THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

By Vaughan Kester
Author of The Prodigal Judge

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"He bled like a stuck pig!" said one of the men at last. He was a ragged slouching creature with a splotched and bloated face half hidden by a bristling red beard. He glanced at Gilmore for an uncertain instant out of a pair of small shifty eyes. "It's murder, ain't it, boss?" he added.

"No doubt about that, Joe!" rejoined the gambler.

"I suppose it was robbery?" said the other man, who had not spoken before.

"Very likely," answered the colonel. "We have not examined the place, however; we shall wait for the proper officials."

"Who do you want, colonel?"

"Coroner Taylor, and I suppose the sheriff," replied Harbison.

The man nodded.

"All right, I'll bring them; and say, what about the prosecuting attorney?" as he turned to leave.

"Yes, bring Moxlow, too, if you can find him."

The man hurried from the room. Gilmore leaned against the counter and smoked imperturbably. Joe Montgomery, with his great slouching shoulders arched, and his grimy hands buried deep in his trousers pockets, stared at the dead man in stolid wonder. Colonel Harbison's glance sought the same object but with a sensitive shrinking as from an ugly brutal thing. A clock ticked loudly in the office; there was the occasional fall of cinders from the grate of the rusted stove that heated the place; these were sounds that neither Gilmore nor the colonel had heard before. Presently a lean black cat stole from the office and sprang upon the counter; it purred softly.

"Hello, puss!" said the gambler, putting out a hand. The cat stole closer. "I guess I'll have to take you home with me, eh? This ain't a place for unprotected females!" The cat crept back and forth under his caressing touch.

At the street door Shrimplin appeared and disappeared, now his head was thrust into the room, and now his nose was flattened against the dingy show windows; from neither point could he quite command the view he desired nor could he bring himself to enter the building; then he vanished entirely, but after a brief interval they heard his voice. He was evidently speaking with some one in the street. A little crowd was rapidly gathering about him, but it disintegrated almost immediately, his listeners abandoning him to hurry into the store.

"You must stand back, all of you!" said the colonel. "Unless you are very careful you may destroy important evidence!"

The crowd assembled itself silently for the most part; here and there a man removed his hat, or made some whispered comment, or asked some eager low-voiced question of Gilmore or the colonel. Men stood on boxes, or nail kegs and on counters. Except for the little circle left about the dead man on the floor, every vantage point of observation was soon occupied. It was scarcely half an hour since Shrimplin had fallen speechless into Colonel Harbison's arms, yet fully 200 men had gathered in that long room or were struggling about the door to gain admittance to it.

At a suggestion from Harbison, the gambler, followed by Joe, elbowed his way to the front door, which in spite of the protest of those outside, he clased and locked. A moment later, however, he opened it to admit Dr. Taylor, the coroner, and Conklin, the sheriff. The latter instantly set about clearing the room.

Gilmore and the colonel remained with the officials and during the succeeding 10 minutes the gambler, who had kept his post at the door, opened it to Moxlow, young Watt Harbison and two policemen.

As the coroner finished his examination of the body, the sound of wheels was heard in the Square and an undertaker's wagon drew up to the door. The murdered man was placed on a stretcher and covered with a black cloth, then four men raised the stretcher and for the last time the old merchant passed out under his creaking sign into the night.

"I've agreed to watch at the house, Andy," said Colonel Harbison. "I want you and Watt to come with me."

The gambler lighted a fresh cigar and the three men left the store.

On the Square groups of men discussed the murder. Though none were permitted to enter the store, the windows afforded occasional glimpses of the little group of officials within, until a policeman closed and fastened the heavy wooden shutters. Then the crowd slowly and reluctantly dispersed.

Meanwhile the town marshal, under cover of the excitement, had descended on the gas house, where tramps congregated of winter nights for warmth and shelter. Here he found shivering over a can of beer, two homeless wretches, whom he arrested as suspicious characters. After this, official activity languished, for the official mind could think of nothing more to do.

With the scattering of the crowd on the Square, Shrimplin climbed into his cart and drove off home. The smother of wind-driven snow still enveloped the town, the very air seemed charged with mystery and horror, and before the little lamplighter's eyes was ever the haunting vision of the murdered man.

He drove into the alley back of his house, unhitched Bill and led him into the barn. His torch made the gloom of the place more terrifying than utter darkness would have been. Suppose the murderer should be hiding there! Mr. Shrimplin's mind fastened on the haymow as the most likely place of concealment, and the cold sweat ran from him in icy streams; he could almost see the murderer's evil eyes fixed upon him from the blackness above. But at last Bill was stripped of his harness, and the little lamplighter, escaping from the barn with its fancied terrors, hurried across his small backyard to his kitchen door.

"Well!" said Mrs. Shrimplin, as he entered the room. "I was beginning to wonder if you'd ever think it worth your while to come home!"

"What's the bell been ringing for?" asked Custer. Mrs. Shrimplin was seated by the table, which was littered with her sewing; Custer occupied his usual chair by the stove, and it was evident that they knew nothing of the tragedy in which Mr. Shrimplin had played so important, and as he now felt, so worthy a part.

"I suppose I've been out quite a time, and I may say I've seen times, too! I guess there ain't no one in the town fitter to say they seen times than just me!"

The light and comfort of his own pleasant kitchen had quite restored Mr. Shrimplin.

"I may say I seen times!" he repeated significantly. "There's something doing in this here old town after all! I take back a heap of the hard things I've said about it; a feller can scare up a little excitement if he knows where to look for it. I ain't bragging none, but I guiss you'll hear my name mentioned—I guess you'll even seen it in print in the newspapers!" He warmed his cold hands over the stove. "Throw in a little more coal, sonny; I'm half froze, but I guess that's the worst any one can say of me!"

"You make much of it, whatever it is," said Mrs. Shrimplin.

"Maybe I do and maybe I don't," equivocated Mr. Shrimplin genially.

"Maybe you're not above telling a body what kept you out half the night?" inquired his wife.

"If you done and seen what I've did and saw," replied Mr. Shrimplin impressively, "you'd look for a little respect in your own home."

"I'd be a heap quicker tell about it," said Mrs. Shrimplin.

Mr. Shrimplin turned to Custer.

"I guess you're thinking it was a burglar; but, sonny, it wasn't no burglar—so you got another guess coming to you," he concluded benevolently.

"I know!" cried Custer. "Some one's been killed!"

"Exactly!" said Mr. Shrimplin with increasing benevolence. "Some one has been killed!"

"You done it!" cried Custer.

"I found the party," admitted Mr. Shrimplin with calm dignity.

"Oh!" But perhaps Custer's first emotion was the whole one of disappointment.

"How you talk!" said Mrs. Shrimplin.

"I reckon I might say more, most any one would," retorted Mr. Shrimplin quietly. "It was old man McBride—some one's murdered him for his money; I never seen the town so on end over anything before, but whoever wants to be well posted's got to come to me for the particulars. I seen the old man before Colonel Harbison seen him, I seen him before Andy Gilmore seen him, I seen him before the coroner seen him, or the sheriff or any one seen him! I was on the spot ahead of 'em all. If any one wants to know how he looked just after he was killed, they got to come to me to find out. Colonel Harbison can't tell em, and Andy Gilmore can't tell 'em; it's only me knows them particulars!"

The effect of this stirring declaration was quite all he had hoped for. Out of the tail of his eye he saw that Mrs. Shrimplin was, as she afterward freely confessed, taken aback. As for Custer, he had forgotten his disappointment that a death by violence had occurred for which his father was not directly responsible.

"Did you see the man that killed old Mr. McBride?" asked Custer, breaking the breathless spell that was upon him.

"No; if I'd been just about 15 minutes sooner I'd have seen him; but I was just about that much too late, sonny. I guess he's a whole lot better off, though."

"What would you have done if you'd seen him?" Custer's voice sank to a whisper.

"Well, I don't pack a gun for nothing. If I'd seen him there, he'd had to go 'round to the jail with me. I guess I could have coaxed him there; I was ready for to offer extra inducements!"

"And does everybody know you seen old Mr. McBride the first of any?" asked Custer.

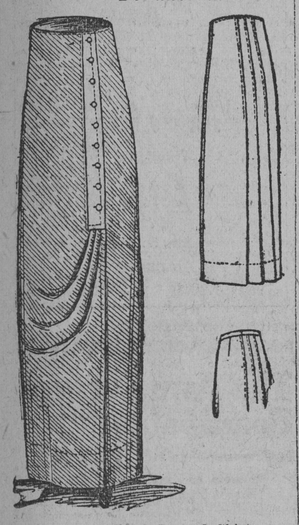
"I guess they do; I ain't afraid about that. Colonel Harbison's too much of a gentleman to claim any credit that ain't his; he'd be the first one to own up that he don't deserve no credit."

"What took you into McBride's store? You hadn't no errand there." Mrs. Shrimplin was a careful and acquisitive wife.

"I allow I made an errand there," said Mr. Shrimplin bridling. "I reckon many another man might have thought he hadn't no errand there either, but I feel different about them things. I was just turned into the Square when along comes young John North——"

To be Continued Tomorrow.

DAILY FASHION HINTS
BY MAY MANTON



7780 Four-Piece Draped Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

Every variation of the draped skirt is fashionable. This one shows a draped front with straight lines at the back and is in the very height of style, that combination being one of the newest and smartest. The plaits at the back are pressed, so flat that they preserve the slender outline, yet they allow freedom in walking. The little trimming strap allows effective use of contrasting material. Here it is made of broadcloth, while the skirt is of diagonal serge. It is narrow and straight at its edges, however, and soft finished linen would be handsome made in this way with a strip of embroidery for the trimming, or one of the new voiles would be pretty with lace, and all suiting materials are appropriate. The finish can be made at either the high or the natural waist line.

For the medium size, the skirt will require 4¾ yards of material 27, 4¼ yards 36 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard 4½ inches wide for the trimming strap. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards or 1⅞ yards when the plaits are laid.

The pattern of the skirt 7780 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Pattern Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

PATTERN No. 7780.

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 miss' 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 miss' 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, Maryland.

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KNABE WAREROOMS

Park Ave.——and——Fayette St.

FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Working Girls and the Minimum Wage—Talk of Girls Being Worth So Little and Men Worth So Much a Bluff—Not a Matter of Charity to Be Given a Chance to Earn Your Own Living.

BY WINIFRED BLACK.

There now, girls, run home and hide in the closet. They are really cross with you, the business men are.

Here they hire you and let you work nine hours and over a day for them, fine you every time you look around, make you pay for the water you drink, pay you $4 a week, and here you go appearing before the vice commission and tell them all about it.

Ungrateful minxes that you are, don't you know that it was never intended to let the public know the inside of big business that way?

How can a mere nobody of an everyday man understand the ins and outs of a great enterprise which employs a thousand girls in just one department.

Told all you knew, did you? Well, maybe you think you are going to go right on doing that and keep your jobs, but you never were more mistaken in your lives. They are cross with you, really cross, and they've been telling the papers all about it.

"Minimum wages!" snorted one of the big business men at the vice probe meeting the other day. "Minimum wage for girls! Well, I think not. If they talk that sort of thing much more I will turn every girl in my place adrift and hire men. I guess that will teach them something. If I've got to pay men's wages I'll get men to do the work. Twelve dollars a week will give me all the men I want and I'll get them, too, if I hear much more of this rot about a minimum wage scale."

There now, girls, I told you they were getting mad. Don't laugh—he's serious. It's no laughing matter to have people asking you questions about how you expect a girl to live decently on $4 a week—and other impudent questions about your business.

Twelve dollars a week for men—good men, competent clerks. It's hard to keep a straight face, isn't it? How many competent men would work for that very long? I'd like to ask. Wouldn't you, girls?

And what sort of service would they give if they did work? Men at the notion counter, men selling hats, men at the lingerie bargain square, men telling all about initial handkerchiefs, men selling corsets to slim women and brassieres to fat women, men advising you whether to wear knickers or pettiskirts with certain frocks, men helping you to decide between an old pink tea gown and a flowered negligee, men showing the last thing in hair bows. Tut, tut, Mr. Business Man, you really are a little funny and you'll have to excuse us if we smile just a little bit.

Girls, it's all a bluff, this talk of girls being worth so little and men being worth so much—just a plain, old-fashioned bluff.

Take stenographers. The man stenographers used to be the thing. You don't see one in a hundred now.

Brother Johnnie stays up so late nights his hands tremble too much for good dictation the next day. Brother Willie upsets his nerves so with cigarettes that he isn't worth a cent after 10 in the morning. Brother Tommie is always either just getting over too many highballs or just getting ready for too many gin rickeys, or whatever is the drink most in vogue in his particular set. Sister Mary goes to bed at 10. Sister Ann takes a nice tub and toddles to dreamland, while Tommie is just starting his evening. Sister Julia boils her own coffee and has creamy eggs and a roll in comfort, while Brother Johnnie is filling himself with indigestion at a cheap restaurant. Brother Willie might be a better stenographer than Sister Kate if he'd give his nervous system a chance to do a little normal work, but he won't, so Sister Kate has decidedly the better of him, and the practical business man is finding this out, and Sister Kate can get just as good wages now as brother if she'll just have the good sense to ask for them as a matter of course.

Ten years ago you could count the women buyers of any account on the fingers of your hands and then have the thumbs left over. Today the woman buyer is the thing all over the world. She can catch the fast train as well as the man, and she can tell what women will like a good deal better than most men—that's why she's getting $10,000 a year and investing it.

It's not a matter of charity to be "given a chance to earn your own living," little girl. You'll earn it, all right, or you'll make room for some one who can and will earn it. Don't worry about that another minute.

And, whisper! When the market is full of men who'll work cheerfully for $12 a week selling women's clothes to women you can begin to look blue. Till then remember it takes two people to make a bargain—a buyer and a seller—and the one who sells has just as much right to look facts in the face as the one who buys.

I wouldn't worry about the business men being cross. It's good for the constitution to get cross once in a while, they say, and I'd go right on working for my "minimum wage scale" just as if nobody ever thought of being cross about anything.

You need business men, but don't forget this—the business men need you, too, and that somehow seems to put quite another face on the matter, doesn't it?

DIDN'T THINK COULD LIVE

Mrs. Mitchell Was Given Up to Die. Health Had Been a Wreck for Years.

Morgantown, N. C.,—"My health had been a complete wreck for years," says Mrs. C. C. Mitchell, of this city.

"When I was only 16 years old, I commenced to suffer. I caught cold, and it went into a fever.

I stayed in bad health, and though I used all kinds of medicine, I got no relief, until I tried Cardui, the woman's tonic.

Cardui cured me. It is the best medicine I ever used. I cannot praise it enough.

Then, some time ago, I was taken down again very bad. The doctors all said I could not live, and they gave me up. I used Cardui, and was greatly relieved. Now I am entirely well.

Cardui is a good medicine, and worth its weight in gold! I will keep it in my home all the time, as I do not want to be without it."

If you are weak, tired, worn-out, or suffer from any of the pains peculiar to women, such as headache, backache, pains in sides, or limbs, or any other symptoms of womanly trouble, you should begin taking Cardui, the woman's tonic, without delay.

It has benefited more than a million women in the past half century, and it will help you, too.

Try Cardui.

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.

GRAPEFRUIT IN GLASSES.

Take grapefruit, oranges, divide into sections, then carefully take off the skins and remove the seeds. Leave the pulp in large pieces; add enough sugar to sweeten a little; cut white grapes in halves, remove seeds; place the mixture in individual glasses; pour two or three spoonfuls of green maraschino into each glass and add two or three of the green maraschino cherries to each glass.

BAKED WHITING.

Cut the heads off some full-sized whiting, empty and cleanse the fish perfectly, opening them for the purpose as little as possible. Dry them, fold them in a cloth and leave them for a quarter of an hour. Butter a baking dish, put them into it, backs downward, that the sauce may cover the thickest part of the flesh. Sprinkle salt, cayenne, upon them, and put round them half an ounce of butter kneaded with a saltspoon of flour, half a teaspoon of chilli vinegar, a tablespoonful of port, and a small pinch of powdered mace for each fish. Lay a double fold of oiled paper upon the dish and press it upon the fish. Put them in a gentle oven and bake till done enough. Take them up carefully with a fish slicer, place them on a hot dish, pour the cause over. Serve very hot. Time to bake the fish 20 to 30 minutes. Sufficient one whiting for each person.

GREEN DUTCH SAUCE.

Make half a pint of good bechamel sauce. Wash some young porsley leaves, put them while wet into a mortar. Pound them to a pulp, squeeze out the juice which comes from them into the sauce until it is sufficiently greened. Simmer gently over the fire, and, before serving, add a dessertspoon of strained lemon juice. The juice must not be added until the last moment, or the color of the sauce wil be spoilt. Time a few minutes to press out the juice. Makes half a pin of sauce.

ESCALOPS OF CRAYFISH.

Break the crayfish, remove the meat and mince small. Heat up in a stewpan with one ounce of bread crumbs, a little butter and enough white sauce to moisten; when thoroughly hot add two yolks of eggs, season to taste, and stir over the fire until the mixture binds. Spread on a plate and set to cool. Shape into six or eight oval croquettes with the ends pointed and the center of each made hollow on one side; egg and bread crumb them carefully, fry to a golden color in deep hot fat. Take up, drain, dish up in a row on a hot dish; place a teaspoon of hot cooked (canned) French peas in each hollow. Cover over carefully with green Dutch sauce.

MAPLE SYRUP FROM CORNCOB

Thousands of people know the value of maple syrup, and the opinion of many is that nothing in the form of molasses has such a delicate flavor. Hot cakes with maple molasses is a dish good enough for the best of us, but owing to the fact that the timber is being cut and used for various purposes, the supply of syrup has been reduced, while the demand is steadily on the increase.

Hickory bark and all sorts of adulterations are used to help increase the supply and to deceive the public, but maple syrup has been difficult to imitate.

The most complete imitation yet produced is by the use of corn cobs. The product is so good there is no use to use it as a substitute, as the corn cob product will find a ready sale, and will in a great measure take the place of the maple syrup.

Any cook or housewife may satisfy the entire household of the merits of corn cob molasses. The process is simple.

Secure a dozen clean cobs and remove the ends, break the remainder in two or three pieces, and wash in cold water, and then place in a quart or more of water and boil for half an hour. Strain the water, and use it to add granulated sugar to for making ordinary sugar molasses. It will take an expert to distinguish the flavor from maple syrup.

The ORIOLE DEPARTMENT STORES

907-909-911 W. BALTIMORE ST. NEAR POPPLETON.

Kirkman's Soap Powder or White Soap With This Coupon Wed., March 26. 4 for 15c None to Children.

OPEN TONIGHT UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK

Read! Then Come Quickly

Values, such as these, do not permit of putting off until some other time. The crowds coming from all over the city, eager to share in the savings, are ample proof that it pays to shop at this "Out of the High-rent District" Store, and particularly, on Wednesdays. Come.

Closing Out 5000 Yards Wash Goods 5c

Consisting of Yard-wide Percales, Bright Plaid Dress Ginghams and Seersuckers and Plain Blue Chambray. Every woman who makes the children's clothes will appreciate this offering of 10c and 12½c values in remnants. Wednesday (In the Bargain Subway), 5c.

¼ Off To Everyone Who Was Prevented from Buying a Suit in the Easter Rush

1/4 OFF

ALTERATIONS GUARANTEED

Take your choice of any women's or misses' New Spring Suit in our entire stock; perhaps you'll see one that you admired before Easter; it's yours now at 25% off regular marked price. A variety of all the fashionable materials in every desired shade.

All $25 Suits, At 25% Off	$22.50 Suits, At 25% Off	All $15 Suits, At 25% Off	All $10 Suits, At 25% Off
$19.75	$16.87	$11.25	$7.50

1000 Yds. up to $1.50 Dress Goods 69c

From 42 to 54 inches wide; every stylish Spring fabric in all the stylish shades; Mannish Suitings, Hairline Serge; 46-inch Pure Wool Storm Serge, in black, navy blue and all shades; Imported Striped Suitings and Embroidered Novelties. Values $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50, at 69c.

Whipcords and Serges, Worth 50c 29c

Beautiful new Two-toned Whipcord Suitings, in blues, browns, greys and tans. Also closely woven navy blue and black Storm Serge. Choice, Wednesday, until 6 P. M., 29c.

50c Striped Imported Wash Silks 31c

About 800 yards of All Pure Silk Wash Silks, neat stripes of all colors on white grounds.

American & Simpson's Prints, Entire Stock 5¾c

Take your choice of our entire stock of full pieces. Genuine American and Simpson's Prints—at a price asked for inferior grades elsewhere. Indigo Blues, Garnets and French Blues; Dots, Figures and Stripes. Over 200 pieces to select from. Wednesday, 5¾c.

12½c DRESS GINGHAMS, Two solid cases of new bright Dress Ginghams and Seersuckers. Solid colors and pretty stripes, checks and plaids. Large remnants. 7½c

45c DOUBLE BED SHEETS, 80x90 Unbleached Sheets. On sale 9 to 10 A. M., with this coupon. 29c

50c MEN'S BLUE SHIRTS, Men's Work Shirts, made of good quality, fast color, heavy blue Chambray; cut full, in all sizes. 29c

25c WOMEN'S LISLE HOSE, Of finest black Gauze Lisle; genuine "indestructible" heels and toes; strictly perfect; all sizes, 17c

29c SCARFS and SQUARES, Sizes 18x54 and 30x30. Fine Fillet Lace work; imitation of genuine Mexican handdrawn work. 19c

10c 2-In-1 Shoe Polish..... 5c
5c Toilet Paper, 4 rolls..... 10c
Smith's Blue Label Needles, paper.. 2c
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Royal Society Emb. Floss, 3 for... 5c
Clark's O. N. T. Darning Cotton, 3 for 5c

25c FEATHER TICKING, Conestogo Guaranteed Featherproof Ticking, in large remnants. 16½c

50c LADIES' UNION SUITS, Fine Bleached Lisle Ribbed Union Suits; low neck; lace knees; cut full, all sizes. 39c

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

Danger Signals.

If these danger signals are unheeded more serious *results* follow; Bright's disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable curative effect in the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

Lame Back.

Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, being obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times during the night.

Inability to hold urine, smarting in passing, uric acid, headache, dizziness, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, sometimes the heart acts badly, rheumatism, bloating, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, *who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects*, while the *original disease* constantly undermines the system.

Sample Bottle Sent Free.

Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

EDITORIAL NOTICE—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Be sure to say you read this generous offer in The Baltimore Daily American. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

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Boat shape, round crown, newest Bulgarian, Boulevard and Hussar shapes, of silk hemp braid hair and novelty beads, malines, etc.; draped with messaline silk, Bulgarian silks and velvet; some with Janis bows, feather or brush effects. In all the very newest and most popular colors, combinations and black.

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Extremely popular shapes, with braid or velvet brims, solid colors and newest combinations. $1.98 AND $2.98

$3.00 Ostrich PLUMES

Long and wide plumes of choice stock; heavy heads; black, stylish solid colors and shaded effects. $1.98

—Second Floor.

Good Style and Service in These $3.00 WOMEN'S Low Shoes $1.87

Very attractive new spring Oxford Ties and Pumps of "easy" and durable Tan Russia Calf, Patent Colt and Gunmetal Calf; well made and fashioned after the latest models; Cuban and medium heels. All sizes.

$1.50 Children's WHITE SHOES for 95c

High Button Shoes of thoroughly good quality White Canvas; well made on broad and roomy lasts. Sizes 6 to 11.

—Basement.

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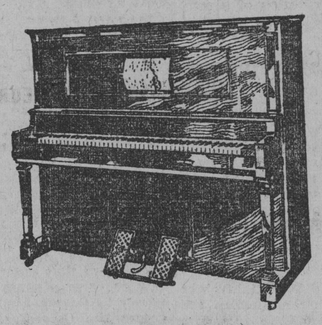

The first successful—and for years the **only**—piano-player made was the "Pianola." A piano into which this player is built is a "Pianola-Piano." Don't forget that. It is of the greatest importance to you.

The "Pianola Piano" contains exclusive devices that no other instrument at any price can offer you.

We want you to see and hear the

Weber Pianola Piano

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