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Ladies' Parsols going at half price; linen and pongee, both white and colors.

Summer Goods at half price; batistes, dimeties and zephyr gingham

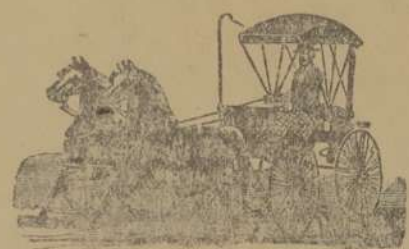
Ladies' White Waists

\$3.00 values, sale price	\$2.50
\$2.50 values, sale price	\$2.00
\$2.00 values, sale price	\$1.75
\$1.50 values, sale price	\$1.25
\$1.25 values, sale price	\$1.00

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RETURNED THE PRIZE RUSSIA AND ROYALTY

A Trophy That Did Not Remain Long In Captivity.

A Shadow That Darkens the Path of the Czars.

THE MISSING COAT OF ARMS.

THE FEAR OF ASSASSINATION

It Belonged to the American Consulate In Honolulu and Was Carried Off by a Party of English Middles--The Restitution and Apology.

Plots That Were Woven Around Alexander II. and the Bomb That Shattered His Body--An Infernal Machine That Failed to Kill Alexander III.

"Speaking of old times on the coast," said an Oregonian, "reminds me of some of the sterling characters we had there. One was Governor McBride of Oregon. His first official duties were at Honolulu, where he was United States minister. King Kamehameha was the ruler at the time. The minister was a heroic type of a man, the father of fourteen children, and a number of his sons became distinguished men in various professions. He was a true American, cast in an ultra patriotic mold, and many stories are told among the oldtimers of his patriotism and bravery.

"When McBride reached Honolulu he found there were no outward insignia designating the American consulate or minister's office, so he had a large American coat of arms cut out of wood, gilded and decorated appropriately, and this was hung over the office door that all the world might see it. It was naturally a conspicuous object and of much interest to the public.

"One day an English man-of-war came into port. The sailors and midshipmen were given liberty, and as often happens, some of them had hilarious times. Among the men midshipmen were Lord Gordon and Lord Beresford, who, like all midshipmen in from a long cruise, were out for a jolly time. Walking down the street, they did not fail to notice that Yankee coat of arms, and as Beresford was collecting bric-a-brac and curiosities it occurred to him and Gordon that this would be a fine addition to their collection, a trophy worth having. So they selected a time when the minister was away and the office closed, presumably at night, and took down the coat of arms, hired a native vehicle to carry it down to the lock and actually succeeded in getting it aboard without any of the ranking officers knowing anything about it.

"The next morning when the minister came down to the office his assistant said:

"Mr. Minister, your birds taken flight."

"What do you mean?" asked his excellency.

"Your coat of arms is gone," replied the aid.

"Gone where? Flown off?"

"Not exactly," said the other. "It's just disappeared."

"The minister walked out into the street and looked up. The coat of arms, which was five or six feet across, was noticeable by its absence. It had taken wings and flown away. Exactly what the minister said has not been chronicled.

"It so happened that Beresford had given the carriage driver an extra fare for his trouble. Some one discovered this and quickly reported it to the minister, who at once made a demand upon the captain of the frigate for its return. The captain, who was innocent, denied that the thing was aboard ship. The minister sent his evidence to the captain, reiterating his demand and demanding an apology for the insult.

"The captain now began an investigation, and the culprits owned up and took the coat of arms on deck, where it was promptly sent ashore and returned to the office of the minister McBride, who was there, refused to receive it.

"Tell the captain of your frigate that I desire that the men who took it down bring it back, place it where they found it and apologize."

"Back to the ship went the men with the coat of arms and reported. The captain ordered the young men to go ashore, take the coat of arms to the consulate, replace it as they found it, and apologize to the minister.

"It was doubtless a bitter pill, and the young midshipmen had to stand the badinage of their comrades. The two went ashore, ready to comply, and took the coat of arms to the consulate. The American minister did not put himself out to keep the matter quiet, and as a fact the public was well posted, and the consulate was surrounded by a crowd of Americans, natives and others, all laughing at the predicament of the young midshipmen.

"The minister had a strong sense of humor and determined to get all there was in it. He preserved his dignity as best he could as he received the young men and listened to their apologies. The midshipmen then took the coat of arms from the back and amid the cheers of the crowd climbed to the front of the building and placed it in position, then hurried down, followed by laughter and cheers."--C. F. Holder in New York Evening Post.

Delight of Varied Labor.

None but the fully occupied can appreciate the delight of suspended or, rather, of varied labor. It is toil that creates holidays. There is no royal road--yes, that is the royal road to them. Life cannot be made up of recreations. They must be garden spots in well farmed lands.--Mrs. Gilbert-Ann Taylor.

If a thing is possible and proper to man, deem it possible to thee.--Marcus Aurelius.

The shadow that falls across the path of the czars may extend the world round. Wherever the ruler of all the Russias may happen to be, there the shadow of fear lies.

Once in Paris, once in the palace gardens, Alexander II. was fired at. Again in the Winter Palace square one Solovieff, wearing the uniform of an official, passed the guards one day, and again the czar was fired upon. Alexander ran for the palace. Solovieff followed him and fired three times. The czar ran in zigzags, however, and so escaped. Not long afterward two mines were laid to blow up the imperial train. One did not explode, but the second wrecked the train. Once more the czar escaped. Watching eyes had saved him, their owners having persuaded the ruler to take another train.

Later Alexander II. owed his life to the fact that he came late to a function at the palace. A bomb blew clean out a large portion of the imperial residence, but the czar was not present.

But of all the attempts on the lives of Russia's rulers two stand out most clearly for their amazing ingenuity. One tells the story of a little unpretentious shop in Malaja Sadovaja street. Kobozoff, then unknown to the police, took the shop and set out to impress the police, who were always making sudden inspections of premises along the thoroughfares through which Alexander II. passed, that he was nothing but a provision dealer. Nearly every one in that street was a paid spy, but Kobozoff joked with his customers, pleased his purveyors and was most affable and apparently harmless.

The dealer inspired confidence, and his custom increased gradually. No wonder, for most of the parcels that his customers were carrying away by day contained nothing but earth--earth that during the night hours had been scraped by the man and his wife from beneath the street! It was by such ingenious method that a tunnel was hollowed and cleared under the thoroughfare and a mine laid beneath the way the czar often passed, an innocent couch upon which the housewife slept covering the entry to the tunnel.

Yet all the work was useless. On the day the scheme was to be carried out the czar upset all the arrangements by going off to lunch with the Grand Duchess Catherine Michaelovna.

Among those who were watching on behalf of the terrorists was a beautiful girl--a countess, too--named Perovskaya. It was she who, seeing the altered arrangements, gave warning. The czar would return to the palace another way. Along this route four men carrying bombs were stationed. One threw his. Men and horses were killed all around, but the czar stepped from his coach unscathed. A second man holding a bomb came forward and threw it. "This time the effect was awful," says Wladaw Gasiorowski, who describes the incident in his book, "Tragic Russia." "The czar fell as if cut by a scythe. His legs were shattered to pieces." So died the czar who had escaped as by a miracle many times.

Alexander III. followed, and there were attempts upon his life. The fourth was one of the most sensational in the entire list of nihilist plots.

On a bright autumn day the imperial train traveled at full speed on the track well guarded by soldiers. It was toward noon. The imperial family were in the dining car, where lunch was about to be served. The cook and his help were making the last preparations for it when an assistant was taken ill.

The court physician attended the man and, having stated that he had fever, with symptoms of some inexplicable ailment, decided that the man could not remain in the imperial train, and he was left at the next station.

The train moved forward toward Borki, traveling at the speed of eighty kilometers an hour. Then the electrical bell notified the cook that the imperial family were ready for luncheon. A few seconds after the bell sounded a terrific noise was heard, and a violent explosion changed in the twinkling of an eye the luxurious imperial train into a heap of broken iron, of wrecked cars, of mutilated corpses, enveloped in smoke and made all the more harrowing by the moaning and cries for help of the wounded. Yet the czar escaped! The dining room car that the nihilists had intended should be a grave for the czar, his family and his suit saved him, for although its roof and floor were wrecked its sides were preserved. They inclined toward the center, protecting each other like two cards and remained in that position, protecting those who were there from being crushed.

The cook who had been put off the train had worked the whole thing. He had placed an infernal machine in a cone of sun and had faked his illness, thus sitting clear away.--Philadelphia Ledger.

Mercy turn her back to the unmerciful.--Quarles

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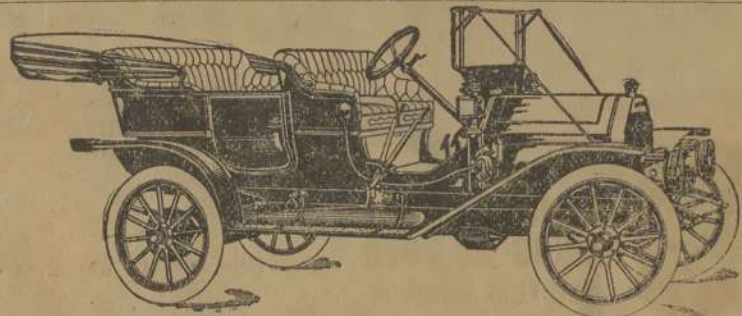
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