



It Is With Great Pleasure That We Invite You to Visit the Corset Shop on the Third Floor and See There the Showing of

NEW WARNER CORSETS FOR SPRING, 1916

WE TAKE MORE THAN ORDINARY PLEASURE in showing and selling Warner Corsets, for we know that every Warner Corset sold makes a friend for the Rhodes Store, and we never want to sell a Corset or any other item of merchandise that doesn't make for permanent friendliness and thorough satisfaction.

We sell more Warner Corsets than any other store in this vicinity for two reasons: FIRST—The unquestioned excellence of the Corset. SECOND—Because this is THE UNIVERSAL STORE—the store of all classes, all conditions, all purses—because women like the splendid service rendered by our splendid Corset Shop.

In buying a Warner Corset you know that if the right model is selected it cannot go wrong—the bones will not break or rust, nor can the fabric tear. It is the business of our expert corsetiers to see that the right model is chosen. If you should get a pair that does not fit, and the fabric tears or boning breaks, we want the corset back, but if it fits you properly it should wear until you discard it just because it is worn out with natural wear.

New Warner Corsets for Spring, 1916, Are Now Being Displayed and Sold in the Corset Shop—Third Floor

WE REDEEM YOUR ORANGE WRAPPERS

SAVE YOUR ORANGE WRAPPERS—bring them to our Silverware Section and exchange them for beautiful Premium Silverware—12 wrappers and 12 cents for each Tea or Orange Spoon. We also have Fruit Knives, Dinner Knives, Forks, Dessert Spoons, Table Spoons, Oyster Forks, etc. A big shipment of this fine orange wrapper Silverware has just been received—come make your selections while the stock is complete.

Gold-Filled and Sterling Silver Friendship Links—Big variety of new patterns, 10c each, including three letters.—Broadway Floor.

Rhodes Brothers
In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

We specialize in developing, printing and enlarging your Kodak Films. Best work in the city.—Broadway Floor.

"THE RED EMERALD"

By John Reed Scott. Copyright by J. B. Lippincott & Co. The Biggest Newspaper Fiction Feature of the Year

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL WILL BE B. M. BOWER'S "THE RANCH AT THE WOLVERINE."

This is a part of a book-sized, popular novel being run complete this week in this newspaper. Others are to follow from week to week, beginning each Monday and ending each Saturday. A COMPLETE NOVEL EVERY WEEK! If you want back copies of the paper, or if you are not a regular subscriber and wish to take advantage of this feature, call this paper's circulation department.

"Like enough!" replied Vendome. "It is just as tagible as any other place—and fits the story in two respects. Now find the depression in the ground, and the stone, and the subterranean stream—and then the rest will bear looking into."

"Don't you believe in visions?" asked Natalie.

"Not until they are proven to be true."

"Skeptical!" she laughed. "How ever, if you're unbelieving, why did you take the bother to relate it, or to remember the exact distance? Ninety feet from the house—153 feet northward of the chestnut tree, and so on."

"Merely, as I said at first, because it was a queer incident. Why do you remember the distances?"

"Because I believe," said she—"at least, to the extent of investigation."

"Bravo, Natalie!" Singleton exclaimed; "you have the courage of your notions. I'll look into this matter of Land's End—because you're interested. I have the old title deeds to the mountain property, they will give the names of the tracts. If it is Land's End, we'll go up and take a look at it. Maybe you can show Mr. Vendome the depression, and the stone, and the cave, and the subterranean stream."

"You may be sure I'll look, and eagerly!" said Orme. "It's not want of eyesight, it's want of present faith. What I can't understand, Carter, is why a property, abandoned for generations, hasn't long since been sold by the county for arrears of taxes."

"Because you don't live in Virginia—it never sells anything for arrears of taxes. The supposition is that if the land isn't worth paying taxes on, it isn't worth buying. Excuse me, I will get the deeds."

Presently he returned—an open parchment in his hand, a queer look on his face.

"Here," said he, "is the Singleton patent, dated in 1783. It names Land's End as the adjoiner on the west, and the owner of Land's End as Adrien, Marquis de Chavenis, lieutenant colonel, continental army."

"The portrait!" exclaimed Betty.

Her husband nodded. "Did the Marquis de Chavenis have anything to do with the disappearance of the crown jewels of France? Is there a connection between the jewels, the marquis, and Land's End? What do you think of it Orme?"

"That it will bear looking into," Vendome answered.

"The skeptic is converted!" Natalie laughed.

"Not converted—simply open to conviction, and ready to be convinced."

"Very well!" said Singleton. "We will go up to the place and investigate tomorrow."

CHAPTER IV.
The Scotsman's Tale.

"Well, last week," Vendome began, "I dined with a friend, who is paying-guest of a dear old lady. Several others were at the table—also paying-guests. I presume. One, a Mrs. Melvor, was a tall, gray-haired woman of exceedingly striking appearance. She wore dark glasses, and I learned afterward, was blind. During the course of the meal the conversation turned upon jewels, and presently some one referred to the recent sale, in Paris, of the crown jewels of France."

"Not all the jewels were sold," Mrs. Melvor remarked.

"No," said I. "A large portion, I believe, disappeared during the French Revolution—stolen or carried away by some loyal friend of the king—and have never been recovered."

"Mrs. Melvor nodded. "And for them the French government has searched for years, and is still searching," she said; "and, all the while, they lie concealed in this country."

"Where?" exclaimed the hostess.

"Where they have been for more than a hundred years—in Virginia; hidden and lost. The man who brought them to America and concealed them against a time when a Bourbon would once again rule in France, died in their defense, and his secret died with him."

"How did you learn it?" I asked.

"I dreamed it."

"You mean that you are a clairvoyance—have the power of clairvoyance?" I corrected.

"I think so; at least it has been tested scores of times, and the vision, if it is a vision, never yet lied. I cannot explain it—it just is possibly the fact that I have been sightless from birth, may have something to do with the power and with the vividness of the vision." She turned to me. "You sir, are a diplomat, and as such would be interested in returning the jewels to France—shall I tell you what I saw?"

"Pray do!" said I—and all the table listened.

"Mrs. Melvor paused a moment and then began:

"I shall give you briefly the direction how to find the jewels. Somewhere in Virginia is a place called Land's End. It is unincorporated. Once it was owned by a Frenchman. The house is still standing, the fallen to decay. The hall runs directly thru the house and opens, at the rear, upon a square porch. Around for a considerable distance is turf. Directly in line with the rear door, and 90 feet away, is a huge chestnut tree. One hundred and fifty-three feet northwest of this tree is a depression in the turf. In the center of the depression, at a depth of six feet, is a large stone. It covers the entrance to a cave eight or ten feet deep. After 40 feet the cave sinks abruptly to a new level 12 feet lower. Beyond this point 75 feet is the end of the cave, and in a recess cut in the rock at a height of two feet, with the stones fitting accurately around it and over it, is a copper casket containing the jewels. But you will have water to overcome. The lower level of the cave is now filled with a subterranean stream

"Do you know that Land's End is in Virginia?" I asked.

"The vision told me, when I saw the place I knew it was Virginia."

"That is peculiar!" Singleton broke in. "There is an old, abandoned place called Land's End—I think it's Land's End—over near the mountains. It adjoins a tract of mine, where I go every autumn to hunt. It is as I remember, occupied by negro squat-

ters. The house is almost tumbled down. May it be your Land's End?" he smiled.

"Like enough!" replied Vendome. "It is just as tagible as any other place—and fits the story in two respects. Now find the depression in the ground, and the stone, and the subterranean stream—and then the rest will bear looking into."

"Don't you believe in visions?" asked Natalie.

"Not until they are proven to be true."

"Skeptical!" she laughed. "How ever, if you're unbelieving, why did you take the bother to relate it, or to remember the exact distance? Ninety feet from the house—153 feet northward of the chestnut tree, and so on."

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CHAPTER V.
Recognized.

They had their coffee on the piazza. The Singletons remained a while; then Carter went in to his accumulated mail; Betty followed him a little later.

"We seem to have been deserted!" Natalie smiled.

"It's particularly thoughtful of them," said Vendome.

"I had not meant it quite that way!" she flashed. "I should call it thoughtfulness of them."

"Nevertheless, it is very pleasant to be with you again," he said.

"You are just like the rest," she reflected. "I did think that you were a bit different, but, alas, my doll is stuffed with sawdust, after all."

"It's something to be your doll!" he said, with affected seriousness.

"Oh, you beautiful doll! You great, big, beautiful doll!" she sang.

"Am I beautiful?" he asked.

"Beautiful as a dream! And, apropos of dreams, what, seriously, do you think of Mrs. Melvor's vision?"

"It is singular, when taken with the marquis, the portrait, Land's End, and all the other coincidences."

"If we should find the jewels, you would restore them to the French government?"

"Certainly, if they are the crown jewels of France."

"But if there is nothing in the box to identify them?"

"The jewels themselves will be their own best identification—their cutting, setting, and so on."

"There is a record of them extant?"

"Yes!" he said. "I spent an afternoon in the library of congress, looking up the matter. I found that in 1791, by act of the assembly nationale, a list of all the crown jewels—at that time kept in the Garde-Meuble—was made by M. Delaire, a deputy from the department of the Somme. This report and list, containing over 300 pages, is in existence. One year later, the Garde-Meuble was looted in the night, and the major portion of the jewels stolen, including the famous regent diamond, and the equally famous Red Emerald, the signet of the kings of France since Fran-

ces the First. Only two of the thieves were captured. To save their lives, they revealed where their share of the plunder was hidden. Some years later, an anonymous letter came to the authorities to the effect that if they would dig at the foot of a certain tree, in the Allee des Veuves in the Champs Elysee, they would find the Regent. They dug there, and they found it. The Red Emerald has never been found. So, you see, there is an absolutely accurate list and description by which every jewel can be identified when recovered. When identified, they are the property of France."

"Why is it called the 'Red Emerald'?" asked Natalie.

"Because, when the light rays fall on it at a certain acute angle its green is mottled with red."

"How do you account for Mrs. Melvor's vision?" Natalie asked.

"As the vapors of an old lady—who, by long years of blindness, has flashes of sight, let us say, which she has come to believe, I don't pretend to explain the vision."

"She said, didn't she, that the vision never lied?"

"Yes, but how does she know she is blind? Moreover, if all her visions are as beautifully indefinite as this one, how can she ever know whether they were true or false? In the state of Virginia is a place called Land's End! There may be dozens of Land's Ends in Virginia. She has always the loophole: 'You have not the right Land's End; when you do find it, you will find the jewels—if you can come at them.' Do you realize that, the cave having been attained, you must divert the subterranean stream, or build a coffer dam around the far wall, before you can get to the place where the jewels are supposed to be hidden? That will require an expert engineer, workmen, and quite some time—and, after all is done, there may be no cavity in the rock, or the box may not be in it."

"Mature reflection is cooling the earlier impulse!" she commented. "You seemed ready enough, after Carter found his deed, to look into the matter—to be convinced."

"I am readier than ever, dear Mrs. Tremaine, since you are to be in the party. I tell you frankly, I don't have the remotest notion of finding the cave."

"You dash my enthusiasm so early!" she complained. "It is such a beautiful vision to verify;—the crown jewels of France! It tops Deadman's Rock, Treasure Island, and all the other tales of buried jewels."

"And, like them, it also is a myth!" Vendome laughed.

"Did you have a pleasant ride down yesterday?" he asked.

"No, I didn't."

"What was the matter?" said he seriously.

"There were some ill-bred men in the car."

"What did they do?"

"Stared most impudently. A woman gets accustomed to a certain amount of staring by men, but this was too much."

"They didn't venture to speak to you?"

"No—probably because I didn't seem to notice them. Nevertheless, it was most irritating and annoying. They wouldn't have dared it, if you, or Chambers Fitzgerald, or any other of my friends, had been with me."

"Not likely!" he said quickly. "You didn't know any of them, I suppose?"

"I pointed them out to Betty—they got off at Tarrington. Their names are Hudson, Anstruther and Blake. Blake was the most offensive."

"H-u-m!" said Vendome slowly.

"You know him?" Natalie exclaimed.

"I knew him slightly several years ago—and know more of him. I think you'll not be troubled with him, so long as I am here."

CHAPTER VI.
Land's End.

The next day it rained. There could be no trip in search of the hidden treasure and the two young women professed themselves greatly disappointed. If one could have peeped in on them however, as they sat and chattered in Betty's room, he would have thought they were having a highly interesting morning.

And they were. Natalie, fresh from a successful Washington season, had many a tale to tell. And her friend listened with happy interest for it was the girl's first season since her husband's death three years before. It gave Betty real joy to see her so bright and like her old self again. For Natalie's mother had married her off before her 18th birthday to a millionaire far older than herself.

Tremaine had long since tired of the pleasures of life. He had taken up a hobby—raising melons—so, utterly selfish, he had buried himself and Natalie, too, in the center of a mammoth melon patch.

Unwilling to exert himself in any way, he also refused Natalie the few pleasures she might have enjoyed by visiting alone among her girlhood friends. Even in her own home, her husband treated

her as a child. He allowed her none of the prerogatives due the mistress of his home.

A wife, she possessed none of the dignity of widowhood. Many a time had poor Natalie to blush in shame at being reprimanded before the servants. So her married life had been anything but happy.

Betty knew that. She had visited Natalie once in the melon patch and never repeated her experience. So, though she knew Mr. Tremaine had loved his beautiful young wife and that much of his unpleasantness was due to a secret fear of the girl's meeting and learning to love a younger and more congenial man, Mrs. Singleton was not shockingly grieved when she heard of Tremaine's death.

And as she listened to Natalie's happy chatter now, Betty let her dreams follow Orme Vendome. She was a wise little soul. She knew that a beautiful girl as rich as Natalie would be far happier remarried—only it must be to the right man. Orme had much to offer the woman he made his wife, but canny little match-maker that she was, she said no more to Natalie on the subject.

As for Vendome, he spent the morning writing letters, and thought grimly of Blake and the story Mrs. Tremaine had told him the night before. He had no wish to use his official knowledge of the scoundrel, but if the Englishman dared to continue to annoy Natalie he would do it. And he had a feeling that Blake would realize this could be but know of the diplomat's presence at Rosemont.

So it was quite willingly that he seconded Singleton's proposal that they lunch alone at the club, in spite of the fact that it would probably mean he would not see Natalie again until dinner. They would likely get hung up in some sort of game for the afternoon, but there was more than a chance that Blake would be in evidence, and Orme was not averse to having him know that Rosemont harbored another guest besides Mrs. Tremaine.

The clear off, after several attempts, decided in the afternoon to become a fact.

"Is it an 8 o'clock start in the morning?" Singleton asked, at dinner.

"Eight o'clock may be a trifle early for Natalie," Betty suggested.

"On the contrary, I'm ready to start a 7 if you and Mr. Vendome are willing." Natalie answered, looking at her host.

"Seven o'clock be it!" Singleton replied. "Hey, Orme!"

"Make it 6:30 sharp," Vendome replied. "I hate to miss the sunrise."

"We'll start at 8:00," Betty replied. "We can't go in the car because we haven't one—owing to the local dislike for them, and Carter's dislike in particular. Hence we shall drive, with Mr. Singleton as the driver, the coachman being undesirable in n

(Continued on Page Three.)

THIS IS A FULL SIZE for cleaning and renewing furniture and woodwork—makes your piano look like new—gets under the beds and dressers and into those corners and hard-to-get-at places—fine for cleaning your auto—and a thousand and one other uses. No housewife can keep house these days without a mop. Here's a chance to get a good one for a very little money. No mail or telephone orders on this item. On sale Wednesday, 9 to 12 only, at 49c. Also 9 to 12, an extra special offering of a good-sized bottle of Cedar Polish at 15c.

—5th Bargain Floor.

RHODES BROTHERS



On Sale From 9 to 12 Only Triangle Mop at 49c

Yesterday's Late News

DOUBT GIRL'S STORY
FORT WORTH, Tex., Feb. 28.—Police today doubted the statement of Mrs. Catherine Harrison, 15, that she killed W. L. Warren because he wronged her.

Instead, they think the girl or her 19-year-old husband, Charles, nephew of Senator Culberson, perhaps hired the assassin.

There are several discrepancies in the girl's story, the police declare. G. B. Wiggins, indicted for murder, may be released as the result of the girl's confession. It is impossible to prosecute her for murder under the Texas law.

Two women and another man besides Harrison were in the automobile when Warren was killed. Wiggins, officials admitted,

for the U. S., to defend the Philippines.

CAPTURE 10,000 RIFLES
VIENNA, Feb. 28.—Twenty-three cannon and 10,000 rifles were taken by the Austrians in the capture of Durazzo, it was announced today.

TWO KILLED IN QUARREL
GRANTS PASS, Ore., Feb. 28.—A coroner's jury today returned a verdict finding M. B. Bousman killed L. E. Akers and his wife. Bousman waylaid the Akers near Wilderville while on their way to Sunday school, following a quarrel over a boundary fence. The bodies were found last night. Bousman exhibits no remorse. He is held in jail without bonds.

TO PREVENT THE GRIP
Colds cause Grip—Laxative Bromo Quinine removes the cause. There is only one "BROMO QUININE." E. W. Grove's signature on box. 25c.

THERE GOES MY TRAIN
AND I CAN'T GET ANOTHER ONE TILL TO-MORROW!
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I'D BE AS MAD AS A WET HEN!
NOW I LAUGH AT TRAINS AND TIME TABLES AND SMOKE A

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THE CIGARETTE OF QUALITY

10 FOR 5¢
Also packed 20 for 10c.

VALUABLE COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE

TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

WHAT PRODUCERS GET

POULTRY

Hens 150
Ducks 140
Spring chickens 125
Squabs 120

LIVESTOCK

Cows \$5.00
Dressed hog \$12.00
Dressed veal \$12.00
Steers \$6.25
Hogs \$6.25
Lamb \$6.25
Ewes \$6.25

WHAT RETAILERS PAY

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE

Fresh ranch eggs 23c
Washington cheese 21c
Tillamook 21c
Best butter 33c
Swiss dom 24c
Cream, brick 23c

WHOLESALE MEATS

Cows 9.00
Helfers 10c
Mutton, wethers 10c
Hogs, sides 14c
Dressed hogs, buying 14c
Spare ribs 12c
Ewes 10c
Lamb 12c
Whole hog 11c

VEGETABLES

Potatoes, ton \$2.50
White River potatoes, ton \$2.50
Cabbage, cwt \$1.50
Brussels sprouts, lb 10c
Onions, cwt \$2.50
Carrots, turnips, beets, sack 2.1
Sweet potatoes, cwt \$2.50
Lettuce, head, crate \$2.50
Celery, crate \$4.75
Radishes, doz bunches 20c
Rutabaga, cwt \$1.50
Rhubarb, retail 10c
Leaf lettuce, bunch 5c
Florida green peppers 30c
Cauliflower, crate \$2.50
Hubbard squash 24c
Spinach, retail, doz 20c
Cucumbers, retail, doz 20c
Parley, doz 30c
Florida tomatoes, crate \$6.00

FRUIT

Navel oranges \$2.75
Camelia oranges \$2.50
Winter pears \$2.50
Lemons \$2.50
Japs \$1.50
Bananas, lb 5c
Apples, fruit, box \$4.50
Grape fruit, box \$4.50

FLOUR

Amoco \$7.10
Pyramid \$6.50
Vason \$6.50
Whole wheat, bbl \$2.50
Bifield snow \$6.50
Olympic \$6.50
High Flight \$7.10
Occident \$6.50
Graham, bbl \$5.25

HAY AND GRAIN

Wheat, ton \$19.00
Corn \$2.00
Bran \$2.00
Wheat hay \$2.00
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Oats, ear \$2.00
Barley \$2.00
Hiddings \$2.00
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Timothy \$2.00
Alfalfa \$2.00
Soiled oats \$2.00
Hops, 1915 contracts, lb \$1.00

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