pair..... \$4.90  
 \$5 Nottingham net curtains, pair..... \$3.00  
 \$1.50 Nottingham net curtains, pair..... \$1.39  
 \$2.75 ruffled Bobbinet curtains, pair..... \$1.68  
 \$4.95 tapestry portiers, pair..... \$3.95  
 \$2.48 couch covers, oriental stripes, each..... \$1.65  
 19c colored stripe Swiss muslin, yard..... 13c  
 25c fancy cretonnes, yard..... 15c  
 Curtain muslin for sash curtains, yard..... 05c

75c scarf pins, only..... 45c  
 Men's gold plated watch chains..... 45c  
 50c fancy mounted back combs, at..... 29c  
 50c gold filled brooches, stone set..... 29c

## "The Boys"

Both Phones No. 21. DENISON Mail Orders Filled

BUTTERICK PATTERNS, 10, 15, 20c

WHILE it is a fact that we will move into the Miller building not before next winter, we have \$10,000 to \$15,000 worth of spring and summer merchandise, which we have to close out now. We don't want to move any more goods than we have to, so will make some very interesting prices on this merchandise.

## Clearing White Goods

SHEER INDIA LINON DRESS LAWNs, that sold at 12 1/2c per yard, per yard..... **8c**  
 Odds and ends of 20c and 25c white goods-- per yard..... **12 1/2c**

## Wash Fabrics Reduced

Desirable wash fabrics at about half usual price. This lot include a variety of plain weaves for suitings, fine sheer printed fabrics, dress and waist gingham, madras, lace novelties and great many others. Formerly sold from 15c to 25c, at per yard..... **9c**

39c mercerized satin Pongee, reduced to, yard..... **19c**  
 35c taffeta Japon, at per yard..... **19c**  
 38c Etamine DeSoie, at yard..... **19c**  
 30c Organdie checks, choice, at yard..... **19c**  
 50c fancy Tussah silks, at yard..... **29c**  
 65c imported French wash novelties, at yard..... **44c**

## Clearing Laces

10c white cotton lace insertion at yard..... **03c**  
 39c Point de Venise applique insertion, per yard..... **15c**  
 10c Normandy val laces, 5-in. wide, yd..... **05c**  
 8 and 10c val. lace and insertion, yard..... **05c**  
 48c Oriental lace allovers, special, yard..... **25c**

## \$15 Silk Shirtwaist Suit, \$9.59

Material is fine taffeta silk in navy blue, made in full shirt waist style, reduced from \$15 to..... **9.59**

\$21.50 Panama shirt waist suits, to close at.....	<b>13.45</b>	\$3.00 Wash suits, to close at.....	<b>1.89</b>
\$3.50 wash suits, to close at.....	<b>2.35</b>	\$18.00 Cloth suits, new styles, at.....	<b>10.00</b>

## Covert Coats One-third off

\$13.50 covert coats on which we had a big run a few weeks ago--made latest style, now..... **\$9.00**  
 \$8 covert jackets, satin lined,..... \$5.00  
 \$12.50 taffeta silk Redingote coats, at..... \$7.25  
 \$1.50 wash skirts, reduced to..... 95c  
 \$8.50 walking skirts, to close..... \$5.95  
 \$8.00 walking skirts reduced to..... \$5.00  
 \$12.50 voile skirts, reduced to..... \$8.35

## \$2 Waists for 99c

All are sheer white lawn, neatly plaited, with embroidery and lace insertion trimming..... **99c**  
 \$3 waists, including China silks,..... \$1.50  
 \$3.50 waists, China silk at..... \$1.79  
 75c white embroidered waists, at..... 39c  
 \$6 walking skirts, to close..... \$3.45  
 \$4 walking skirts, to close..... \$1.95  
 \$15 cloth suits, to close..... \$6.95

## Ladies' Vests

Ladies' 10-cent vests, taped neck, special, each..... **5c**

## Carpets and Rugs

\$3.50 rugs, 27x54, 30x60..... **1.95**  
 45c Ingrain carpets, 2 ply at..... **25c**  
 70c all-wool ingrain carpets per yard..... **48c**  
 90c Columbia brussels best grade, yard..... **59c**  
 70c Linoleums, 2 yards wide, per square yard..... **45c**  
 40c floor oil cloth, square yd..... **25c**  
 \$35 Oriental rug, 9x12, at..... **26.95**  
 \$19 Royal Smyrna rug, 7.6x10, at..... **12.50**  
 \$22.50 Royal Axminster rug, 8.3x10.6, at..... **17.00**  
 \$4.80 art rugs, 9x12 feet, rare bargain at..... **3.25**  
 \$2.50 smyrna rugs, all wool 30x60 inches, at..... **1.45**  
 30c white China matting, yd..... **20c**  
 50c Crex matting, yard..... **35c**

## The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. STEELE

"Well, that's reasonable enough," said Lestrade. "Nothing further you have to say, Mr. Holmes, before we go?"

Holmes had picked up the powerful air-gun from the floor and was examining its mechanism.

"An admirable and unique weapon," he said, "noiseless and of tremendous power. I knew Von Herder, the blind German mechanic, who constructed it to the order of the late Professor Moriarty. For years I have been aware of its existence, though I have never before had the opportunity of handling it. I commend it very specially to your attention, Lestrade, and also the bullets which fit it."

"You can trust us to look after that," Mr. Holmes said Lestrade, as the whole party moved toward the door. "Anything further to say?"

"Only to ask what charge you intend to prefer?"

"What charge, sir? Why, of course the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"Not so, Lestrade. I do not propose to appear in the matter at all. To you and to you only belongs the credit of the remarkable arrest which you have effected. Yes, Lestrade, I congratulate you! With your usual happy mixture of cunning and audacity, you have got him!"

"Got him! Got whom, Mr. Holmes?"

"The man that the whole force has been seeking in vain—Colonel Sebastian Moran, who shot the Hon. Ronald Adair with an expanding bullet from an air gun through the open window of

the second floor front of 427 Park Lane upon the 30th of last month. That's the charge, Lestrade. And now, Watson, if you can endure the draft from a broken window I think that half an hour in my study over a cigar may afford you some profitable amusement."

Our old chambers had been left unchanged through the supervision of Mycroft Holmes and the immediate care of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered I saw, it is true, an unwonted tidiness, but the old landmarks were all in their place. There was the chemical corner and the acid stained, deal topped table. There upon a shelf was the row of formidable scrapbooks and books of reference which many of our fellow citizens would have been so glad to burn. The diagrams, the violin case and the pipe rack—then the Persian slipper which contained the tobacco—all met my eyes as I glanced round me. There were two occupants of the room—one, Mrs. Hudson, who beamed upon us both as we entered; the other the strange dummy which had played so important a part in the evening's adventures. It was a wax colored model of my friend so admirably done that it was a perfect facsimile. It stood on a small pedestal table with an old dressing gown of Holmes' so draped round it that the illusion from the street was absolutely perfect.

"I hope you preserved all precautions," Mrs. Hudson said.

"I went to it on my knees, sir, just as you told me."

"Excellent. You carried the thing out well. Did you observe where the bullet went?"

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid it has spoiled your beautiful bust, for it passed right through the head and flattened itself on the wall. I picked it up from the carpet. Here it is!"

Holmes held it out to me. "A soft revolver bullet, as you perceive, Watson. There's genius in that, for who would expect to find such a thing fired from an air gun. All right, Mrs. Hudson; I am much obliged for your assistance. And now, Watson, let me see you in your old seat once more, for there are several points which I should like to discuss with you."

He had thrown off the seedy frock coat, and now he was the Holmes of old in the mouse colored dressing gown which he took from his effigy.

"The old shikari's nerves have not lost their steadiness nor his eyes their keenness," said he, with a laugh, as he inspected the shattered forehead of his bust.

"Plumb in the middle of the back of the head and smack through the brain. He was the best shot in India, and I expect that there are few better in London. Have you heard the name?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, well, such is fame! But, then, I remember right, you had not heard the name of Professor James Moriarty, who had one of the great brains of the century. Just give me down my index of biographies from the shelf."

He turned over the pages lazily, leaning back in his chair and blowing great clouds from his cigar.

"My collection of M's is a fine one," said he. "Moriarty himself is enough to make any letter illustrious, and here is Moran, the poisoner, and Merridew of abominable memory, and Matthews, who knocked out my left canine in the waiting room at Charing Cross, and finally here is our friend of tonight."

He handed over the book, and I read the name of Moran, colonel. Unemployed. Formerly First Bengal Pioneers. Born London, 1840. Son of Sir Augustus Moran, C. B., once British minister to Persia. Educated at Eton and Oxford. Served in Jowaki campaign, Afghan campaign, Churashab (dispatches), Sherpur and Cabul. Author of "Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas" (1881); "Three Months in the Jungle" (1884). Address: Conduit

street. Clubs: The Anglo-Indian, the Tankerville, the Bagatelle Card Club."

On the margin was written in Holmes' precise hand, "The second most dangerous man in London."

"This is astonishing," said I as I handed back the volume. "The man's career is that of an honorable soldier."

"It is true," Holmes answered. "Up to a certain point he did well. He was always a man of iron nerve, and the story is still told in India how he crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger. There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height and then suddenly develop some unsightly eccentricity. You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family."

"It is surely rather fanciful."

"Well, I don't insist upon it. Whatever the cause, Colonel Moran began to go wrong. Without any open scandal he still made India too hot to hold him. He retired, came to London and again acquired an evil name. It was at this time that he was sought out by Professor Moriarty, to whom for a time he was chief of the staff. Moriarty supplied him liberally with money and used him only in one or two very high class jobs which no ordinary criminal could have undertaken. You may have some recollection of the death of Mrs. Stewart of Lauder in 1887. Not? Well, I am sure Moran was at the bottom of it, but nothing could be proved. So cleverly was the colonel concealed that even when the Moriarty gang was broken up we could not incriminate him. You remember at that date, when I called upon you in your rooms, how I put up the shutters for fear of air guns? No doubt you thought me fanciful. I knew exactly what I was doing, for I knew of the existence of this remarkable gun, and I knew also that one of the best shots in the world would be behind it. When we were in Switzerland he followed us with Moriarty, and it was undoubtedly he who

gave me that evil five minutes on the Reichenbach ledge.

"You may think that I read the papers with some attention during my sojourn in France, on the lookout for any chance of laying him by the heels. So long as he was free in London my life would really not have been worth living. Night and day the shadow would have been over me and sooner or later his chance must have come. What could I do? I could not shoot him at sight or I should myself be in the dock. There was no use appealing to a magistrate. They cannot interfere on the strength of what would appear to them to be a wild suspicion. So I could do nothing. But I watched the criminal news, knowing that sooner or later I should get him. Then came the death of this Ronald Adair. My chance had come at last. Knowing what I did, was it not certain that Colonel Moran had done it? He had played cards with the lad; he had followed him home from the club; he had shot him through the open window. There was not a doubt of it. The bullets alone are enough to put his head in a noose."

"I came over at once. I was seen by the sentinel, who would, I knew, direct the colonel's attention to my presence. He could not fail to connect my sudden return with his crime and to be terribly alarmed. I was sure he would make an attempt to get me out of the way at once and would bring round his murderous weapon for that purpose. I left him an excellent mark in the window, and, having warned the police that they might be needed—by the way, Watson, you spotted their presence in that doorway with unerring accuracy—I took up what seemed to me to be a judicious post for observation, never dreaming that he would choose the same spot for his attack. Now, my dear Watson, does anything remain for me to explain?"

"Yes," said I. "You have not made it quite clear what was Colonel Moran's motive in murdering the Hon. Ronald Adair?"

"Ah, my dear Watson, there we come into those realms of conjecture where the most logical mind may be at fault. Each may form his own hypothesis upon the present evidence, and yours is as likely to be correct as mine."

"You have formed one, then?"

"I think that it is not difficult to explain the facts. It came out in evidence that Colonel Moran and young Adair had between them won a considerable amount of money. Now, Moran undoubtedly played foul. Of that I have long been aware. I believe that on the day of the murder Adair had discovered that Moran was cheating. Very likely he had spoken to him privately and had threatened to expose him unless he voluntarily resigned his membership of the club and promised not to play cards again. It is unlikely that a youngster like Adair would at once make a hideous scandal by exposing a well known man so much older than himself. Probably he acted as I suggest. The exclusion from his clubs would mean ruin to Moran, who lived by his ill gotten card gains. He therefore murdered Adair, who at the time was endeavoring to work out how much money he should himself return, since he could not profit by his partner's foul play. He locked the door lest the ladies should surprise him and insist upon knowing what he was doing with these names and coins. Will it pass?"

"I have no doubt that you have hit upon the truth."

"It will be verified or disproved at the trial. Meanwhile, come what may, Colonel Moran will trouble us no more. The famous air gun of Von Herder will embellish the Scotland Yard museum, and once again Mr. Sherlock Holmes is free to devote his life to examining those interesting little problems which the complex life of London so plentifully presents."

How It Happened.

An English lawyer was cross examining the plaintiff in a breach of promise case. "Was the defendant's air when he promised to marry you perfectly serious or one of locularity?" he inquired.

"If you please, sir," was the reply, "it was all ruffled with 'im a-runnin' 'is 'ands through it!'"

"You misapprehend my meaning," said the lawyer. "Was the promise made in utter sincerity?"

"No, sir, an' no place like it. It was made in the wash'ouse, an' me a-wringin' in the clothes," replied the plaintiff.

Harper's Weekly.