

Bargain Floor

Friday Hourly Sales

No mail or telephone orders will be filled for any of these Hourly Sale items and we reserve the right in every case to limit the quantities.

- Pins 1c Package**
 - Adamantine Pins—full count—200 to the package—solid head—needles pointed—on sale for this hour only at, per package. **1c** (Limit 10 packages to a customer) —5th Bargain Floor
- Men's Garters 9c**
 - Single grip style—no metal can touch you—good quality elastic—assorted colors—on sale for this hour only at, per pair. **9c** (Limit 2 pairs to a customer) —5th Bargain Floor
- Soap 6 Bars 25c**
 - Crystal White Soap—frost for all laundry uses—large bars—on sale for this hour only at **SIX BARS 25c** (1 lot to a customer) —5th Bargain Floor
- White Corduroy Skirts \$1.65**
 - Handsome sport styles with large pockets and button trimmed—made of an excellent quality soft nap corduroy—your choice of this hour only at **\$1.65** (Limit 2 pairs to a customer) —5th Bargain Floor
- Tea Half Price**
 - Our best Tea—Japan, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Oolong, Ceylon, English Breakfast and Orange Pekoe on sale for this hour only at, per lb. **50c** (Not less than 1 lb. or more than 3 lbs. to a customer at this price) —5th Bargain Floor
- Boys' Stockings 15c**
 - Boys' School Stockings—the famous U. S. Soldiers brand—heavy ribbed—just the kind for the boy—on sale this hour only at, per pair. **15c** (Limit 4 pairs to a customer) —5th Bargain Floor
- Milk, 4 Cans 25c**
 - Aster brand Milk—one of the finest canned milks in the market—large cans—on sale this hour only at **FOUR cans for 25c** (Limit 4 cans to a customer) —5th Bargain Floor
- Huck Towels 7 1/2c**
 - Cotton Huck Towels—size 18x36 inches—the widely known No. 163 towel—white only with fast colored red borders—on sale this hour only at, per pair. **7 1/2c** (Limit 1 dozen to a customer) —5th Bargain Floor
- Coffee 15c Lb.**
 - Broken Coffee consisting of the broken and irregular beans taken from our various special blends—on sale for this hour only at, per pound. **15c** —5th Bargain Floor
- Men's Neckties 5c**
 - Men's Neckties in a splendid variety of colors and patterns—flowing or straight ends—on sale this hour only at, each. **5c** —5th Bargain Floor
- Coffee 32c Lb.**
 - The usual Friday selling of our famous Derby-Spartan blend Coffee—the best Mocha-Java type coffee we carry—the kind that has made the coffee used in our Tea Room and at the Fountain famous—every Friday this hour only, per pound. **32c** —5th Bargain Floor
- Percales 81-3c Yd.**
 - 36-inch Percales—come in stripes, checks and figured patterns—dyed with genuine German dyes—on sale this hour only, per yard. **81c** (Limit 10 yards to a customer) —5th Bargain Floor
- Matches 3 Boxes 10c**
 - Best Parlor Matches—boxes of 500—on sale for this one hour only at **THREE BOXES for 10c** (3 lot to a customer) —5th Bargain Floor

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In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

WHAT RETAILERS PAY

POULTRY	
Hens, live, light	15@16c
Hens, live, heavy	15@16c
Ducks, live	11@12c
1916 springs, live	16@18c
Geese, dressed	15@16c
BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE	
Fresh ranch eggs	34c
Washington cheese	18c
Tillamook	18 1/2c
Wash. creamery butter	34c
Swiss dom.	36c
Cream brick cheese	22c
WHOLESALE MEATS	
Heflers	12c
Mutton, wethers	14c
Hogs, sides	17 1/2c
Dressed hogs, crate	17 1/2c
Steer beef	12 1/2c
Ewes	13c
Yearlings	13c
FRESH FRUIT	
Lemons	\$5.50@6.50
Bananas, lb.	5c
Oranges, by size	\$4.50@4.75
Loganberries, crate	\$1.15
Apricots, crate	50c
Blackberries, crate	\$1.00
Cantaloupes, crate	75c
Watermelons, lb.	1.75@2.00
Pears, 1915 crop	\$1@1.50
Cal. grapes, fresh	\$2.75@3.00
Peaches, Wash.	60c
Watermelons, lb.	5c
Prunes, box	35@40c
Red raspberries, crate	85c
Hartlett pears, box	75c
Grapes	75c@1.15
New Yellow Transparent ap.	

WANT TO BE CLASSIFIED? WANT AD ON PAGE 7 FOR RESULTS. SEE PAGE SEVEN.

"THE SMUGGLER"

BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT
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J. B. Lippincott Co.

(Continued from our last issue.)
"Oh, I don't know," said her husband, "it has its compensations. One lives, you know—lives. Think of a night, out there, with the waves mountain high—a stiff wind, and raining, perhaps. Can't you feel the boat cut through the water? Can't you?"

"Harry!"
He paused abruptly and turned to his wife.
"I beg your pardon, Juliet," he said very gently, "I quite forgot your aversion to the water or I wouldn't have let myself go."
As Elizabeth often insisted, there were nice things about Mr. Graham after all. Meanwhile the little boat sailed on, and presently the Grahams departed.

"I think we, too, must go," Lady Edith said almost at once. They were gathering up their wraps preparatory to going home, and Mr. Blake had just taken possession of the shawl spread upon the rock where Elizabeth had been sitting, when she uttered an exclamation.
"My ring! It is gone—my ruby ring."

This ring was Elizabeth's dearest possession. It was a marquise, formed of seven rubies surrounded by diamonds, and as all of the stones were unusually good, it was really very valuable.
"It can't be gone," exclaimed Gabrielle, turning over sticks and stones suspiciously; "it must be here."

"It was too loose; I should not have worn it. It must have rolled into the water, and I shall never see it again."
"Don't feel that way about it," said Lord Whitford, "I am quite sure you will find it."
But the ensuing search of the rocks was useless, although they were gone over inch by inch, the men lighting matches to examine dark crevices.

At last we gave it up and prepared to go home, each in turn assuring Elizabeth that when morning came she would surely find her ring.
"I've had a good time, barring the last half hour," said Gordon Bennett, as he took my shawl. "Have you?"
"I don't know what Elizabeth will ever do without her ring," was my reply.

"Please don't worry," he said. "Tomorrow morning, bright and early, I'll have another look at the rocks. If I can't find it I'll get a diver and see what he can do."
These practical suggestions were very cheering, and I turned to repeat them to Elizabeth. She was saying good night to the Campbells. To my surprise I heard Lady Edith also suggesting the services of a diver.

"They are quite wonderful, you know," she was saying, "and all sorts of things have been recovered from the ocean."
So by degrees our guests departed and we returned to the cottage. Mary Anne met us, holding the door hospitably open and smiling expansively.

"Well," she remarked, "and did you 'ave a good time? And didn't I 'ave a good supper?"
We told her about Elizabeth's loss, and she listened in silence.
"Lost, is it?" she said, at last. "Don't you fret, Miss Elizabeth, dear. I think them rocks, inch by inch, and I'll 'ave a look meself, so I will. Jest go to sleep and rest easy, now."

"I don't like suppers on the rocks, do you?"
"No; I think they're beastly." It was the next afternoon, and Gabrielle and I were sitting on the veranda, I was pretending to read, while she was frankly doing nothing.

Of course we had all visited the rocks many times, separately and collectively, but had returned empty-handed and rather cross. Then, too, Gordon Bennett had not appeared with his diver, nor had we heard further from Lord Whitford on the subject, so our faith in mankind had suffered accordingly.

Presently Gabrielle started in the direction of the village after the mail, and I toward the rocks to have one more look before dark.
It was useless to look again, as I well knew, yet I searched conscientiously for some time, then sat down to rest beside the ashes of our last night's fire.

When I thought it was time for Gabrielle to be returning with the mail I started back to meet her. No interesting letters had arrived for either of us, and she was quite as glum as I. We could not get Elizabeth's ring out of our minds.

The cottage was brightly lighted, and Elizabeth stood in the door to welcome us.
"Where have you been?" she exclaimed. "I thought you would never come home."
She seized our hands and dragged us into the living room. "Look!" she cried, her third finger extended.

And there was the marquise ring, its seven rubies shining in the bright light, and its diamonds twinkling ecstatically.
"It was Mary Anne," she said, in answer to our question, "I don't think of her simply robbing round among the rocks until she found it!"

"When did she find it?" I inquired. "I have just come back from the rocks." But Elizabeth was above mere details.

"It doesn't matter when she found it so long as it is here," she said, "and dinner is ready. I feel hungry enough to eat the tablecloth."
CHAPTER VIII.
I Go Sailing.

"Of course," said Gordon Bennett, "you know your own affairs best."
"I am glad you have come to such a sensible conclusion," I replied, leaning over the edge of the boat and trailing my hand in the water.

"And no doubt you think I'm a very fresh sort of a chap."
I preserved an ostentatious silence.
The conversation had somehow drifted to the robbery at the hotel, and I had thoughtlessly mentioned the safe in our dining-room and Lady Edith's jewels reposing therein for protection.

He had protested against our assuming such a responsibility, and urged their immediate return to their owner, which proposition I declined to consider, and the argument waxed hot, ending with an emphatic assertion on his part that we should not be allowed to leave home again without a guardian.

"Look here," he resumed firmly. "I'm not going to back down on one word I have said, but I'm sorry if you are angry about it. I think you don't quite understand my motive."
"Let us talk of something else, Mr. Bennett."
"But listen, Miss Elise. By your own admission, you really know nothing whatever about these people."

"You forget that they are older friends than yourself, after all." The general asked me to call; otherwise I should not have ventured to intrude.
His manner was decidedly stiff, and he jerked the tiller resentfully. As we changed our course in swift response, a smothered exclamation escaped against my will, for the boat careened alarmingly.

"Don't be frightened," he said, forgetting his irritation. "I won't upset you."
We both laughed, and by common consent let the matter drop for the time being, for I was quite willing to resume the lazy, delightful comaraderie into which we had drifted.

"Do you know," he said, at last, "that I have in my possession something belonging to you?"
"Oh," I said, with what I flattered myself was fine indifference, "I think you must be mistaken. I have not lost anything."
"I was back on the rocks, and I felt my face grow suddenly hot, but his laugh was so spontaneous and merry that I gave up all effort at pretense and joined in heartily.

"When are you going to give it back to me?" I asked.
"Not yet," he said, suddenly serious. "I must return it in my own way, and—I do not think the time has come, do you?"
But I did not answer, for I felt my face grow suddenly hot, but his laugh was so spontaneous and merry that I gave up all effort at pretense and joined in heartily.

"We must go home," I said slowly. "The morning has quite gone. Take me in, please."
He headed for the shore, and as we approached the little slip he turned with an evident effort and addressed me soberly:
"Miss Elise," he said, "at the risk of offending you again, I must say something more."
"Don't," I entreated; "it's not worth while—don't spoil the morning."
"Give back that box to her—Lady Edith. If you do not, you will certainly regret it. But if you won't, in spite of what I tell you, for heaven's sake, don't mention it to any one as you did to me this morning—to the Grahams, for instance, or any one at all."

"I am not likely to say anything," I returned stiffly, "very much regret having mentioned it to you. By the way," I continued, "where did you get your scarf-pin?"
"My scarf-pin?"
His hand involuntarily sought his throat, but he was wearing a negligee shirt and soft silk tie.

"Oh, I don't mean today. The Sphinx's head, you know, in dull gold. Where did it come from?"
It was a simple enough question, and one easily answered, but Gordon Bennett flushed deep red beneath his tan and brought the boat up beside the slip in silence.
"Well—"
"Where?"
Again a pause, and again the blood mounted to his face.
"In the streets of New York." His eyes refused to meet mine, and I knew intuitively that he lied; also that he realized I knew it.

A NOVEL A WEEK.
Next Week
"BEYOND THE FRONTIER"
RANDALL PARRISH

Elizabeth called to me as I passed the door of her room.
"Did Mr. Bennett say anything about tonight?" she asked, following me into my room.
"No; why should he?"
"You don't mean to say you have forgotten?"
"Forgotten what?"
"Elise, sometimes I think you must be in love—or, rather, I should think so were it any other girl. Don't you know that we give a dinner tonight? Our very first formal effort, to celebrate Lady Edith's birthday?"

"I turned, brush in hand, and stared at her. I had indeed forgotten, although our menu for the occasion had been discussed and our toilets decided upon that morning at breakfast.

"How well Lady Edith looks in evening dress," remarked Elizabeth, as we discussed the events of the evening after the departure of our guests.
"Mr. Blake evidently thought so," returned Gabrielle. "He had eyes for no one else. But she was stunning in that black gown."
"And Mary Anne's entrees were perfection," resumed Elizabeth, with great satisfaction. "She is a treasure. What does it matter to such a genius if she has a dozen worthless sons?"

"What indeed?" I acquiesced, yawning, and proposed bed, but the others objected, saying that it was not late and they were very wide awake.
"Let's have a prow!" suggested Gabrielle, who loved to wander about the cottage and look at the ocean from all points of the compass the last thing before retiring.

"Not in thin slippers," I protested, and good clothes. "There is no grass up here," she replied, "and we can hold up our skirts. Do come, Elizabeth, just for a little while."
I was sorry I had not gone also as soon as they turned the corner, and picking up my long skirt carefully started in pursuit. I saw, however, that they were deep in one of the heart to heart conversations in which they sometimes indulge, and decided not to interrupt them.

So I sat down on the step leading to the slip, knowing they would certainly visit it before they went in, as it was Gabrielle's favorite view.
Resting my chin in my hand, I reviewed the evening, which, from my own private and particular standpoint, had been a failure.

Now, I had fully intended to impress Gordon Bennett with the fact that he was still under the ban of my displeasure. It was therefore somewhat disconcerting to be politely ignored by the gentleman in question, who, beyond a civil bow and smile, had appeared unaware of my existence and had devoted himself exclusively to Elizabeth.

I was thinking of this when I suddenly became aware that I smelled a cigar—and a very good one. Moreover, the odor came from beneath, and as the steps led directly to the slip the conclusion was forced upon me that someone was down there.

Curiously enough, I was not frightened, but decidedly indignant. Some one was taking a great liberty with private property. I thought, and I washed I were brave enough to go down and order him—or them—away, forthwith.

There was no moon, and I could not positively distinguish anything as I peered down into the darkness, but in another instant it stood out against the darkness. After an incredulous moment I understood, for I recognized the broad beam of white light which fell across the water with dazzling brilliancy.

Of course the searchlight had paid us many visits since the first night upon the slip, and we had come to watch for it, especially on dark nights or in bad weather. We seldom watched, in vain, for it was a persistent and hard-working light and explored the island, or at least our end of it, with painstaking thoroughness and regularity.

So I sat in the sheltering darkness on the top of the steps and looked down upon the illuminated slip, and I wished most ardently I had never ventured out.

For there were two men upon it, and an unlighted steam launch waited beside it. One of them knelt before the door of the boat-house, evidently trying to unlock it, while the other watched with interest, and finally produced a bunch of keys from his own pocket.

I saw plainly that the man who supplied the keys was Gordon Bennett, who, with his friend, Mr. Blake, was trying to force an entrance into our boat-house.

Another instant, and I sprang to my feet and fled. I do not know why I ran, but I rushed wildly on and finally cast myself breathless upon my bed, my pulses throbbing painfully and my whole being quivering with a sense of shame.

For I had so nearly loved him. I knew it now, even as I know his unworthiness. Had he not lied to me that afternoon? And now he was trying to force an entrance to the boat-house. But why? Was he a common thief?

"Oh, no," I cried, aloud, "no, not that!"
"Good-by," I said dully, as I reached the steps, and he raised

Then I sat suddenly upright, for I remembered the safe in the dining-room, with the jewels locked in it—the pearls which belonged to Lady Edith's mother—and I remembered also my indiscreet disclosure regarding it, and the questions he had asked, even while professing his disapproval—keen, searching questions as to the exact location of the safe, and the form of lock upon it. And I had told him everything he wanted to know willingly.

"Oh!" I cried again, "I'm a fool, and he knew it, and used me for a tool."
Therein lay the chief sting. He had used me as a tool, and my woman's vanity was wounded to the quick.

Going into the next room, I leaned out of the open window, looking toward the ocean. The searchlight was at work again, and by its light I saw a little dark boat steal away from our slip and make its way toward the point of the island. I could see two figures in its stern, so I knew the key had not been successful at our boat-house was still closed.

CHAPTER IV.
Harry Graham.
"If you please, miss, could you come to Mrs. Graham?"
This unwelcome summons forced itself upon me as I lay luxuriously reading upon the couch in the living room the day following our dinner party.

"Mrs. Graham's servant, a half-grown girl with a face of surprising stupidity, stood stolidly before me, a frightened expression in her eyes.
"I'm scared of her," she sobbed, "she's that queer, miss. She's went all blue and stiff-like, and Mr. Graham ain't there, nor nobody but me. And, seeing as how you come to the house sometimes, miss, I thought as maybe you might also help me."
A chill east wind was blowing, and I shivered as we hastened down the path and up the narrow steps.

Mrs. Graham lay rigid upon the couch, her eyes shut and her lips blue and pinched. I put my hand over her heart, and its faint flutter was a great relief, as I had thought her dead.
"It is only a faint," I exclaimed, and directed the bewildered girl to assist me in my efforts to revive her. At last we were rewarded by a long-drawn sigh.

"Where is he?" she said.
"He has not come home yet, Mrs. Graham," I replied. "No doubt he will be here soon."
She fell back upon her pillows. Little by little her face grew more natural, until at last she ceased to breathe with the short, painful gasp, and even sat upright among the pillows; but it was evident she was still suffering from some shock.

"Stay with me," she begged. "Don't leave me. I—I cannot stay alone tonight."
It was infinitely pitiful, and after a while, when she grew calmer, she told me her story, speaking tenderly of the first few years of her married life and of her husband's great love for her and for the child, and the happiness he brought her.

"Then," she continued, "there came a change. He went away, and for weeks I did not hear from him. I thought he was dead, and nearly died also, they tell me. At last he came back.

"For almost a year we were very happy and I was beginning to forget when he disappeared again. He never told me where he went nor what he did; but he went away often and stayed for long periods after that, and for months I would not know where he was. When he came back to me he was always kind, always thoughtful for my comfort, always ready to talk on any subject except the one nearest my heart. But he grew to hate the boy."
"His own child?" I interrupted.

"How unnatural!"
"He said I loved the child better than I loved my husband," she said, "but heaven knows whether that is true or not. At last I became ill again during one of his absences, and when he returned it was a question whether or not I would live. He was dreadfully shocked and when he

whispered that he would never leave me again, I began to feel a desire to get well.
"He kept his word, too, but this summer he came to me and told me that the sea was calling him, and he must go. He suggested that I come with him, but he would not bring the boy, and it broke my heart to leave him. Now you know why I hate the ocean—my enemy. He went out day before yesterday and I have not seen him since."
"But he will come back," I said. "Think how many times he

has left you before."
"He will not come back."
(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Evades Secret Service of Three Nations; In Ballet



(Newspaper Enterprise Association) CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—Miss Winifred De Wolf, missing since April and found in the ranks of Theodore Kosloff's Russian dancers here after a search by secret service forces of three nations, says she will not go back to California with her mother, Mrs. Edgar De Wolf of San Francisco, who has come to get her.
When Miss De Wolf left San Francisco she sailed straight into the "port of missing woman." Mrs. De Wolf appealed to Senator James D. Phelan of California for aid.
Acting on the belief the pretty dancer had secured a passport to Russia to which she was not entitled, Phelan interested the department of justice and the federal secret service. The secret service of Russia and Great Britain were asked to help.
The capitals of Europe were combed for the dancer.
Recently a letter from a member of the Imperial Russian ballet, in which the name of Miss De Wolf was casually mentioned, led to the discovery of Miss De Wolf in the ballet.

whispered that he would never leave me again, I began to feel a desire to get well.
"He kept his word, too, but this summer he came to me and told me that the sea was calling him, and he must go. He suggested that I come with him, but he would not bring the boy, and it broke my heart to leave him. Now you know why I hate the ocean—my enemy. He went out day before yesterday and I have not seen him since."
"But he will come back," I said. "Think how many times he

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