

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

Beginning December 29--Closing January 15

Everything in the store REDUCED except patterns, rubber goods, thread, yarns
Store Closed all day New Years

The many women who have awaited this sale will be greeted this time by bargains more noteworthy in every respect than at any previous time. We have searched the markets for extraordinary values—not cheap merchandise for special sales, but high quality goods at an unusual low price. Now we are ready. Each department vying with the others in splendid value giving, the whole store bubbling over with an excellent sale spirit. There are only a few choice items given below. Come, revel in these bargains for 15 days. Come early, stay late. Remember, everything reduced, except the articles named above.

Embroidery Specials

The best value we have ever offered, exceptional in high quality, beauty of pattern and durability, and all this with a low price.

Edging and Insertion, a splendid value, wide, pretty, and durable, per yard..... 5c

Embroidery Edging, daintiest patterns, firm edge, good material, a worthy value, per yard..... 10c

Exceptional value, one of our best bargains, dainty patterns on swiss, cambric or nainsook, very unusual, per yd..... 12½c

Corset cover embroidery very superior quality, material of dainty cross-barred swiss. Excellent patterns, 50c value, per yard..... 25c

Flouncing, beautiful patterns, fine material, firm edges, a very exceptional value, per yd..... 48c

All Rugs Reduced

Every rug in this new department reduced during this sale. There are all sizes, all kinds, all prices.

Floral or ornamental patterns in medallion or all-over effects, ingrain, fiber, tapestry, axminster, brussels, velvets, in all about one hundred patterns in sizes from 4 feet, 6x7 feet, 6 to 10 feet, 6x13 feet, 6.

This is a great opportunity for you. Come and make your selection.

Any \$10 rug at..... \$8.75

Any \$25.00 rug at..... \$21.87

Any \$42.00 rug at..... \$37.18

All of Our Excellent Suits at Half Price

Every one of our stylish, beautiful tailored suits, the best suits that careful tailoring, high quality material, suitable trimmings and careful selection of styles can make. But we don't want to carry any of them over, so we just cut the price to clear them.

There will be several months yet before you will want a spring suit and these excellent garments selling at half price now present an extraordinary opportunity of securing a fresh new stylish suit to fill in between the seasons.

Silk Dresses \$10

A number of these stylish, necessary gowns that all women love but feel unable to buy—have been placed on sale at a remarkable low price.

They are almost necessary in every woman's wardrobe, as a party gown, evening gown, or for nice wear.

Their dainty trimmings, attractive styles and beautiful colors appeal to all women, and now you may own one. But come early. Bargains as these will go rapidly.

All sizes, your choice, price each..... \$10.00

300 Pair Shoes at \$1 Per Pair

300 excellent, stylish durable shoes at a price that will attract an enthusiastic throng of buyers.

They come in patent, vici, calf, and gun metal. The styles are varied, and there are shapes to fit all feet. A number are in Misses' school heel styles and are exceptional values in every way.

Every size is here, all piled high on a large table in our shoe department. There are values in this lot worth \$3.00, and every one is worth from 75 to 100 per cent. more than we ask.

Exceptional Lace Values

Cluny, Torchon and Val lace in a large assortment in new and attractive patterns. Values that exceed any previous offering we have ever made. Supply your future needs.

Cluny laces, insertion and edges, pretty new patterns, 2 to 2½ inches wide, price per yard..... 5c

Cluny laces, 4 to 6 inches wide, fine quality, edges and insertions, price per yard..... 10c

Torchon laces, the most durable, serviceable lace, new patterns, unusual, per yard..... 6½c

Torchon lace, 1½ to 2 inches wide, price per yard..... 5c

L. E. and H. J. Hamilton
317 First Street

THE HAMILTON STORE

ALBANY, OREGON

The Man From Brodney's

By George Barr McCutcheon

(Chapter VI Continued)

"The choicest, my lady," said Bowles, bowing.

"See here, Mr.—er—old chap, don't you think you can induce the servants to come back to us? By Jove, I'll make it worth your while."

"What are we to do?" wailed Lady Agnes, sitting down suddenly upon the edge of a fountain.

"You see, my lady, they take the position that you have no right here," volunteered Bowles. "They've got the ridiculous idea into their noddies that you can't be the heiress unless Lord Deppingham passes away inside of a year, and—"

"I'm— If I do!" roared the per-springing obstacle. "I'm not so obliging as that, let me tell you. If it comes to that, what sort of ass do they think I'd be to come away out here to pass away? London's good enough for any man to die in."

"You are not going to die, Deppy," said his wife consolingly, "unless you starve to death," she supplemented, with an expressive nose.

CHAPTER VII

THE BROWNES ARRIVE.

CONTRARY to all expectations, the Browns arrived the next morning. The Deppinghams and their miserably frightened servants were scarcely out of bed when Saunders came in with the news that a steamer was standing off the shallow harbor. Bowles had telephoned up that the American claimant was on board.

The deepest gloom pervaded the household when Lady Deppingham discovered that not one of their retinue knew how to make coffee or broil bacon—not that she cared for bacon, but that his lordship always asked for it when they did not have it.

Bromley upset the last peg of endurance by hoping that the Americans were bringing a cook and a housemaid with them.

"The Americans always travel like lords," she concluded, forgetting that she served a lord and not in the least intending to be ironical.

What will do, Bromley," said her mistress sharply. "If they're like most Americans I've seen they'll have nothing but wet nurses and chauffeurs. I can't eat this vile stuff. Come on, Deppy. Let's go up and watch the approach of the enemy."

Scarcely half an hour passed before the advance guard of the Brown company came into view at the park gate below. Deppingham recalled the fact that an hour and a half had been consumed in the accomplishment yesterday. He was keeping a sharp lookout for the magic red jacket and the Tommy Atkins lid. Quite secure from observation, he and his wife watched the forerunners with the hand bags, then came the sweating trunk bearers and then crated objects in—what? Yes, by the Lord Harry, in the very carts that had been their private chariots the day before!

Deppingham's wrath did not really explode until the two were gazing open mouthed upon Robert Browne and his wife and his maidservants and his ass, for that was the name which his lordship subsequently applied, with no moderation, to the unfortunate gentleman who served as Mr. Browne's attorney. The Americans were being swiftly, coolly carried to their new house in litters of oriental comfort and elegance, fanned vigorously from both sides by eager boys. First came the Browns, eager faced, bright eyed, alert young people, far better looking than their new enemies could consciously admit under the circumstances; then the lawyer from the States; then a pert young lady in a pink shirt waist and a sailor hat; then two giggling, utterly un-English maids, and all of them tolling in luxurious ease. The red jacket was conspicuously absent.

It is not to be wondered at that his lordship looked at his wife, gulped in sympathy and then said something memorable.

Almost before they could realize what had happened the newcomers were chattering in the spacious halls below, tramping about the rooms and giving orders in high, though apparently effeminate voices. Close at their heels trooped the servants, all of

whom took part in the discussion incident to fresh discoveries. At last they came upon the great balcony, pausing just outside the French windows to explain anew in their delight. "Great!" said the lawyer, man after a full minute. "Finest I've ever seen! Isn't it a picture, Browne?"

"Glorious!" said young Mr. Browne, taking a long breath. The Deppinghams, sitting unobserved, saw that he was a tall, good looking fellow. They were unconsciously amused when he suddenly reached out and took his wife's hand in his big fingers. She was very trim and cool looking in her white dress.

"What does Baedeker say about it, Robby?" asked Mrs. Browne. Her voice was very soft and full—the quiet, well modulated Boston voice and manner.

The pert girl in the pink waist opened a small portfolio, while the others gathered around her. She read therefrom. The lawyer drew a compass from his pocket and pointed vaguely into what proved to be the southwest.

"We must tell Lady Deppingham not to take the rooms at this end," was the next thing that the listeners heard from Mrs. Browne's lips. Her ladyship turned upon her husband with a triumphant smile.

"What did I tell you," she whispered. "I knew they'd want the best of everything. Isn't it lucky I pounced upon those rooms? They shan't turn us out. You won't let 'em, will you, Deppy?"

"The impudence of 'em!" was all that Deppy could sputter.

At that moment the American party caught sight of the pair in the corner. For a brief space of time the two parties stared at each other, very much as the hunter and the hunted look when they come face to face without previous warning. Then a friendly, half abashed smile lighted Browne's face.

"I beg your pardon," said Browne. "This is Lord Deppingham?"

"Ya-as," drawled Deppy, with a look which was meant to convey the impression that he did not know who the deuce he was addressing.

"Permit me to introduce myself. I am Robert Browne."

"Oh," said Deppy, as if that did not convey anything to him. Then, as an afterthought, "Did I know you, I'm sure." Still he did not rise, nor did he extend his hand. For a moment young Browne waited, a dull red growing in his temples.

"Don't you intend to present me to Lady Deppingham?" he demanded bluntly without taking his eyes from Deppy's face.

"Oh—er—is that neces—"

"Lady Deppingham," interrupted Browne, "I am Robert Browne, the man you are expected to marry. We are here for the same purpose, I suspect. We can't be married to each other. That's out of the question. But we can live together as if we—"

"Good Lord!" roared Deppy, coming to his feet in a towering rage. Browne smiled apologetically and lifted his hand.

"—as if we were serving out the prescribed period of courtship set down in the will. Believe me, I am very happily married, as I hope you are. The courtship, you will perceive, is neither here nor there. Our every issue is identical. Lady Deppingham doesn't it strike you that we will be very foolish if we stand alone and against each other?"

"My solicitor"—began Lady Deppingham.

"I'll see what I can do, Mr. Browne. Got to have cooks, eh, Lord Deppingham?" Without waiting for an answer he dashed off. The native carriers were leaving the grounds when Britt's shrill whistle brought them to a standstill. The lawyer waved a triumphant hand to his friends and then climbed into one of the litters to be borne off in the direction of the town.

"He'll have the servants back at work before 2 o'clock," said Browne calmly. Deppingham was transfixed with astonishment.

"How—how the devil do you—does he bring 'em to time like that?" he murmured. He afterward said that if

mother's son of 'em. There isn't a servant on the place."

"What? You don't mean it? I say, Britt, come here a moment, will you? Lord Deppingham says the servants have struck."

"The American lawyer, a chubby, red faced man of forty, with clear gray eyes and a stubby mustache, whistled soulfully.

"I'll see what I can do, Mr. Browne. Got to have cooks, eh, Lord Deppingham?" Without waiting for an answer he dashed off. The native carriers were leaving the grounds when Britt's shrill whistle brought them to a standstill. The lawyer waved a triumphant hand to his friends and then climbed into one of the litters to be borne off in the direction of the town.

"He'll have the servants back at work before 2 o'clock," said Browne calmly. Deppingham was transfixed with astonishment.

"How—how the devil do you—does he bring 'em to time like that?" he murmured. He afterward said that if

you don't mind, I will consult my solicitor." She bowed ever so slightly, indicating that the interview was at an end and, moreover, that it had not been of her choosing.

"Any time, your ladyship," said Browne, also bowing. "I think Mrs. Browne wants to speak to you about the rooms."

"We are quite settled, Mr. Browne, and very well satisfied," she said pointedly, turning red with a fresh touch of anger.

"I trust you have not taken the rooms at this end."

"We have. We are occupying them."

"I'm sorry," said Browne. "We were warned not to take them. They are said to be unbearable when the hot winds come in October."

"What's that?" demanded Deppingham.

"The book of instructions and description which we have secured sets all that out," said the other. "It's strange that the servants didn't warn you."

"The—the confounded servants left us yesterday before we came, every



"Good Lord!" roared Deppy in a towering rage.

he had had Saunders there at that humiliating moment he would have kicked him.

"They're afraid of the American battleship," said Browne.

"But where is the American battleship?" demanded Deppingham, looking wildly to see

"they understand that there will be one here in a day or two if we need it," said Browne, with a sly grin. "That's the bluff we've worked." He looked around for his wife and, finding that she had gone inside, politely waved his hand to the Englishman and followed.

At 3 o'clock Britt returned with the recalcitrant servants—or at least the "pick" of them, as he termed the score he had chosen from the hundred or more. He seemed to have an Abdi-like effect over the horde.

Calmly taking Lord Deppingham and his following into his confidence, he said, in reply to their indignant remonstrances, later on in the day:

"I know that an American man-of-war hasn't any right to fire upon British possessions, but you just keep quiet and let well enough alone. They just simply know that I can send wireless messages and that a cruiser would be out there tomorrow if necessary, pegging away at these green hills with cannon balls so big that there wouldn't be anything left but the horizon in an hour or two. You let me do the talking. I've got 'em buffed, and I'll keep 'em that way."

Over in the gorgeous west wing Lord Deppingham later on tried to convince his sulky little wife that the Americans were an amazing lot, after all. Bromley tapped at the door.

"Tea is served in the hanging garden, my lady," she announced. Her mistress looked up in surprise, red eyed and a bit disheveled.

"Ask some one to bring the tea things in here, Bromley," she said sternly. "Besides, I want to give some orders. We must have system here, not Americanisms."

The tea things did not come in. In their stead came pretty Mrs. Browne. "Won't you please join Mr. Browne and me in that dear little garden? It's so cool up here, and it must be dreadfully warm here. Really, you should move at once into Mr. Wyckholme's old apartments, across the court from ours. They are splendid. But now do come and have tea with us."

CHAPTER VIII

THE MAN FROM BRODNEY'S.

It was quite forty-eight hours before the Deppinghams surrendered to the Browns. They were obliged to humbly admit in the seclusion of their own councils that it was to the obnoxious but energetic Britt that they owed their present and ever growing comfort.

Late in the afternoon of the day following the advent of the Browns, Lord and Lady Deppingham were laboriously fanning themselves in the midst of their stifling Marie Antoinette elegance.

(To be Continued)