were taken home.

By this time the whole street had been aroused by the cries of the wounded chil-dren, and a number of the boys and men started in pursuit. The dog was overtaken and shot by a police officer, who also shot the dog bitten by it. The three children were hurried to the hospital and their wounds were cauterized, after which they

SINGEING THE HAIR is a cure for baldness. Read a barber's talk in THE DIS-PATCH to-morrow.

### JUST A LITTLE HELP

That Is All Which Is Required at This Time of the Year-Do You Know What to Do? We hear a great deal, just now, about Spring medicines. It is known that people feel run down after the labors and siege of winter, and it is assumed they need a Spring medicine. This is not true. Spring medi-cines are not needed; nature will throw off the rheums in the blood which have accu-mulated during the winter, if she has only a little help. Nature is able to clean her own house, and take care of her own household, with a little assistance, and a little, gentle stimulant is all the Spring medicine anyone requires. "But," you may say, "what do you mean by stimulant, and what do I require?" We answer, something absolutely pure, pow-erful, and which has been proved to abundantly answer the purpose. Unquestionably, whiskey, if of the right kind, is the proper thing to use, but unfortunately, there are few good whiskies in the market, and only one which is absolutely pure, and possesses medicinal qualities. That whiskey is Duffy's Pure Malt. It has been upon the market for years. It has the unoughlished acfy's Pure Malt. It has been upon the mar-ket for years. It has the unqualified en-dorsement of physicians and chemists, and it is the only whiskey which can be recom-mended. It is true, certain unscrupulous druggists and grocers seek to sell other and interior goods, claiming they are equal to Duffy's, but they possess little purity and no medicinal power whatever, whereas Duffy's is specially designed as a medicinal whiskey. It would be well to bear these facts in mind when considering the subject of Spring med-icines, and how to best put the system in shape for the requirements of the season. 8 Biting Three Children and a Cur Its PHILADELPHIA, May 13.-As Joseph

# BARGAINS TO-DAY.

Our Buyer, Mr. HENRY KOEHLER has just returned from his trip. He was fortunate enough to secure a large portion of the stock of the wholesale concern of Messrs, FRANK WOLF & CO., who are retiring from business June 1. The immense bargains of

Will be placed for sale on our counters to-day, and will be sold EASY CREDIT PLAN AT LOWER PRICES than others sell for

## KOEHLER'S

INSTALLMENT HOUSE, SIXTH STREET WE NOW OCCUPY THE ENTIRE BUILDING.

MERCHANT TAILORING We show the latest de-

LADIES' AND MISSES'

## JACKETS AND CLOAKS. Watches and Jewelry.

American Watches, Gold, Gold Filled and Silver, and the choicest

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## KOEHLER'S INSTALLMENT HOUSE

## BY SIR GILBERT E. CAMPBELL, BART.,

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

Author of "Detective Stories From Real Life," "The Avenging Hand," "The Mystery of Mandeville Square," Etc.

SCENES FROM LIFE'S STAGE,

BEING TEN ORIGINAL STORIES,

### A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

"I tell you, Nell, that I do not like the fellow, and that I do not think it right, engaged as you are to me, to keep on dancing with him, and let him monopolize you for nearly the whole of the evening." "You are full of absurd insular prejudices, Tom," was the reply, "and I am

fortunate in gaining an insight into your character before we are inevitably tied to each other. I should never get on with a jealous husband, and as for our engagenent, you are free to break it off if you think fit.

One of the speakers was a tall, broadshouldered young man, presenting a complete type of the handsome young Englishman of the better class. His cheek was flushed, and during the enunciation of his sentiments against some absent person, his fingers tugged nervously at the tawny mustache which half-concealed his mouth. The other was a girl of about 22 years of age, dark, tall and graceful. There was an angry gleam in her eyes, and the little foot encased in its satin bottine tapped impa-tiently upon the floor, as if the so doing afforded some vent to the irritability under

which the speaker was laboring. The scene was a conservatory filled with choice exotics, and through the open door came soft strains of music, while occasional glimpses could be caught of couples gliding ast in the graceful movements of the Mamla

"Nell." said the young man, earnestly,
"you do not know what you are saying.
Would you wreck the chance of the happiness of two lives for a trivial disagreement of this kind? Surely you would like me to have an opinion of my own sometimes." "And yet," broke in the girl, a mischiev-ous smile stealing over her face, "you have told me I know not how often that you had no will, except so far as my wishes were con-

"Of course-of course," stammered the young man, evidently a little staggered by this quotation from some of his own gushing speeches; "but this is something entirely different, and one where my knowledge of the world might help to draw you back from the brink of a precipice you had approached

"Hear him," laughed the girl. "Hear the vanity of the young men of the day, as if one of them possessed one-half of the savoir-

ire of a girl in her second season."
"I know that most of you are up to a thing or two," answered the young man, who be-gan to feel the ground giving way beneath his feet; "and what can have possessed you girls—and, by Jove, the married women are better-to run after this fascinating individual is more than I can imagine.' "You are speaking, I presume, of the Marquis de Floridore?" asked the girl. "Of whom else have have we been talk-ing for the last half-hour, and quarreling ially over him, too?" returned the young

'Is he not a fine man?" asked the lady. "Granted," answered Tom, "though his feet are very large."
"Does he not sing divinely and play on

the guitar with the hand of a maestro?"
"A matter of opinion," growled Tom.
"And," continued Nell, as if to clench the argument, "is he not of distinguished lineage and a true type of the old French

"No, a thousand times no," burst forth Tom. "He is simply a howling ead; and how comes it that they know nothing of

Nould ze ambassador of a republique descendant of ze noblest of families?" asked Nell, with so clever an imitation of the tone and manner of the Marquis that, in spite of his vexttion, Tom was compelled to laugh aloud. "Tom," continued she, laying her hand gently upon his arm, "do you know what has made me flirt so outrageously, as you term it, with

Tom was about to say "pure cussedness," but, fortunately checking himself in time, he only shook his bead. "Because I thought that you were paying a great deal too much attention to Miss Stephania Cobb, the American girl with the squeaky voice, and so I wanted to show you that there were other men besides your lordship in the world."

"Fellows didn't seem to take to the little girl, and so I had pity on her, for she seemed so precious dull," replied Tom, with

a sheepish air.
"Tom," answered Nell, impressively, "an engaged man has no business to pity any girl, on any excuse whatsoever. Now that we have had our customary gangle out, will you take me to the ballroom? By the way, of course, you have been asked to Sir Mat-thew Pontilune's for the pheasant shooting.

"And so is that fellow Floridore," re-turned Tom. "Never mind, now that we have had an explanation I am quite at my ease, and promise not to be jealous any

"There's a good boy," answered Nell, and, laying her hand upon his arm, she permitted herself to be led from the con-

Tom Harlingham, the son of 'Squire Harlingham of the Grange, who had for so many years successfully hunted the Western Division of Marishire, had been for the past three months engaged to Nell Fol-thorpe, the only child of Sir Gervase and Lady Folthorpe. The match was a suitable one from every point of view, and every-thing had gone smoothly until the arrival of the Marquis de Floridore on the hor-

No one exactly knew who was responsible for the introduction of this fascinating for-eigner into society, but he certainly had achieved an entree, and was to be met with at some of the best and most exclusive houses, both in town and country. Strange houses, both in town and country. Strange rumors were certainly circulated concerning him, and the Embassy, as Tom had stated, denied all knowledge of him, but for all that the Marquis contrived to hold his own, chiefly owing to the way in which he had managed to ingratiate himself with the fair

He did not mix much with the men, but roamed from dancing room to bondoir, singing those little French and Italian songs for which he had achieved quite a reputation, and declaring his intention of not returning to the family estates until he had persuaded an English wife to accompany him thither. Sir Matthew Pontilune had always enjoyed the reputation of collectings pleasant invest the reputation of collectings pleasant. joyed the reputation of collecting a pleasant circle of guests together for the pheasant shooting, and this year his arrangements were as successful as usual. All the guests shooting, and this year his arrangements were as successful as usual. All the guests had arrived with the exception of the Marquis de Floridore, who could not put in an appearance until he had concluded a visit he was paying to the potentate of an adjoining county, the Duke of Kestreltowers.

For some time past a series of daring jewelry robberles had puzzled the police, and set the stanchest sleuth hounds of Scotland Yard at defiance. The depredations were entirely confined to country houses, and managed with such consummate skill that not only was it impossible to trace the property, but also every effort to lay hands upon the actor or actors in this well-hid scheme of plunder had proved utterly fruitless.

For a time there had been a lull in this nefarious campaign, and it was hoped by the possessors of valuable jewelry that, satisfied with their spoil, the thieves had retired to enjoy their oftum cum dignitate. At any rate the visitors at the ancestral sent of the Kestreltowers had suffered no loss, chiefly, it was surmised, from the fact of the Duke insisting upon all valuables belonging to his guests being deposited each night in a burgiar-proof safe built in the wall of the library.

"I believe that confounded Marquis has

"I believe that confounded Marquis has had something to do with all these rob-beries," remarked Tom Harlingham, confi-

dentially, to his especial friend and crony, Frank Bulstrode, as the two were smoking a surreptitious pipe in the stables.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," returned Bulstrode. "I really think you allow your prejudice to carry you too far. I don't like the fellow, I confess, but how could he do it? Besides, the women run after him to such an extent that he is hardly ever alone."

"I tell you that these rogues have secret means of carrying on their little games which we are not up to," answered Tom, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and preparing to re-enter the house, as the gong gave notice that it was time to dress for dinher.

pose?"
"I owelim one," remarked Tom, "and if I get the chance I'll pay him, you may bet on that, and I wish that you would join me in keeping an eye on him. I have askep Sir Matthew to put him in a room on the same corridor as mine, and I tell you I'll watch him as a cat does a mouse."
"All right, old man," answered Bulstrode. And then the two young men parted in or-der to prepare for their appearance at the dinner table.

bled forth his little chansoneties in various foreign tengues.

Nell Folthorpe, however, did not form one of the satellites which centered round this popular planet, and sitting in a distant corner of the from with Tom, she felt that she was really sobering down, and going into proper training for the matrimonial stakes.

"Nell," said Tom, suddenly, "has your mother brought her diamonds with her?"

"Why, of course she has," answered the girl, "the country ball comes of fin four days and a strong detachment are going to it from here."

from here."
"Well, tell her to put them under her pillow at night," said Tom, lowering his voice, "or else that thieving scoundrel of a Marquis will get them as sure as we are sitting

he is a thief, but Bulstrode and I will collar him yet."

The Marquis did not entirely absent him-self from the sports of the field, and as the men said, did fairly well for a foreigner, but he generally found some pretext for return-ing home after hunch, pleading as an excuse he was not accustomed to these long "prome-nades of feet," which formed the delight of the "soortsmans Britannique." and would the "sportsmans Britannique," and would spend most of his time in his own room, or in rambling about the grounds when he could free himself from the society of the

ner.
"He rather cut you out with Neil Fol-thorpe, did he not?" asked Frank, with that brutal sincerity that an intimate friend always considers himself privileged to

"Cut me out; nonsense!" retorted Tom, angrily. "Nell and I have had all that out. The fact is that I had been making too much running with the little American girl, and Nell pretended to encourage the fellow in order to bring me to my bearings again."

"O, that was it, was it?" returned Bulstrede, a little donbtrully, "then you don't mind the Marquis coming here a bit—you know he arrives here to-morrow, I suppose?"

dinner table.

The Marquis arrived the next day as had been arranged, and was received with gushing adoration by many of the ladies, and with the usual cold civility which the men display towards one of their own sex whom they dislike.

The Marquis, however, seemed to care very little indeed for this reception, and bowed and smiled around him with his usual grace and snavity, and in the evening was as usual the center of an admiring group of ladies, who hung upon his lips, as he bublied forth his little chansoneties in various foreign tongues.

dus will get them as sure as we are sitting here."

Nell started and a look of surprise stole over her face. "Do you really think that the Marquis its n—?"

"Sure of it," broke in Tom, "but what makes you look so surprised at this little expression of opinion on my part?"

"Why, when I come to think of it," answered the girl, "the Marquis always professes an almost passionate adoration for precious stones, and is continually speaking to one lady about the magnificent jewels worn by another; rather bad taste, is it not?"

"A capital dodge," returned Tom, "for by that means he gets a good deal of information about value, etc. Depend on it, Nell, he is a their, but Bulstrode and I will collar him yet."

On the third morning after his arrival there was a great sensation and excitement, for the Countess of Bottletow's almost price-

less locket, together with the bracelets and collar to match, had vanished in the most unaccountable manner. The Countess said that before she retired to rest on the preceding night her maid had, by her orders, got out the diamonds which she intended to wear at the county ball, and that after examining them she had not considered it worth while to put them away again, and that consequently they had been left on the dressing table.

She declared, however, that she had not heard anyone enter the room, nor did the apartment display any signs of unauthorized intrusion. neard anyone enter the room, nor did the apartment display any signs of unauthorized intrusion.

The rural police were called in, and with all the saplency usually displayed by that body, proposed that the rooms and boxes of all the servants should be at once searched.

of all the servants should be at once searched.

At this suggestion there was considerable murmuring among the domestics; and the Marquis stepping forward begged to be permitted to say a few words, and when silence was accorded, began in his soft forcign accent: "Ladies and gentlemen, let us not forget zat ve all all have ze common feelings in ze present, as in ze past, and zat ve should not outrage zese delicacies of ze nature. Vot for should zese pauvres gens and zere colls—vot you call bagzares—be visited, ven ours remains untouched? Let all the world submit to right of search, and zen no von can vot you call grumble."

The ladies were loud in their praises of the great delicacy of feeling evinced by the distinguished visitor, and even the men were reluctantly compelled to confess that the fellow's proposal was a fair one.

While the search was taking place, host, guests and servants remained in the drawing room, so as to leave the police entirely unfettered in their operations. The result of the search was that no trace of the missing stones could be discovered, and that the robbery promised to be as great a mystery as all those which had preceded it.

"I know that the fellow did the trick," remarked Tom, as, after the return of the revelers from the county ball, he and Frank Bulstrode sat chatting together and smoking cigarettes, regardless as to whether the scent of the Nicotian herb could be detected by the other occupants of the corridor. "Depend on it, the rascal will make another attempt at night, and I am going to keep watch. Bulstrode, old man, will you oblige me in one thing?"

"Delighted, I am sure, dear boy," yawned in friend "Gell me when you want me I

thing?"
"Delighted, I am sure, dear boy," yawned
"Delighted, I am sure, dear boy," yawned

strode, old man, will you oblige me in one thing?"

"Delighted, I am sure, dear boy," yawned his friend. "Call me when you want me. I am as tired as a dog—danced every dance, square and round, I do assure you, and I really must be off to bed."

"But that is just what you cannot do," exclaimed Tom, laying a detaining hand on his friend, who was making for the door." I am sure that the Frenchman has some communication with the outside, and I want you to patrol the grounds, keeping with easy distance of his window, so as to see if he plays any hankey-pankey tricks from it."

Bulstrode looked excessively blank at this announcement. "How long am I to be kept at this work?" asked he.

"Why, until daylight, of course," replied Tom, "then you can go to bed. You won't be alone. I have arranged everything, and you will have Jobson, one of the watchers, and my own man, Hutchins, with you." as an asplendid detective." replied Frank Bulstrode, looking at his friend with a kind of lazy admiration. "If things ever went badly with you I should start as a private inquiry agent, and Nell Folthorpe might help you in the office, for I am hanged if I think she would let you interview the lady clients by yourself."

"There, no chaff, the matter is a serious one," retorted Tom. "Be off. You will find Jobson and Hutchins in the laurel shrubbery. Keep yourselves as much out of sight as you can, and I'll lay you a fiver that we make a big bag this morning."

"Well, I may as well take a cigar to while away the hours of my moonlight watching," remarked Bulstrode, as he extended his hand toward Tom's cigar case, which lay on a table close at hand.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed his friend, warened by a serious of a table close at hand. hand toward Tom's cigar case, which lay on a table close at hand.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed his friend, promptly interposing. "A pretty sort of a detective you would make, letting malefactors know of your presence by the scent of your havannah. Keep close, crawl if you want to move from one place to the other, and when you are stationary remain stretched out on the ground, as flat as you can."

Frank heaved a sigh of resignation, and with a muttered "Sweet are the duties imposed by the calls of friendship," quitted the room. the room.

Carefully leaving the door a few inches ajar, Tom commenced his watch. The house was completely silent, and the slightest sound would have been perfectly audible, but no noise broke the stillness, which was so intense that by degrees it began to exercise a soporific effect over the watcher. Tom yawned more than once, stretched out his legs, pinched his arms, and at length in despair, rose from his seat, and applied a wet towel to his face. All was in vain, however, and on resuming his chair, in spite of a feeble attempt te exercise will power, he fell into a slumber, from which he woke with a sudden start, and a vague uncertainty as to where he was. "A nice fellow I am." muttered he, as he rubbed his eyes. "Suppose that I have let that fellow slip through my fingers after all?"

He crossed the room, and peeped cautiously down the long corridor in which the gas was always allowed to burn during the night. The Marquis' room was situated at the other end of it, and much to Tom's surprise and annoyance, the door was wide open.

"Confound it all, I have been fast asleep, and the rogue has been out, let me see if he has returned," muttered the discomfitted amateur detective, and, walking down the corridor, he looked into the sleeping room of the distinguished visitor. It was perfectly empty, and just as Tom was wondering what his next step should be, a terrible cry broke the death-like silence of the house, a cry which never falls to arouse the sleeper, and to carry with it fear and confusion.

The cry was "Fire," and as the watcher stood uncertain what to do, it was repeated, and immediately a hubbub of voices arose, mingled with the pattering sound of slippered feet, and the noise of doors being thrown open in wild haste and alarm. "I ought to know those accents," exclaimed Tom, and in another moment he had darted away in the direction of the voice.

Meanwhile Sir Matthew Pontilune's guests her assembled on the lawn in front of the

Meanwhile Sir Matthew Pontilune's guests him assembled on the lawn in front of the house in various stages of deshabille, whilst a group of terrified domestics stood at a little distance off. Fortunately the night was a fine one, and fortunately, also, the confingration was not a very serious one. One of the curtains in the library had from some unknown cause become ignited, and being of light material had blazed up at once.

Only two of the guests were missing from the group on the lawn, and these were Tom Harlingham and the Marquis de Floridore. Before any horror, any conjectures, could be hazarded, the figures of the two men, locked together in the fierce embrace of strife, appeared at a door leading into the garden. The struggle was short, for one of the combatants speedily overcame the other, and, hurling him to the ground, placed his knee upon his chest.

hurling him to the ground, placed his knee upon his chest.

"What is the meaning of this, Tom?" asked Sir Matthew, addressing the victor.

"Yes, vot is ze meaning of zis combat of fist?" screamed the Marquis, as soon as he recovered breath to speak. "I could not sleep me, so I go into zee bibliotheque, vot you call ze library, for a book, ze curtain set himself on fire vis my candle, I give ze alarm; and zen as I run myself to ze door, zis boxer, Britannique, threw himself on me like one coward poltroon. Aha, M. Harlingham, you shall render me ze reason for zis, wis sword and pistol."

"See," answered Tom, looking round at the ring of spectators, "If he has not got Mrs. Mountchesney's emeralds in his breast pocket I have made a mistake, and will fight him or apologize, just as he likes. I saw him dart into her room, snatch some-

thing off the table, and make for the garden and I only caught him at the door."

"It is true, I did take ze jewils," screamed the Marquis. "I did see zem as I pass, and I say to myself, 'Aha, I vill make them safe,' and so I take zem, and if zim beef fed Anglais vill iet me vie, I vill iav zem at their fair owner's feet."

"Do you always wear goloshes over your boots" demanded Tom, casting a backward look at the Marquis' feet, which were encased in india rubber coverings.

"I vair zem so as not to disturb ze house. I am bad sleepers, and walk myself about a good deal at night," answered the Marquis.

"It won't do," said the voice of Frank Bulstrode, as he suddenly appeared upon the scene. "Here is a friend of yours who has split on your little game; bring him forward," he added, and Jobson and Hutchins appeared, keeping tight hold of a rufflanly-looking prisoner.

"I couldn't help it, Frenchy," said the fellow. "Every man for himself you know; and as they copped me, why I made a clean breast of it, so as not to do time for so long a stretch as I expect you will."

The face of the Marquis assumed a sickly pallor, but he made no reply.

"My prisoner informs me," remarked Frank Bulstrode, "that his confederate was in the habit of committing the robberies, creeping into the chamber when the owner of the jewels was fast asleep, and flinging them out of the window of his room to his confederate, who had orders to hang around the grounds on certain nights."

Another and a good deal more came out on the trial, at which it was shown that the prisoner's name was Henri La Bouche, and that he had been a valet in the service of the vertable Marquis de Floridore, an elderly gentlemen who led a very retired life, and from whose house he had absoonded, carrying away a sum of money and certain napers, which enabled him to support the pretentions he had assumed.

Both rogues were sentenced to a long term of penal servitude, and jewel robberies, were for a time put to a stop to, for which society showed its gratitude by presenti "Don't think, Tom," said Nell, saucily, as they were looking at the gifts, "that I have received them on account of my marriage with you, for I look on them as all coming indirectly from on eDistinguished Visitor." [THE END.] Copyright, 1852, by Tillotson & Son. NEXT WEEK, THE LION'S BRIDE.

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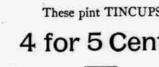
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The great BRUSH SOAP, 5c Double Cake TUESDAY.

12 Suits, 95; worth...... 135 7 Suits, 112; worth...... 150 5 Suits, 135; worth..... 175

69.00; regular price..... 100

If You Pay a Deposit

We Will Hold the Goods One

Week for Balance.