FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Hints for the Spring Bride—If She Would Keep Herself From Being Fagged Out at the Wedding, She Should Begin Early—Have an Indexed Blankbook and Start Early. A Separate Book for the Reception Guests.

Have an indexed blank book and start your list early. Put down names and addresses as you think of them and write to your school or college secretary for any addresses of old schoolmates of whom you may have lost track.

Have a separate book for reception guests, but enter them in the main book also. It is not enough to be forehanded yourself, see that your fiance turns in his list in good time.

If one must cut in number, it is impolite to do all the cutting on the man's list. Better run chances of making peace with your own old friends than of giving offense to friends of the bridegroom. This is particularly timely if you are a stranger to them.

Invitation decisions, always difficult, are dangerous at wedding times. It is considered, rather unjustly, that an invitation to a wedding stands for continued friendship in the new life; so the slighted are doubly sensitive. The bride has need of all the policy, tact and kindliness she can command not to make enemies.

There are three ways to compromise on wedding invitations and still keep peace. First, invite only the immediate families of the bride and bridegroom, and send announcement cards to friends and acquaintances. If the connection be large, it may be necessary to limit invitations to the wedding to first cousins. The second way is to have a church wedding with relatives and bridal party only at the reception. The third way is to have a private ceremony with one's dearest friends, and as large a reception as the house will hold. This last method is growing in favor.

If you have a reception only for the relatives and bridal party do not send reception cards to out-of-town friends under the impression that they will not come. They may. Besides it is in bad taste and is sure to be found out.

A wedding reception demands an answer, but as people are careless and caterers come high, it is safer to put R. S. V. P. on your cards In ordering the wedding breakfast, allow for two-thirds of those invited, unless most of the invitations have gone out of town when a one-half limit may be safe.

Have an alphabet book for presents and a system of double checking so no gift can go unacknowledged. Open each gift singly and mark gift, sender, address and name and address of store on a sheet of paper before the next package is opened.

VIRTUES IN VARIOUS GEMS.

There is hardly a precious stone that has not some superstition connected with it. The Neapolitans still wear amulets of coral to avert the evil eye and perhaps some will remember wearing a string of amber beads about their necks during their childhood to ward off sore throats. A piece of agate worn on the person is supposed to be an infallible guard against lightning and some persons have asserted that it was also a cure for thirst—what kind they did not mention.

The beryl was by the ancients supposed to be a sure cure for leprosy and to promote happiness between man and wife. Turquoise is said to be a protection against falls and sudden injuries. The topas was highly prized by the ancients, who believed that it had magical powers of dispelling enchantments and calming frenzy.

The sapphire was believed by the ancients to be emblematic of chastity. The pagans dedicated it to Apollo. The green emerald is held in high esteem by the Peruvian and the worshipers of Mantu still believe that the mines whence are extracted all emeralds are guarded by terrible genii and dragons.

Perhaps more superstition attaches itself to the opal nowadays than to any other stone. On the contrary, the ancients considered that this fiery gem had the power of rendering its owner lovable and also of bestowing on him the gift of invisibility.

THE QUEEN'S CAKE.

Sixteen eggs, one pound almonds, one-half cupful cracker crumbs, one teaspoonful baking powder, rind of one lemon, juice of one-half lemon.

Directions.—Beat the yolks and sugar well together. Grind the almonds through the chopper, also the crackers; mix all, with the grated rind of lemon, carefully together. Beat whites of nine eggs and cut these into the mixture very carefully, with the baking powder. Bake in a long pan three-quarters hour. Beat the remaining whites very light with one cupful of sugar and lemon juice; take a handful of nuts from the pound, blanch, cut and sprinkle over the top; put into the oven until a delicate brown; fresh-grated cocoanut may be sprinkled; also. This is a most delicious cake, and you need have no fears because there is no flavor in it. If directions are carefully followed it will be just right.

DAILY FASHION HINTS BY MAY MANTON

7700 Fancy Blouse, 34 to 40 bust.

WITH LONG OR ELBOW SLEEVES, WITH OR WITHOUT FRILLS AND CHEMISETTE.

The blouse with open neck and wide collar is the favorite just now. This one is prettily full below a yoke. It is finished with two little box plaits at the front edges and, when a dressy effect is wanted, frills can be arranged under the plaits. There is a separate chemisette, too, that can be worn when needed while the sleeves can be made either to the wrists or to the elbows, so that, while the model is a very simple one, it provides a number of variations. In the illustration, there are button-holes worked through the center of each box plait and the closing is effected by means of links passed through these button-holes. Clever women will be quick to see that the frills can be attached to a band and buttoned into place, so becoming removable, and the blouse can be worn with frills or without as occasion demands becomes doubly useful.

Blouses such as this one can be made of charmeuse satin, crepe de chine or any simple silk, or it can be made of any simple material with skirt to match if the entire gown is wanted.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3½ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with ⅝ yard 36 inches wide for the frill, ⅜ yard 27 for the collar and cuffs and ⅜ yard 18 for the chemisette.

The pattern of the blouse 7700 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure. It will be mailed any address by the Pattern Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

PATTERN NO. 7700.

UPON RECEIPT OF 10c. THE PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE AMERICAN Will send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name.....

No..... Street.....

Town..... State.....

Measurement—Waist..... Bust.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

All orders for patterns, accompanied with 10c. for each, must be addressed to Pattern Department, Baltimore American, Baltimore, Md.

Putts Co

LEXINGTON AT PARK

Retiring From Business

Only A Few Days Left

In Which Everything Will Be Closed Out At

½ The Regular Price

Take anything in the house by paying just ½ the amount on the plain figure attached price card.

There Remains a Good Stock of Such Splendid Lines As:

Solid Gold Jewelry
Silverware
Fine Chinaware
Clocks
Leather Goods
Cutlery
Gas and Electric Domes
Portables, Etc.
Fine Haviland China
Dinnerware in several choice decorations
Splendid lot of fine Hammocks, etc.
Choice selections in fine Toys, such as
Hand Cars
Velocipedes
Wagons
Dolls, etc.

Everything Cash==Nothing Sent C.O.D.

AN IDEAL BUST

is woman's chief charm, her most wonderful fascination, nature's greatest gift.

WriteToday For NewestTreatment

You can Have an Ideal Bust, No Matter How Flat, Thin, Bony, Flabby or Shrunken Your Figure May Be. Let Us Send You Free All We Offer—Free. The Famous Madame Mozelle Bust Developing Treatment Works Like Magic.

A Fascinating Woman With An Ideal Bust.

Develop Your Bust Quickly This New Way

Thin and homely women may become beautiful, perfectly developed, with a gloriously luxuriant bust by this wonderful new treatment, which quickly enlarges the bust, beautifies the skin, fills out hollow and scraggy necks and develops the bosom into the sublime perfection of womanhood in full bloom. Flat-chested, uninteresting women made fascinating; flabby, flaccid busts made firm and exquisitely rounded; scrawny necks and shoulders filled out and made beautiful, graceful and alluring. The Madame Mozelle Bust Developing Treatment is something entirely different. IT IS NEW IN AMERICA, ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS, and guaranteed to develop the bust quickly. It is different from all others. No massage, no cuppings, no vibrators, no rollers, no poisonous lotions or worthless creams, no vapor or hot water baths, no cold water douches, no book of rules, no medicines, no internal treatment or injections, but a safe, delightful, effective compound treatment that will give you such a development as you have craved with your whole heart.

Write at Once for All We Offer Free and Learn of Quick, Safe, New Treatment.

All we send free will be sent prepaid under plain sealed cover. No one need know that you are taking our treatment, as you can use it secretly in your own private room. Do not delay, because one application will convince you of its merit. As soon as it is applied you will feel ALMOST INSTANTLY its beneficent effect and note the tingling, exhilarating action it exerts on the bust, forerunner of the splendid development it will give you. Write today, if you really desire to develop your bust quickly. Don't send any money. **MADAME MOZELLE CO. Suite 228, 1345 Wazee St., Denver, Colo.**

A DAUGHTER OF THE MARIONIS

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

(Copyright By Little, Brown & Co.)

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Margharita, there is no poison in the world like that which I send you in this letter. The merest grain of it is sufficient, in wine or water, or food of any sort. There is no art of medicine which could detect it—no means by which the death, which will surely follow, can be averted; so you run no risk, my child! Bide your time, and then—then!

"Margharita, I am coming to you. Nay, do not be alarmed, I run no risk. I shall come disguised, and no one will know me, but I must see something of the end with my own eyes, or half its sweetness would be untasted. I would see her face and die! I would trace, day by day, the workings of the poison; and in the last moments of her agony I would reveal myself, and would point to my withered frame and the hand of death upon my forehead, and cry out to her that the Order of the White Hyacinth had kept its vow. I would have her eyes meet mine as the mists of death closed in upon her. I would have her know that the oath of a Marioni, in friendship or in hate, in protection or in vengeance, is one with his honor. This may not be, Margharita! I cannot see all this! I cannot even stand by her bedside for a moment and show her my face, that she might know whose hand it is which has stricken her down. Yet, I must be near! Fear not but that I shall manage it safely! I would not bring danger or the shadow of danger upon you, my beloved!

"I leave Rome tonight, and I leave it with joy. You cannot imagine how inexpressibly sad it has been for me to find myself in the place where the greater part of my youth—my too ambitious youth was spent. All is changed and strange to me. There are new streets and many innovations which puzzle me; and although my friends are kind, 25 years have crushed our sympathies. To them I am like a sad figure from a bygone world, a Banquo at the feast, something to pity a little—no more. I am nothing to anybody beyond that. I am a wearisome old man whose mind is a blank, and who only cumbers the way. Ah, well, it is not for long. The day of my desire is at hand, and God has given me you, Margharita, to accomplish it, and to close my eyes in peace. Bless you, my dear, dear child! You have sweetened the end of a marred and wretched life! Yours has been an angel's task, and you will have an angel's reward.

"We shall meet before long, but of the manner of our meeting I cannot tell you yet. Till then adieu!—Yours in hope,

"LEONARDO DI MARIONI.

"P. S.—I forgot to say that the whole of the poison, or even half a teaspoonful, would produce sudden and abrupt death. Just a pinch, administered twice, perhaps, in order to be quite secure, would be sufficient."

Enclosed in the letter was the oblong envelope he spoke of, which I carefully opened. It contained only a small quantity of pale pink powder, which emitted a faint pungent odor. I locked it up in my desk, and destroyed the letter.

All my strength had returned. I felt myself free from the madness of this overmastering love. Another passion for the moment had taken its place. The vision of that old man, wandering about the streets of Rome, with a sad, weary heart and tottering limbs out of touch with the time, a figure for a half-contemptuous pity; that is the picture which I saw steadily before me to nerve my heart and purpose, and well it succeeded.

The second bell roused me from my thoughts. I hastily rose from my chair and attired myself in the plainest gown which I possessed. I unlocked my desk and thrust the little packet into my pocket. Then, without jewelry or flowers, and with my hair plainly coiled upon my head I went downstairs.

They had commenced dinner when I arrived, and Lord Lumley glanced reproachfully at me as I took my seat. From the sudden silence directly I entered, I imagined they had been talking of me, and I made my excuses with a momentary nervousness. There was something unusual in the air. It seemed to me that Lady St. Maurice was regarding me with a new and kindly interest. She said nothing, as I had dreaded she would, of my long absence from the house, and Lord St. Maurice, with a courtesy unusual even for him, rose when I entered, and motioning the butler away, himself held my chair. What did it all mean? At another time I might have wondered more, but just then there were other thoughts in my mind. Should I have an opportunity to commit my crime that night? I feared not.

I gave no one any chance for sentimental conversation during dinner time, for I talked more than usual and in a lighter vein. I wanted nothing said which could bring back to my memory that wild scene on the cliffs, or the hours of agony which I had been through. All such things were of the past. I desired to be able to look back upon them as upon some strange night dream—fair enough of itself, but gone with the first breath of morning. To my relief, the others, too, avoided the subject. There was nothing said about Lord Lumley's escape which even bordered upon the pathetic.

Dinner, which seemed to me to last longer than usual, came to an end at last. I had planned to make some excuse to the countess and leave the drawing-room before Lord Lumley could follow, but, as I had half expected that he might, Lord Lumley accompanied us there without waiting to smoke. To my surprise, Lady St. Maurice, before I could frame an excuse to her for my own departure, left us alone. Lord Lumley held the door open for her, and it seemed to me that a meaning glance passed between them. It was beyond my understanding. I could only see that my plans were frustrated, and that I must prepare for another struggle.

He shut the door carefully, and then came back and stood over me. I looked at him calmly. How could he read the agony in my heart.

"I am waiting for my answer, Margharita!" he said simply.

"You have had the only answer which I can ever give you, Lord Lumley!" I answered—"No!"

Then he did a thing which sounds very absurd, but which did not indeed seem so. He sank on one knee and took possession of my hand. I was on a low chair, and his face now was on a level with mine.

"Margharita, my love," he whispered, 'no' is an answer which I shall never take. Yesterday I went away and left you, today I am wiser. Nothing can undo those few minutes on the cliffs, dearest. You love me! Ah! you cannot deny it! Have I not read it in your face and in your eyes? Take back your 'no,' Margharita. By the memory of those few minutes, you are mine forever! You have not the power or the right to deny yourself to me. You are mine! You belong to me!"

I shrank back. I began to be frightened at his earnestness—at the note of triumph in his voice. How strong and masterful he was. Should I be able to hold out against him? Only my will and the memory of a wasted life against my heart and such pleading as this. It was a hard, unequal battle.

"Margharita, I love you all the more that you are not lightly won!" he continued, drawing me closer to him—almost into his arms. "Listen! I believe that I have some idea as to the reason of your answer. You think, perhaps, that my people might not be willing. You are proud—too proud. Tell me, is this not so?"

"A governess is no fitting wife for you. You should choose one from amongst the noblewomen of your country. I——"

He interrupted me. If I had not drawn back quickly he would have stopped my lips with a kiss.

"No one in this world could be as fit as you, for it is you, and you only, whom I love. But listen! I have spoken to my mother. I have told her."

"You have told her what?" I cried.

"That I love you. That I have asked you to be my wife."

"What did she say?"

"What a true woman and good mother should say; that if you were indeed my choice, then she was ready to welcome you as her daughter, and my wife."

"You cannot mean it!" I cried. "She knows nothing of me, and I am penniless."

"She knows that I love you, and that would be sufficient, dearest. But, as it happens, she knew more about you than I did. From her I learned, for the first time, that your mother came from a family which was great and noble before ours was ever founded. She told me a sad story of your uncle, Margharita, which you, too, doubtless know of, and she seemed glad to think that our marriage would be, in a certain sense, an act of poetic justice. She told me, too, Margharita, that if your uncle died unmarried, you could, if you chose, take his name and call yourself the Countess di Marioni. Why sweetheart, I am not sure that I ought to aspire to the hand of so great a lady."

"Your mother, the Countess of St. Maurice, told you all this? She desires our marriage? She knows what you are asking me?" I repeated breathlessly.

"Most certainly! Shall I call her? She will tell you so herself."

"Do not speak to me for a moment, please."

I was an idiot, but I could not help it. I buried my head in the sofa cushion, and sobbed. Everything seemed fighting against me, to make my purpose more difficult.

I think that tears have a softening effect. I had steeled my heart against my lover, and yet he conquered. I felt his strong arms around me, and his lips were pressed against my wet cheeks. Oh! for strength to thrust him from me—to deny my love, but I could not.

Why should I try to recall his words? Nay! if I could, I would not set them down here! I felt every fiber of my nature glowing with delight as I listened; ever chord seemed quivering with heart-stirring music. I had give up all idea of resistance. A strange drowsy peace had stolen in upon me. One of his arms was around my waist and my hand was imprisoned in his. So we sat, and the moments became golden.

Interruption came at last. The door opened, and Lady St. Maurice entered. My love rose at once, still holding my hand.

"Mother," he said. "Margharita has made me very happy. Will you speak to her?"

She came to us and bent over me, her face looking very soft and sweet in the shaded light. In another moment she would have kissed me. I sprang to my feet, pale with horror.

"No, no, it cannot be!" I cried. "I am not fit to be his wife—to be anybody's wife! Lady St. Maurice, will you not tell him so for me? Let me go away!"

She looked surprised at my agitation, but she little guessed its cause. How was she to know anything of that little packet which seemed to be burning a hole in my heart?

"No! I will not tell him that!" she said, smiling. "He loves you, and I believe that you are worthy of his love. That is quite sufficient. I shall be glad to have you for a daughter, Margharita."

Lord Lumley thanked her with a look and took her hand. They stood together on the hearthrug, and I was on the other side facing the window. Suddenly my heart gave a great leap, and the color died out of my face. Pressed against the dark pane I could see a pale, white face watching us. It was the face of my uncle, Count di Marioni.

I stood swaying backwards and forwards for a moment, sick and dizzy with the horror of it. My eyes grew dim, and a mist seemed to fill the room. Then I felt myself sink back into my lover's arms and memory became a blank. I had fainted.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE DAY'S RESPITE.

The sun has risen upon the last day which I shall spend on earth; and I sit down calmly to write all that happened to me yesterday, and my reason for the step which I am about to take.

It is a fair still morning, and the birds are singing gaily in the grove. My window is open, and the early freshness of the autumnal air is filling the room. For hours I have been on my bed there, hot and restless, praying for the dawn, that I might carry out my purpose; and as soon as the first faint gleam of light in the east broke through the dark night clouds, I arose and bathed my eyes and sat down here to wait. I have watched the sun rise up from the ocean, slowly gathering strength until its first quivering beams glanced across the dull grey sea, and even penetrated into my chamber. And with the dawn has come peace. I sit here calm and prepared for the trial to come.

It was the evening before yesterday when I saw my uncle's face pressed against the window-pane and fainted with the shock. Early on the following morning a note from him was brought up to me, having been left by a messenger from the village. Here it is:

"My Beloved Margharita—Many a time have I reproached myself for my imprudence last night, and the effects which I fear it had upon you. It was thoughtless and rash of me to come near the house at all; but, indeed, I meant only to watch from a safe distance; only, as I crouched behind a shrub upon the lawn, I saw her face, and the sight drew me nearer against my better judgment. I met your eyes, and I knew that you were overcome with fright; but I feared to linger lest they might ask what it was that alarmed you, and seek for me. And although I fancy that I am altered past recognition, yet I would run no risks.

"I, too, had a great surprise, Margharita. You will not wonder what I mean by that when I tell you that in the light which streamed from the uncurtained window everything in the room was distinctly visible to me. Was I dreaming, child, or were you indeed assenting to the embrace of the man whose arms were surely around you? Him, I could not see, for his back was turned to the window; but will you laugh at me, I wonder, if I tell you that I felt strangely jealous of him. I am a foolish old man, Margharita, but all the love of my heart is yours and I had begun almost to look upon you—in my thoughts—as my own child. I cannot bear the thought of giving you up to any one. You will not think me very, very selfish. I have only a few more months to live, and I know that you will not grudge that much out of your future, that you will stay by me to the end. Afterwards, I have no wish save for your happiness; and although I must confess that I had hoped you might have married one of the sons of our own country, still it is you who must choose, and I owe you, or shall owe you soon, too great a debt to press upon you any desire of mine which is not at one with your wishes. But tell me this—Is he an Englishman? Alas! I fear so. Send me a word by the bearer, and tell me; tell me, too, of what family he is, and whether he is noble. But of that I feel already assured, if he be indeed the man to whom your love is given.

"You must surely have sustained a shock at my sudden and rash appearance. Doubtless you wonder at seeing me here at all. I could not keep away. I must have news day by day, almost hour by hour. It is all that keeps me alive. I must be near to feel that I am breathing the same air as the woman on whom a long-delayed vengeance is about to fall.

"I have taken a furnished cottage on the outskirts of this village, and a little more than a mile from Mallory Grange. But do not come to me. Dearly as I would love to have you talk to me, and hear from your own lips that all goes well, yet at present it were better not. I will devise some means of communication, and let you know of it shortly. I am living here as Mr. Angus.

"Yours ever,

"L. M."

I folded up this letter with a shudder, and sitting down dashed off my reply. It is here:

"My Dear Uncle—I am a culprit—a miserable, pleading culprit. It is true that I love an Englishman—the man who was standing by my side last night; and it is true that he has asked me to marry him. But I have not told him so, and I have not promised to marry him. That is not all of my confession. Not only is he an Englishman, but his name is Lord Lumley St. Maurice, and he is—her son.

To be Continued Tomorrow.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE

Advice Given Mother in Regard to Young Daughter, Proves Valuable to Daughter Even After Marriage.

Pollock, Tex.—"When I was a girl, about 14 years of age," writes Mrs. Winnie Delaney, of this town, "I was in awfully bad health. I tried different treatments, but they did me no good.

A friend advised my mother to give me Cardui, the woman's tonic. She gave me one bottle, and it straightened me out all right.

I did not have any more trouble until after I was married. I had several bad spells then, but I began taking Cardui again, and my health started to improving right away.

I can safely recommend Cardui to all women sufferers, as I think it is the greatest woman's medicine on earth.

You may publish this letter if you wish."

Cardui is good for young girls, as well as older women, because it contains pure, harmless, vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the delicate womanly organs. It is a tonic prepared exclusively for women.

For more than 50 years Cardui has been in widely extended use, by women of all ages, and has given entire satisfaction, as a remedy for rebuilding womanly health and strength.

You can rely on Cardui. It will do for you what it has done for thousands of others. It will help you.

Begin to take Cardui, today.

N. B.—*Write to*: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for *Special Instructions* on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper.

THE LEADER — THE LEADER

50c Boys' Pants, 29c

Knickerbocker and Bloomer Pants; well made of serviceable woolens, in good patterns; 7 to 16 year size.

25c and 29c Boys' Pants, 15c

Bloomer Pants of good weight, dark, well-woven wool cloth; 4 to 14 year sizes. —Third Floor.

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CAHN, COBLENS CO.

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$1 Boys' Wool Serge Pants, 59c

Of hard, double and twist Indigo Blue, firm and good weight. ALL-WOOL SERGES. Bloomer styles; stoutly made and full cut, 5 to 15 year sizes.

Men Who Know Our Trousers Sales

Will Welcome This Important Economy News!

Twice a Year We Take Over the Season's Entire Surplus Stock

Of the MT. VERNON PANTS CO., Manufacturers, 316 West Baltimore St., City

TODAY WE START HERE THE MT. VERNON

Semi-Annual SALE OF High-Grade Desirable TROUSERS

For Men & Boys At 50c and 60c ON THE DOLLAR OF ACTUAL Worth & Regular Selling Prices

These Trousers Have Been Made With the Greatest Care for Discriminating Trade, and Not for "Sale" Purposes.

ALL ARE OF DEPENDABLE FABRICS, honestly tailored and are shapely, perfect fitting and thoroughly serviceable.

Regular, stout and slim sizes. Waists, 28 to 48 inches and 28 to 38 in-seam. ALTERATIONS, if necessary, made FREE OF CHARGE.

$1.50 Men's & Youths' Trousers 75c

The most amazing offer of the year. A big collection of samples and the ones, twos and threes of a kind. Stylish, excellently made Trousers of good wool material in desirable colors and patterns; also Blue Serges. Trousers that could not be duplicated elsewhere under $1.50. For only 75c.

$1.75 and $2.00 Men's Trousers 95c

You will find these Trousers an agreeable surprise and the greatest pants bargains you have ever known. Fine materials, including Corduroy, Worsted effects, Tweeds, Cheviots, etc.; excellent workmanship and perfect fit and finish embodied in every pair.

$2.50 Men's and Youths' Trousers $1.55

Strong statements, we know, but there will be no disappointment. You cannot go wrong on any pair you may choose from the entire lot, which presents a variety of Trousers suited for most any service. Fair average samples in Howard Street Window—hundreds of others in Clothing Section.

$3.50 and $4.00 Men's Trousers $1.85

High-Grade Trousers of extra fine Indigo Navy Blue Serges, Worsteds, Cheviots and Velours in choicest colorings and patterns. Heavy and medium weights. Trousers that will meet the needs of the vast majority of men. You will appreciate this bargain at sight. —Third Floor.

$4.00 and $4.50 Men's Trousers $2.35

Perfection in Superb Trousers of elegant materials, including finest Blue Serges, Worsteds, Cheviots and Velours, in beautiful and exclusive effects; made with highest-class expert merchant-tailor workmanship, they possess a shapeliness and "class" to delight the most exacting man.

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PERFECTION IN FINE TROUSERS.

Very highest-grade Worsteds, Serges and Cheviots in the choicest of new and tasteful patterns, including many dressy and handsome novelty weaves. Staple and odd colorings. The tailoring, fit and finish are of the best custom-made standard.

THE LEADER — THE LEADER

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Ladies' Apparel Shop

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FRIDAY'S BEST AND BIGGEST BARGAINS

$25.00 to $35.00 Evening Coats Friday for	$19.98
$20.00 Velvet Dresses Friday for	$15.98
$15.00 Wool Ratine Dresses Friday for	$11.98
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$12.00 Corduroy Dresses Friday for	$7.98
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$20.00 to $25.00 Tailored Suits Friday for	$15.75
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It's the shop back of the advertisement that makes the bargain best and biggest!

Coal and Wood

BOX FACTORY KINDLING WOOD, $2.50 per load, delivered. We mean the largest one-horse load in the city. 2101 BOSTON STREET. Wolfe 1719-M. Ph. Factory, Wolfe 1915. d28-d&Slm

COAL AND WOOD

AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

E. S. BRADY & CO.

LAURENS AND MONROE STREETS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS.

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WE NEED YOUR ORDER.

Buy Hand-cut Kindling Wood and give work to homeless unemployed men. ja7-d&Slm

CHESAPEAKE COAL

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HARD No. 1	$7.25
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