Look at Your Hat

with the eyes of a stranger. Might it not be improved upon? We have a stock here which we think would improve any man. There is something here to please every taste and every purse, for instance, Stiff hats, Fedoras, Pashas, Crush hats, Straw and Crashes, Golf and Yacht Caps.

SPECIAL SALE.
Men's Trousers.

50 pair Men's Strictly All-Wool trousers, $2.00 quality for

$1.45.

CRASH SUITS,

Alapaca Coats, (regular and extra long) blue serge coats and vests, Negligee Shirts and many other **Warm Weather Fixings.**

....L. R. STOUT

GREAT BARGAINS!

On all lines of Clothing, Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Shirt Waists, Capes, Skirts, Shoes, Hats, Corsets, Men's Shirts, Etc.

I shall be compelled to give up my lease on the building in which I am located by July 1st therefore, all goods must be sold by July 1st. Following we will quote a few of the many bargains offered:

DRESS GOODS 36 inches wide, all-wool serge, regular price 50c; to close, at 39c. All wool, 46 inches wide, different shades, regular price, 60c; to close at 28c.
ALL OTHER DRESS GOODS AT SAME BIG DISCOUNT.

SHOES Ladies' Fine Shoes, regular price, $2.75, to close at $1.49. $1.25 values go at 95c.. A lot of ladies' fine shoes at ½ regular price.
EVERYTHING IN SHOES GOES AT A CUT PRICE.

SHIRT WAISTS Ladies' $1.50, $1.25 and $1.75 shirt waists in all the newest shades to close at 75c. Ladies' 50c shirt waists to close at 35c.

SILK DRESS SKIRTS Ladies' Silk Dress Skirts—ALL TO GO AT 40 TO 50 PER CENT DISCOUNT.
Black Dress Skirts, in wool, to close at $1.90, regular price, $3.50. Silk brocade dress skirt, regular price, $6.00; marked down to $3.65. All other skirts to go at same big discount.

CORSETS We have the Cresco, Warners' Gage Down and Featherbone at 69c. Regular $1.00 goods. Another lot to close at 21c.

MEN'S SUITS All wool clay worsted' regular price, $12.00 to close at $7.50. Men's blue serge, all wool, formerly sold for $12.00, marked down to $6.50.

MEN AND BOYS' HATS—will be closed at 40 to 50 per cent. from former prices. We have the latest styles and shades.

25 PER CENT DISCOUNT ON SUMMER DRESS GOODS

Lawns, Cordinets, Mulls, Corded Scotch Mulls, Windsor Clarettes. The 8c and 10c bleached muslin will be closed out at 6c. Unbleached muslin, regular 7c grade, marked down to 4c. Dress cambric, 3c per yard. Silicia at 9c, regular 15c quality. All the latest and newest spring styles in our Millinery Department will be quoted at extremely low prices. Call early and get first choice.

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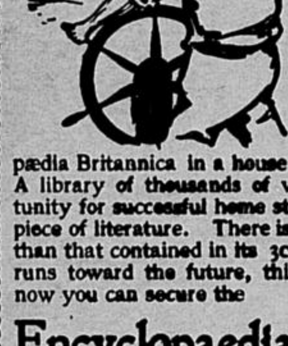

The Pilot knows just how to steer a vessel to bring it safely through the shoals and out into the open. Just so the Encyclopædia Britannica is the one absolutely reliable guide for the voyage of life. One cannot go wrong if its teachings are followed. It tells the mistakes men have made; how others have succeeded and why. An intelligent man gets good from the experiences of others and steers clear of the rocks they ran against. The very presence of the Encyclopædia Britannica in a house gives the place an intellectual tone. A library of thousands of volumes does not offer such an opportunity for successful home study and development as this masterpiece of literature. There is no more instructive reading on earth than that contained in its 30 volumes. To a life whose current runs toward the future, this great work is indispensable. Just now you can secure the

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paying the balance in small monthly payments. Remember, too, that the entire Thirty Volumes with a Guide and an elegant Oak Book Case, will be delivered when the first payment is made.
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LOW COST.

Here it is:
The complete set (Thirty Large Octavo Volumes):
No. 1—New Style Buckram Cloth, Marbled Edges, Extra Quality High Machine Finish Book Paper, $45.00
First payment, One Dollar ($1.00) and Three Dollars ($3.00) per month thereafter.
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A reduction of 10% is granted by paying cash within 30 days after the receipt of the work.

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and a flippant young man with rather bad manners had no more effect upon her than she might have felt from a gnat humming to and fro in the air.

She took nothing with her excepting such things as had been absolutely her own, bought with her own money, earned by her own labor. Howard Conway's friend was astonished to find all the little woman's treasures which she left lying about.

"But surely these are your own personal belongings, Mrs. Conway," he exclaimed in his surprise, pointing to various photographs in pretty frames which stood on a little table near the drawing room window.

"No; they were not mine," she replied. "They all belonged to Captain Conway, and of course they go with the house."

"But, my dear lady," and here he grew quite affectionate in tone, "surely you are interpreting the letter of the will too literally. My friend Howard

"No; they were not mine," she replied.

Conway is the last man in the world to wish to be hard on a woman—a young woman, his uncle's widow. He will not expect or wish you to leave such purely personal things as these behind."

"I prefer it," said Mary.

"Most ladies in your circumstances would have stripped the house," he persisted, "and would have left nothing but the bare chairs and tables."

"Perhaps, but I am not one of those ladies, and besides I wish to take nothing away to remind me of—of"—

"Yes?"

"That I once lived here," she said, with a sudden flash of feeling, the first that she had shown.

"Oh, well, of course if that is the way the"—he had been on the point of saying "the cat jumps," but broke the homely simile off short—"if that is how you feel, Mrs. Conway, it is no use my suggesting anything else."

"But it is very kind of you to feel an interest in me," said Mary, a smile breaking over her face for the first time. "I shall never forget it. I thank you."

A few minutes later she had passed out of the house and away from her old life forever.

She had made her plans carefully with a view to furthering her resources to the uttermost—she had taken a single room in a respectable house in Bloomsbury. She was not destitute, for she had still nearly £100 to call her own. Mrs. Hamilton's life had been insured for a sum which had almost covered the cost of her illness and burial, and Mary had bought her mourning with a keen eye to economy; in fact, she had spent and meant to spend nothing that she could possibly avoid. She knew that, if need be, she could live for a year on her little store, and she knew, too, that it was a totally different thing to seek a living free and independent, as she was, to seeking it while tied and hampered with an invalid mother.

But she did not find it an easy thing to drop into a pleasant, comfortable position, such as she wanted, by no means. For several weeks she tramped to and fro, here and there, always seeking something more or less indefinite, a something which she found it difficult to describe in words.

Then she pulled herself up short and began to think the situation out in a different way, and she came to the conclusion that she could not go on in this vague, indefinite way; that she must make up her mind to follow a certain course, and she must follow it. The question was what. She went over all the openings which she had already tried to follow up, and she came, after much anxious cogitation, to the conclusion that there were only left to her now—either of which she might take as her metier and train herself to become proficient in—nursing and typewriting.

She inquired fully into the merits and demerits of both. She found that she could properly qualify for a nurse under a training of at least three years. Even then she would not have got to the top of the tree, and it was more than likely that long before three years had gone by she would have broken down, for she was not physically or constitutionally an especially strong person. If all the tales she heard of hospital or infirmary training were true, she felt that a month or six weeks would about show her how fruitless it was for her to attempt a career of which magnificent health and nerve are the very first requisites.

So practically the career of a nurse was disposed of and put on one side as an impossible one. There only remained then open to her that of a typewriter.

The accounts which she gathered of this way of making a living were more hopeful. She would pay 10 guineas to be taught the trade, and six months would see her in a fair way of earning a decent living. She could, until she was proficient, live very cheaply and quietly in her modest little room, and she would have every interest in forcing herself ahead as quickly as possible. There was nothing in the manipulation of a delicate and intelligent machine (this was the way that a young girl, whose acquaintance she made in a teashop, spoke of her typewriter) which could be in any way revolting to her, or which was in any sense beyond her powers.

"And of course," said the girl, "if you go in for shorthand as well, you just double your value from the very start."

"Is it difficult?" Mary [illegible] diffidently.

"Yes, it is difficult," the girl [illegible], "but by no means insurmountable. And the advantages are enormous. Oh, it is a grand life for a woman. Any woman of average intelligence can make a living at it, and a woman whose intelligence is above the average [illegible] than make a living [illegible]

her own price. Then it is a free life! I mean in this way. If a woman goes in for nursing, she needs years and years of training, and goodness only knows whether she will prove herself a really skilled nurse at the end of it. She needs superhuman strength, endless patience, infinite tact, and for what? To earn at best 2 guineas a week, to be treated a little better than a servant, to be always in a position that is entirely temporary. A typist, on the other hand, especially if she is also a stenographer, can easily make £100 a year, provided that she is really good at her work. She has her fixed hours, her fixed holidays. She has always her Sundays and her Saturday afternoons. All the tact that is necessary for her is to mind her own business and hold her tongue. She has her evenings to herself, and, if she likes, she can get extra work then so as to put by an extra sum to her ordinary earnings for her summer holiday. It is a fine life for a woman—there is no mistake about that."

The result of this chance meeting and conversation with an utter stranger was that Mary went straight away to a certain school of typewriting and at once entered herself as a pupil for the entire course, and then she set herself to work.

She was an apt pupil. Her well balanced mind, tinged by disappointment and trouble, but unruffled by the greater passions of life, quickly grasped the intricacies of the curious dots and dashes which seem so mysterious and confusing to the majority of mortals. She made rapid progress, and before the six months which she had allowed herself for her pupilage had come to an end she found herself established in the office of a small firm of brokers at a salary of 15 shillings a week.

It was of course but a beginning. Still it was a beginning, and Mary had accepted it gladly, both for what it brought her and as an earnest of better things to come. And each evening when she had left the office and had had tea at the nearest X. Y. Z. shop she went off to the school and worked hard at her shorthand.

A few months more saw her in different circumstances, for she left the firm of brokers and engaged herself to a lawyer of large practice, who paid her 30 shillings a week and treated her pleasantly into the bargain. After nearly a year in this office her employer suddenly died, and she was thrown out of work.

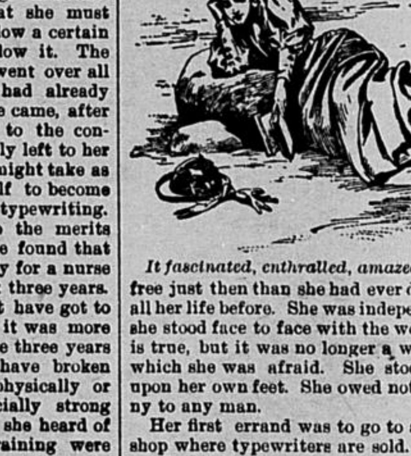
Not that she was destitute—by no means. She had lived carefully, almost frugally, keeping always in mind the possibility of a rainy day in time to come. She took a week's holiday and spent it at Dovercourt, where she sat by the glorious sea, basking in golden sunshine and the keen brisk air, reveling in novels and drinking in a full supply of health and strength, which would last her for at least a year to come.

Among the books she had taken down with her was one which had been lent to her by her one intimate friend, the girl Lucy Chalmers, who had first given her information about the life and career of a typist. Mary had been three golden days by the sea ere she began to read it. It was called "A Lover's Creed of Love."

It is almost impossible for me to tell the effect that this story had upon Mary Conway. It was a story of passion passionately written. It was fervid, full of life and stir and color, and it was clean and wholesome in tone withal. It was unmistakably the work of a man rich in imagination who was yet full of common sense and sound judgment. It fascinated, enthralled, amazed her. She went to bed and dreamed of it.

She read it over again several times during the rest of her week's holiday, leaving the other books unread after the first glance into their, to her, meaningless pages. During those few days she lived with it.

Then she went back to London. She was feeling stronger and more really



It fascinated, enthralled, amazed her.

free just then than she had ever done in all her life before. She was independent, she stood face to face with the world, it is true, but it was no longer a world of which she was afraid. She stood firm upon her own feet. She owed not a penny to any man.

Her first errand was to go to a great shop where typewriters are sold.

"I wish to put my name down on your books," she said.

"As typist?"

"And stenographer."

"What is your speed?"

"One hundred and twenty," said Mary, with quiet assurance such as carried conviction with it.

"You are used to our machines?"

"Yes; I have used no other."

"Well, if you will give me your name and address, I will let you know if anything suitable offers itself."

"Thank you—Mrs. Conway, 201 Wellington street, Bloomsbury."

The clerk wrote down the name and address, and Mary turned to go. "By the bye," he said, "I don't know if you wouldn't be just the one for a gentleman now on our list. Let me see," turning over the pages of a big book—"'Lady—not young girl—quiet—must have speed over 100.' You might go and see this gentleman. I'll give you a card. It is Mr. Alan Stacey, the novelist."

"The author of 'A Lover's Creed of Love!'" cried Mary, breathlessly.

CHAPTER VIII.
ALAN STACEY, THE NOVELIST.

It was with a beating heart filled with nervousness and apprehension that Mary Conway found herself waiting at the house of Alan Stacey, the novelist, in Fulham.

It was evidently a somewhat old house and was inclosed in a high walled garden. It was at the gate of this garden that she waited patiently after giving a humble pull at the handle of the bell, such as she would not have given at the door of a duke. At last she rang again, and then her summons attracted attention. She heard footsteps on the other side of the door, and then it was flung open, and a man in the usual decorous garb of a servant stood to hear what she wanted.

"Does Mr. Alan Stacey live here?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is he at home?"

"Mr. Stacey is not out, ma'am," the man replied, "but he does not usually see any one at this hour. Mr. Stacey is in his study, ma'am."

"Still I think he will see me," said Mary, eagerly, "if you will give him this card."

"Walk this way, ma'am," said the man, taking the card between his finger and thumb in the peculiar manner of a well trained servant.

He led the way down a broad flagged pathway which led to the house. It was covered by a kind of veranda, and on either side a charming garden spread until bounded by the old wall. It was a charming garden, rich in ancient, mossy turf and gay with many flowers. All manner of creepers intwined themselves about the pillars which supported the sheltering roof overhead, and great hydrangeas bloomed at the bases of them.

The house was long and low, had long windows opening like doors and a wide veranda running its entire length. This veranda was paved with brilliant colored tiles, on which were flung here and there rich looking rugs. Huge easy chairs, wicker tables and a hammock made a pleasant lounge, and there were flowering plants everywhere.

"Will you take a seat here, ma'am?" said the man, indicating a large chair. "I will inquire if Mr. Stacey will see you."

Mary sat down, and he disappeared into the house. She sat drinking in the pleasant scene, doubly pleasant after the arid stretches of Bloomsbury brick and mortar, to which she was accustomed. To her it seemed like a sylvan retreat far, far away from the rush and turmoil of cities where strife lives. She could hear her first acquaintance, the servant, speaking and a man's tones answering:

"All right. I'll come out," said the man's voice.

The next moment a tall man in light gray clothing came out by the window. Mary was in Alan Stacey's presence.

"Mrs. Conway," he said, looking at the card in his hand and then at her.

Mary sprang to her feet. "Yes, I am Mrs. Conway," she said tremulously. "Messrs. Bloomingby thought that I should suit you."

"As a typist?"

"And stenographer," she added quickly.

"Pray sit down," said Alan Stacey kindly and himself pulled a chair near enough to talk with ease. "What is your speed as a shorthand writer?"

"A hundred and twenty."

"Good! You look intelligent, which is more to the point. Have you been with any author before?"

"No," answered Mary; "I have been with a solicitor, and that, of course, was work needing great care and precision."

"Ah, yes! And why did you leave him?"

"I did not leave him," she replied. "Unfortunately for me, he died."

"I see. Do you think you would like my kind of work?"

"Yes," said she promptly.

"I am not very easy to work with. I'm as crochetty as most other literary men," Mr. Stacey said. "I have just got rid of a man, an excellent fellow, for no reason than that he sat on the edge of his chair and waited. I would have forgiven him many things, but his waiting became oppressive. It killed every idea I had. Before that I had a young lady. She knew Shakespeare by heart and could quote Xenophon, but she would mend my copy as she went on"—

"Oh, how dared she?" Mary burst out. Mr. Stacey looked at her with a vague sense of amusement. "I assure you, Miss—well, never mind her name; it is immaterial, but Miss Blank we will call her—thought very small potatoes of me. I can't write by hand. I've got writer's cramp, and I have always a terrible lot of work in hand. If I had gone on with Miss Blank, I should have been as dead as a doornail by this time. She could not do my work without ironing it out as she went along, so that every vestige of style and individuality was eliminated completely."

Mary gave a little gasp. "But I thought she took down what you dictated," she said almost breathlessly.

"Yes, but if she saw what she thought was an error she was always kind enough to mend it for me," said Alan Stacey, smiling at the remembrance. "She knew just a little too much for me. She must have been overeducated or something. My last helper had, on the contrary, no ideas. He had a notebook and a sharp pointed lead pencil. When I was in form, he was excellent. When I had to get a certain amount of copy turned out by a certain time and I hadn't so much as the ghost of an idea in my head, he used to sit on the edge of a chair waiting till I did get an idea. If he would have read the newspaper, gone to sleep, walked about the garden; if he would have yawned even, I should not have minded, but he never did. He said once it was all in the day's work whether he worked or waited. So, when I couldn't work, he waited. I had to get rid of him. I found him an excellent billet and swore I would never have another helper of any kind. Then my hand came in and said: 'No; I'm hanged if you shall use me. I'm delicate.' So I sent to Bloomingby's. So now, Mrs. Cosway, you see what kind of man I am to deal with—nervous, irritable, almost eccentric."

"I am not afraid," said Mary, smiling. This man was wholly delightful to her, surrounded by a halo of romance, still young, strong, unconventional and wholly human.

"Have you seen any of my work?" he asked.

"I have read the 'Lover's Creed' a dozen times at least," she answered.

"Ah! Then you will to a certain extent understand me. I should need you from 10 to 5 each day. Well, not on Saturday afternoons. That goes without saying."

"I am ready," said Mary.

"You would lunch here—by the bye, where do you live?"

"In Bloomsbury."

"That's a far cry."

"I should seek for rooms in this neighborhood," she said quickly. "I am not wedded to my present quarters."

"Still better. You are married, Mrs. Cosway?"

"My name is Conway," she said gently. "I am a widow."

[CONTINUED.]

Crete has lost through political disturbances of recent years olive trees to the value of $10,000,000. It will take 40 years to restore the orchards to full bearing condition, and in the meantime 300,000 Mohammedans and 800,000 Christians will have to starve.

Grain-O Brings Relief.

to the coffee drinker. Coffee drinking is a habit that is universally indulged in and almost as universally injurious. Have you tried Grain-O? It is almost like coffee but the effects are just the opposite. Coffee upsets the stomach, ruins the digestion, effects the heart and disturbs the whole nervous system. Grain-O tones up the stomach, aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. There is nothing but nourishment in Grain-O. It can't be otherwise. 15 and 25c per package

[illegible]

New York, June 12.—A dispatch from Cayenne, French Guiana, says: The second-class cruiser Sfax, having on board Captain Alfred Dreyfus, has sailed direct for Brest, France.

Had Kidney Disease 27 Years.

Mr. G. A. Stillman, a merchant of Tampico, Ill., writes: "Foley's Kidney Cure is meeting with wonderful success. It has cured some cases here that physicians pronounced incurable. I myself am able to testify to its merits. My face to-day is a living picture of health, and Foley's Kidney Cure has made it such. I had suffered twenty-seven years with the disease, and to-day I feel ten years younger than I did one year ago. I can obtain some wonderful certificates of its medical qualities. —Gregg & Ward.

Seventeen Miners Killed.

Cape Town, June 12.—Seventeen native miners were killed and thirty injured in a mine at Kimberley, in Griqualand West, by the explosion, it is supposed, of a dynamite magazine.

Backache should never be neglected. It means kidney disorder which if allowed to run too long will result in Bright's disease, diabetes or other serious and often fatal complaints. Foley's Kidney Cure is guaranteed for kidney disorder.—Gregg & Ward.

Elephants on Indian railways pay at the rate of 6 cents a mile. The baggage cars have compartments for dogs, cats, guinea pigs, rabbits and monkeys.

Truths Tersely Told.

Foley's Kidney Cure is a safe remedy for all Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Guaranteed 50c.—Gregg & Ward.

In France the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as an encouragement to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt but that the animals listen to him with pleasure.

Cured When Others Failed.

S. A. Ingalls, Crown Point, N. Y. writes:—My wife suffered from kidney trouble for years. She consulted several physicians and tried a number of Kidney Cures without getting relief. She was induced to try Foley's Kidney cure and in less than a week after the began using it, she was greatly improved and three bottles cured her.—Gregg & Ward.

Painful Operation.

"Is that fellow really a painless dentist?"

"Almost. The only pain I suffered was when he extracted his fees."—Indianapolis Journal.

Any Old Sore.

Cut Bruise, or Sprain quickly healed with Banner Salve the greatest healing remedy in the world.

Method.

"No," said Senator Sorghum, with emphasis, "I can't talk for publication today."

"But, senator, in all the years of our acquaintance this is the first time you ever declined to let me quote you."

"I don't want you not to quote me. I want you to say I decline to be interviewed. This is confidential. I've concluded it's time for me to act as if I'd got to be so important that I dasn't talk for fear of giving something big away."—Washington Star.

Tetter, Eczema and Skin Diseases yield quickly to the marvelous healing qualities of Banner Salve made from a prescription of a skin specialist of world wide fame. 25c. —Gregg & Ward.

Chimneys Cleaned.

I have got a patent devise for cleaning chimneys. If you want yours cleaned leave orders for me at Seth Brown's or Graham & Son's. I also do all kinds of mason work and white washing, build chimneys and cisterns and do repairs. All work warranted to give satisfaction.
8tf JOHN TOWSLEE.

ANNUAL CONVENTION
Baptist Young People's Union, Richmond, Va., July 13-16.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL
will sell tickets to Richmond, Virginia, on account of this convention, July 10th to 12th inclusive, limited to the 31st for return, with privilege of extension until August 15th, by depositing ticket and payment of 50 cent fee at a rate of only

ONE FARE PLUS $2.00.

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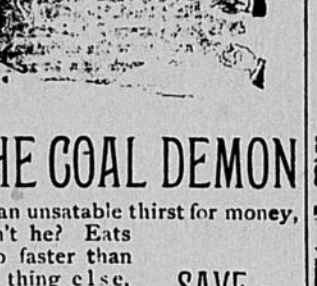
Angel's Dainty Dyes
WONT STAIN THE HANDS
10cts. a package
At all Drug Stores and General Dealers



THE COAL DEMON

has an unsatable thirst for money, hasn't he? Eats it up faster than any thing else, doesn't he The only way to........ SAVE MONEY on coal is to get the most coal for your money—to get clean, solid coal that will burn down to fine ashes without stopping half way between coal and ashes. We know we can give you perfect satisfaction, but we don't want you to.... BUY HERE until you know it

Hollister Lumber Co.

Try our Ice Cream Soda with Crushed Fruits.

North End Drug Store.

Folks Say we have as fine a soda water as can be made, and we assure you we aim to make it the purest and sweetest possible

Try our ice cream soda with crushed fruits

Our Wild Cherry is made from the fruit of wild cheries, while most wild Cherry Syrups are purely artificial.

Gregg & Ward,
Successors to
P. J. ATWATER

Trim your torch and get in line.

"FOUR WALLS"

Four walls may make a home, but we don't think very much of that kind of a home unless the walls are attractively papered. We have a few remnants which we wish to close out in order to make room for

New Stock.

If you have a room to paper now is your chance to buy at your own price All you'll have say is "wall paper' and we'll do the rest—we'll show you what's appropriate—what's stylish and help you match your furnishings.

STOREY & ABBOTT,
The Leading Druggists.

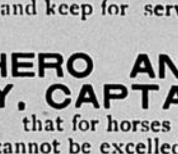
Attention, Farmers...

Now is the time to get a supply of

Carboleum

to prevent the mites and chicken lice from destroying your young chickens. It is guaranteed to do the work. Try some!

....Anders & Philipp
CENTRAL PHARMACY.



I wish to call the attention of farmers and those who raise horses to the fact that I have and keep for service two stallions,

KENTUCKY HERO AND ARABIAN PONY, CAPTAIN,

that for horses in their class, they cannot be excelled in Delaware County, as their stock are well known to be SERVICEABLE, SALEABLE and SOUND HORSES.

Can be seen at my feed barn, east of Globe Hotel.

MARK SHELDON

Canned Goods

A large assortment now in stock. New and fresh groceries received daily. Have you tried those Uneeda Biscuit? If not call and get a five cent package.

Noble Arnold