

BROADWAY SALES BOOTH A
Jewelry and Silverware

Choice 25c

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL sales events tomorrow is this sensational selling of Jewelry and Silverware at this remarkably low price. There are hundreds of useful, desirable items involved in this sale. You will find them displayed on Broadway Sales Booth A, right in front of the main entrance—you can't miss it and you'll be some time getting by it when you see eyes on these remarkable bargains. Your choice of the lot tomorrow at .25c
—Broadway Sales Booth A

BROADWAY SALES BOOTH C

New Wirthmor Waists

Will Be Here Tomorrow

They Probably Won't Be the Day After--They Go Rapidly



These Four New Models have just arrived. As Always—Priced at just \$1.00.

THESE WIRTHMOR WAISTS have the habit of always leaving our store just shortly after their arrival. They are liked by so many thrifty women and girls who want their companionship that they are never allowed to remain with us except for a very brief time. They are liked for many reasons—but principally because of their charming simplicity and entire "unlikeliness" to all other popular-priced waists.

Your Choice at \$1

(Wirthmor Waists Sold Here Exclusively.)

—Broadway Sales Booth C



These items on sale from 9 to 12 only—No Mail or Telephone Orders Filled—Right to limit quantities reserved.

KLEANIT POLISH MOP, 19c



A WELL MADE Polish Mop that has been treated with Kleanit Polish. It is a small size Mop that will get into places that your larger Mop never touches. On sale Saturday from 9 to 12 only at, each .19c (Limit 1 to a customer. See the Broadway Window Display.)

Men's Underwear 45c
Men's fine ribbed cotton union suits—white only—short sleeve, ankle length, sizes 34 to 44—On sale Saturday from 9 to 12 only at, per garment. 45c
—Broadway Floor

Val Laces 7c
A large assortment of fine Val laces in widths from 1/2 to 2 inches, suitable for trimming coats, aprons, collars, cuffs, dresses and underwear—a fine line to choose from—On sale Saturday from 9 to 12 only, at, per yard. 7c
—Broadway Floor

Kerchiefs 5c
Fine quality plain linen kerchiefs—with 1-8-inch hem—an unusual value—on sale Saturday from 9 to 12 only, at, each. 5c (Limit 10 to Customer)
—Broadway Floor

Cordonnet Thread 2 Balls 15c
Dexter's Silko Cordonnet Crochet and Tatting thread—a complete line of colors and sizes—in your supply while the line is complete—on sale Saturday from 9 to 12 only, at, TWO BALLS for. 15c (Limit 6 Balls to Customer)
—Broadway Floor

Stationery 14c
Fine box writing paper—24 sheets and 24 envelopes in a box—excellent quality to give as a gift—wallet flap envelopes—ribbon tied—on sale Saturday from 9 to 12 only, at, per box. 14c
—Broadway Floor

Peanut Brittle 13c lb.
Delicious Peanut Brittle—the kind for which our candy maker is famous—a pure molasses candy with lots of fine fresh roasted peanuts—specially reduced Saturday, 9 to 12 only, per pound 13c. TWO POUNDS for. 25c
—Broadway Floor

HOSIERY Wanted Kinds

WOMEN'S SILK FIBRE

Stockings with lisle tops—come in colors which include light gray, medium gray, Copenhagen blue, pink, maize, gold, Nile green, champagne, old rose and ivory. All sizes, of course. A big value Saturday at 59c per pair.
Women's silk fibre boot length Stockings, in pink, sky blue, Palm Beach and black—a well made reinforced hose—comes in all sizes and is an unbeatable value at 35c per pair. Three pairs for \$1.00.
Women's lisle Stocking in pink, sky blue, gray, champagne, tan, black and white—have double heel, sole and toe—all sizes—a big value at 25c a pair.
Children's fine ribbed lisle Stockings in pink, blue, black and white—have reinforced toe and heel and sell at 25c per pair.

GREAT BARGAINS IN HOSIERY TOMORROW.

BROADWAY SALES BOOTH D.
—Broadway Floor

CANDY

Special 18c Lb.
Royal Mixed Candy—a pure delicious confection—it's relished by old and young—Saturday, very special, per pound. 18c
—Broadway Floor

Men's Ties

Special 39c
SCARFS OF THE SAME QUALITY, made in proportions have sold in our own stocks—hundreds of them—at considerably higher prices.
The Silks are of fine quality, the patterns are choice figured and allover designs, and there is a broad range of patterns and color, so that any taste will be quickly and sufficiently satisfied.
The Scarfs are all in large, open-end four-in-hand styles and tie a knot that is popular with most men. See them in the Broadway show windows and come tomorrow take your CHOICE AT 39c
—Broadway Floor

Outing Flannels 9 3/4c
Excellent quality new full Outing Flannels in a big variety of colorings in stripes and checked patterns—on sale Saturday from 9 to 12 only, at, per yard. 9 3/4c
—Eleventh Street Floor

Hat Bandings 24c
Sport Hat Bandings in a good fine of patterns and color combinations—fine quality ribbon—on sale Saturday from 9 to 12 only, at, per yard. 24c
—Broadway Floor

'GOOD INDIAN'

By B. M. Bower.
Copyright, 1912, by Little, Brown & Co.

CHAPTER VIII.

Only a Squaw. Good Indian came out upon the rim-rock, and looked down upon the ranch beneath him, when his arm was caught tightly from behind. He wheeled about and confronted Rachel.

"You go quick," she murmured gravely. "Ketchum you cayuse, go to ranch. You no tellum you be this place."
Good Indian stood still and looked at her. She stood with her arms folded in her blanket, regarding him with a certain yearning steadfastness.

"You all time think why," she said, shrewdly reading his thoughts, "I no take shame. I glad. Bad man no more try for shoot you, mebbysso."
Good Indian reached out, and caught her by both shoulders.

"Rachel—if you did that, don't tell me about it. I spoke in the grip of his first impulse to shield her from what she had done.
"You no glad? You think shame for me? You think I—all time very good?" Tragedy was in her voice, and in her great dark eyes. Good Indian gulped.

"No, Rachel. I don't think that. I want to help you out of this, if I can, and I mean that if you didn't tell me anything about it, why I couldn't know anything about it. You sabe?"
"I sabe." Her lips curved into a pathetic little smile. You know for why, me thinkum. All time Man-that-coughs try for shootum you. All time I try for— She broke off to stare questioningly up into his face. "I no tell, you no like for tell," she said quietly. "All same, you go."

Good Indian turned, yielding to the pleading of her eyes. The heart of him ached dully with the weight of what she had done, and with an uneasy comprehension of her reason for doing it. But there was nothing that he might say to her. It was not words that she wanted.

Evadna rallied him upon his moodiness at breakfast, pouted a little because he remained preoccupied under her teasing, and later was deeply offended because he would not tell her where he had been, or what was worrying him.

Saunders died that same morning. The coroner and sheriff went for and inspected the stable and its vicinity, looking for clues. At the inquest that afternoon the sheriff laid upon the table a battered old revolver of cheap workmanship and long past its prime, and testified that he had found it ten feet from the stable door, and that one shot had been fired from it.

The coroner showed the bullet which he had extracted from the body of Saunders, and fitted it into the empty cartridge which had been under the hammer in the revolver, and thereby proved to the satisfaction of everyone that the gun was intimately connected with the death of the man. So the jury arrived speedily and without further fussing over evidence, at the verdict of suicide.

Good Indian looked in the hammock, but Evadna was not there. He went around to the milkhouse, where was a mumble of voices.

And, standing in the doorway with her Aunt Phoebe, he saw her. She was facing courageously the three inseparables, Hagar, Viney and Lucy, and she was speaking her mind rapidly and angrily. Good Indian knew that tone of old, and he grinned. Also he stopped by the corner of the house and listened shamelessly.

"That is not true," she was saying very clearly. "You're a bad old squaw and you tell lies. Don't you mind a word she says, Aunt Phoebe."
Hagar shook her head violently, and her voice rose shrill and malicious.

"Ka-a-ay bueno, yo!" Her teeth gnashed together upon the words. "I no tellum lie. Good Injun him kill Man-that-coughs. I go tell sheriff manum Good Indian killum Man-that-coughs. I tell um—"
"Why didn't you, then, when the sheriff was in Hartley?" Evadna flung at her angrily. "Because you know it's a lie. That's why."

"Yo! thikum Good Injun love yo, mebbysso." Hagar's black eyes sparkled with venom. "Yo! heap fool. Good Injun go all time Squaw-talk-far-off. Love Squaw-talk-far-off. No love yo."
"Don't you listen to her honey. We aren't going to." She was speaking in a torrent of tropicardian lest he break from her and do some violence which they would all regret. She did not know what he could do, or would do, but the look of his face frightened her.

"Grant! We don't believe a word of it. You couldn't do a thing like that. Don't we know? Don't pay any attention to her. We aren't going to." She was speaking in a torrent of tropicardian lest he break from her and do some violence which they would all regret. She did not know what he could do, or would do, but the look of his face frightened her.

"Oh, Mr. Hart! Will you wait a minute?" she called clearly above the puffing of the engine. "I've something for you here. Soon as I get this train out— She saw him stop and turn back to the office and let it go at that for the present.

"I sure have got my nerve," she observed mentally, when the wheels were beginning to clank. But she smiled at him brightly, and waited until Baumberger had gone lumbering with rather unconfident steps to the store.

"I lied to you, Mr. Hart," she confessed, engagingly. "I haven't a thing for you except a lot of questions. I'm not just curious, you know. I'm horribly anxious. I've been waiting to have a little talk with you, and I simply couldn't let the opportunity go by." She talked fast, but she was thinking faster, and wondering if this calm, white-bearded old man thought her a meddlesome fool.

"You just about swear by old Baumberger, don't you?" she began presently, fidgeting with her head pencil and going straight to the heart of what she wanted to say.

"Well, I dunno. I've kinda learned to fight shy of swearing by anybody, Miss Georgie." His mild blue eyes settled attentively upon her flushed face, with long, silent, and going straight to the heart of what she wanted to say.

"There's nothing on earth can equal the malice of an old squaw," said Phoebe, breaking into the silence which followed.

"I do hope she don't go around peddling that story—not that any one would believe it, but—"
Good Indian looked at her, and at Evadna. He opened his lips for speech, and closed them without saying a word. That near he came to telling them the truth about meeting Miss Georgie, and explaining about the hair Hagar had prated about. But he thought of Rachel, and knew that he would never tell anyone, not even Evadna, so he only laughed and caught her by the arm.

"Come on over to the hammock," he commanded with all the arrogance of a lover. "We're making that old hag altogether too important, it seems to me. Come on, Goldilocks—we haven't had a real satisfying sort of scrap for several thousand years."

CHAPTER IX.
PEACEFUL RETURNS.
That afternoon when the four-thirty-five slid to a panting halt beside the station platform, Peaceful Hart emerged from the smoker, and nodded through the open window to Miss Georgie. Behind him perspired Baumberger.

"Howdy, Miss Georgie?" he wheezed, as he passed the window. "Ever see such hot weather in your life. I never did."
Miss Georgie glanced at him while her fingers rattled her key, and it struck her that Baumberger had lost a good deal of his oily amiability since she saw him last. She gave him a nod cool enough to lower the thermometer several degrees, and leaned forward so that she could see Peaceful just turning to go down the steps.

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from under your feet while he wheedles you into thinking he's looking after your interests. I'll bet you never got an injunction," she hazarded, leaning toward him with her eyes sparkling as the subject absorbed all her thoughts. "I bet anything he kept you fiddling around until those fellows all filed on their claims. And now it's got to go till the case is finally settled in court, because they are technically within their rights in making lawful improvements on their claims."

"Yes, they've all filed—twenty acres apiece—the best part of the ranch. There's a forty runs up over the bluff; the lower line takes in the house and barn and down into the garden where the man they call Stanley run his line through the strawberry patch. That forty's mine yet. It's part of the homestead." Peaceful spoke slowly, and there was a note of discouragement in his voice which it hurt Miss Georgie to hear.

"Well, they've got to prove that those claims of theirs are lawful, you know. And if you've got your patent for the homestead—you have got a patent, haven't you? Something in his face made her fling in the question.

"Yes—or I thought I had one," he answered dryly. "It seems from the way he looks, that he's got to go back to Washington and be rectified. It ain't legal till that's been done."
"Who found that mistake?" she demanded. "Baumberger?"

"Yes, Baumberger." "That's talked awhile longer, and then Peaceful went in search of Baumberger and together they drove away in the direction of the ranch.

The cloud of dust raised by their horses' feet had scarcely lifted when Miss Georgie was confronted by the callers, Hagar, Viney and Lucy. Unsuccessful at making trouble at the ranch, the old squaw now came with her story to the next person it was likely to annoy the most. But here, too, she got little satisfaction.

Miss Georgie listened quietly, and the tale was finished, then she locked the station, regardless of consequences, borrowed a horse of Pete and galloped off toward the Hart ranch. Baumberger climbed heavily out of the rig, and went lurching drunkenly up the path to the house. He had not gone ten steps from the stable when he met Good Indian.

"Hullo," he growled, stopping short and eying him malevolently with lowered head.
Good Indian's lips curled silently, and he stepped aside to let him pass. Baumberger swung his huge body toward him.

"I said hullo. Nothin' wrong in that, is there? Hullo—d'yah hear?"
Good Indian stopped, and faced him, coldly angry. "I think," he said meaningly, "I wouldn't press the point if I were you."

"Giving me advice, hey And who the devil are you?" "I wouldn't ask, if I were you. But if you really want to know, I'm the fellow you hired Saunders to shoot. You bumbled that time. You should have picked a better man, Mr. Baumberger."

Baumberger glared at him, and then lunged, his eyes like an animal gone mad.
"I'll make a better job, then!" he yelled. "Saunders was a fool. I told him to get down next the trail and make a good job of it. I told him to kill you, you lying renegade Injun—and if he couldn't, I can! You will watch me, hey?"

Good Indian backed from him in sheer amazement. Epithets unprintable poured in a stream from the loose, evil lips. Baumberger was a raving beast of a man. He belted forth threats against Good Indian and the Harts, young and old, and vaunted rashly the things he meant to do.

Heat-mad and drink-mad he was, and it was as if the dam of his wily amiability had broken and let loose the whole vile reservoir of his pirate mind. He tried to strike Good Indian down where he stood, and when his blows were parried he pulled a gun, and fired without really taking aim.

Another gun spoke then, and Baumberger collapsed in the sand, a quivering heap. Good Indian stood and looked down at him fixedly while the smoke floated away from the muzzle of his own gun. He heard Evadna screaming hysterically at the gate, and looked over there inquiringly. Phoebe was running toward him, and the boys—Wally and Gene and Jack. At the corner of the stable Miss Georgie was sliding from her saddle, her riding whip clenched tightly in her hand as she hurried to him. Peaceful stood beside the team, with the lines still in his hand.

It was Miss Georgie's words which reached him clearly. "I saw the whole thing. You had to." "Oh, Grant—Grant! What have you done? What have you done?" That was Phoebe Hart.

"You kill him?" Gene shouted excitedly, as he ran up to the spot where he lay.
"Yes." Good Indian glanced once more at the heap before him. "And I'm liable to kill a few more before I'm through with the deal." With the gun still in his hand, he walked quickly in the direction of the garden.

"He's going to kill—!" Phoebe gave a sob, and ran after him, and with her went Miss Georgie and Evadna, white-faced, all three of them.
"Come on, boys—he's going to clean out the whole bunch!" whooped Gene.

Peaceful stared after them, went into the stable, and got a blanket to throw over Baumberger's inert body. Then he went to the house, and got the old rifle that had killed Indians and buffalo alike, and went quickly through the grove to the garden. He was a methodical man, and he was counted slow, but nevertheless he reached the scene not much behind the others. Wally was trying to send his mother to the house with Evadna, and neither would go. Miss Georgie was standing near Good Indian, watching Stanley, with her lips pressed together.

5th Floor Bargain Floor
MONTH-END SALE OF GROCERIES

YOUR CHARGE PURCHASES tomorrow go on August statements, rendered September 1. If you can't get here in person use your phone—service from 7:30 a. m. to 9 p. m. Saturday.

9 TO 12 ONLY
MILK, 4 CANS 30c
Mt. Vernon Milk—splendid quality—large size cans—Month End Sale Price FOUR 30c
CANS for 30c
(No mail or phone orders—none sent C. O. D.)

9 TO 12 ONLY
ROYAL BAKING POWDER 39c
Royal Baking Powder—1-lb. cans—Month End Sale Price, per can 39c
(Limit 2 to Customer—no mail or phone orders—none sent C. O. D.)

FANCY LOCAL NEW POTATOES—Month End Sale Price, TEN pounds 25c
KARO SYRUP—Blue Label—5-lb. pails—Month End Sale price, per pail 27c

TEA—A special selling of our high grade Teas—Japan, Oolong, Ceylon, and English Breakfast—Month End Sale price, per pound 35c; THREE POUNDS for . . . \$1.00
COCOA—absolutely pure—comes in bulk only—Month End Sale price, per pound 27c
WALTER BAKER'S PREMIUM BAKING CHOCOLATE—1/2-lb. cakes—Month End Sale price, per cake 19c
GHIRARDELLI'S GROUND CHOCOLATE—Month End Sale price 1-lb. cans 30c; 3-lb. cans for 80c

FANCY LOCAL CREAMERY BUTTER, fresh and sweet—Month End Sale price, per pound 31c
PARLOR MATCHES—boxes of 500—Month End Sale price, THREE 10c
CAMPBELL'S PORK AND BEANS—large size cans—Month End Sale price, per can 9c; DOZEN . . . \$1.05
CANS for

MEAT MARKET
Extra Meat Cutters to insure our Saturday service—full stocks of choice steaks, poultry and other needs of your Sunday dinner.
Fancy Fat Hens, 22c pound
Choice Spring Chickens, pound 23c
Choice Pork Shoulder Roast, pound 16c
Fine Shoulder Lamb Roast, pound 18c
Fine Leg of Spring Lamb, pound 24c
Pot Roast of Beef, 16c
Meat Loaf—veal and beef—uncooked—18c lb.; 35c
TWO lbs. for 20c
Our famous home-made sausage, fine for your Sunday morning breakfast, pound 20c

ASTER MILK—fine quality—large cans—Month End Sale price, FIVE 35c
CANS for
COTTOLINE—Month End Sale price—large pails \$1.68; medium pails 68c; small pails 35c
FANCY SLICED HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE—No. 2 1/2 cans—Month End Sale price per can 16c; DOZ. . . \$1.85
EN CANS for
FANCY SOLID PACKED TOMATOES—No. 3 cans—Month End Sale price, TWO cans for 25c; DOZ. . . \$1.45
EN CANS for \$1.45

MINCED CLAMS—highest quality—Month End Sale price TWO cans for 25c; DOZEN CANS . . . \$1.45
ALSO A SPECIAL SALE OF OTHER CANNED GOODS.
K. C. BAKING POWDER—large 25-oz. cans—Month End Sale price, per can 19c

BAKED GOODS
Our Bakery is ready for Saturday's trade with wonderfully large assortments of fresh baked Breads, Cakes, Pies, Cookies and other staple and fancy pastries. These specials—
Delicious Pumpkin Pie—reduced for Month End Sale to, each 18c
Fine fresh baked layer cakes—assorted frostings—reduced for Month End Sale price to, each. 20c

Coffee Sale 29c Lb.
Our Rhodes Blend, fine fresh roasted coffee. A special and exclusive blend expertly calculated to give the finest aroma, the most satisfying flavor, the greatest number of cups to the pound. Reduced every Saturday to, per pound 29c
BEST PURE CANE FRUIT SUGAR—MONTH END SALE PRICE
11 LBS. FOR 97c;
25-LB. SACKS FOR \$2.15
—Fifth Bargain Floor

THE EVENT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR

Turrell's Mid-Summer SHOE SALE

In spite of the steady advance in the wholesale price of shoes, we are going to offer our summer footwear at prices as low as in our former sales. The reason for such great reductions is that we are greatly overstocked on account of the extremely backward season. The season's smartest styles in Ladies' Colonials and Pumps and Men's Oxfords are all included in this great sale.

LADIES'

Women's White Wash Kid, 9 inch top, ivory and gray, lace and button. Value \$9.00 and \$10.00. Sale price \$6.95
Women's bronze and matt kid, Colonial, value \$7.50. Sale price \$5.95
Women's patent matt and dull kid, colonial, plain and piped; value \$5. Sale price \$3.95
All women's white canvas, lace and button shoes and Colonials; value \$5.00. Sale price \$3.95
Growing girls' patent and gunmetal Mary Janes; best grades in welts and turned. Sale price \$2.95
1,000 pairs of broken lines in patent, tan and gunmetal, oxfords and pumps. Value to \$5.00. Sale price \$2.95
500 pairs of broken lines Pumps and Colonials in all leathers; value to \$5. Sale price \$1.45
500 pairs of broken lines and sizes, Pumps and Colonial, all leathers; value to \$5. Sale price \$1.00
565 pairs of broken lines in small sizes and narrow widths, Pumps and Colonials; values to \$5. Sale price 50c
Women's Goodyear Glove Plaza Pumps, rubber soles, spring heels, white with black binding; \$2 values. Sale price \$1.65
Same with heels; \$2.25 values. Sale price \$1.85

MEN'S

Johnson & Murphy and Nettleton's Tan and Gun Metal Oxfords; values \$6.50 and \$7. Sale price \$3.95
Men's \$5 Tan and Black Oxfords. Sale price \$3.45
\$4 and \$4.50 Tan and Black Oxfords. Sale price \$2.95
Men's Tan and Black English bals; values \$4 and \$4.50. Sale price \$3.45
Men's Tan and Black Button and Lace Shoes; values \$4 and \$4.50. Sale price \$2.95
100 Pairs of Boys' Shoes, \$3 values. Sale price \$1.95

There is not space in this ad to enumerate all of the many shoe bargains this sale offers. Come tomorrow and you will be convinced this is the greatest shoe offering of the season.
Sale Starts Tomorrow, 9 a. m. No Refunds or Exchanges During This Sale.

TURRELL'S 922 Pacific Avenue

Extra! Men's Shirts 59c

JUST IN TIME for a Saturday sensation this big shipment of Men's Shirts arrived. These are the famous Bargain Store Special Shirt of which we have sold hundreds. In spite of soaring prices these will still be priced 59c each. Come in blue, tan and purple stripe, also pin and heavy stripe combinations in blue, slate and lavender, black and blue striped combinations and lavender and green. All sizes to 17. Starched cuffs. Cut full size. Fast colors. Wonderful values at 59c

Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

George. "The dead line," said Good Indian coolly, "is beyond the Point of Rocks. I'd like to see you on the other side by sundown."
"Got the papers for that?" Stanley asked, and laughed.
"I've got something better than papers. Your boss is dead. I shot him just now. He's lying back there by the stable." Good Indian tilted his head backward. Stanley's jaw dropped. He was surprised which side Stanley was on. (Concluded in Our N

Rhodes Brothers
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