

CLEARANCE SALE

We mention just a few of the many hundreds of bargains offered in this great clearance

\$25.00 Tafeta Dresses	\$14.75
20.00 French Lingerie Princess Dresses	10.50
7.50 Panama Skirts, all colors	4.98
18.00 Voile Skirts	9.98
25.00 Taffeta Skirts	12.50
5.00 Misses Coats	2.50
25.00 Tailor Made Suits	12.50
3.00 Wash Suits	1.50
2.25 Heatherbloom Petticoats	1.25
5.00 Silk Waists	2.75
12.00 Cravettes	5.00
2.00 Wash Skirts	.98

But kindly remember that the first buyers will get the

BEST SELECTIONS

Dobson's Emporium

184 South Hohman Street, HAMMOND

Graduation Specials

Boys' and Girls' Watches and Chains Lockets Charms, Bracelets Brooches and Stick Pins

The Boys and Girls will appreciate these most if they are the

Bastar & McGarry Quality

175 South Hohman Street, HAMMOND



Full Page Ads
are no longer necessary in selling property in our subdivision, 700 feet from the Hammond Court House.

This little ad in the Lake County Times keeps our office busy making sales —

Because

Sewers, sidewalks, street paving, gas and all improvements are going in now.

Homes and Building lots on easy terms.
Money loaned to build.

E. A. KINKADE, HOME BUILDER

110 First National Bank Bldg. HAMMOND

LAWN-MOWERS, HOSE, WIRE SCREENINGS AND FENCING

Garden Tools and House-furnishing Goods

OUR WAGON WILL DELIVER THEM AT YOUR DOOR

TELEPHONE 2251

AND LEAVE YOUR ORDER WITH

P. H. MUELLER

216 Sibley Street HAMMOND, IND.

Every Woman has a right to demand a telephone for her home. It eases the drudgery of housework.—It lessens the loneliness of a long, dreary day.—It is a constant guardian and protector. Not a luxury, for we have a

Rate For Any Purse

CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY

The King of Diamonds.

By LOUIS TRACY,
Author of "Wings of the Morning,"
"The Pillar of Light," Etc.

Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode.

[CONTINUED.]

The doctor promised to come early next day and left.

Throughout Wednesday and Thursday Philip was party delirious, waking at times to a vague consciousness of his surroundings, but mostly asking vacantly for "Evelyn."

Often he fought with a person named "Jocky Mason" and explained that "Sir Philip" was not in Yorkshire at all.

The wife of one of his rescuers was assiduous in her attentions. Most fortunately, for these fisher folk were very poor, that lure spread beneath the cliff inveigled an unprecedented number of salmon, so she could afford to buy eggs and milk in abundance, and the doctor brought such medicines as were needed.

Gradually Philip recovered until at 9 o'clock on Thursday night he came into sudden and full use of his senses.

Then the doctor was sent for urgently. Philip insisted on getting up at once. He was kept in bed almost by main force.

With the doctor's arrival there was a further change. Here was an educated man, who listened attentively to his patient's story and did not instantly conclude that he was raving.

He helped, too, by his advice. It was utterly impossible to send a telegram to London that night. No matter what the sufferings of anxious friends concerning him, they could not be assuaged until the morning.

Yes, he would find money and clothes, accompany him, if need be, on the journey if he were able to travel tomorrow—attend to all things, in fact, in his behalf—for millionaires are scarce birds in secluded moorland districts. But meanwhile he must take a drink of milk and beef essence, rest a little while, take this draft, in a small bottle indicated, and sleep.

Sleep was quite essential. He would awake in the morning very much better. The knock on the head was not so serious as it looked at first sight.

Probably he would not even feel it again if he wore a soft cap for some days. The broken skin was healing nicely, and concussion of the brain had as many gradations as fever, which ranges from a slight cold to Yellow Jack.

In his case he was suffering from two severe shocks, but the crisis was passed, and he was able, even now, to get up if it could serve any possible purpose.

All this, save the promise of help, the doctor said with his tongue in his cheek. He had not the slightest intention of permitting Philip to travel next day. It was out of the question. Better reason with him in the morning and if needful bring his friends to Yorkshire rather than send him to London.

But the police must be informed at once. It was more than likely the criminals had left the Grange House soon after the attempted murder. Yet, if Philip did not object, a policeman should be summoned, and the tale told to him. The man should be warned to keep the story out of the papers.

The arrival of the constable at a late hour created consternation in the household. But the doctor knew his people.

"Have no fear, Mrs. Verrill," he whispered to the fisherman's wife; "your husband caught a fine fish when he drew Mr. Anson into his net. He will not need to poach salmon any more."

The doctor sat by Philip's bed while the policeman made clumsy notes of that eventful Tuesday night's occurrences.

Then in his turn he amazed his hearers.

He described his encounter with another Philip Anson in the highroad at an hour when the real personage of that name was unquestionably being attended to by the doctor himself in the fisherman's cottage.

"Aye," he said in his broad Yorkshire dialect, "he was as like you sir, as two peas, on'y, now that I see ye, he wasn't like a—like a gentleman as you, an' he talked w' a queer catch in his voice. 'T'other chap 'ud be Jocky Mason, 'cordin' to your description, so it seems to me 'at this 'ere Dr. Williams, 'oo druv' you frae' t' station, must ha' took yer clothes an' twisted his feace to luke as mich like you as he could."

The doctor cut short further conversation. He insisted on his patient seeking rest, but in response to Philip's urgent request he wrote a long telegram, which he promised would be handed in when the Scarsdale telegraph office opened next morning.

And this was Philip's message to Evelyn:

I have suffered detention since Tuesday night at the hands of Jocky Mason, whose name you will recollect, and another man, unknown. I am now cared for by friends and recovering rapidly from injuries received in a struggle. I return to London today. My only fear is that you must have endured terrible uncertainty if by any chance you imagined I was missing. Tell Abingdon.

PHILIP ANSON.

And then followed his address, care of the doctor.

"Is that all?" said Anson's new found friend.

Philip smiled feebly, for he was very weak.

"There is one matter, small in many ways, but important too. You might

add, 'I hope you have not lost Blue Atom by this mischance.'"

He sank back exhausted.

It was on the tip of the doctor's tongue to ask:

"What in the world is a blue atom?"

But he forbore. The sleeping potion was taking effect, and he would not retard it. He subsequently wrote a telegram on his own account:

Mr. Anson is convalescing, but a journey today is impossible. A reassuring message from you will save him from impatience and help his recovery. He has been delirious until last night. Now all he needs is rest and freedom from worry.

His man waited at Scarsdale post-office until a reply came next day. Then he rode with it to the village where Philip was yet sleeping peacefully. Indeed, the clatter of hoofs without aroused him, and he opened his eyes to find the doctor sitting at his side. He had never quitted his side.

Evelyn's message must have caused much speculation as to its true significance in the minds of those telegraphic officials through whose hands it passed.

It read:

Mr. absolutely bewildered. Cannot help realising that you have not lost Blue Atom by this mischance."

He was in bed with a high fever.

Do you know what is the matter?

Do you know what is