

THE PRINCE ON A BUCKING BRONCHO



PORT of PENSACOLA

The American steamer Olivant, with mahogany logs from West Africa, for the Frederick Gilmore company, September 27.

The American steamer Oregon, with mahogany logs from Nicaragua, for the Frederick Gilmore company, September 26.

The Saunders' Smack Fish Hawke, from the banks, October 1.

The Saunders' smack, Emelia Enos, from the banks, October 3.

The Warren smack, Henry P. Williams, from the banks, October 1.

Arrivals.

American tank steamer Louisiana, Captain Chaney, from Port Arthur, for the Texas Company.

Departures.

Italian bark Escambia, Captain LeCain, for Palermo, thence to west coast Italy.

The schooner Golden State, Captain Nelson, for South America.

COOLER IN PENSACOLA.

The highest temperature recorded in Pensacola yesterday was 84, and the lowest 64.

Other cities in the country having higher temperatures than Pensacola were: Miami, 86; Phoenix, 90; Tampa, 90; Winnemucca, 86.

TANKER ARRIVES WITH BIG SUPPLY OF OIL

Louisiana Docks at Texas Oil Company to Discharge Cargo.

With a cargo of 35,000 barrels of oil the American tank steamer Louisiana arrived at this port yesterday afternoon for the Texas Company. The steamer will unload her cargo during the night and will sail in the morning for Port Arthur.

SHEET METAL MEN FAVOR CENTENNIAL

Tradesmen Adopt Resolutions Endorsing Movement.

Local No. 560, Sheet Metal Workers, have adopted a resolution endorsing Pensacola as the Centennial City and strongly approving of the centennial plan. Nearly all organized tradesmen in the city now have gone on record as in favor of the centennial here.

Vessels Expected.

The American steamer Newburg, for the Pensacola Shipping Co. September 26.

M. & O. CLOTHING STORE

319-321-323 SOUTH PALAFOX STREET

Everything For Fall Now On Display

The man who wants a suit that really fits, will be more than pleased with this season's selections. These suits are perfect in their workmanship and they include every desirable design and every popular shade and material. The variety is so large that you will have no difficulty in securing one that is entirely satisfactory and of the latest style.

We Suit the Hard to Suit

Fall Hats Are here in all the leading shades. Full of personality, and of course the newest fall shapes, price 3.50 to \$7.00.	Fall Neckwear Something out of the ordinary—Latest patterns and colors of the season, price \$50c to \$2.	Fall Underwear Whether your wants are in the one or two-piece suits, light or heavy weight we have it, price \$1 and Up.	Fall Shirts A hundred different patterns in as many different shades that will please those who want only the best.
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STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

\$25 \$30 \$35 \$40

Clothes That Always Have Style—Quality—Durability.

Consider these suits from every angle, examine them carefully, see how well they are made, how perfectly they fit, note the latest shades and patterns—Then make your decision as to where you will buy your fall suit. Styleplus Clothes are just what the name implies—Style—Plus every other attribute that the well-dressed man wants in a suit.

Children's Department

Every parent is anxious that their children have that genteel appearance that is so necessary when your child is thrown in daily contact with their playmates. We understand exactly the kind of clothes that appeal to children and we have combined this idea with the pre-requisite of the parent—Durability. You will find a complete line of children's clothing for school and dress—Suits, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Shoes, etc. Bring in the children and we will not only please them, but also you.

LADIES' SHOES AND BOOTS

The new Fall arrivals of Ladies' high-top Boots, all leathers, black, tan and gray. Price \$4 TO \$12

MEN'S SHOES

New line of the latest styles—Berry, Beacon, Douglas and Educator Shoes. Price \$3 TO \$11

We Pride Ourselves On Pleasing You The Store With a Guarantee



Is It Not a Mistake?

By Phil Moore

NOTHING was left to be done now and it seemed to Christy Thain, as she stood back and surveyed her work, that it really already held the bride for whom it was intended. The adjustable form which supported it had something of Delina Ray's slight, young contour. It was quite easy to imagine how the dress was going to look on that wonderful morning now only one day distant.

The dress was her masterpiece. Nothing remained but to fold it in a box and wait for it to be taken away. Outside the open window which let in the June air, there was a step and rustle and a girl leaned in over the sill. She was a pretty girl, in a flimsy, fancy way, like some gay little wayside flower.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "So it's done, huh?"

"How do you like it, Doris?" Christy asked, smiling.

"It's just sweet. I wish it were mine."

"Why, do you need a wedding dress?" Christy looked up in surprise.

The girl hid her face on her folded

arms and laughed shyly. "I might. You can never tell. Seems to me if Delina Ray can get a man I ought to be able to. You going to take it home, Christy?"

"No. Delina's going to send after it some time this evening. I'm going to put it in a box and leave it here for whoever comes. Mrs. Peel said she'd see to it. I've got to go out."

Doris turned away. "Well, I've got to go home or Aunt Han will be jaying me. I'm getting just about sick of Aunt Han. She won't let me have a single beau. Just because she's an old maid she seems to think that's the proper lot for all of us. And it isn't. I'm going to be married, if I have to run away. You'll see."

The girl was gone. Christy saw her running across the open yards toward home, a flying, fluttering little shape full of youth's buoyancy and folly.

"I suppose she referred to Harry Crane," Christy thought. "I don't think she'd do so bad if she were to marry him, but she ought not to disobey her aunt. Yet, if I had disobeyed my mother that one time about Rush McKnight I'd have been with him in

Alberta now instead of making beautiful dresses for happy brides to wear. And it wouldn't have made any difference to mother—not for long anyway.

Well, I try to think everything's for the best." She sighed as she boxed the dress tenderly and closed the window and went out to supper.

Christy had her dressmaking shop in the two front rooms of Mrs. Peel's house and she boarded with Mrs. Peel. After supper, Christy told Mrs. Peel that she would find the dress ready to hand to Delina's messenger when she sent after it; then she made ready and went to Mary Lake's.

"Did you know that Doris is carrying on perfectly awful over Harry Crane?" Mary asked. Being an invalid, she cherished every bit of gossip she heard seriously. "Her Aunt Han was up here today complaining about her. She says she don't know what she will do with the girl."

"I'd let her marry him," said Christy promptly.

"Well, I guess it would be the best thing. But Han Atwell's awful set in her way. I didn't say much to her, for I knew it wouldn't do any good. By

the way, Christy, Carrie Coleman phoned over here yesterday and said she'd had a letter from her cousin, Rush McKnight."

Christy turned pale clear to the edges of her brown hair, where a gray thread or two was beginning to run like silver. But she kept the usual grip upon her emotions that she always did when that name was mentioned.

"He's just cleared up \$28,000 in wheat. It doesn't seem possible, does it? He expects to do as well next year if prices hold up. Then he says he's coming back to civilization. Carrie thinks there's somebody in Minneapolis he's interested in. Probably he'll settle down there."

"Mary"—Christy's voice was sharp as she interrupted—"do you want your dresses made loose or tight around the waist?"

She walked back home in the soft dusk. She smelled lilacs all the way, and she walked on her heart—her poor, starved heart that Rush McKnight had left behind him desolate when he went to the wheat country. "That's all over," she thought—"all

over forever." As she neared her own door she met a girl hurrying toward her from the opposite direction. She was a housemaid of the Rays whom Christy already knew slightly because of several errands which had brought her to the house.

"Oh, good evening, Miss Thain," she said. "I've come after Miss Delina's dress."

"All right," Christy answered. "It's ready. Come in." She led the way into the sewing room and switched on the electric light. As she cast a quick glance around she saw that the box was gone. "Why, somebody's been here before you and got it," she exclaimed.

"Oh, no," replied the girl quickly. "Miss Delina sent me herself, and I've come straight from there here."

"I'll ask Mrs. Peel," Christy said. Her heart was going fast. She ran to the back of the house and found Mrs. Peel calmly beating up bread sponge in the kitchen. "Who did you give Delina's dress to?" she demanded.

"I didn't give it to anybody. Nobody's been here," Mrs. Peel answer-

ed. "Why, what's the matter?" For Christy was turning a haggard white. "It's gone."

Mrs. Peel laid a hand on her shoulder. "You go home," she said to the maid, "and tell Delina it wasn't quite ready. That'll give us time to investigate this." When the girl had gone she turned to Christy. "Now, brace up and let's talk this over. Ain't you got an idea, Christy?"

But Christy had none. After they looked the house over without avail they went to bed to sleep if they could, upon the mystery.

It was near dawn before Christy fell asleep. She was awakened by Mrs. Peel standing over her.

"Han Atwell's been here. She says Doris ran away last night with Harry Crane. They were married by the justice before they went. Doris said so in a note she left her aunt. She left one for you, too. Han just gave it to me. Read it quick. I've a suspicion we're going to find out something about that dress."

Christy sat up in bed and opened the note. "Don't tell Aunt Han," she

read aloud slowly, "but I had to have that dress to be married in. So I got in through the window after you went away and took it. I only had it on an hour, but I looked dandy in it. You ought to have seen old Justice Parsons bug his eyes! I put it back in the box just as careful, and tomorrow morning Davy Coates is going to take it to Delina. Maybe you think I'm awful, but I did so want a real wedding dress. Maybe it's the last chance I'll ever have to wear one."

An hour later Delina Ray phoned her thanks to Christy. "I'm sending you a check in the morning's mail," she ended.

The mail brought something else besides the check to Christy—a letter from Rush McKnight. "Could you stand it here in the wheat country with me for a couple of years?" he asked. "You see I'm staking all on the chance that maybe now your mother is gone you'll have me, after all. If you will, I'll come and get you inside of a month."

The next dress Christy made was another wedding gown. And she wore it herself.