

COMMENCING TODAY

We Will Inaugurate One of the

Greatest Piano Clearing Sales

Ever known in this city. We have been calling your attention to our Piano and Organ bargains all this month. Now, lest you forget this, we announce from today and to the balance of this month, an **extra special sale of high grade and medium grade Pianos**

First of All, Come and See Our Display of Baby Grands.

Perfection is written on every nook and corner of these instruments. **Unexcelled** does not describe them. They are simply **superb**, and at **PRICES**—well, we will name them when you call. Here are some of the makes: **Mason & Hamlin Baby Grand, McPhail Baby Grand, James & Holmstrom Baby Grand.** Look now, Here is just a few bargains:

One Steinway, Fine Shape, \$128.00.

One Shoemacher, Upright, Gold Strings, \$125.00.

One Fischer, Upright, \$137.50, and Lots of Others.

ORGANS—We have them—the Old Reliable Mason & Hamlin, The Waterloo. They are all right. Prices \$25.00 to \$75.00.

New Stock Pianos, all grades and makes, at prices that will astonish you. Come and look over our magnificent stock. Mason & Hamlin, Hardman, James & Holmstrom, McPhail, The Popular Pease. Prices that you can afford to borrow and buy on. Do not put it off. Don't say tomorrow, next week or next month. **NOW** is the time to select and we will make the price right. Saturday is our Big Day. Sheet Music at half price. We can serve you if you come.

Just a Word About Musical Merchandise—If you're going away for the summer and you want a Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Violin. Have we them? Well, yes. And our prices on these during this sale will be at a figure too low to mention here. **COME.** Band Goods, Band and Orchestra Music. A Fine Cornet, \$7.50, and so on through our five-story building. We invite the most critical examination of all of our fine Pianos, Organs, etc. Durability and standing-in-tune qualities are essential features in a Piano and these points we unhesitatingly claim for our makes. **Our way of selling is just taking like a charm.**

FINN & PHILLIPS, 138 WYOMING AVENUE

Competent and careful tuners sent at short notice. Come and let us show you our plan of caring for Pianos by the year. Always in tune under this arrangement.

DOUBLE SIXES.

A brilliantly lighted room in a great house of the Faubourg St. Germain of the Paris of 1701, when Louis XIV reigned over France.

The last "partie" of piquet was over, and the Duc de St. Ibars was the loser. Now he had lost everything, he was ruined.

He had played the last card with the careless serenity which distinguished him. Everything was gone—the old chatou and the broad bands of his race in far-off Perigord, the hotel in Paris and his places at court; but nothing could disturb the mask of aristocratic languor which sat so closely on his boyish features, or render less steady the white hand which toyed with the jeweled snuffbox.

The older man opposite him who had been his opponent had not shown such self-restraint. The lust of gain had blazed in his weary eyes, the loose, sensual mouth had tightened and grown more actively cruel, and a red fever spot of excitement had gleamed on each sallow cheek. Now, as he leaned back in his chair faintly glancing at the other, he was fain to pretend a sudden interest in the torn face of his wrist-ruffie to hide the smothered smile which flickered on his face.

It was necessary that he should be able to think clearly and speak calmly, or the great stroke, for which all that had gone before had been but a preparation, had yet to be played. He would have gladly have postponed it, but a subtle instinct warned him that the tide of his success was now at flood, and that tomorrow might be too late. The Marquis de Nantos was no coward; he was spurred by the strongest passion his nature was capable of feeling, but he was afraid of the beggarly youngster opposite him.

"I have nothing to stake, M. le Marquis," was the answer, "not even a thausen in Spain." The Marquis de Nantos smiled un- easily. "As you will," he said, "as you will. I only thought—A spot of wax had fallen on the card table, and he was scoring a pattern on it with his finger nail. His throat moved once, twice, thrice, as if he was swallowing something with difficulty. Then he spoke without looking up.

"You have still something to stake," he said. "I will play you for Madame a Duchesse—your wife."

There was a sound like a stifled oath, and the speaker pushed back his chair before he ventured to look up. The duke seemed struggling with some inward emotion, for he held a hand before his face. Then he began to laugh, and in his laughter there was no sound of derision, but rather a contemptuous mockery, which would have made most men long to strike him on the mouth, but De Nanto seemed relieved that there was no outbreak of violence, and waited quietly for his to speak.

"A thousand pardons, marquis!" St. Ibars said presently, "but your ideas are

so droil. Has your confessor enjoined you to make love to no lady without the consent of her husband? Or do you really imagine that such consent would be any recommendation to her favor?"

"Oh, you altogether mistake me," was the reply. "I wish to make her my wife. I am not duke and peer of France; I am a new man, the son of a farmer general. I can be unfashionable enough to love my wife better than my mistress if I choose. So, on my part, I will stake all I have won from you, and your stake shall be your life. If I win, you promise to kill yourself within the next twelve hours. Well?"

A smile was still on the duke's face as he listened. But the conversation was beginning to weary him, a suspicion that the man was mad was gathering force in his mind; moreover, the future had to be faced and he must be alone to face it. So, of set purpose, he contracted his brows with a frown, and spoke with a brutal openness which contrasted strongly with his usual manner.

"I think, marquis, you presume on the fact that I am your host, and that you rightly imagine me to be the last man in France to make myself ridiculous by fighting about my wife. But supposing me out of the way, how much nearer will you be? She will still be a De Nantos, and you—a I am afraid I do not know the house which has the honor of having you as an ender. Do you?"

If the Marquis de Nantos felt the insult, he made no sign. "You refuse?" he said coldly. "Well, your life is still worth something to you, I suppose. Only, remember that I was ready to stake the risk."

"You rate your powers of fascination highly," was the sneering answer. "Yes," replied De Nantos, "I do. For I have a tallman you know something of. It is because I love, that I am not afraid; it is because you know not love, that you cannot understand."

"I will play you for Madame a Duchesse—your wife," De Nantos went on. "You are right. If you had told me I was old and ill-favored, you would have been right, too. You think that a woman cares for these things? I tell you, no. Make her believe that you love her, make her believe that she must love you, and she will invest you herself with all these things—or love you better for the want of them. Men, Monsieur le Duc, love women, because they are beautiful; women love men because the men will them to."

"He stopped, and then said slowly: "And your answer?" "St. Ibars was thinking. In the first place, he was surprised at the sudden tone of mastery which De Nantos had assumed at the suppressed passion which vibrated in his words, and the ardent light which shone in his eyes. Never had he seen in like this before, never had he imagined that he could speak or look so. Then he was conscious that his old feeling of contemptuous dislike was now merged into a stronger feeling; he knew now that he hated and loathed this man with all the force of

his nature—with a hate that nothing but death could allay.

He marvelled at his own hatred for De Nantos. Why was it? He felt sure that he, Raoul de St. Ibars, duke and peer of France, did not love his own wife, that would be ridiculous; only peasants and shopkeepers were so ill-bred. Why, then, should he be so moved when an insect like this marquis boasted his love for her?

He tried to think the situation out dispassionately, and the more he thought, the more he felt inclined to accept the proposal. If he won—and luck could not go against him forever—he could pick a quarrel with De Nantos on some indifferent matter and send him out of the world. So long as he was deeply in debt to the marquis he could not expect his challenge to be accepted. At that moment he felt he would willingly risk his life to be revenged, and if luck went against him, life without vengeance would not be a difficult thing to give up.

"I may agree to your proposal, marquis," he said. "If I understand you rightly, it is this: The stake on your side is all you have won from me during the last month; on my side, the promise to kill myself in twelve hours. Is that so?"

"Yes," answered the Marquis de Nantos.

"But," went on the duke, "I, on my side, have a condition to make. I am weary of these cards. Let us have the dice and let one throw decide it."

The marquis threw himself back in his chair and stared intently at St. Ibars, as if thinking deeply. He thrust one hand into the right-hand pocket of his long flapped waistcoat. "I should prefer the cards," he began—then the left hand went into the other pocket and a slow smile played on his lips, "but I shall be delighted to meet your wishes, my dear duke."

St. Ibars brought a box and two dice, and placed them on the table before De Nantos, who carelessly played with them for a moment. Then, throwing them into the box, he handed it to the duke, saying:

"Will you throw first?" "As you like," was the answer. He gave the box a careless shake and threw.

"Eleven," he said, and handed the dice box across the table.

De Nantos slowly raised himself from his lounging attitude. Putting his right hand over the box, he shook it vigorously, talking all the while.

"Eleven is a good throw," he said. "I wonder if I can beat it. Old De Grammont always said it was lucky to throw with the left hand."

He shifted the box rapidly to his left hand, rattled it again, and threw. "Double sixes!" he cried, holding his hand curved over the die with the air of a man who would sweep them into the box as soon as the other player had seen them. "I win! Double sixes!"

St. Ibars had believed himself prepared to meet his fate calmly; he felt unconcerned as he saw the dice. He even noticed that one of them had a corner chipped off, and idly wondered that he had not remarked it before. But glancing up, he saw the mocking leer on the other's face, and the brief moment his self-command vanished.

ment, and the pained look in his face showed he was angered at his own want of self-control.

"Your pardon, monsieur," he said slowly. "I am ashamed to have been in so rustic a fashion. Nay, marquis, pray do not do that."

For De Nantos had swiftly replaced the table on its legs, and with a candle he had taken from a sconce was not taking notice of the duke's speech, but continued to peer about him.

"Why?" he cried. "If you were looking for the dice, there they are."

De Nantos stared at the ivory cubes in searching for the dice. He took no notice of his hand.

"How foolish of me!" he said. "Of course, I remember catching them as they fell." He placed the dice in the box as he spoke and sat down.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said the duke, "generally it would please me for you to honor my poor house with your presence as long as you would. But tonight I trust you will not think me discourteous if I ask to be left alone."

Without a word the Marquis rose, gravely saluted the beggared man and went out.

The Duke de St. Ibars attended him to the door and then came back and threw himself into a chair. That he had gone against him, he was soon to die by his own hand, affected him not at all. It was the fortune of war—he had played for high stakes and lost. It was not possible for him to regret what he had done or to whine because the luck had gone against him. Pride of race and the only creed he had ever known—an utter disbelief in God or man, in everything indeed, except in the stain- lessness of his own personal honor— kept him from that. But one thought festered and rankled within him like a poisoned wound, filling his mind with rage, with astonishment, with bitter, unavailing regret.

He knew now that he loved his wife, and the knowledge had come to him too late.

There was the rustle of silk, and the tapping of little high-heeled shoes on the parquet floor, and the Duchesse de St. Ibars came in. Diamonds shone and glittered in her hair, but they were dull beside her eyes, the pearls round the slender column of her neck did but accentuate the purr whiteness of her skin. Nineteen years old, tall, slight and graceful, fine spoke of her as the loveliest, as she was the coldest of the court beauties.

"Duke," she said, "I asked old Fabrice to say my jawliner, and he made difficulties. What is the use of a steward if he does not pay one's trades- people? May I ask you to speak to him?"

She was sitting in the chair which De Nantos had used, and was looking with earnest scrutiny at the toe of a tiny shoe which peered out from beneath the silver embroideries of her gown. She dashed his newly opened eyes as she sat there, daintily alluring, deliciously young, with her air of unattainable remoteness. Yet she had been his—his own—and he had neglected her for De Nantos, the gamester, and Olympe, the dancer. He ceased to look at her, and fell to playing with the dice box on the table.

He was listening to a voice which repeated: "You know not love, you know not love." A fan tapped impatiently on the table, and his wife's fresh young voice broke in.

"You grow ungallant, Duke," she said. "You know not love, you know not love!" went on the voice as he looked

up and marked how the momentary irritation made her more beautiful.

"Aglais!" he said. He stopped and began again, "Madame."

At the first word she looked up eagerly; at the second she uttered a little sigh and looked down again.

"Madame," he went on, "I fear that old Fabrice is not the real culprit. I have been unfortunate at play, and I have lost—everything." His voice grew harsh and colder as he played anew with the dicebox. "I have lost every- thing," he repeated. "Tomorrow, or perhaps tonight, I set out for the Danube to serve against the Turk, and you will probably see me no more. It only remains to regret any passing annoyance my disappearance may cause you, to thank you for your considerations since we have been together, and to congratulate you on being well rid of so foolish a husband."

There was silence for a moment. Then the stillness became so poignant that St. Ibars no longer played with the dicebox, but looked at his wife. She was so quiet that he wondered if she understood.

"She has no heart," he thought. "Is it true," she asked at length, with a strange ring in her voice which he did not recognize, "you have lost every- thing?"

"Everything," he answered. "But there is still your fortune; you will have it—"

"Ah!" she cried, and her voice was that of a joyous child. "You think I care for that? Is, then, Paris and the court and gaming so necessary to you that if you cannot have them you must go and be killed far away? Pie on you, Raoul! For my part, I do not want to see the court any more!"

He dared not understand.

"Ah!" he answered lightly, "it is well that there is no need for you to give these things up."

"Can I not come with you?" she asked.

He shook his head. "The journey I take is a very long one," he said, "and I must take it alone."

She had risen to her feet, and now came a step nearer to him. There was a strange mixture of timidity and great boldness in her manner, as if her woman's nature shrank from what some masterful feeling impelled her to say.

"Twice she essayed to speak, and twice she stopped. Then, like a torrent, her words burst forth, while one hand was pressed tightly on her bosom as if to still its tumultuous beating.

"You shall not go alone! I swear it! Be it to the ends of the earth, I will follow you, for you are mine! Mine! given to me by God! by holy church! by your own vow in His sight! You do not love me. I am nothing to you. I cannot amuse you or please you! I know it. God pity me! I know it too well! But to be near you, to see you, to sometimes hear your voice—that is my right, and no one shall take it from me!"

face very close to his. "While you were rich and happy I could not have told you. And you love me? Tell me so, Raoul. I want to hear it said."

"I love you, dear one," he said simply. Then a great terror fell upon him, for he remembered.

But she did not see his face, for she had slipped down on to a low footstool beside him, and was holding one of his hands against her wet face.

"My husband," she said softly, "you will not go from me now. No, do not draw your hand away; listen. In the beautiful Loire country near Bois is the old chateau where my childhood was passed. It lies in great woods, with here and there a glimpse of the river, and there is an old stone terrace with roses climbing everywhere, and peacocks flouting in the hot sun. It is mine; let us go there, Raoul, and my father shall speak to the king, and ask that you shall be made governor of the province. Could you be happy there, I wonder—with me?"

Her voice sank to a low whisper at the last two words, and her husband pressed his lips fondly on her brow for answer.

In truth he dared not speak. He knew that her dream could never come true, that this new love of theirs, so inexpressibly precious, so cruelly sweet, was for him but a passing dream, the cold touch of death. But, because it could only be so short, he resolved that for the brief hour or two that remained she at least should enjoy it un- alloyed; that her just-opened board of love should not be snatched from her before she had reaped its possession.

He would do this if he could, hiding in his own breast the haunting knowl- edge that each half hour as the silver chiming of the clock beside them rang out marked another stage accomplish- ed in the swift approach of the Grim Separator who was soon to come be- tween them.

Hand in hand they sat in the great brightly lit room while Paris surged on its noisy way outside the windows.

In the heart of Aglais de St. Ibars there were no conflicting emotions. She was loved, and that satisfied her; she felt herself clothed with love as with a garment, plunged in it as in a stream, penetrated and changed by it in every fibre of her nature. Now she would sit in silent happiness too great for words, then she would speak in low, vibrating tones of the future and her hopes, then her happiness would well over with the innocent merriment of a child. And each change of mood added fresh fuel to the furnace-flame in which the heart of her silent husband was withering.

Suddenly she spoke again of the old chateau. "Could they not start to- morrow?" And when he shook his head and tried to stop her mouth with a kiss, she still insisted.

"Then the next day, Raoul. Surely the next day?"

The time when he must tell her was very near now, but he clung like the condemned criminal he felt himself to the last strand of life.

"It cannot be tomorrow, dear one," he said gently, "and when tomorrow comes it may be that you will not wish to go."

She rose and stood looking at him with a provoking pout on her lips. "Tomorrow," she persisted, "or at latest the day after. Give me those dice; we will throw for it. If I throw highest, tomorrow; if you, the day after. Quick, Raoul!"

His hand closed on the dicebox and

drew it to him. "No," he answered quickly. "I do not wish it."

"You are unkind," she said, "to refuse the first request I have made since— since you said you loved me," and with a little burst of affected anger she pushed away the footstool on which she had been sitting.

"Aha!" she cried, and stooping swiftly, picked up two dice from the floor.

He watched her dully; the sands of life were running swiftly in the hour glass; the end was very near.

Rounding her little hands into a box she shook the ivory cubes together, and crying, "My throw!" cast them on the table. "Two sixes! Is not that good? Now I must throw for you."

Again he heard the muffled rattle of the dice as they touched each other in her hands or sounded against her rings. Then came so sudden an exclamation that he was forced to look up.

"Two sixes again, Raoul! Is it not tiresome?"

The dice lay on the table before him, the sixes uppermost. And on one of them a corner was chipped off.

The truth was beginning to dawn on him, a sudden ray of hope flashed like a shining sword before his eyes. Eagerly he turned to the dice in the box he held, and with hands that trembled in spite of himself, turned them carefully over. All the corners were perfect. Then, seizing the other dice, he cast them again and again, and each time the result was the same—a double six.

De Nantos had substituted loaded dice for the ones he had used.

It was clear enough now. He remembered how De Nantos had held the box and shifted it from hand to hand; how he held himself ready to pick up the dice and change them again, but had been prevented by the sudden overthrow of the table; how he had sought to find the dice; and, finally, how he himself had seen the true ones in his hand.

A great sob of relief broke from him, for he knew he was free, free to live, free to love and to be loved. Landis had risen for none the less lost to him, but he smiled as he thought of their worthlessness compared with the new treasure which their loss had brought to him.

Going to a table he inclosed the loaded dice in a packet and sealed it with his ring. The duchess watched with curious eyes.

He kissed her lightly on the forehead. "I no but cancelling an engagement with the Marquis de Nantos," he said with a smile. "Tomorrow, ma mie, we set out for Blois."—Temple Bar.

MAKE PERFECT MEN

DO NOT DESPAIR! Do not let your hair fall out. The Joyous Hair Restorer is the only hair restorer that restores the hair to its natural state. It is the only hair restorer that restores the hair to its natural state. It is the only hair restorer that restores the hair to its natural state.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are sent in 48 hours without inconvenience, without the use of water, and without the usual odors of the medicine.