The Black Bag

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

CHAPTER XVII—(Continued).

An hour later he went on deck. The skies had blown clear, and the brigantine was standing well in landbound waters and still footing a rattling pace. Antwerp was in sight.

A troublesome care stirring in his mind, Kirkwood looked round the deck, but Stryker was very busy, entirely too preoccupied with the handling of his ship to be interrupted with impunity. Besides, there was plenty of time.

Up past the dockyards, where spidery masts stood in dense groves about painted funnels and men swarmed over huge wharfs like ants over a crust of bread; up and round the final great sweeping bend of the river, the Alethea made her sober way, ever with greater slowness, until at length in the rose glow of a flawless evening her windlass began to clank like a mad thing and her anchor bit the river bed near the left bank between old Forts Isabelle and Tete de Flandre, frowned upon from the right by the grim pile of the age old Steen castle.

Kirkwood sought Stryker, his carking query ready on his lips, but the captain impatiently waved him aside.

"Don't you bother me now, me lud juke. Wyte until I gets done with the custom hofficer."

Stryker, smirking benignly and massaging his lips with the back of his hand, followed the official on deck, nodded to Kirkwood an intimation that he was prepared to accord him an audience and strolled forward to the waist. The American, mastering his resentment, meekly followed. One cannot well afford to be haughty when one is asking favors.

Advancing to the rail, the captain whistled in one of the river boats, then, while the waterman waited, faced his passenger.

"Now, yer r'yal 'ighness, wot can I do for you afore you goes ashore?"

"I think you must have forgotten," said Kirkwood quietly. "I hate to trouble you, but—there's that matter of £4."

Stryker's face was expressive only of mystified vacuity. "Four quid? I dunno as I know just wot you means."

"You agreed to advance me £4 on those things of mine."

"Ow!" Illumination overspread the hollow jowled countenance. Stryker smiled cheerfully. "Garn with you!" he chuckled. "You will 'ave yer little joke, won't you, now? I declare I never see a loony with such affecsh'nit, pl'yful wyes!"

Kirkwood's eyes narrowed. "Stryker," he said steadily, "give me the £4 and let's have no more nonsense or else hand over my things at once."

"Daffy," Stryker told vacancy, with conviction. "Lor' luv me if I sees 'ow he ever 'ad sense enough to escype. Wyte yer majesty," and he bowed, ironic, "I 'ave given you yer quid."

"Just about as much as I gave you that pearl pin," retorted Kirkwood hotly. "What do you mean"—

"W'y, yer ludship, £4 jus' pyes yer passyge. I thought you understood."

"My passage! But I can come across by steamer for 30 shillings, first class"—

"Aw, but them steamers! Tricky, they is, an' unsyfe. No, yer gryce, the W. Stryker Packet line, lim'ted, London to Antwerp, charges £4 per passyge an' no reduction for return fare."

Stunned by his effrontery, Kirkwood stared in silence.

"Any complynts," continued the captain, looking over Kirkwood's head, "must be lyde afore the board of directors in writin' not more'n thirty dyes arfter"—

"You d——d scoundrel!" interpolated Kirkwood thoughtfully.

Stryker's mouth closed with a snap; his features froze in a cast of wrath; cold rage glinted in his small blue eyes. "W'y," he bellowed, "you bloomin' loonatic, d'ye think you can sye that to Bill Stryker on 'is own vessel!"

He hesitated a moment, then launched a heavy fist at Kirkwood's face. Unsurprised, the young man sidestepped, caught the hard, bony wrist as the captain lurched by, following his wasted blow, and with a dexterous twist laid him flat on his back with a sounding thump upon the deck. And as the infuriated scamp rose, which he did with a bound that placed him on his feet and in defensive posture as though the deck had been a springboard, Kirkwood leaped back, seized a capstan bar and faced him with a challenge.

"Stand clear, Stryker!" he warned the man tensely, himself livid with rage. "If you move a step closer I swear I'll knock the head off your shoulders! Not another inch, you contemptible whelp, or I'll brain you! That's better," he continued as the captain, caving, dropped his fists and moved uneasily back. "Now give that boatman money for taking me ashore. Yes, I'm going, and if we ever meet again take the other side of the way, Stryker!"

Without response, a grim smile wreathing his thin, hard lips, Stryker thrust one hand into his pocket and, withdrawing a coin, tossed it to the waiting boatman, whereupon Kirkwood backed warily to the rail, abandoned the capstan bar and dropped over the side.

Nodding to the boatman, "Steen landing, quickly," he said in French.

Stryker, recovering, advanced to the rail and waved him a derisive bon voyage.

"By-by, yer hexcellency. I 'ope it may soon be my pleasure to meet you again. You've been a real privilege to know. I've henjoyed yer comp'ny somethin' immense. Don't know as I ever met such a rippin', ay No. 1, all round, entertynin' ass afore!"

Rapidly as he was ferried across the busy Scheldt, the white blaze of Kirkwood's passion cooled, but the biting irony of his estate ate, corrosive, into his soul. Hollow eyed he glared vacantly into space, pale lips unmoving, his features wasted with despair.

They came to the landing stage and swung broadside on. Mechanically the American got up and disembarked. As heedless of time and place he moved up the quay to the gangway and so gained the esplanade, where, pausing, he thrust a trembling hand into his trousers pocket.

The hand reappeared, displaying in its outspread palm three big, round, brown, British pennies. Staring down at them, Kirkwood's lips moved.

"Bedrock!" he whispered huskily.

CHAPTER XIX.

WITHOUT warning or presage the still evening air was smitten and made softly musical by the pealing of a distant chime calling vespers to its brothers in Antwerp's hundred belfries. Like the beating of a mighty heart heard through the rushing clamor of the pulses, a single deep throated bell boomed solemnly six heavy, rumbling strokes.

Six o'clock! Kirkwood roused out of his dour brooding. The Amsterdam express would leave at 6.32, and he knew not from what station.

Striding swiftly across the promenade, he entered a small tobacco shop and made inquiry of the proprietress. His command of French was tolerable. He experienced no difficulty in comprehending the good woman's instructions.

Trains for Amsterdam, she said, left from the Gare Centrale, a mile or so across the city. Monsieur had plenty of time and to spare. There was the tram line if monsieur did not care to take a fiacre. If he would go by way of the Vielle Bourse he would discover the tram cars of the Rue Kipdorp. Monsieur was most welcome.

Monsieur departed with the more haste since he was unable to repay this courtesy with the most trifling purchase. After a brisk walk of some fifteen minutes he reached the station.

A public clock reassured him with the information that he had the quarter of an hour's leeway. It was only seventeen minutes past 18 o'clock (Belgian railway time, always confusing). Inquiring his way to the Amsterdam train, which was already waiting at the platform, he paced its length, peering brazenly in at the coach windows, now warm with hope, now shivering with disappointment, realizing as he could not but realize that, all else aside, his only chance of rehabilitation

With a dexterous twist laid him flat on his back.

lay in meeting Calendar. But in none of the coaches or carriages did he discover any one even remotely resembling the fat adventurer, his daughter or Muiready.

Satisfied that they had not yet boarded the train, he stood aside, tortured with forebodings, while anxiously scrutinizing each individual of the throng of intending travelers. Perhaps they had been delayed—by the Alethea's lateness in making port, very likely. Perhaps they purposed taking not this but a later train. Perhaps they had already left the city by an earlier boat or had returned to England.

On time the bell clanged its warning, the guards bawled theirs, doors were hastily opened and slammed, the trucks began to groan, couplings jolted as the engine started. The train and Kirkwood moved simultaneously out of opposite ends of the station, the one to rattle and hammer round the eastern boundaries of the city and straighten out at top speed on the northern route for the Belgian line, the other to stroll moodily away, idle hands in empty pockets, bound aimlessly anywhere—it didn't matter!

Nothing whatever mattered in the smallest degree. Ere now the outlook had been dark, but this he felt to be the absolute nadir of his misfortunes. Presently—after awhile, as soon as he could bring himself to it—he would ask the way and go to the American consulate. But just now, low as the tide of chance had ebbed, leaving him stranded on the flats of vagabondage, low as showed the measure of his self esteem, he could not tolerate the prospect of begging for assistance.

He found himself, neither knowing nor caring how he had won thither, in the Place Verte, the vast venerable pile of the cathedral rising on his right, hotels and quaint old world dwellings with peaked roofs and gables and dormer windows inclosing the other sides of the square. The chimes (he could hear none but those of the cathedral) were heralding the hour of seven. Listless and preoccupied in contemplation of his wretched case, he wandered purposelessly half round the square, then dropped into a bench on its outskirts.

It was some time later that he noticed, with a casual, indifferent eye, a porter running out of the Hotel de Flandre, directly opposite, and calling a fiacre in to the carriage block.

As languidly he watched a woman, very becomingly dressed, follow the porter down to the curb.

The fiacre swung in, and the woman dismissed the porter before entering the vehicle, a proceeding so unusual that it fixed the onlooker's interest. He sat rigid with attention. The woman seemed to be giving explicit and lengthy directions to the driver, who nodded and gesticulated his comprehension.

The woman was Mrs. Hallam.

The first blush of recognition passed, leaving Kirkwood without any amazement. It was an easy matter to account for her being where she was. Thrown off the scent by Kirkwood at Sheerness the previous morning, she had missed the day boat, the same which had ferried over those whom she pursued. Returning from Sheerness to Queensborough, however, she had taken the night boat for Flushing and Antwerp, and not without her plan. She was not a woman to waste her strength aimlessly. Kirkwood believed that she had had from the first a very definite campaign in view. In that campaign Queensborough pier had been the first strategic move, the journey to Antwerp, apparently, the second, and the American was impressed that he was witnessing the inception of the third decided step. The conclusion of this process of reasoning was inevitable—madam would bear watching.

Thus was a magical transformation brought about. Instantaneously lassitude and vain repinings were replaced by hopefulness and energy. In a twinkling the young man was on his feet, every nerve a-thrill with excitement.

Mrs. Hallam, blissfully ignorant of this surveillance over her movements, took her place in the fiacre. The driver clucked to his horse, cracked his whip and started off at a slow trot—a pace which Kirkwood imitated, keeping himself at a discreet distance in the rear of the cab, but prepared to break into a run whenever it should prove necessary.

Such exertion, however, was not required of him. Evidently Mrs. Hallam was in no great haste to reach her destination. The speed of the fiacre remained extremely moderate, and Kirkwood found a long, brisk stride fast enough to keep it well in sight.

Round the green square, under the beautiful walls of Notre Dame d'Anvers, through Grande place and past the Hotel de Ville the cab proceeded, dogged by what might plausibly be asserted the most persistent and infatuated soul that ever crossed the water, and so on into the Van Dyck quay, turning to the left at the old Steen dungeon and, slowing to a walk, moving soberly up the drive.

Beyond the lip of the embankment the Scheldt flowed, its broad, shining surface oily, smooth and dark, a mirror for the incandescent glory of the skies. The life of the river was gone, and at their moorings the ships swung in great quietness, riding lights glimmering like low, wan stars.

In the company of the latter the young man marked down the Alethea, a sight which made him unconsciously clinch both fists and teeth, reminding him of that rare wag, Stryker.

To his way of thinking the behavior of the fiacre was quite unaccountable. Hardly had the horse paced off the length of two blocks on the quay ere it was guided to the edge of the promenade and brought to a stop. And the driver twisted the reins round his whip, thrust the latter in its socket, turned sidewise on the box and began to smoke and swing his heels, surveying the panorama of river and sunset with complacency—a cabby, one would venture, without a care in the world and serene in the assurance of a generous tip when he lost his fare. But, as for the latter, she made no move. The door of the cab remained closed—like its occupant's mind, a mystery to the watcher.

Twilight shadows lengthened, darkling, over the land. Street lights flashed up in long, radiant ranks. And still the fiacre lingered in inaction; still the driver lorded it aloft in carefree abandon.

In the course of time this inertia where he had looked for action, this dull suspense when he had forecast interesting developments, wore upon the watcher's nerves and made him at once impatient and suspicious. Now that he had begun to doubt he conceived it as quite possible that Mrs. Hallam, who was capable of anything, should have stolen out of the cab by the other and to him invisible door. To resolve the matter finally he took advantage of the darkness, turned up his coat collar, hunched up his shoulders, hid his hands in pockets, pulled the visor of his cap well forward over his eyes and slouched past the fiacre.

Mrs. Hallam sat within. He could see her profile clearly silhouetted against the light. She was bending forward and staring fixedly out of the window across the driveway. Mentally he calculated the direction of her gaze, then moved away and followed it with his own eyes and found himself staring at the facade of a third rate hotel. Above its roof the gilded letters of a sign, catching the illumination from below, spelled out the title of "Hotel du Commerce."

Mrs. Hallam was interested in the Hotel du Commerce?

Thoughtfully Kirkwood fell back to his former point of observation, now the richer by another object of suspicion, the hostelry. Mrs. Hallam was waiting and watching for some one to enter or to leave that establishment. It seemed a reasonable inference to draw. Well, then, so was Kirkwood no less than the lady. He deemed it quite conceivable that their objects were identical.

He started to beguile the time by wondering what she would do if—

Of a sudden he abandoned this line of speculation and, catching his breath, held it, almost afraid to credit the truth that for once his anticipations were being realized under his very eyes.

Against the lighted doorway of the Hotel du Commerce the figures of two men were momentarily sketched as they came hurriedly forth, and of the two one was short and stout and even at a distance seemed to bear himself with an accent of assertiveness, while the other was tall and heavy of shoulder.

Side by side they marched in step across the embankment to the head of the quay gangway, descending without pause to the landing stage. Kirkwood, hanging breathlessly over the guard rail, could hear their footfalls ringing in hollow rhythm on the planks of the inclined way, could even discern Calendar's unlovely profile in dim relief beneath one of the waterside lights, and he recognized unmistakably Muiready's deep voice, grumbling inarticulately.

(Continued next week.)

DIED

At the home of her sister, Mrs. E L. Landers, in Eugene, June 30, 1910, Mrs. Allie Morford, aged 36 years. Stomach trouble was the cause of death. Her maiden name was Allie Bowers, and she was a native of Lane county. She leaves a husband and five children. The funeral will be held Saturday at the family home five miles west of Junction City, and the remains will be interred in the Mahon cemetery.

At Saginaw, Or., June 22, 1910, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adeburt Morse. Funeral services were held at the residence and interment was made at Walker cemetery. Rev. J. L. Stratford officiating.

A DREADFUL WOUND

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail fireworks, or of any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Bucklen's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poison or gangrene. It is the quickest, surest healer for all such wounds as also for Burns, Boils, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Chapped Hands Corns or Piles. 25c at W. A. Kuykendall's.

SNORKINS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for County of Lane

Milo McCard, Plaintiff, vs. Margaret McCard, Defendant.

To Margaret McCard, defendant above named:—

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, or within six weeks from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if personally served upon you without the State of Oregon, and if you fail to so appear and answer the complaint, for want thereof plaintiff aforesaid will apply to the court aforesaid for the relief demanded therein, to-wit, for a decree of the court decreeing the dissolution of the marriage relation now existing between plaintiff and defendant aforesaid, and for such other relief as to the court may seem equitable.

Service of this summons is ordered to be made by publication in the Eugene Weekly Guard, a newspaper published in Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, once each week for six successive weeks, by an order made and filed in said suit by Hon. L. T. Harris, of said court, and which said order is dated May 14th, 1910.

The date of the first publication of this summons is May 19th, 1910.

C. A. WINTERMEIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

MINING BUREAU STARTS WORK IN CAPITOL

Washington, July 1—By the establishment today of a Bureau of Mines, authorized by Congress and approved by President Taft, the government has given the second greatest industry within its borders, an industry which furnishes 65 per cent of all its freight, a degree of recognition. So, also, has the nation's purpose to inquire into the death of 20,000 miners within the last decade taken form.

Provision has been made for putting on a permanent basis a new lifesaving corps, one which will go into the bowels of the earth when flame and noxious gases run riot and drag to life men who would otherwise suffocate by the hundred. Provision has been made for placing the lore of the world in the hands of the mine operator, large and small, that he may be able to make the prospect pay and get the best possible returns from the developed mines.

Three or four hundred thousand dollars will be appropriated this year for the benefit of that industry yields the nation $2,000,000,000 a year in wealth. This amount is not proportionate to the $14,000,000,000 a year for agriculture, which yields $7,000,000,000, nor with $800,000 for fisheries, which yield but $60,000,000 a year. But it is a degree of recognition and is held by its advocates to be the best spent money Congress has ever appropriated.

In creating this bureau, the government is buying the lives of 2,000 men a year, for, of the 3,000 a year now being killed, two-thirds might be saved. It is paying but $200 each for their lives if there were no benefit aside from life-saving. The truth of the possibilities claimed is proven by a comparison between the number of men in each 1,000 employed in mines, who are annually killed here, and in Belgium, where a Bureau of Mines has made conditions more safe.

In the past decade the United States has killed annually 3.48 men in every 1000, it being granted that for statistical purposes the fraction of a man may be killed. In Belgium 1.03 men to the 1,000 were killed. Yet the death rate in Belgium was greater than it has ever been in this country until a Bureau of Mines inaugurated safe methods.

COMPANY E IS AGAIN UP TO STANDARD

Cottage Grove, Or., July 1. The last of the necessary 15 recruits was secured yesterday for Company E, Fourth Infantry, which insures the retention of the militia company in Cottage Grove. On April 30, 33 militiamen, who had served three years, were honorably discharged, eight of this number reenlisting, and the remainder have been secured from the city and surrounding country. The members of the team who will represent Company E in the state rifle marksmanship contest at the Clackamas county range early in July are: Sergeants F. H. Snodgrass and J. H. Potts, and Privates Butte, Mooney and Horace Conner.

Very nearly if not quite as good apples and pears as are produced on earth are raised in Benton county, saye the Gazette-Times.

Norbert Aya, Percy Long and F. E. Hyland, appointed by the probate court to appraise the property of Claude Gaby, deceased, today filed their inventory. They appraised it at $3,895.19.

The virgin forests of the Republic of Liberia contain thousands of elephants, and many hundreds of thousand pounds of Liberian ivory are taken from the export trade of the country because of the peculiar aboriginal conditions of the hinterland.

NEWS OF JUNCTION AND NORTH LANE

Born—June 28, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Young, a son.

E. U. Lee and family, of Eugene, spent Sunday with home folks in this city.

Sheriff Bown was here looking after matters pertaining to his office Monday.

Geo. E. Dorris, the pioneer lawyer of Eugene, was transacting business in this city Wednesday.

Died—Near Lancaster, June 27, 1910, Elisha Swift, aged 81 years, 4 months and 5 days. He had been in poor health for a long time and his death was no surprise to the relatives and friends. The remains were interred in Odd Fellows cemetery Tuesday.

Prof. Baker has resigned the appointment as principal of our High school to accept a similar position at Creswell. This resignation also includes Mrs. Baker, a teacher in the grades. This leaves two vacancies, but there are a number of applications on file.

Messrs. Jensen commenced work Tuesday putting in a cement walk around the Mason property. It will be 127 feet on Greenwood street and 100 feet on the avenue, 10 feet in width.

Miss Gertrude Bushnell will leave next week on an extended visit with relatives in Wisconsin. She will be joined at Seattle by her cousin, Rev. D. E. Bushnell, who will accompany her east.

Jens P. Jensen, a late arrival from Idaho, has purchased the forty-acre tract west of town from Mr. Fay, who removed a short time ago to Springfield, for a consideration of $2,600. Mr. Jensen brought a carload of household goods, live stock, etc., with him. Rust & Markusen made the sale.

A. C. Nielsen returned recently from a sisit to Hood River. He reports that famous section in a prosperous condition. He did not see an orchard that excelled his, age considered. He is of the opinion that apples of the Hood River variety can be raised here when the same care and expert treatment is used. Mr. Nielsen is good authority on fruit culture.—Times.

BIG PICNIC AT COTTAGE GROVE

Cottage Grove, Or., July 1.—The members of the Ladies' Club, of Cottage Grove, with their husbands and families, numbering about 60 people, held their annual picnic in the city park yesterday. The three judges selected by the Civic Improvement committee awarded Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McFarland first prize, a beautiful silver cup, for the nicest yard, and to Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Harvey the second prize, a silver fern dish. The dates set for the annual sweet pea show, to be held under the auspices of the club, are July 8 and 9, and this season's exhibition promises to be finer and more extensive than any in previous years.

ELMIRA ITEMS

Special Correspondence.

Elmira, June 27.—Elmira has at last woke up and decided to celebrate. This will be a fine place to spend the day. A fine program has been arranged for.

Mrs. A. Duckworth has been called to the bedside of her son at Kent, Oregon. She was accompanied by Mr. Robert Allison. A telegram arrived later stating that Mr. Duckworth was some better.

We are glad that more interest is being taken in our school elections. There was a fair number out at the last meeting. The question of a union high school was investigated and it was decided to further investigate the matter.

James Maxwell has been appointed notary public for this community and is prepared to do all the business appertaining to that office.

John Stone has sold his property to his mother. Mr. Stone intends to go to Eastern Oregon and build up a home. Good bye, Johnnie.

The teachers for school district No. 139 have been elected. Mrs. R. Huston was chosen principal and Miss Wilson is to have charge of the primary department. Mrs. Wilson has had charge of the school for the past term and Miss Wilson comes from a neighboring district.

We are to see the face of Mrs. J. W. Bollman in our midst again. She thinks the town looks natural except that it has grown considerable. She is visiting with old friends.

Earl Bradford has gone to Florence to work upon the jetty.

Get Well First

Don't risk even a penny—until health first returns.

And I mean just exactly that.

I am the one physician who says to the sick "I will, out of my own pocket, pay for your medicine if it fails to bring you help!"

And for 20 years Dr. Shoop's medicines have been used and recommended in every city and hamlet in America. They are positively standard in every community—and everywhere.

Then why pay the cash, and at your risk, for other unwarranted and uncertain medicines? Thousands upon thousands have in the past successfully used Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

When the Stomach nerves, or the Heart or Kidney nerves fail, these sick ones know how quickly Dr. Shoop's Restorative will bring them back to health again. *But best of all, they positively take no money risk whatever.* They know that when health fails to return, Dr. Shoop will himself gladly pay the druggist for that test. And for that test a full 30 day treatment is freely granted. But write me first for an order.

Then Pay For

This will save delay and disappointment.

All druggists sell Dr. Shoop's Restorative and Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy, but all are not authorized to give the 30 day test. So drop me a line please—for I have appointed an honest and responsible druggist in almost every community, everywhere, to issue my "no help, no pay," medicines to the sick. Tell me also which book you need. The books below will surely open up new and helpful ideas to those who are not well. Besides you are perfectly free to consult me just as you would your home physician. My advice and the book below are yours—and without cost.

Perhaps a word or two from me will clear up some serious ailment. I have helped thousands upon thousands by my private personal advice plan. My best effort is surely worth your simple request. So write me now, while you have it fresh in mind, for tomorrow never comes. Dr. Shoop, Box 12, Racine, Wis.

Which Book Shall I Send You?

No. 1 On Dyspepsia	No. 4 For Women
No. 2 On the Heart	No. 5 For Men
No. 3 On the Kidneys	No. 6 On Rheumatism

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

BIG LINE OF SUMMER SUITS AT HANSON'S

The most complete stock of seasonable suits ever shown in Eugene. Hand-tailored clothes guaranteed by the brands of the best houses in America. Our goods have quality and style, and what is more, are priced right.

We carry a line that is worth an inspection, and take pleasure in showing our goods.

They look RIGHT.
Are priced RIGHT.
And wear RIGHT.

ED. HANSON
East Ninth Street

Economy Sale

The enormous spring trade has left us with many broken lines. Economical buyers cannot afford to miss these specials. Buying in large quantities has placed us in a position to make such exceptional prices.

A few only mentioned in every department, you will find unequaled values.

MEN'S SUITS

Our $15.00 Men's Suits $12.50
Our $10.00 Men's Suits ..... $ 7.50

HOSIERY

6 pair 15c Men's Sox 50c
5 pair 15c Ladies' Hose 50c
Regular 35c Ladies' Hose 25c

GROCERIES

$1.50 Oregon Hardwheat Flour .. $1.25
$1.75 Idaho Patent Bluestem Flour $1.50
Raisins ..... 5c lb
40c Tea ..... 20c lb
20 lbs Rice $1.00
9 Bars Good Soap 25c

LADIES' Ready-to-Wear Goods

35 White Ladies' Shirtwaists, with lace and embroidery, $1.00 values for .. 49c
50 Waists, with drawn work and lace; $1.50 values at 98c
200 Waists, broken sizes, at—
$2, $2.25, $2.50, $2.75, $3, $3.50 $4, $5, $6—Just Half Price

WASH SUITS--Ladies' and Children's Just Received and must be Slaughtered

$1.50 Ladies' Suits 89c
$2.00 Ladies' Suits $1.39
$3.50 Ladies' Suits $2.50
$5.00 Ladies' Suits $2.98
$6.50 Ladies' Suits $4.39
$10.00 Ladies' Suits $5.48

CHILDREN'S SUITS AT ABOUT HALF PRICE.

DODGE DEPT. STORE Corner 8th and Olive Eugene, Oregon