

WALKER'S STORE.

65c Quality Wash Silks---43c.

\$2.00 a Yard Waist Silks---\$1.00.

Thirty different styles of corded wash silks, delicate pinks, greens, blues, lavender, gray and other shades for you to choose from. Wash perfectly, so will be new and fresh looking always. Through joining with several eastern firms we were enabled to buy up a mill's output and so brought the price down from 65c to a tiny one for the entire season; now to close out all a further reduction---commencing Monday---43c a yard.

Handsomest of waist silks, fifty different styles of stripe and fancy kinds; the very newest brought out this season. For theatre or party wear this winter, if you care to anticipate for that, these are more appropriate. Delicate shades, medium and dark. Sold all the season at \$2.00 a yard. Monday and the week---\$1.00.

Men's Golf Shirts to \$2.50 for--\$1.39.

This offering takes in our entire stock of men's golf shirts--a better there hasn't been in the country. To be sure the summer's selling has made broken lines of most, but there are half dozens and dozens of every kind that came this season, so the variety isn't such a small affair, after all. White with colored bosoms and the usual kinds of percales and madras in pretty patterns and colors with either plain or plaited bosoms; attached and detachable cuffs. The quality of fabrics, the making in each and every one is the sort which alone high-class shirt makers will permit to bear their names. Manhattan, Monarch, Star and Eclipse brands. No more need be said. Monday and the week. Values up to \$2.50--\$1.39.

Men's 50c Ties--39c.

A fifty dozen assortment to pick from--Four-in-hands and string ties--all silk, in blue and white dots or figures and Persian effects, 50c values, Monday and the week choice--39c.



75c to \$2.50 Dressing Sacques and Kimonos 50c Each.

A whole table full of cool sacques and kimonos are ready for clearance. Made of white or colored lawns and batistes, plain or figured with generous variety of styles. 75c to \$2.50 values to close for--50c each.

Bathing Suits Half Price.

Not many bathing suits are left, but a choice selection is here for the ones who will come promptly. Flannel and brilliantine in blue, black, gray and red, made in the desirable sailor style, nicely trimmed with braid. For women and children. Regular prices range \$2.75 to \$6.50, Monday until gone--HALF THESE PRICES.

Women's \$2.00 and \$2.25 Umbrellas--\$1.49

One hundred. No more. Our people in the east made strenuous effort but could secure no more. Made of excellent black gloria silk, twenty-six-inch frames, natural wood handles are handsomely finished with pearl and white metal or white metal only, which will last as long as silk and is guaranteed not to tarnish. Good umbrellas that would ordinarily sell at \$2.00 and \$2.25, Monday and while here--\$1.49.

Girls' Wash Dresses Half Priced.

The buyer for the girls' and boys' store, as you know, is now in the east, which means he's not only making full purchases, but seeking bargains as well. These little dresses came to tell you so. Lateness of season had much to do with price-reducing so far as the maker was concerned, but here is part of August, all of September, October and November in which the little daughter may wear a wash frock and surely Half Price on perfect styles make full reparation for laying away through coldest months. With the new-comers is a question. Would the girls go for it? White and every color in sailor blouse and other styles for girls of 3 to 14 years, Monday and the week--

The \$1.50 dresses--75c. The \$2.00 dresses--\$1.00. The \$2.50 dresses--\$1.25. The \$3.00 dresses--\$1.50. The \$5.00 dresses--\$2.50.

Lingerie Specials for the Week.

Women's gowns cut high or low neck, hemstitched or embroidered, in four designs, \$1.00 kinds this week--60c. Women's double ruffle petticoats of gingham or grass cloth, \$1.00 kinds--45c.

Suggestive of Fall.

Some style hints for fall and winter wear have just reached us in women's tailor dresses, separate skirts, jackets, silk waists and furs. A few of each. See window display.

Shaving Mirrors, 22c and 27c; Reduced from 35c and 50c.

Wish to save on a shave? Here's one item of help: Good celluloid back shaving mirrors, sold usually at 35c and 50c--yours for a week at 22c and 27c.

Fancy Belts, 57c; Were 75c to \$1.35 Each.

The sizes are odd--that's the reason why; otherwise the prices would be as first marked. They are of silk or satin, plain, tucked or plaited, with some fancy motifs, some among them. For the fastenings you may choose between pretty clasps and buckles. While they last the 75c to \$1.35 ones are--37c.

Venice Laces, 19c a Yard Up to 35c.

A special buy is this which came to us in time for this week's selling. A lot our eastern people happened upon and as usual because good, did not let it pass. Ecu and white Venice applique laces in a variety of handsome patterns, suitable for trimming white or linen summer frocks and silk as well, equal to any we've had up to 35c a yard. Monday and while this lot is here--19c a yard.

Combination Pocket-books and Card Cases, Half Price.

Women's combination card case and pocket book in every shape and every kind of leather. They have sold at 25c to \$4.00, but for closing--HALF THESE PRICES.

Very Tiny Prices on Handkerchiefs for Women and Children.

Women's pretty swiss handkerchiefs with scalloped borders; dressy and dainty. The broken line of some 35c each kind, Monday and the week--19c. Women's swiss handkerchiefs with dainty color borders, a late fad with easterners. About fifty dozens here, while they last--15c each. Children's plain white school handkerchiefs--like those we bought some little time back when a three hundred dozen lot, over 3,000, went away in less than two days--worth 3c each, Monday and while they last--1c.

Knitted Hosiery and Underwear Cheaper.

Women's high neck and long sleeve India gauze vests, the 35c values for--25c. Women's luster silk lisle sleeveless vests with lace yoke or fancy weave, the 75c values for--50c. Women's umbrella drawers, a swiss weave or linen mesh, lined or torchon lace trimmed, the 75c values for--50c. Children's union suits, sleeveless or long sleeves, the 75c values for--35c. Children's red, black, pink, or blue lace hose, the 35c values for--25c. Women's all-over lace lisle hose in solid black or black with colored embroideries, the 75c values for--50c.

Pretty Ties for Women, 15c and 19c Each.

Twice around ties with white pique stocks and colored lawn ends, Monday and week reduced from 25c to 15c. Dainty white swiss twice-around ties with delicate color on edges, open work between of pretty braid stitching. Very popular style; wash perfectly. Sell for 25c, now--19c.

Coke's Dandruff Cure, 37c and 78c; Reduced from 50c and \$1.00.

For a week Coke's Dandruff Cure and Hair Tonic is easier for you to get. A sure cure for dandruff and equally good as a tonic. The \$1.00 sizes are 78c and the 50c sizes--37c.

Imitation Leather Picture Frames Cheaper.

Imitation leather picture frames in white and dark colors for a few days underpriced like this: The 50c and 65c sizes are 37c each; 25c and 35c sizes--17c each.

25c Talcum and Face Powder--15c.

Colgate's Violet Face Powder, thoroughly antiseptic and free from all impurities; valuable alike for toilet or nursery. A few days' sale of the 25c size for--15c. Fred Mulhen's 4711 La Barge Avenue face powder in white or flesh for 15c each, sells always at 25c.

Elk Cushion Covers, to be Embroidered.

Four different designs in Elk cushion covers stamped ready for outlining or embroidering. The prices are 65c, 75c and \$1.25 each. Free lessons in art needlework Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week at 10 to 12 o'clock a. m. and 3 to 5 o'clock p. m.

Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

BY MAURICE

THOMPSON

The old man's mouth drooped at the corners and a ludicrous suggestion of a young man very effective giving sympathy, well knowing that Alice Beverly, remotely smiling that he was the sweet burden of his thoughts. It was thus Uncle Jazon honestly tried to fortify his grandnephew what probably in store for him. Beverly failed to catch the old man's erudite comfort thus flung at him. The analogy was not apparent. Uncle Jazon probably thought the drop in Beverly's eyes, for he changed his tone and added:

"But I suppose a young fellow like you can't understand 'em. You're just like a woman on a new 'er quilt. You're a 'feller, an' him a buck injun. Well, well, well, that's the way it do go on all the livin' things upon top of this globe, the most ornatin' is crossthey-crossthey an' slippery thing is a young 'oman at knows she's poorly an' at every other man in the known world is blind stavin' crazy in love with her. You see, you know the drop in Beverly's eyes, for he changed his tone and added: 'You look at ye jes' plue blank like she never knowed ye afore in her life. It's an lieutenant, she's ye' born. I've tried the odd number of 'em an' they're all jes' the same.' By this time Beverly's ears were deaf to Uncle Jazon's querulous, whining voice, and his thoughts once more glided to the wistful gaze across the watery plain to where the low roofs of the crevice town appeared dimly waiting in the twilight of evening. Beverly was fast fading into night. The which seemed unsubstantial, he felt a strange lethargy possessing his soul; he could not realize the situation. In trying to imagine Alice, she eluded him so that a sort of cloudy void filled his vision with the effect of baffling and numbing it. He made vain efforts to recall her voice, things she had said to him, her face, her smiles; all he could do was to evoke an elusive, tantalizing, ghostly something which made him shiver inwardly with a haunting fear that it might be the worst, whatever the worst might be. Where was she? Could she be dead, and this the shadowy message of her fate?

CHAPTER XVIII. A Duel by Moonlight.

When Hamilton, after running some distance, saw that he was gaining upon Alice and would soon overtake her, it added fresh energy to his limbs. He had quickly realized that the foe he had to meet was not the man in the room of his prisoner at so late an hour in the night. What would his officers and men think if they saw him, and he would be extremely embarrassed, and to be seen chasing her would give good ground for ridicule on the part of his entire command. Therefore, he thought, after passing through the postern and realizing fully what sort of predicament threatened him, he was to recapture her and return her to the prison room in the best way possible without attracting attention. This now promised to be an easier task than he had at first feared; for in the moonlight, which on account of the dispersing clouds, was not so strong, he saw her seem to falter and weaken. Certainly her flight was checked and took an eccentric turn, as if some obstruction had been in her way. He rushed on, not seeing that, as Alice swerved, a man intervened. Indeed he was within a few strides of laying his hand on her when he saw her make the sudden discovery that it was as if, springing suddenly aside, she had become two persons instead of one. But instantly the figures coincided again, and the discoverer taller faced about and confronted him. Hamilton stopped short in his tracks. The dark figure was about five paces from him. It was not Alice, and a sword flashed daintily in the moonlight in a ray of the moon. The motion visible was that of an expert swordsman placing himself firmly on his legs, with his weapon at guard.

Alice saw the man in her path just in time to avoid running against him. Lightly as a flying bird, when it strikes itself in a short semi-circle past a tree or a bush, she sprang aside and swung round to the rear of the discoverer, who could continue her course toward the town. But in passing she recognized him. It was Father Beret, and how grim he looked. His discovery was made in the twinkling of an eye, and his effect was instantaneous, not only checking the force of her flight, but stopping her and turning her about to face before she had gone five paces farther.

Hamilton's nerve held, started as he was, when he realized that an armed man stood before him. Naturally he felt the error of the error that he had been running after this fellow all the way from the little gate, where, he supposed, Alice had somehow given him the slip. He was a man of a certain beam-light, to call it, struck out by the surprise of this curious discovery. He felt his bellicose temper leap up furiously at being balked in a way so unexpected, and withal so inexplicable. Of course he did not stand there reasoning it all out. The rush of impressions came, and at the same time he was with prominent. Changing the father, which he held in his right hand, over into his left, he drew a small pistol from the breast of his coat and fired. The report was sharp and loud; but it caused no uneasiness or injury in the fort, owing to the fact that Indians invariably emptied their guns when coming into the town.

Hamilton's aim, though hasty, was not bad. The bullet from his weapon cut through Father Beret's clothes between his left arm and his body, slightly crusting the flesh on a rib. Beyond this it struck heavily and audibly. Alice fell limp and motionless to the left wet ground, where cold puddles of water were splattered over with ice. She lay pitifully crumpled, one arm outstretched in the moonlight. Father Beret heard the bullet hit her, and turned in a time to see her stagger backward with a hand convulsively pressed over her heart. Her face, slightly upturned as she reeled, gave the moon a pallid target for its strengthening rays. Beret beautiful, his rigid features flamed for a second and then half turned away from the light and went down.

Father Beret uttered a short, thin cry, and moved as if to go to the fallen girl, but just then he saw Hamilton's sword pass over again into his right hand, and knew that there was no time for anything but death or flight. The good priest did not shrink when he made the readiest of soldiers nervous. Hamilton was known to be a great swordsman and proud of the dis-

tion. Father Beret had seen him run him through, had he instantly followed up the advantage. But the moonlight on Alice's face struck his eyes, and by that indirect ray of vision which is often strangely effective, he recognized her lying there. It was a disconcerting thing for him, but he rallied instantly and sprang aside, taking a new position just in time to face Father Beret again. A chill crept up his back. The horror which he could not shake off enraged him beyond measure. Gathering fresh energy, he renewed the assault with desperate steadiness, the highest product of absolutely mottled fury.

Father Beret felt the dangerous access of power in his antagonist's arm, and knew that a crisis had arrived. He could not be careless now. Here was a swordsman of the best schooling calling upon him for all the skill and strength and cunning that he could command. Again the saintly element was near being thrown aside by the worldly in the old man's breast. Alice lying there seemed mutely demanding that he avenge her. A riotous something in his blood clamored for a quick and certain act in this drama of mortal light--a tragic close by a stroke of terrible yet perfectly fitting justice.

There was but the space of a breath for the conflict in the priest's mind, yet during that little time he reasoned the case and quoted scripture to himself. "Domine percutimus in gladio" rang through his mind. "Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" Hamilton seemed to make answer to this with a dazzling display of skill. The rapier sang a strange song above the sleeping girl, a lullaby with coruscations of death in every keen note.

Father Beret was thinking of Alice. His brain, playing double, calculated with lightning swiftness the chances and movements of that whirlwind rush of fight, while at the same time it swept through a retrospect of all the years since Alice came into his life. How he had watched her grow and bloom; how he had taught her, trained her mind and soul and body to high things, loved her with a fatherly passion unbounded, guarded her from the coarse and lawless influences of her surroundings. Like the tolling of an infinitely melancholy bell, all this went through his breast and brain, and blending with a furious current of whatever passions were deadly dangerous in his nature, swept as a storm bearing its awful force into his sword-arm.

The Englishman was a lion, the priest a gladiator. The stars aloft in the vague, dark, yet splendid, amphitheatre were the audience. It was a question. Would the priest go for it or up? Life and death held the chances even; but it was at the will of heaven, not of the stars. "Hoc habet" must follow the stroke ordered from beyond the astral clusters and the dusky blue.

Hamilton pressed, may rushed, the fight with a weight and at a pace which could not be lapsed. But Father Beret withstood him so firmly that he made no farther headway; he even lost some ground a moment later. "You damned Jesuit hypocrite!" he snarled; "you lowest of a vile brotherhood of liars!" Then he rushed again, making a magnificent show of strength, quickness and accuracy. The sparks hissed and crackled from the rasping and ringing blades.

Father Beret was, in truth, a Jesuit, and as such a zealot, but he was not a liar or a hypocrite. Being human, he resented those words, but his spirit in him was strong, yet not strong enough to breast the indignation which now dashed against it. For a moment it went unheeded. "Liar and scoundrel yourself!" he retorted, hoarsely forcing the words out of his throat. "Spawn of a beastly breed!"

Hamilton saw and felt a change pass over the spirit of the old priest's movements. Instantly the sword leaping against his own seemed endowed with subtle cunning and malignant treachery. Before this he had been strong enough to meet the fine play and hold fairly even; now he was startled and confused; but he rose to the emergency with admirable will power and cleverness.

"Murderer of a poor orphan girl!" Father Beret added with a hot concentrated accent; "death is too good for you."

Hamilton felt neither his grave than ever before in all his wild experience, for somehow doom, shadowy and formless, like the atmosphere of an awful dream, enshrouded those words, but he was no weakling to quit at the height of desperate conflict. He was strong, expert, and game to the middle of his heart.

"I'll add a traitor Jesuit to my list of dead," he panted forth, rising yet again to the extreme tension of his power. As he did this Father Beret settled himself as you have seen a mighty horse do in the home stretch of a race. Both men knew that the moment had arrived for the final act in their prompt and deadly drama. A duel condensed and crowded into fifteen seconds of time, and it was rapid beyond the power of words to describe. A bygone age had been one, could not have seen what was finally done or how it was done--Father Beret's sword seemed to be revolved--it was a halo in front of Hamilton for a mere point of time. The old priest seemed to crouch and then make a quick motion as if about to leap backward. A wrench and a snap, as if something violently jerked from a fastening, was followed by a semi-circular flight of Hamilton's rapier over Father Beret's head to stick in the ground ten feet behind him. The duel was over, and the whole terrible struggle had occupied less than three minutes.

With his wrist strained and his fingers almost broken, Hamilton sailed forward and would have impaled himself had not Father Beret turned the point of his weapon aside as he lowered it. "Surrender, or die!"

That was a strange order for a priest to make, but there could be no mistaking its authority or the power behind it. Hamilton regained his footing and looked dazed, wheezing and gasping for a purpose, but he clearly understood what was demanded of him. "If you call out I'll run you through," Father Beret added, seeing him move his lips as if to shout for help. The level rapier now reinforced the words. Hamilton let the breath go noiselessly from his mouth and waved his hand in token of enforced submission. "Well, what do you want me to do?" he demanded after a short pause. "You seem to have me at your mercy. What are your terms?"

Father Beret hesitated. It was a question difficult to answer. "Give me your word as a British officer that you will not again try to harm any person, not an open, armed enemy, in this town."

Hamilton's gorge rose perversely. He cracked himself with lofty reserve and folded his arms. The dignity of a lieutenant governor leaped into him, and took control, Father Beret correctly interpreted what he saw.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)