



Easter is nearly here, are you ready for it? The lillies are blooming out in beauty--Are you? If you have not already got your new dress for Easter, is it not high time? See what we have to offer--Come see the goods for yourselves--It is a better way for you, for us too.

Beautiful new silks for waists--Special at

Thousands of new Shirt Waists--Ready to wear 50c and up.

The best yard wide \$1.25 Black Taffeta Silk ever shown in the city--Easter Special 98c yd

Just received more of the Panama and Fancy Suitings in the popular Grey shades to sell at \$1.00 yd

Even if you have the new dress, do you not need a few accessories--Neckwear, Underwear, Hose, Gloves, Umbrella Etc.? We have lots of beautiful "Accessories" that will make you feel good and look good--

Elbow length Silk Gloves at 50cPr

\$1.00 Kid Gloves--Special for Easter 59c Pr

\$3.00 Black and colored fancy border Silk Umbrellas \$1.89

And hundreds of other little things you need.

Rail Road Store

Friday's Bargains

THIS IS OUR GREAT SOAP DAY.
10 BARS LENOX SOAP FOR 25cts.
10 BARS SANTA CLAUS SOAP FOR 25cts.
10 BARS SWIFTS PRIDE SOAP FOR 25cts.
13 BARS MASCOT SOAP FOR 25cts.
7 BARS SUNNY MONDAY, BEST ANTI WASH BOARD SOAP ON THE MARKET, FOR 25cts.

STARCH: STARCH:

6 pounds and 20 stamps for 25cts.

POTATOES:

Nice large and smooth, far better than any in Richmond. Homegrown or Michigan at 70cts per bu, worth 75cts by the car load.

IN OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Special sale in Table oil cloth in the different colors at per yard 10cts. Laces, Embroideries and Insertions, biggest assortment we ever had. Choice of one lot at 10cts per yard. Choice of another lot at 5cts per yard. See Display in our window and first counter. Shirt waist patterns, 4 yd length from 90cts to \$1.50. Cannot be equalled in the city for 25 per cent more. Pictorial Review Patterns on sale. Store opened Friday night.

HOOD'S MODEL DEPARTMENT STORE

Trading Stamps with All Purchases--Free Delivery--New 'Phone, 1079; Old 'Phone, 138--Store Open Tuesday, Friday and Saturday Evenings 411-413 Main Street

PERSONAL MENTION

Fred T. Angles of Indianapolis is visiting this city.

George Hauser is spending a few days in Chicago.

The Rev. Madison Swadner returned from Cincinnati yesterday.

Bert Henley returned yesterday from a several days business trip to Washington, D. C.

Miss Opal Husson returned to Indianapolis to resume her studies at Tudor Hall after a few days visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Husson of East Main street.

Frank Braffett attended the Craighead Carson wedding at Knightstown last evening.

B. Johnson went to Indianapolis yesterday.

Mrs. Ed. Carlton of St. Louis is visiting relatives in this city.

Miss Mary Ennis is the guest of friends at Cincinnati.

Mrs. John Dwyer is the guest of relatives at Cincinnati.

Mr. McClelland returned yesterday from a business trip to New Castle.

Mrs. J. L. Logan arrived from Anderson yesterday for visit with relatives in this city.

Miss Fannie Edwards returned to her home at Indianapolis yesterday after a visit with friends in this city.

Leslie Reid of New Paris visited friends in this city yesterday while enroute to Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Flo Rhefuss of Eaton is visiting in this city.

Mrs. Mattie Zoll and Mrs. Rebecca Brownbough of Dayton spent yesterday in this city the guests of Mr. Henry Kohling of South Eighth street.

Miss Echo Woolley of Williamsburg has accepted a position in this city.

Harry Fisher is visiting at Cambridge City.

Henry Shafer of Jackson Township was in this city yesterday.

CASTORIA

For Adults and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Hertzler*

We offer, for family use, to the consumers of Richmond, ice at the following prices:

25c for 100 lbs. or over.

30c for delivery of less than 100 lbs.

All patrons holding our coupon books at the present time, will be given advantage of this reduction.

Union Ice Co.

7-6t Otto Rettig, Mgr.

Nothing so good as Russ Bleaching Blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers sell it. Refuse imitations.

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn out and all run down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."--Mrs. Chas. Freyton, Moosup, Conn.



GO-CARTS!

ROMEY'S

FURNITURE, BEDDING, PICTURES.

927-929 Main.

GO-CARTS!



The Brethren

By RIDER HAGGARD,
Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," Etc.

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Then Godwin touched Wulf on the shoulder, and they crept away from the stable without the Arab knowing that they had been there, for it seemed shameful to pry upon his grief. When they reached their room again Godwin asked Wulf:

"Why does this man sell us those noble steeds?"

"Because his niece, Masouda, has bid him so to do," he answered.

"And why has she bidden him?"

"Ah," replied Wulf, "for reasons that have to do with his family, perhaps, or with her secrets or us, with whom she plays some game of which we know neither the beginning nor the end. The game is a brave one, and I mean to go through with it, especially as I believe that this playing will lead us to Rosamund."

"May it lead us nowhere worse," answered Godwin.

When the sun was fully up they prepared to go out again, taking with them the gold to pay the Arab, but on



"Farewell, Flame, and farewell, Smoke."

opening the door of their room they met Masouda, apparently about to knock upon it.

"Whither go you, friends Peter and John, and so early?" she asked, looking at them with a smile.

"To visit our horses and pay your uncle, the Arab, his money," answered Wulf.

"Indeed: I thought I saw you do the first an hour ago, and as for the second it is useless. Son of the Sand has gone."

"Gone! With the horses?"

"Nay, he has left them behind."

"Did you pay him, then, lady?" asked Godwin.

It was easy to see that Masouda was pleased at this courteous word.

"Why do you call me 'lady,' Sir Godwin D'Arcy, who am but an innkeeper, for whom sometimes men find hard names? Well, perhaps I was a lady once before I became an innkeeper. I thank you." Then, stepping back a foot or two toward the door, which she had closed behind her, she made a curtsey so full of dignity and grace that any who saw it must be sure that, wherever she might dwell, Masouda was not bred in inns.

Godwin returned the bow, doffing his cap. Their eyes met, and in hers he learned that he had no treachery to fear from this woman, whatever else he might have to fear. Indeed, from that moment, however black and doubtful seemed the road, he would have trusted his life to her, for this was the message written there, a message which she meant that he should read. Yet at his heart he felt terribly afraid.

Wulf, who saw something of all this and guessed more, was afraid. To his fancy that look was like a flash of lightning upon a dark night.

Now the widow Masouda was saying in her usual somewhat hard voice:

"No; I did not pay him. At the last he would take no money; but, having passed it, neither would he break his word. So I made a bargain with him on behalf of both of you. It is this--that if you and these horses should live and the time comes when you have no more need of them you will cause it to be cried in the market place of whatever town is nearest to you by the voice of the public crier that for six days they stand to be returned to him who lent them. Then if he comes not they can be sold, which must not be sold or given away to any one without this proclamation. Do you consent?"

"Aye," answered both of them, but Wulf added, "Only we should like to know why the Arab Son of the Sand, who is your kinsman, trusts his glorious horses to us in this fashion."

"Your breakfast is served, my guests," answered Masouda in tones that rang like the clash of metal, so steely were they. Whereon Wulf shook his head and followed her into the eating room, which was now empty.

Most of that day they spent with their horses. In the evening, this time unaccompanied by Masouda, they rode out for a little way, though rather doubtfully, since they were not sure that these beasts, which seemed to be almost human, would not take the bits between their teeth and rush with them back to the desert whence they came. But, although from time to time they looked about them for their master, the Arab, whimpering as they looked, this they did not do or show vice of any kind. Indeed, two ladies' pairneys could not have been more quiet.

The morrow was a Sunday, and attended by Masouda's slave, without whom she would not suffer them to walk in the town, the brethren went to mass in the big church which once had

been a mosque, wearing pilgrim's robes over their mail.

They heard the bishop of the town preach a sermon from which they learned much. He spoke at length of the great coming war with Saladin, whom he named antichrist. Moreover, he prayed them all to compose their differences and prepare for that awful struggle.

"Four full days have gone by. Let us ask our hostess if she has any news for us," said Wulf as they walked back to the inn.

As it chanced, there was no need, for when they entered their chamber they found Masouda standing in the center of it, apparently lost in thought.

"I have come to speak with you," she said. "I have leave for you to go to visit Al-je-bal, but I counsel you not to go, since it is dangerous. Let us be open with one another. I know your object. I knew it an hour before ever you set foot upon this shore, and that is why you were brought to my house. You would seek the favor of the lord Godwin, and he would be sure to give it to the lord of the town, the Arab, who is your kinsman, and whom both of you--desire in marriage. The trader Thomas is a spy. To him your story has been passed on by other spies in England, and he passed it on to me."

"Are, then, you a spy also, as the porter called you?" asked Wulf outright.

"I am what I am," she answered coldly. "Perhaps I also have sworn oaths and serve as you serve. Who my master is or why I do so is taught to you. But I like you well. Therefore I warn you that the lord Al-je-bal is one who takes payment for what he gives, and that this business may cost you your lives."

"You seem to know our story," said Godwin, "and the mission to which we are sworn. You talk of our lives. Well, we hold our lives in trust, and when they are asked of us we will yield them up, having done all that we may do."

"But why would you go to Al-je-bal?" asked Masouda.

"Because our uncle at his death bade us to seek it without fail, and, having no other counsel, we will take that of his spirit, let come what may."

"Well spoken. Then to Al-je-bal you shall go, and let come what may to all of us."

"To all three of us?" said Wulf.

"What, then, is your part in this matter?"

"I do not know, but perhaps more than you think. At least I must be your guide."

"Do you mean to betray us?" asked Wulf bluntly.

"Ask your brother if he thinks that I mean to betray you. No; I mean to save you, if I can. Pilgrims to the fearful shrine of Al-je-bal, if it pleases you, will ride at nightfall. Do not trouble about food and such matters. I will make preparation, but we go alone and secretly. Take only your arms and what garments you may need; the rest I will store, and for it give you my receipt. Now I go to make things ready. See, I pray of you, that the horses Flame and Smoke are saddled by sunset."

At sundown, accordingly, the brethren stood waiting in their room. They were fully armed beneath their rough pilgrims' robes. Also the saddlebags of carpet which Masouda had given them were packed with such things as they must take.

Presently the door opened, and a young man stood before them clothed in the rough camel hair garment, or burnoose, which is common in the east.

"What do you want?" asked Godwin.

"I want you, brothers Peter and John," he replied, and they saw that the slim young man was Masouda.

"Henceforth be pleased to forget the widow Masouda and until we reach the land of Al-je-bal to remember that I am your servant, a half breed from Jaffa named David, of no religion or of all."

In the stable the horses stood saddled, and near to them another--a good Arab--and two laden Cyprian mules, but no attendant was to be seen. They brought them out and mounted. Masouda riding like a man and leading the mules, of which the head of one was tied to the tail of the other. Five minutes later they were clear of Belruit, and through the solemn twilight hush followed the road where they had tied the horses toward the Dog river, three leagues away, which Masouda said they would reach by moonrise.

Soon it grew very dark, and she rode alongside of them to show them the path, but they did not talk much. Picking their way along the stony road at a slow amble, they crossed the bed of two streams, then almost dry, till at length they heard running water sounding above that of the slow wash of the sea to their left, and Masouda bade them halt. So they waited until presently the moon rose in a clear sky, revealing a wide river in front.

"Follow me," said Masouda, "for I know the ford, and at this season the stream is not deep. Pilgrim Peter, ride you at my side in case I should be washed from the saddle, and Pilgrim John, come you behind, and if they hang back prick the mules with your sword point."

Thus, then, they entered the river, which many might have feared to do at night, and, although once or twice the water rose to their saddles and the mules were stubborn in the swift stream, in the end gained the farther bank in safety. Thence they pursued their path through mountains till at length the sun rose, and they found themselves in a lonely land where no one was to be seen. Here they halted in a grove of oaks, off saddled their animals, tethered and fed them with barley which they had brought upon a mule, and ate of the food that Masouda had provided. Then, having secured the beasts, they lay down to sleep, all

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WANTED--A boy at the Hoosier Store.