

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

Beginning December 29--Closing January 15

Everything in the store REDUCED except patterns, rubber gcc's, 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 at 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 VIII Continued)

"By Jove, Aggy, it's too beastly hot here for words," growled he for the hundredth time. "I think we'd better move into your grandfather's rooms."

"Now, Deppy, don't let the Browns talk you into anything they suggest," she complained, determined to be stubborn to the end. "They know entirely too much."

"That's all very good, my dear, but you know quite as well as I that we made a frightful mistake in choosing these rooms. It is cooler on that side of the house. I'm not too proud to be comfortable, don't you know?"

The next day they moved into the west wing, and that evening they had the Browns to dine with them in the banquet hall. Deppingham awoke in the middle of the night with violent cramps in his stomach.

"Don't say a word to Lady Deppingham," he grunted, sitting up in bed and gazing wildly at his valet, "but I've been poisoned. The—servants—ouch!—don't you know? Might have known. Silly ass! See what I mean? Get something for me—quick!"

For two hours Antoine applied hot water bags and soothing sirups, and his master, far from dying as he continually prophesied, dropped off into a peaceful sleep.

The next morning Deppingham, fully convinced that the native servants had tried to poison him, unconditionally discharged the entire force.

Of course there was a great upheaval. Lady Agnes came tearing down to the servants' hall, followed directly by the Browns and Mr. Britt.

"Stop!" she cried. "Deppy, what are you doing? Discharging them after we've had such a time getting them? Are you crazy?"

"They're a pack of snakes—I mean snakes. They're assassins. They tried to poison every one of us last!"

Britt smoothed the troubled waters with astonishing ease. The servants returned to their duties, but not without grumbling and no end of savage glances, all of which were leveled at the luckless Deppingham.

"Why poison?" demanded Britt. "They've got knives and guns, haven't they?"

"My dear man, that would put them to no end of trouble cleaning up after us," said Deppingham loftily.

Meanwhile it may be well to depict the situation from the enemy's point of view—the enemy being the islanders as a unit. They were prepared to abide by the terms of the will so long as it remained clear to them that fair treatment came from the opposing interests. Rasula, the Ararat lawyer, in mass meeting had discussed the document. They understood its requirements and their restrictions; they knew by this time that there was small chance of the original beneficiaries coming into the property under the provisions. Later came the news that marriage between the heirs was out of the question. Then the islanders laughed as they talked. But they were not to be caught napping. Jacob von Blitz, the superintendent, stood for John Brodney was chosen. A wide awake representative of the distinguished solicitors was now on his way to the island with the swarthy committee which had treated so much interest in the metropolis during its brief stay.

Jacob von Blitz came to the island when he was twenty years old. That was twenty years before the death of Taswell Skaggs. He had worked in the South African diamond fields and had no difficulty in securing employment with Skaggs and Wyckholme.

Von Blitz was shrewd enough to see that the grandchildren were not coming to the island for the mere pleasure of sojourning there; their motive was plain. It was he who advised—even commanded—the horde of servants to desert the chateau.

He lived, with his three wives, in the hills just above and south of the town itself. The Englishmen who worked in the bank and the three Boer foremen also had houses up there,

where it was cool, but von Blitz was the only one who practiced polygamy. His wives were Persian women and handsome after the Persian fashion.

One hot, dry afternoon about a week after the reopening of the chateau, the shesta of a swarthy population was disturbed by the shouts of those who kept impatient watch of the sea. Five minutes later the whole town of Ararat knew that the smoke of a steamer lay low on the horizon. No one doubted that it came from the stack of the boat that was bringing Rasula and the English solicitor. Joy turned to exultation when the word came down from von Blitz that it was the long looked for steamship, the Sir Joshua.

Von Blitz stood at the landing place to welcome Rasula and his comrades and to be the first to clasp the hand of the man from Brodney's.

At last his figure could be made out from the forward deck. His straw hat was at least a head higher than the turban of Rasula, who was indicating to him the interesting spots in the hills.

"He's big," commented von Blitz comfortably, more to himself than to his neighbor. "And young," he added a few minutes later. Bowles, standing at his side, offered the single comment:

"Good looking."

As the tall stranger stepped from the boat to the pier von Blitz turned a look of triumph upon Britt, who had bowed through the crowd a moment before and was standing close by.

The newcomer was an American!

"I've sighted the enemy," exclaimed Bobby Browne, coming up from Neptune's pool—the largest of the fountains. His wife and Lady Deppingham were sitting in the cool retreat under the hanging garden. "Would you care to have a peek at him?"

"I should think so," said his wife, jumping to her feet. "He's been on the island three days, and we haven't had a glimpse of him. Come along, Lady Deppingham."

Lady Deppingham arose reluctantly, stifling a yawn.

They had come to call the new American lawyer "the enemy." No one knew his name or cared to know it, for that matter. Bowles in answer to the telephone inquiries of Saunders said that the new solicitor had taken temporary quarters above the bank and was in hourly consultation with von Blitz, Rasula and others. Much of his time was spent at the mines. Later on, it was commonly reported, he was to take up his residence in Wyckholme's deserted bungalow far up on the mountain side in plain view from the chateau.

Life at the chateau had not been allowed to drag. The white servants had become good friends despite the natural disdain that the trained Eng-

lish expert fees for the unpolluted American domestic.

Miss Pelham, the stenographer from West Twenty-third street, had set her cap for the unsuspecting Mr. Saunders. She had learned in the wisdom of her sex that he was fancy free. Mr. Saunders, fully warned against the American typewriter girl as a class, having read the most shocking jokes at her expense in the comic papers, was rather shy at the outset, but Britt gallantly came to Miss Pelham's defense and ultimate rescue by emphatically assuring Saunders that she was a perfect lady, guaranteed to cause uneasiness to no man's wife.

"But I have no wife," quickly protested Saunders, turning a dull red.

"The devil!" exclaimed Britt, apparently much upset by the revelation.

But of this more anon.

Browne conducted the two young women across the drawbridge and to the sunlit edge of the terrace, where two servants awaited them with parasols.

"There he is! See him?" almost whispered Browne, as if the solitary, motionless figure at the foot of the avenue was likely to hear his voice and be frightened away.

The enemy was sitting serenely on one of the broad iron benches just inside the gates to the park, his arms stretched out along the back, his legs extended and crossed. It was quite apparent that he was lazily surveying the chateau, puffing with consistent ease at the cigarette which drooped from his lips.

"Mr. Britt was right," said Mrs. Browne irrelevantly. She was peering at the stranger through the binoculars.

"He is very good looking."

"And you from Boston, too?" scoffed Lady Deppingham. Mrs. Browne flushed and smiled deprecatingly.

"Wonder what he's doing here in the grounds?" puzzled Browne.

"It's plain to me that he is resting his audacious bones," said her ladyship, glancing brightly at her colleague.

Three men were approaching by the path which led down from the far away stables. Browne recognized the dark skinned men as servants in the chateau—the major domo, the chef and the master of the stables.

"Lord Deppingham must have sent them down to pit-him over the wall," he said, with an excited grin.

"Impossible! My husband is hunting for sapphires in the ravine back of—"

She did not complete the sentence.

The enemy was greeting the status-quo natives with a friendliness that upset all calculations. It was evident that the meeting was prearranged. There was no attempt at secrecy. The conference, whatever its portent, had

the merit of being quite aboveboard. In the end the tall solicitor, lifting his helmet with a gesture so significant that it left no room for speculation turned and sauntered through the broad gateway and out into the forest road. The three servants returned as they had come, by way of the bridge path along the wall.

"The nerve of him!" exclaimed Browne. "That graceful attention was meant for us. I'll have Britt interview those fellows at once. Our kitchen, our stable and our domestic discipline are threatened."

They hastened to the chateau and regarded the resourceful Britt with the disquieting news.

That evening he dragged the reinstated Saunders into the privacy of the



The enemy was sitting serenely on one of the iron benches.

report our affairs to him? See? Moreover, he's getting the evidence of everybody to prove that Skaggs and Wyckholme were men of sound mind up to the hour of their death. He has the depositions of agents and dealers in Bombay, Aden, Suva and three or four European cities, all along that line. He goes over the day's business at the bank as often as we do as agents for the executors. He knows just how many rubies and sapphires were washed out yesterday, and how much they weigh. It's our business, as your agents, to scrape up everything as far back as we can go to prove that the old chaps were mentally off their base when they drew up that agreement and will. Of course if we can prove that insanity has always run through the two families it—

"Good Lord!" gasped Browne nervously.

"It would be a great help. If we can show that you and Mrs.—er—Lady Deppingham have queer spells occasionally, it—"

"Not for all the islands in the world," cried Lady Deppingham. "The idea! Queer spells! Please be good enough to leave me out of the insanity dodge, as you Americans call it."

"Is it necessary to make my husband insane in order to establish the fact that his grandfather was not of sound mind?" queried pretty Mrs. Browne, with her calmest Boston inflection.

"It depends on your husband," said Britt coolly. "If he sticks at anything which may help us to break that will he's certainly insane. That's all I've got to say about it."

"Well, I'm hanged if I'll pose as an insane man," roared Browne.

"Mr. Saunders hasn't asked me to be insane, have you, Mr. Saunders?" asked Lady Agnes in her sweetest scorn.

"I don't apprehend"—began Saunders nervously.

"Saunders," said Britt calculatingly and evenly, "next thing we'll have to begin hunting for insanity in your family. We haven't heard anything from you on this little point, Lord Deppingham."

"I don't know anything about Mr. Saunders' family," said Deppingham stiffly. Britt looked at him for a moment, puzzled and uncertain. Then he gave a short, hopeless laugh and said under his breath:

"Holy smoke!"

When he finally called the conference adjourned and prepared to depart he calmly turned to the stenographer.

"Did you get all this down, Miss Pelham?"

"Yes, Mr. Britt."

(To be Continued)