The New Welworths Are Also Here But They Won't Be With Us Long

Nationally recognized as the best of all $2 Blouses

And sold in each city in just one representative Store

IT'S gratifying to the merchant to sell Blouses such as the Welworth—for he knows not only that he is giving his customer the very maximum of value (as all good merchants want to do) but he further knows that the purchaser will be so well pleased that she will become a confirmed wearer and a fast friend of this deservedly popular Blouse. The models for tomorrow's selling are particularly pleasing and of decidedly pretty styles.

There's but a limited quantity in this new allotment.

—Third Floor

Mesh Veilings in Fashion

New Styles at 25c to 75c Yard

VEILS ARE TO ENJOY great popularity this season, and there is early demand for Mesh Veilings of every kind. Some of the newest imported and domestic Veilings will have their first showing here tomorrow. Fancy meshes, in remarkably wide variety. Plain meshes, too, in considerable range. Hairline and octagon are particularly good. And the chenille dot styles, invariably in self color, are prettier than ever. The above in black, white and the autumn tones.

—Broadway Floor

WANTED HOSIERY

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Women's pure thread silk "Everwear" Guaranteed Hosiery in white—big value, at 80c a pair.

Women's silk fibre boot Stockings, in black, white, gray, pearl, champagne, pink and blue, at 35c a pair; 3 pairs for $1.

Women's silk fibre Stockings, in white—a splendid hose at 59c a pair.

Children's School Hose—a fine rib in black and white for girls and a heavy rib in black only for boys—best value in the city at 25c a pair.

—Broadway Floor

Autumn Underwear

FOR WOME NAND CHILDREN

ALL THE CORRECT WEIGHTS and styles are here for your selection in both Union Suits and two-piece garments. Moreover, you will find Rhodes Underwear, quality for quality, priced less than anywhere else hereabouts—investigate for yourself. We mention a few good numbers—

Women's "Munsing" fine ribbed wool Union Suits in all the popular styles—extra fine quality—priced $3 a suit.

Women's Munsing cotton and wool Union Suits, in all styles—medium sizes $1.50; extra sizes $1.75 a suit.

Women's "Orchid" silk and wool Union Suits in Dutch neck, elbow sleeve, and low neck, no sleeve—priced $1.75 a suit.

Women's "Munsing" fine ribbed cotton Union Suits—medium weight—all styles—priced $1.25 and $1.50 a suit.

Women's "Richelieu" seamless cotton ribbed Union Suits in all styles—priced $1 and $1.25 a suit.

Boys' and girls' "Munsing" cotton ribbed Union Suits, in all sizes—priced 50c, 65c, 75c and 85c a suit.

—Broadway Floor

BROADWAY SALES BOOTH D

Men's Shirts Special 77c

MEN'S NEGLIGEE SHIRTS—made of good quality percale—can be had with high band soft collars or with neck-band for stiff collars. Have laundered cuffs—made coat style—come in sizes 14 to 17½. Specially priced, each..... 77c

MEN'S OUTING GOWNS 55c

Men's Outing Flannel Night Gowns—good quality—neat patterns—sizes 15 to 20—Saturday very special.. 55c

—Broadway Sales Booth D

SMALL RUGS

Your Choice 1-4 Off

IN THIS SALE LOT are 35 Wilton Rugs from various good, dependable makers. They are in size 27x54 inches. They are dropped patterns and will not be made again. To close them out in a hurry we have decided to let you take your choice of the lot at exactly..... ¼ LESS

JAPANESE STRAW MATTING RUGS AT VERY SPECIAL PRICES

A very durable Rug—closely woven—come in attractive designs and soft colorings—on sale for Saturday only—

Size 6x 9 reduced to.....$1.49
Size 9x 9 reduced to.....$1.95
Size 9x12 reduced to.....$2.75

SEAMLESS AXMINSTER RUGS

A luxurious seamless Rug that is closely woven—comes in beautiful Persian, Oriental and small allover designs. This is a splendid chance to get a new up-to-date Rug for very little money—Saturday only specially reduced. $19.85

—Eleventh Street Floor

MORNING SPECIALS

These Items on sale from 9 to 12 only—No mail or telephone orders filled—Right to limit quantities reserved.

Curtains 29c Each

Bungalow Scrim Curtains—very pretty stencilled Art Noveau designs—come 38 inches wide and 2½ yards long—on sale Saturday, 9 to 12 only, each 29c

—Eleventh Street Floor

Boys' Suits 98c

Boys' Play Suits—made of good quality repps, chambrays or ginghams—come in smart waist and middy styles—ages 2 to 6 years—on sale Saturday, 9 to 12 only, per suit..... 98c

—Third Floor

Pillow Tubing 19c

45-inch Pequot Pillow Tubing—a morning sale sensation on this well known make of Pillow Tubing in odd length from 2 to 7 yards Saturday, 9 to 12 only, per yard 19c

—Eleventh Street Floor

Lingerie Waists $1.39

A wonderful clean-up of about 5 dozen dainty Lingerie Waists—lace and embroidery trimmed styles—long or short sleeves—Saturday, 9 to 12 only, choice $1.39

—Third Floor

Corsets Go at $1

Bien Jolie Grecian Freco Corsets—a very comfortable and an excellent wearing garment—not every size in the lot, but a very fair assortment at that—filled with genuine Whalohn boning—Saturday to close — your choice, 9 to 12 only, at $1.00

—Third Floor

Men's Union Suits 79c

Men's heavy cotton fleeced Union Suits—come in ecru color — closed crotch — perfect fitting—good quality—sizes 34 to 46—Saturday, 9 to 12 only, per suit 79c

—Broadway Floor

Tooth Paste 16c

Borodent Tooth Paste—the kind that keeps the teeth clean and white—the breath sweet—on sale Saturday, 9 to 12 only, at.. 16c

—Broadway Floor

Veil Lengths 25c

Just 90 Face Veil lengths—1¼ yards to the veil—assorted meshes and shades—all new patterns—on sale Saturday, 9 to 12 only at, per length..... 25c

—Broadway Floor

Kerchiefs 10c

Just 100 dozen all pure linen Kerchiefs—made with ⅛-inch hem—real Irish linen—ideal for every day use—a big leader—on sale Saturday, 9 to 12 only, each 10c

(Limit 6 to a customer)

—Broadway Floor

Cups and Saucers Set of 6 for 39c

White porcelain Cups and Saucers on sale Saturday, 9 to 12 only, at, SET OF 6 for..... 39c

(Limit 6 to a customer)

—Fourth Floor

ToiletSundries

Saturday Specials

Synol Soap on sale Saturday at 39c

Massatta Talcum Powder on sale at..... 19c

Crepe Tissue Toilet Paper on sale Saturday at FOUR ROLLS for.... 25c

"Keep Clean" Hair Brushes on sale Saturday at 89c

Non-Spi on sale Saturday at 36c

Nestle's Food for Infants on sale Saturday at 42c

Bisurated Magnesia Tablets on sale Saturday at 37c

EVENING SPECIAL

Saturday, 7 to 9 Only

Extra Special

Java Rice Face Powder—very special Saturday evening, 7 to 9 only, at 33c

—Broadway Floor

BROADWAY SALES BOOTH A

ROUSING 25c JEWELRY SALE

CALIFORNIA FLORAL BEADS in all colors. Hundreds of pieces of staple and novelty Jewelry—many pieces are samples from one of the finest lines in America that we purchased at away below the usual wholesale prices and that are passed along to you in this sale at a correspondingly low price. Other pieces are odds and ends and broken lines from our own high grade stocks of Jewelry that have been selling at prices away above this clearance price. Then there is Silverware—Community Silver Par Plate and Rogers makes, including Knives and Forks, Table Spoons, Soup Spoons, Dessert Spoons, Salad Forks, Butter Spreaders and Tea Spoons. The Tea Spoons will be 2 for 25c—everything else in the lot 25c each.

CHOICE 25c

There are many items in this wonderful lot that should sell at two, three and four times this sensationally low sale price. Come early for the best selections.

—Broadway Sales Booth A

CHOICE 25c

Store Closes 6 P. M. Saturdays

Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

Leading Distributors Pictorial Review Patterns

"THE SMUGGLER"

BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT
Copyright, 1907
J. B. Lippincott Co.

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

(Continued from our last issue.)

The finality of her voice precluded a reply, and after a long silence I suggested that she lie down and try to sleep, and I would do likewise. She agreed docilely enough, and I threw myself upon the bed beside her, and in a few moments was sound asleep. I slept heavily, for I was very tired, but it seemed scarcely a moment until I heard her call me.

"Yes," I cried, alarmed; "what is it?"

Mrs. Graham, fully dressed and with a lighted candle in her hand, stood beside the bed, a shawl around her shoulders and another over her arm.

"I am going out," she said. "Come."

"Going out?" I repeated, parrot-like, being still dazed with sleep.

"Going down to the edge of the water to meet him. It is calling me—at last the ocean calls me, and I'm going. Will you come?"

"Wait until morning; we can see nothing in the dark."

"It is dawn," she replied, raising the shade. "At last the night has gone. Come," she repeated, and like one hypnotized, I followed.

We walked along in silence. When we reached our boat-house she paused on the little slip and stretched out her hands toward the water.

"It is day," said Mrs. Graham, "and he is coming."

She pointed at a dark object rounding the end of the island, and as it drew nearer I recognized the government boat, with which we had now grown quite familiar. The boat drew nearer, stopped, and lowered a rowboat that headed for the slip.

There were three men in the little boat, and I recognized two of them, Gordon Bennett and his friend, Mr. Blake.

"You!" said Mr. Bennett slowly. "You!"

He was on the slip now, holding my hand in his and conveying somehow a feeling that my responsibility was over and the burden transferred to his own shoulders.

"Take her away," he whispered. "We are bringing him home. Take her away."

"Dead?"

His eyes answered, and I moistened my lips before I could articulate again.

"Drowned?" I hazarded, and he turned away, his face clouded with pain.

"Murdered," he muttered.

"Knocked on the head like a beast. A coward's blow—from the back. We found him in the water. Take her away!"

CHAPTER X.

The Night of the Ball.

I do not wish to speak about the week which followed. Even now I do not like to think about it, although its long days are indelibly photographed upon my mind. I can see Mrs. Graham, walking around with her stony calmness, directing everything, and receiving all efforts at sympathy with the proud dignity which forbade pity and discouraged intimacy.

Only at the last, as she stood in the door closely veiled and ready for the long journey home, which she insisted upon undertaking alone, did she relax even a little. Then she drew me to her and kissed me, and I could feel warm tears upon my face.

"Some time," she said, "later on I will write to you. And some time I will see you again. You were very, very good to me, and I thank you. Good-by."

Thus she passed out of our lives, and we settled down again, a little graver, perhaps, and a little less apt to treat every subject as a joke.

It was then that our friendship for Lady Edith ripened into love. She was so patient with the strange attitude assumed by poor Mrs. Graham.

Not so Lord Wilfrid. A card left formally at Mrs. Graham's door was the only indication he gave of any knowledge of the deplorable event.

But if Lord Wilfrid failed in the ordinary courtesies of humanity, Gordon Bennett did all and more than could have been expected of him, and I soon forgot his scarf-pin with the Sphinx's head, and also the fact that I had seen him trying to force an entrance into our boat-house.

So the days passed, and we slowly resumed our ordinary routine.

There was a ball at the hotel one night, and we all went, glad of the diversion afforded by the lights and music.

Gordon Bennett and Mr. Blake, as well as many other cottagers, sailed over to participate. Mr. Blake danced once with me, but I noticed that his eyes continually followed Lady Edith's graceful figure, attired in a black gown which afforded an effective background for her golden hair and white shoulders.

"Is she not lovely?" I inquired, as my glance followed his.

"She is wonderful," he said, almost beneath his breath—"wonderful."

After supper, as I stood for a moment alone by the open door, Lady Edith beckoned me to join her on the veranda.

"Elsie," she said, "I am going to pain you."

I looked at her in silence, wondering greatly, but she seemed to find it difficult to continue.

"Have you ever thought," she said at last, "that there is anything strange about Mr. Bennett"

I stared blankly at her, and she resumed slowly.

"You make it very hard for me, yet I must tell you. The man is not suitable for you to know. I warned you once before, but was not certain, so dared not say too much. Wilfrid says (men hear these things) that he is the man police are after—the smuggler. And, worse still, that he is the thief who took Mrs. Bundy's emeralds."

"Are you sure?" I hardly recognized my own voice.

"Quite sure. Every one will know soon, for his arrest is a matter of but a few days. He is a dangerous character, and has been seen trying to force an entrance to your boat house with his confederate, this man Blake."

I uttered a smothered ejaculation.

"There is more to come," she said, "and I do not quite know how to tell you. Tonight, when you are all here at the ball, these two men intend to force an entrance to your cottage. I know this to be true—in fact, they have already gone."

She paused abruptly and added in a tone of real solicitude:

"Have I hurt you so very much?"

"No," I hastened to reply; "no of course not. Why should I be hurt? He is nothing to me. But you must prove it; you might be mistaken, you know."

"I will prove it," she said, catching up a wrap and handing it to me. "Would you believe me if you saw with your own eyes Then come with me. You are quite safe—do not be afraid."

I was not afraid, but as I walked by her side down the familiar little path to our cottage I wondered dimly why she had brought me there—why she had not selected one of the others.

"We have nothing valuable," I said, at last. "He knows that."

"You have my pearls," she returned; "but of course you have never mentioned them."

I stopped short, horror-struck. What had I not done by my thoughtless gossiping?

"Oh, but I did!" I cried. "I did! I told him about the safe and what was in it."

"Ah!"

It was a short exclamation, pregnant with meaning. Then she turned quickly and took my hand in hers.

"Never mind," she whispered; "it will be all right. Don't worry."

I tried to say something, but she motioned me to be silent, for we were approaching the cottage now, and she stepped softly, as though fearing to disturb some one. At the corner of the house she paused, listened a moment, then beckoned me to come nearer and pointed toward the kitchen.

At the outer door leading into the cellar knelt two figures, men in evening clothes.

"No use," said Mr. Blake's even voice; "this door seems to be fastened by an iron bar inside. We must try the boat-house again."

"Yes," replied Gordon Bennett, "I hope we'll have luck with the boat-house this time."

As they disappeared down the steps leading to the slip, my companion followed them, still holding my hand and drawing me after her.

"Look!" she whispered.

And I again saw the two men before the boat-house, just as I had seen them once before. Lady Edith's face appeared very white and haggard in the moonlight, and the light shawl she wore rose and fell swiftly with her quick breath.

'It holds!" she ejaculated. "The door holds!"

It seemed to be a staunch door indeed, for at last they ceased working over it and retired to the end of the slip, talking earnestly.

"They have given it up," she whispered, and her voice seemed to thrill exultantly. "See, they are going away. They are easily discouraged, are they not?"

It was quite true, they were going away. We saw them step into their little boat and glide over the moonlit water.

"You are safe for tonight," she said. "I am almost sorry I told you, for they will not return, and tomorrow they cannot. Let us go back to the hotel, and forget it."

I shook my head and watched the little boat, now a mere speck on the sparkling water.

"I am not going back," I said dully. "I do not care to dance. I'm going home. Mary Anne is there, and I shall not be afraid. Will you tell the girls I do not feel well, and came home?"

"Poor child!" she said. "I understand. I knew you would not go back, and arranged with Wilfrid to bring the others home. He knows all about it, but he will not speak until I see him. I will stay with you."

I would much rather have been alone, but could not be ungrateful enough to say so.

Lady Edith was very gentle and very tactful when she went back into the cottage with me. She explained to Mary Anne that I had one of my bad headaches and wanted to go quietly to bed. She told her also to bring me a cup of hot tea, and when I resisted followed her into the hall, and I heard a low-voiced conversation, of which I distinguished only the concluding sentences:

"Very well," said Mary Anne, in a tone of sullen remonstrance that surprised me; "very well, I'll make the tea, but I'll give it to 'er meself, so I will. I'll have no 'and in—"

"That is quite enough," said Lady Edith sharply. "You will make the tea and bring it here. I will come out and get it and take it to Miss Elise."

After all, it was Mary Anne who brought me the tea, pushing the bedroom door open and marching to my side with the manner of one determined to do or die. I drank it, and she went away again, without a glance at Lady Edith, who sat beside me.

After a while we heard Gabrielle and Elizabeth come home, and she met them in the hall, telling them I had fallen asleep at last, but had been quite prostrate with a sudden headache, and would no doubt be all right in the morning.

I heard them say good-night and come upstairs very softly in order not to disturb me. Then the lights went out, the house grew quiet, and I lay there alone with my secret—my two secrets, indeed, for I knew why Gordon Bennett looked at me so strangely, and knew also that he was unworthy a woman's love.

CHAPTER XI.

The Smuggler.

"Elise, wake up."

Gabrielle stood beside my bed.

"What's the matter?" I demanded, sitting indignantly upright. "I'd only just gone to sleep."

"Hush—don't make a noise. There is some one in the house."

"What?" I was wide enough awake now.

"At least, we think so. I heard a noise and waked Elizabeth, and we both listened. It was in the dining room, and oh, Elise—"

"Lady Edith's pearls!" I finished in an awed whisper, adding as an afterthought: "Where is Elizabeth?"

"Gone to wake Mary Anne. Do get up and put on your wrapper; we might as well be prepared."

I have since asked Gabrielle if she thought it unconventional to receive burglars in a robe de nuit; at that time, however, I did not question the motive of her command, but reached obediently for my slippers, and was enveloped in my pink kimono when Elizabeth appeared in her blue one.

"She wasn't there," Elizabeth said in a frightened whisper; "her bed had not been touched, and—oh, I'm afraid!"

We all were, for that matter, and huddled close together, listening intently. But as the slow moments passed and nothing happened, we grew gradually calmer, and even ventured to creep noiselessly into the hall and lean over the banisters.

"Would you be afraid to go downstairs?" suggested Gabrielle, always the most valiant. "It seems all right."

We were afraid, and said so emphatically.

"Of course," said Elizabeth, after another period of silence, "we might have been mistakeen about the noise. But, then, there's Mary Anne—what of her?"

Gabrielle sat flat upon the floor, mingled relief and dismay in her face.

"That's just it!" she exclaimed. "It was Mary Anne."

"What do you mean?"

"The noise—it was Mary Anne. Don't you see? She had been deceiving us about her son; he is still hanging about somewhere, and she goes out at night and meets him, so it is no wonder she was not in her room."

"Why, of course"—Elizabeth accepted the theory without question.

Gabrielle snuffed the wick of her candle and rose to the occasion.

"Now, I'll tell you our best plan," she said decidedly. "We'll go downstairs and see if she has left a door open (as, of course, she must), and then we will lock it and wait until we hear her coming, then—"

"Well," I inquired, as she paused irresolutely, "what then?"

"Why, then we'll confront her."

Gabrielle spoke firmly. "Let us go right down," she continued, "before she has a chance to come in. Both of you get candles and come on."

I got my candle in puzzled silence. Gabrielle's explanation was very probable, but I had a mental vision of the figures at the door of the boat-house, and my heart sank within me.

"Get your watch," advised Gabrielle, "and your pins and things. I've got all mine in this chamois bag, except the gold beads; they wouldn't go in, so I'll just carry them. I'm not afraid, but I would rather have my things with me, somehow."

I collected my small store of valuables and we formed a procession of three and ventured down-stairs.

In the kitchen we found the cellar door open, and debated whether we should lock it and thus prevent Mary Anne's return, or wait and greet her in disapproving array.

"Let us listen," suggested Gabrielle, and sat down upon the top step to carry out her suggestion.

Then occurred the accident. She held her gold beads in her hand, and somehow managed to break the catch and away they went. We could hear them rolling down into the cellar step by step, and Gabrielle was at first motionless with surprise, then, as usual, prepared for immediate action.

"I'm going after them," she announced, literally rising to the occasion.

"Down there?" shuddered Elizabeth. "Oh, no! Whait till morning."

"I spent every cent of Cousin Lucy's check on those beads," said Gabrielle, folding her kimono about her and preparing to descend, "and I'm going to pick them up right away. Wait till morning, indeed! You might suppose they were pebbles."

We sighed apprehensively, but followed our intrepid friend down the steps, holding our candles well before us.

Those miserable beads had rolled to the most remote places, of course, and we got so interested in looking for them we almost forgot to be afraid.

Suddenly, however, Elizabeth gave a stifled scream.

"There is some one in here," she whispered. "I know it."

"How do you know?"

Gabrielle tried to speak boldly, but the hand which held the candle shook until a little shower of melted wax fell upon the floor.

"I was feeling—under the steps"—Elizabeth found articulation difficult—"when I touched hair—human hair."

We gazed at one another in abject terror, unable for the moment to speak or move; then Elizabeth, whose nerves were completely unstrung, swayed suddenly as though she were going to faint.

"I'm afraid," she gasped—"awfully afraid. It was hair, and—oh, dear! what shall we do?"

She began to sob in a hopeless kind of way, in which I felt much inclined to join, when I heard a suppressed exclamation, followed by a scrambling sound and the simultaneous flash of two dark lanterns, as a man advanced from the back of the cellar, while another appeared from beneath the steps.

"Don't be frightened," said a voice which sounded strangely familiar; "it's only us. Blake and I."

"But," said Elizabeth, at last—"but—"

"It is odd, isn't it?" said Mr. Bennett, with a laugh he tried hard to make natural. "Im—I'm most awfully sorry you happened to come down. We did not want you to know anything about it."

He paused abruptly, conscious that he was floundering badly, and turned to his companion.

"Tell them, Blake," he commanded. "This thing has got to be explained, and, after all, it's your business, not mine."

Mr. Blake cast an anxious glance toward the recess from which he had emerged.

(Concluded in Our Next Issue.)

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SAFETY FIRST

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When such burdens hinder the company from performing its first duty to the public, that of giving a full measure of service for the money paid, then in justice to the public, they should be eliminated.

Should not the benefit of any earnings, over and above operating expenses and a fair return on the investment, be put back into the business in the shape of additional cars, better service and necessary line extensions?

Tacoma Railway & Power Company