PRESENT

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holesale Trade. 31.—Chicago's whole-

ON HINTS

MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN. 6 and 18 Years.

ITHOUT CIRCULAR TRIM

ND CHEMISETTE, WITH EE-QUARTER SLEEVES as any fashion prettier uch style as this one. he more dressy fabrics of a water far away below. Everything that suggests t to himself. "She is fashionable and this tri would forget." plain costume into an elabora damentally, the dress is aple, the skirt being made es and the blouse with and under-arm seams. d those or three-quarter len vogue and each wearer is f the length that is most become

aper on receipt of ten cent PATTERN NO. 767

RECEIPT OF 10c. THE PATTN TMENT OF THE AMERICANII above-mentioned pattern, as peigiven below, to

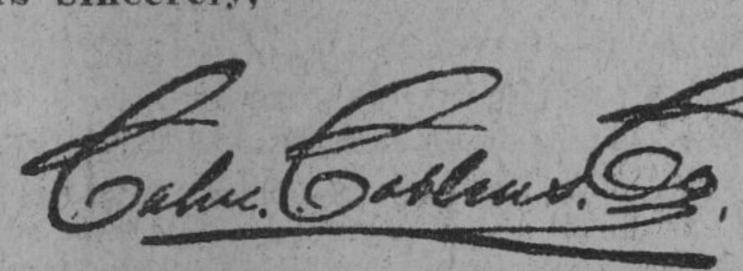
nent-Waist..... Bust....

child's or miss' pattern).....

=Greeting=

TE gratefully acknowledge and return sincere thanks for ir valued patronage so liberally orded us during the past year. e shall ever endeavor to merit its ntinuance and your confidence d extend to you and yours our rnest wishes for

Happy and Prosperous



WAIT AND WATCH FOR OUR JANUARY WHITE SALES eginning Next Monday, Jan. 6. It Will Pay You.

ADAUGHTER OF THE MARIONIS!

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

(Copyright By Little, Brown & Co.)

if conquer! Do I come of a race His big, boyish heart was full to overwe content to stand calmly by and flowing. Oh! it is a fine thing to be in se woman they love stolen away love!

rou. Never! never!"

held up her hands, and he stayed. with her eyes fixed steadily upon "I do not wish to think ill of you not wish to think that you could m the man I love; but, if you didhan's vengeance! You think me weak. there are things which will fire the little Maurice, and all ties of kindred and intry are forgotten. Those means

ich lie ready to my hand, I will use! have warned you! Remember!" Her tone had passed from earnestness

"I thank you for your candor, cousin e said slowly. "If I harm your lover-DRES ercely, "you will win my undying hate, seemed so fair a thing! ven whilst you are undergoing my venceance. You know my power, Leonardo fou know the means which lie ready my hand. Never doubt but that I shall

He turned round and walked out the house, passing Lord St. Maurice the garden without even glancing towards him. In the road he paused for youthful in effect whatev pass quivering across the dark hills, and al, while it is equally withe gleam of the moonlight upon

CHAPTER VIII.

DER IN THE HEART."

the large view, the dress that night. He had spent nearly the d frills of lace, and there e whole of the day with the woman et covered buttons arranged r loved, and whom he was shortly 16-year size the dress will- marry, and with the prospect of another yards of material 27, 5% yls such day on the morrow, even his tem-

and 18 years. It will be med or two alone with a case of excellent southern nature. When the sky was fair, Sicilian. It told its own story. There dress by the Pattern Departnt cigars, with delightful thoughts to keep their hearts were light and their voices was trouble to come. him company, the softest air in Europe to gay. Now there was a momentary gloom Good evening, signor," he answered breathe, and one of the most picturesque and every one shivered. sights to look upon, could scarcely be The Englishman looked up at the The Sicilian leaned over the table esteemed a hardship. Above him, amongst cloud, wondered whether there would be There were grey rims under his eyes, the woods, twinkled the bright lights of a storm, and calmly went on smoking. and even his lips had lost their color. the Villa Fiolesse which he had just The sudden hush and darkness meant "A week ago, signor," he remarked quitted, and below was the gay little nothing to him. In his state of mind they "we occupied these same seats here." Marina, still doted about with groups were rather welcome than otherwise. But "I remember it," Lord St. Maurice reof men in soft hats and light clothes, in the midst of the darkness a strange plied quietly. and bright-eyed, laughing women, whose thing happened.

musical voices rang out on the still night He was neither superstitious nor im- have followed that night that I desire to air with strange distinctness. and rhododendron shrubs he pushed his truth, have declared himself altogether "Certainly," the Englishman replied way downwards, the red end of his cigar free. But suddenly the sweet, swiftly- correcously. After all, perhaps the fel shining out like a signal light in the flowing current of his thoughts came to lose did not mean to quarrel. semipurple darkness. Every now and then a full stop. He was collectous of a cold in regret exceedingly having to size of pattern wanted. Wh the he stopped to take a breath of air per-chill, which he could not in any way trouble you, signoff, with a little personal your country, and choose for a bride fumed by a clump of hyacinth, or some explain. There had been no sound of history," the Sicilian continued. "I must star-shaped flower which had yielded footsteps, nothing to warm him of it, tell you, at the commencement, that for up its sweetness to the softly-falling but he fancied himself abruptly encoun- five years I have been a suitor for the nting the age. It is not nessary | night. Now and then, too, he took a tered by some nameless danger. The hand of the Signorina Adrienne Cartuclover's look at the stars, and downwards perspiration broke out upon his fore- cio, my cousin." be addressed to attend to the soft-heaving bosom of the Medi- head, and the cigar dropped from his "Second cousin. I believe," Lord St. American, Bamore, to the soft heart heart heart, and the prelude Maurice interposed.

American, Bamore, to him now! to a fover? Was he going mad? Oh! it The Sicilian wave

Adrienne had changed the world, and he was horrible!

siness done by Chicago for 1912 totals \$276, and to her hand. He had de-young Briton but lately escaped from sther pity. Henceforth he was ob-public school and college, had suddenly no to her. me," she commanded. "You are holy thing. He was almost a poet that caof what you do not understand. night-he who had scarcely read a line Ye insulting me. I detest you!" of what the world call poetry since his It me!" he laughed hysterically, schooldays. There was a man whom he ar fire in his eyes grew brighter. had hated all his life. Just then he be-; "syhen? Since this cursed English- gan to think of him without a particle maispered his lies into your ears of anger or resentment. If he could have aple you from me. Nay, do not met him there, amongst those drooping, srour head. Mine you would have whiteflowering shrubs, he felt that he bome day, as surely as now you could have shaken his hand, have asked hade my life a hell. My love would him heartily after his health, and doubthanguered in the end. It would have less have fixed a day to dine with him. wway your coldness and your re- The world was a capital place, and Pase drop by drop. Mother of God! lermo was on the threshold of heaven.

> From the present he began to think a stopped short, and there was a little of the future. He was right in the se look in his face. Adrienne saw clouds, and he began to dream. At 25 years old imagination is the master of Inardo," she said, "I call a man the man; at 40 the situations are recannot bear a disappointment a versed; but in losing the upper hand d. I do not love you; and under no imagination often loses its power hstances whatever would it have freshness. Lord St. Maurice was in his possible for me ever to have man- twenty-sixth year, and he began to Eastshire, a shooting-lodge in Scotland le shall see!" he said. "Au revoir, and a box in Leicestershire. Which would Adrienne prefer? How delightful it e emphasis in his tone, and a cer- would be to take her to them in the fixed look in his face chilled her. proper seasons, and find out which one

isten!" she said, speaking slowly, England, after a cruise as far as Cairo fou did, I say-you should taste a those glorous moors before the shoott but your little finger against Lord Adrienne was sure to like Scotland. This enough in its way, but the purple-cov- becoming distinct; in a moment the moon letters which preserved my reason, and ered moors and cloud-topped hills of would be free. solemnity; her attitude, her final ges- | Scotland had their own charm. Adrienne | re, were full of dramatic grace. Be- had never seen heather; and his long, more filled the air. The waiters were

"If you harm him," she interrupted happy they would be. Life had never long, curiously-shaped dagger, which the Sicilian heard the words, and his He was on the Marina by this time, lying at his feet. were still lazily walking backwards and shudder as he examined the thing, and are in a public place." forwards, or standing in little knots felt its blueish steel edge with his finwas crowded, but there were a few va- it had been fashioned and meant for use. his head: cant seats, and amongst them the little What use? Somehow he felt that he had iron chair in which he had been loung- escaped a very great danger, as he put ing on that evening when Adrienne Car- the thing thoughtfully into his pocket, tuccio had passed by amongst the crowd. and leaned back in his chair. The shrill

> sat down. The busy waiter was by his By degrees he came to himself, and end. I determined to risk my liberty, side in a moment with coffee and leaning forward took a match from the liquers, and taking a cigar from his case little marble table and relit his cigar. he began meditatively to smoke. Since sundown the hot air had grown a start, that the chair opposite to him closer and more sulphurous, and away was occupied, occupied, too, by a figure westward over the waters the heavens which was perfectly familiar. It was the seemed to be continually opening and Sicilian who sat there, quietly smoking closing, belching out great sheets of yel- a long cigarette, and with his face shaded low light. A few detached masses of black by the open palm of his hand.

clouds were slowly floating across the Lord St. Maurice made no sign starlit sky. Now one had reached the recognition. On the contrary, he turned moon, and a sudden darkness fell upon his head away, preferring not to be seen the earth. With such a lamp in the sky His nerves were already highly strung, he illuminations in the hotel gardens were and there seemed to him to be something to a thing unheard of, and the effect was ominous in this second meeting with the smokers were visible, dotted here and being able to do so unnoticed, he would elvet for the collar. The wh porary exile from paradise was not a dropped. Men lowered their voices, the "Good evening, signor!" kirt at the lower edge is k very severe trial. He was an ardent women ceased to make the air alive with Lord St. Maurice turned and looked suitor, and deeply in love, but an hour the music of their laughter. It was the into the white, corpse-like face of th

pressionable. From either weakness he speak, if you, signor, will grant me Through the clinging magnolia bushes would contemptuously, and with perfect few moments of your time?"

Messes. Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

Take this opportunity of wishing you

A Happy New Hear

OUR 1913

WILL BE

Unusual In Its Scope WE OFFER

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF Furniture and Rugs!

with exception of "Whittall Rugs" and a few other lines always sold by us at the manufacturer's prescribed minimum prices.

AT DISCOUNTS

Ranging From 10% Upward

MOLLACK'Q ISAAC DAVIDSON, WM. B. FALLON, Proprs.

Howard and Saratoga Sts.

dream. He was his own master, and he to raise his eyes to the cloud. It had mperial party at Rome," he continued, turned on his heel and walked was rich. There was a fine estate in almost passed away from the face of the "culminated two years ago in my banishfloating northwards, only one long jagged lieve, Lord St. Maurice, are of ancient edge remained. There could be only a family, and it is possible that you may gloom. His heart was thankful for it. of exile from a country and a home which Ah! what was that? He bit his tongue has been the seat of my family for nearhard, or he would have called out. Either | ly a thousand years. Such a sentence is

out as though to defend himself, and live to confess it! But to be parted from sound, save the dull murmur of whis- Yet I endured it. I endured it; hoping nan than I am. Remember, Leonardo! be rescinded. Bother bachelor invitations! pered conversation around. One glance southern land with its profusion of flow- Ah! thank God! the light was coming. with the Signorina Cartuccio. Thus I had ers, its deep, intense coloring, and its Already the shadows were moving away. news of her continually. Sometimes my softly-blowing winds, was beautiful Voices were being raised; figures were

It was all over. Laughing voices once de her, he appeared mean and insig- low cottage was set in a very sea of it. running about more busily than ever on the balcony, with the red sun sink- about the darkness. But the Englishman dormant jealousy not very far from the ing down behind Bathness Hill. Ah! how sat quite still, holding in his hand a surface.

first gleam of moonlight had shown him eyes flashed.

He stopped short, and stepping lightly voices and clatter of glasses around him over the railing, drew it to him, and sounded curiously unreal in his ears. Then, for the first time, he noticed with

singular. Only the red lights of the Sicilian. If he could have been sure of

"It is well. It is of the events which

mean so much more to him now! to a fever? Was he going mad? Oh! it The Sicilian waved his hand. It was of no consequence. was looking out upon it with different By a great effort of will be contrived "Certain political differences with the

noon. The main body of it was already ment from Italy and Sicily. You, I beecond or two more of this unnatural understand to some extent the bitterness he was dreaming, or that was the warm not banishment as the world underpanting breath of a human being upon stands it; it is a living death! But, signor, it was not all. tI was not even the He sprang up, with his arm stretched worst. Alas, that I, a Marioni, should

breathed to me ever of hope." "Not Adrienne's, I'll swear," the Eng-How pleasant the evening would be, out people rubbed their eyes and joked a true Briton, and there was plenty of

"The Signorina Cartuccio, if you elboring his way amongst the people who He was no coward, but he gave a little please, signor," he remarked coldly. "We Lord St. Maurice felt that he could aftalking. The open-air restaurant, too, ger. It was by no means a toy weapon; ford to accept the rebuke, and he bowed

"My remark was not intended to be audible!" he declared. "For two years I bore with my

wretched life," the Sicilian continued, "but at last my endurance came to an that I might hear my fate from her own lips. I crossed the Alps without molestation, and even entered Rome. There I was watched, but not interfered with. The conclusion I came to was, that as long as I lived the life of an ordinary citizen, and showed no interest in politics. I was safe. I crossed to Palermo unharmed. I have seen the signorina, and I have made my appeal."

The Englishman dropped his eyes and knocked the ash from his cigar. The fellow was coming to the point at last. "You, signor," the Sicilian continued. in a tone which, although it was no louder, seemed to gain in intensity from the smouldering passion underneath, "you, signor, know what my answer! was, for you were the cause. I have not told you this much of my story to win your pity; I simply tell it that I may reason with you. I have tried to make you understand something of the strength of my love for the signorina. Do you think that, after what I have risked. after what I have suffered, that I shall stand aside and see another man, an

alien, take her from me? I come of a race, signor, who are not used to see the women they love chosen for other men's wives. Have you ever heard of Count Hubert di Marioni, who, with 700 men, carried off a princess of Austria from her father's court, and brought her safely through Italy here to be one of the mothers of my race? It was 500 years ago, and, amongst the ruins of ancient differs. In England it is the lady who kingdoms, the Marionis have also fallen chooses, and it is considered-pardon me in estate. But the old spirit lingers. Lord | -ill-mannered for a rejected suitor to St. Maurice, I am not a blood-thirsty have anything more to say."

one of her own daughters. Give up all thought of the Signorina di Cartuccio. or, as surely as the moon yonder looks down upon you and me, I shall kill you." Lord St. Maurice threw his cigar away and shrugged his shoulders. The affair was going to be serious, then.

"The custom in our countries doubtless | today.

JOEL GUTMAN & CO.

Announce-

Beginning Tomorrow, Thursday, Jan. 2,

Re-organization Sale

The demise of the late Mrs. Joel Gutman makes necessary a re-organization of this firm.

To effect this re-organization, a drastic reduction of the stocks throughout the store has been ordered, before inventory—now only four weeks away.

Thus, within a very brief period, an enormous quantity of merchandise must be distributed.

In order to accomplish this abnormal Selling, we realize that it must be made well worth YOUR while, by EXCEPTIONAL PRICE - REDUCTIONS ON OUR ALREADY (and always) FAIR PRICES!

We therefore announce

Unusual Price Cuts==In All Departments Of The Store

including reductions on thousands of dollars' worth of

New Spring Merchandise

already purchased for the forthcoming season. This sale will comprise, in the BROADEST sense,

"A Month Of Events"

In the scope of this announcement it would be impossible to print even an abbreviated list of items and prices.

You will find counters and tables piled high with the former, and a multitude of price cards, plainly printed, showing the reductions throughout the store, from basement to roof.

They will speak MOST ELOQUENTLY for themselves their economy-message of this great event.

MANAGEMENT'S PERSONAL NOTE

The following is a transcript of written instruction to the advertising department:

"It is the management's desire that the announcement of this sale be free from either advertising bombast or superlatives.

"The plain facts cannot fail to appeal to all who are desirous of getting the exceptional values that will be presented each day during January."

To be Continued Tomorrow.

To Re-establish Grain Duty.

Laredo, Tex., December 31.-Duty on

The selling will begin promptly at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. Preparations have been made to serve (with customary care and courtesy) the vast throng of purchasers that will come in response to this announcement.

JOEL GUTMAN & CO., North Eutaw Street

FURS Ten per cent. discount if you buy your furs today. We carry a full line of highgrade furs at very reasonable prices. Special attention to repairing and remodeling of all kinds of furs into the

latest styles. Mexican government, effective with the

not quite follow you," he said slowly. and corn in carload lots across the border THAN ANY EVENING PAPER IN THE THAN ANY UNITED STATES.

To Gure a Cold in 12 Hours LAXATIVE Sal Quinine Tablets NO SURE 10 C NO PAY At All Druggists

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