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ANOTHER SPECIAL SALE

—OF—

Men's Fancy Half Hose

Regular 25c. Value. Sale Price, 2 pairs for 25c.

MEN'S PANTS,

Regular \$1.50 Values. Sale Price, 91c.

Sir Hilton's Sin.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.
Author of "Black Blood," "A Woman Worth Winning," "Master of Ceremonies," "The New Mistress," "The Meeting of Greeks," "Drawn Swords," Etc.

(Continued.)

"You do, Sam," said the baronet, laughing. "And I'm glad of the chance to do a good turn to a couple of noble patrons who have put many a hundred into my pocket. Look here, Sir Hilton, there's plenty of time yet. I am at your service. Just you take me to the mare, and let me have a few minutes with her."

"The mare is not my property, Sam," said Sir Hilton, laughing.

"Of course not, Sir Hilton. I forgot. What do you say, my lady? That there Jim Crow's a good horse, and La Sylphide hasn't the wind she had."

"Indeed!" said Lady Tilborough.

"It's a fact, my lady. What she wants is holding in and a waiting game, and just something as you know, Sir Hilton—for the race as the last, as I'll take her in a couple of lengths ahead."

"Yes, I understand," said Sir Hilton, drily.

"You hear, my lady? I want you to win."

CHAPTER XV.

Mephistopheles at Work.

What the trainer did was to return to the bar and swallow a glass of gin and bitters hastily, before returning to his favorite seat in the hall, when he pulled out his betting-book and pencil, threw one swollen leg over the other, and began to chew the lead and try to master the figures which would not stand still to be reckoned up.

"Nice day for the races," said a voice, as the door was darkened. "How are you, Sam?"

The trainer looked up angrily, saw that it was an old client and friend, and replied surlily: "Morn'n. They'll attend to you in the bar. Oh, dear!" he muttered. "I can't hedge now."

The visitor glared quickly round to see that they were alone, and then pressed up close to the trainer. "Pst! Look here, Sam, Sam!"

"Didn't I tell you they'd see to you in the bar?" growled the trainer.

"Yes; but I want another fifty on Jim Crow if you can do it."

"Eh? Yes, of course," cried the trainer, completely changing his tone and manner; then, turning over a few leaves, he clumsily made an entry in the book.

"Close on the run," he said, apologetically. "Horrid busy. There you are. Ten fives. All right, Mr. Trimmer."

"Not in my way, as a rule, Mr. Trimmer," said Lady Lisle's agent, with a weak grin; "but a little fatter as you call it is pleasant and exciting—a nice change from the humdrum of business life."

"And very profitable too, eh, Mr. Trimmer?"

"Yes; I've not done badly, Sam—thanks to you, old friend."

"No, you haven't; but go and get your glass and be off, please," said the trainer, finishing the deposit of the crisp new bank notes by placing them in a pocket-book, drawing on the tight elastic with a loud snap, buttoning the book up in his breast, and giving the plate a slap, which seemed to bring out a sigh of relief.

"I won't drink this morning, thank you, Sam. I'll go out on the common at once. How does Jim Crow look?"

"Splendid; but be off, please. I'm busy," growled the trainer.

"I understand. I shall find you here after the race. Short settlements, eh?"

"Always on the spot. Take and give sharp; that's my motto," replied the trainer, bending down over his betting-book again without paying further heed to his client, who nodded, smiled at the chambermaid in the gallery, and went out softly.

ASSERTS SOUL IS MATERIAL

It Can Be Weighed

A Boston man says the Soul can be weighed. He knows this because he has tested a lot of cases before and after death.

The weight this investigator gives for an average human soul is two ounces.

This is the sort of fool science that some men give us. It is more to the point to tell us how to maintain a healthy body—how to get well if sick, and how to be able to do good work and keep everlastingly at it.

Poor health is the result of poor blood. If you let your blood get pale and thin, then all the organs of the body are sure to get weak.

Ferrozone is the remedy. Ferrozone is the quickest, surest body and blood builder; thousands have been restored from failing health or complete nervous prostration by Ferrozone, which builds up tired nerves and helps you to get sound, refreshing sleep every night.

Ferrozone gives an appetite as sharp as a razor. There is lots of pleasure eating when you take Ferrozone.

Rose color comes back to your pale cheeks and plenty of strength with it because Ferrozone is the greatest body builder ever discovered.

For a tonic to lift tiredness, weakness and ill health, you can't find the equal of Ferrozone. Get a 50c. box from any dealer and see if this is not so.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A NEW PANAMA OUTING HAT AND VEIL.

Novelties in auto headwear continue to appear even faster than the devices of this world famous sport tire of each fad and fancy of fashion. Now comes a new auto hat, a jaunty, narrow brim sailor with dented crown almost half again as high as the regulation sailor crown, and rounding. It is of fine unbleached Panama, the crown soft, and the brim very stiff. Around this is draped the newest novelty in veils, a dark colored chiffon, brown, black or blue, with a deep border of various sized spots in white. Some of

these veils have colored spots such as red, light blue, pink, or darker toned grounds, and these are very pleasing, meeting with a very ready sale in all departments. The veil is draped around the base of the crown, knotted to the back and left to hang free or is drawn around the neck and tied in a loose knot under the chin. The ornate design of these veils is such that they are not successfully worn over the face, though they may be hooded over the crown of the hat to give ample protection to the coiffure.

They would have scratched La Sylphide at the last moment, for no one could ride her but Josh Rowle, and he's in a strait waist, with two nurses from the 'ylum. Dead certainty it was, when in comes your governor to spoil a fine thing as was ever planned."

"But he mayn't win, after all."

"Tchah! I know the mare, don't I? All he's got to do is to sit still in the saddle, give her her head, and talk to her as he always know how, and she'll romp in past the lot. The game's up, Mr. Trimmer, and you must make the best of it. Here, don't bear no malice. Have another drink, and take one of these."

"Cret card, gentles; all the runners!" came again from the outside.

Simpkins's outer breast-pocket formed his cigar-case, and he took out a couple from where they lay loose, and offered them to the agent. But the latter paid no heed, for he glanced up at the gallery and then at the bar, beyond which he saw two maids could be seen, busy serving.

"Sam," whispered Trimmer at last, "quick, before it's too late. The mare must be got at."

Crack! went a match, and the trainer bit off the cigar and lit up quickly.

"Here! ketch hold," he growled. "Be sharp, or it'll be out," and he offered the burning match. "You talk like a fool, how?"

"You know. Such a little thing would do it. What about King Dick?"

"Hold your cursed ram," growled the trainer, threateningly.

"I can't," whispered the agent. "I've too much at stake. Get to the mare at once. You, a trainer, can manage that."

"You talk like a fool, I tell you. Close upon the time like this."

"Can't you work it with the gunner, or Lady T.?"

"Thank you, Simpkins," said Lady Tilborough, gravely. "I am greatly obliged."

"And I'm just to take the mare in hand for you," said the man, who, in his excitement, could not restrain his eagerness.

"Well, no, thank you, Simpkins," said the lady quietly. "You were always a very good trainer, and I made a good deal of money in the past, but I have a very trustworthy man now, and he might object to your interference at the eleventh hour."

"Oh, I could soon make it right with him, my lady," said the trainer, quickly.

"No doubt, Sam Simpkins," said the lady, meaningly. "But I should be sorry to have any man's morals assailed."

(To be continued.)

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"Hah!" sighed Trimmer.

"It was a dead certainty, as you know."

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