SIDE BY SIDE.

"Is Marriage a Failure?"

Side by side in the ev'ning time,
Lovers walk in the long ago;
He so strong in his manhood prime,
She so fair with her cheeks aglow.
Hope as bright as the vesper star,
Love as pure as the heav'nly beam;
Fortune, fame in the future are,
Life as sweet as an angel's dream.

Side by side where the altar stands,
Crowned with leaves of the autumn gold,
Love and trust—with their clasping hands,
Pledging all that their lips have told.
Wedding ring and the bridal vail,
"God be with you"—and then, "Good-bye."
Side by side, and they can not fail,
Howe'er steep is the path they try.

Side by side through the trial years,
Side by side with a will to do;
Side by side in their joys and tears,
Side by side in all honors, too.
Side by side when the touch of pain
Comes to teach what the heart must know,
Fondest ties must be broke again,
Life and love live not here below.

Side by side o'er the coffin lid,
Death takes all—they are left alone;
Side by side when their love is hid,
Only traced by a mossy stone.
Side by side in the ev'ning time,
As they were in the trysting days;
Love still young but life's lost its prime.
Each would wait while the other stays.

Side by side in the churchyard laid,
Loved and lover of long ago,
Moonlight, starlight, in which they strayed,
Falling now where they sleep below.
Side by side in their life and love,
Faithful, true to the marriage vow;
Side by side in the bliss above,
Here and there they are wedded now.

—Lu B. Cake, in America.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Clever Action of an Operator During Imminent Danger.

Miss Lily Somers, night telegraph operator at the Floodwood station, sat before her table, on which the telegraph instrument clicked busily, a thoughtful expression upon her face.

A face whose expression was its charm, that never could be called pretty, but that, nevertheless, suggested a possibility—only a possibility—of being handsome. For there is a vast difference between pretty and handsome. Pretty people seldom know very much; but to be handsome, a person must have brains; an inner as well as an outer beauty.

Floodwood was a forlornly desolate spot, and one where any woman, except Lily, would have been afraid to come, much less to stay alone all night with nothing but the wind sadly sighing through the wires overhead and the shrill shrieks of the wild cats away up on the mountain side to keep her company through her nightly vigils. But to her there was something fascinating in the very desolation of the place. From early childhood she had been accustomed to commune with nature in her wildest scenes, and played and wandered at will in the mountain glens and canyons. With no foolish old woman or silly nurse girl to frighten her childish senses with stories of hideous ghosts and monstrous goblins, she had grown to womanhood naturally brave and fearless. In truth she did not yet understand the meaning of the word fear.

Her office was nothing more than a roughly built shanty, seven or eight feet square, with a small window in each end, and one in the door which faced the railroad track. It had been hurriedly put together with green lumber while the road was in course of construction, with the intention of only using it temporarily until a better one could be built, but as usual in such cases, it had done duty for its original purpose ever since.

The rough, unpainted boards were now badly warped and shrunken by long exposure to the elements, and in many places large knots had fallen completely out.

No doubt, in the winter time, the bleak mountain wind cheerily whistled through these many apertures, and while one side of the unhappy operator was being nicely browned like a piece of toast by the red-hot stove, the other side would be refrigerated like a frozen rabbit.

It was about one o'clock in the morning when Lily received an order from the train dispatcher which read as follows:

"TO OPERATOR, FLOODWOOD: Hold No. 21 until No. 22 arrives. E. K. C."

On receipt of this order she immediately displayed the red signal light, which is furnished all telegraph stations for this purpose, in a conspicuous place, in plain sight of passing trains, and also where it could be seen from the office window.

The necessity for this order and position of the two trains, briefly stated, were as follows:

No. 22 had arrived at Silver Creek ten miles west of Floodwood, a few minutes after No. 21 had passed Redwood, which was thirteen miles east of Floodwood. As No. 22 was late and could go no further on the schedule, according to the rules of the road, they would be compelled to lay at Silver Creek until No. 21 arrived there, unless they could get orders by telegraph to meet them at some other station. Floodwood, being the only intervening telegraph office between the two trains, the dispatcher gave the above order to that station, and as soon as it was properly acknowledged by Lily he sent another order to No. 22 at Silver Creek, which read in this manner:

"TO CONDUCTOR AND ENGINEER NO. 22: Meet No. 21 at Floodwood. Approach carefully. E. K. C."

The intelligent reader will readily understand that by means of these orders the two trains would meet each other at Floodwood in perfect safety, notwithstanding that one of them knew nothing of the arrangement.

To explain: If No. 21 should arrive first, they would be stopped by the red light, which showed that there were orders for them at the station. The conductor and engineer would immediately proceed to the telegraph office, where the operator would deliver them a copy of the order to hold them for No. 22. This would be sufficient, and they would wait until No. 22 arrived. If No. 22 should arrive first, the execution of the order would be yet more simple. No. 22 would take siding, and as soon as they were clear Lily would be at liberty to take down the red signal lantern, and allow No. 21 to pass without stopping. No. 22 having arrived, the object of the order was already fulfilled. If both trains should happen to arrive at the same time, the red signal light would stop No. 21, and as No. 22 had instructions to "approach carefully," they would do so, expecting to find No. 21 occupying the main track.

Lily perfectly understood the importance of the order she had just received, and during the long hour, which wore slowly away, she kept careful watch of the signal light, which, however, continued to burn as brightly as ever. At last she heard a rumbling noise away in the west, which gradually became louder and louder and more distinct. By this time she knew that No. 22 was coming, and would probably get in on the siding before No. 21 should arrive.

The rumbling became louder and louder each moment; the earth began to tremble, and the peculiar vibration in the air which gives warning of a rapidly approaching train hummed loudly in her ear.

She began to feel anxious as they were evidently coming at a high rate of speed and not approaching as carefully as their order had instructed them, she also had not yet heard the whistle which is always sounded by trains when approaching a station, and this omission increased her fears that something was wrong.

But she was given no time for further reflection, as the train now suddenly dashed around a curve not a hundred yards distant, running at full speed.

Lily flew out and stood between the rails swinging her hand lamp wildly across the track and shouting at the top of her clear young voice. But no attention was paid to her signal, the train coming madly on, with such a rattle and clash that it drowned the sound of her voice.

The roaring, rushing train was now upon her and she barely had time to spring from the track and escape with her life. With a rattling crash and an awful rush of air the hissing, throbbing monster sped swiftly past her, while the clank, clank, clank of the car-wheels passing over a loose splice near by was so rapid that it resembled the rapid hammering on the anvil in a blacksmith shop.

For a moment Lily was unnerved and bewildered, but suddenly arousing herself to action, she rushed into the office and seizing a piece of firebrick that did duty for a stove-leg, she turned and hurled it through the window of the caboose which was just passing. An instant later the red lights on the rear end of the train had disappeared around a curve in the cut, and the rattle of the runaway train quickly lessened in the distance.

Lily's heart throbbed painfully and she was seized with a sudden fit of shivering which most persons of delicate organizations are subject to when under great excitement. As soon as she had somewhat recovered, she went into the office and calling the train dispatcher, who answered at once, she said:

"No. 22 passed at full speed and No. 21 not yet arrived."

"My God!" telegraphed back the dispatcher as swiftly as his frightened fingers could form the letters, "the crew must be asleep. They will strike in that cut and pile up fifty feet high! Heavens, this is horrible!"

Lily then went on to explain that she had attempted to awaken them by throwing a brick through the caboose window, and on hearing this the dispatcher opened his key without waiting for her to finish and said excitedly:

"Run to the east end of the siding, and if you see them backing up throw the switch and let them in on the siding. No. 21 is not due here for five minutes, and there is a chance for them yet."

"I have no switch key," said Lily.

"Break the lock with a hammer, a rock, or any thing," was the quick reply. "Run, fly!"

Lily seized an old axe that was lying handy, and, with a vague idea that she might also need the red light, she took it in her other hand and flew up the track with the speed of the wind, at the imminent risk of falliug and breaking her neck in the inky darkness.

Once she stumbled and fell, and the lantern was dashed from her hand and went rolling along the ground far beyond her reach by the sudden impetus which her fall had given it; but without pausing to regain it she sprang to her feet and bounded on.

The switch at the east end of the siding was fully half a mile from the office, and about the same distance from the beginning of the cut, If No. 22 could back in on the siding in time, they would be safe; but if they attempted to back down the main track past the telegraph office, they were liable to be overtaken by No. 21 before going half the distance; as, accord- to the dispatcher's figures, No. 21 should now be very close.

As Lily reached the switch, a pair of gleaming red lights suddenly appeared around the curve in the cut; and she knew that the train was already rapidly backing up, and that she had not a moment to lose.

Feeling for the lock in the darkness she then struck it several heavy blows with the axe, which she still retained. Luckily one of the blows taking effect, the broken lock dropped to the ground. She then grasped the switch lever and attempted to throw it over, but it resisted her utmost efforts to move it.

The train was now only a short distance away, and with the energy of despair she braced her feet against the switch-standard, and, putting forth her strength in one mighty effort, the obstinate lever came over with a sudden jerk and No. 22 glided safely in on the siding.

The shrill scream of a whistle was now heard in the cut, and as soon as the train was clear she again exerted all her strength and threw the switch back to its former position.

A headlight now flashed around the curve, and a moment later No. 21 rushed roaring by.

Lily, by her bravery, promptness and presence of mind, had averted a terrible calamity.

At the official investigation which took place a few days later, the entire crew of the runaway train acknowledged that they were asleep, and the conductor had been awakened by a brick thrown in at the caboose window.

The only excuse they had for their neglect of duty was that they had been on the rood for thirty-two consecutive hours without sleep or rest, and that they were completely worn out.

Notwithstanding the fact that the management of the road was responsible for requiring the men to run this long double trip, the entire crew were summarily discharged for criminal neglect of duty, as though man's endurance was an infallible bank, to be drawn on at pleasure.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

One of the Most Interesting Royal Personages of the Century.

One of the most interesting of royal personages, three-quarters of a century ago, was Charlotte, the Princess Royal, daughter of George IV. Had she lived, she would have been Queen of England, and it is safe to say that she would have become a well-beloved sovereign. Her childhood was a peculiar, and in some respects a sad one, for her father and mother were hopelessly estranged from each other, and the child was brought up by her somewhat formidable grandmother, Queen Charlotte.

The Princess was the zealous champion of her mother, and it is said that when she was once refused permission to pay an accustomed visit to her, she insisted upon going. The Queen attempted to detain her by force, but the naughty little girl broke away, ran out of the palace, took a hackney-coach, and was soon in her mother's arms.

Warm-hearted though she was, she was also an imperious and self-willed child, and dearly loved to shock people. One summer when she was staying at a country-house, she took pleasure in opening the gate to visitors, and courtesying to them as they passed. On one occasion, when a royal guest came to lunch, the chop reached the table unfit to be eaten, and it was then discovered that the little Princess had gone to the kitchen and insisted on broiling it herself.

When the Princess reached a proper age for marriage, various suitors were proposed to her. The Prince of Orange, afterward King of the Netherlands, was rejected by her, and after he had made his unsuccessful proposal the Princess walked to the window and gazed thoughtfully after him. He looked very grand in his red uniform, with a tuft of green feathers in his cap, and one of the ladies in waiting fancied her Royal Highness might be watching him in a relenting mood.

But no! The Princess turned away with a light laugh, saying only: "How like a radish he looks!"

Her heart was finally touched, however, and she married Leopold, of Saxe-Coburg. The young couple lived together for about eighteen tranquil and happy months, when the sudden death of the Princess Charlotte roused in all English hearts an intense and almost passionate grief. When she was told that her baby boy was dead, she said:

"I am grieved for myself, for the English people, but O, above all, I feel it for my dear husband!"

Then being told that she also must die, she said to the physician: Tell it to my husband; tell it with caution and tenderness, and be sure to say to him, from me, that I am still the happiest wife in England."

A year and a half later was born her cousin, Victoria, destined to take the place which she would have filled had she lived, as England's sovereign.—Youth's Companion.

SAVED BY LIGHTNING.

Visions of a Man Who Dreamed That He Was to Be Executed.

I was to be shot. No bandage was put over my eyes. I stood facing the file of soldiers in the middle of the quadrangle, and noticed that the officer with the drawn saber placed himself at the extremity of the line, composed of six men. In that supreme moment I also noticed that their uniform was bright with steel accoutrements. Their helmets were of steel, and their carbines, as they raised them and pointed them at me, glittered with the same burnished metal. There was an instant's hush while the men took aim; then I saw the officer raise his bared saber as the signal to fire. It flashed in the air. With a suddenness impossible to convey, the whole quadrangle blazed with an awful light. It crossed my brain with instantaneous conviction that this amazing glare was the physical effect of being shot, and that the bullets had pierced my brain or heart, and caused this frightful sense of all-pervading flame. "It is over," I said, "that was the bullets." But presently there forced itself on my dazed senses a sound—a confusion of sounds—darkness succeeding the white flash—steadying itself into gloomy daylight; a tumult; a heap of stricken tumbled men lying stone-still before me. Then it all burst on me with distinct conviction. The storm which had been gathering all the morning had culminated in its blackest and most electric point immediately overhead. The file of soldiers appointed to shoot me stood exactly under it. Sparkling with bright steel they stood shoulder to shoulder, a complete lightning conductor, and at the end of the chain they formed, their officer, at the critical moment, raised his shining, naked blade towards the sky. Instantaneously heaven opened, and the lightning fell, attracted by the burnished steel. From blade to carbine, from hemlet to breastplate it ran, smiting every man dead as he stood. They fell like a row of nine-pins. The electric flame licked the life out of seven men in a second—not one moved again.—From "Dreams and Dream Stories" by Anna Bonus Kingsford.

A Bargain All Around.

Customer—I tell you I don't want the coat. It's faded and the color don't suit me.

Issacs—It's vaded and der golor don't suit you. Vell, take it for seven and a halluf.

Customer—Besides, it is half worn out already.

Isaacs — So much der better, ma shild. If der goat don't suit yer id von't date you so long to vear it out. Hast du gesehen?—America.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It is the man who is neither just nor generous, who is most apt in the use of the phrase, "Be just before you are generous."—Boston Courier.

—A young physician was showing a friend a recent purchase that he had made in the way of a skeleton. "Very interesting," commented his friend. "One of your patients, doctor?"—Life

—What does it profit a man to get a modern society novel for twenty-five cents, if he has to buy an unabridged dictionary and an encyclopedia before he can understand it? — Shoe and Leather Reporter.

—Skribler—"Have you read my new novel, 'A Story Without a Hero?'" Carper—"Yes. I think it misnamed, however. Any man who reads it clear through proves himself a hero."—Terre Haute Express.

—A lawyer, entering the office of his family physician, said, in a hoarse whisper: "Doctor, I've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth." "I'm glad that it isn't anything that will interfere with your business," responded the doctor in a tone of sympathy.

—Hobbs—"I understand that Dobson's wife is a German, and that he mastered the German language to win her." Jones—"Well, he must have expended all his energies on the language, then. He has never mastered her."—Burlington Free Press.

—About ninety per cent. of all the men who start out in business fail before they get through, and there is a disheartening suspicion in some quarters that it is about what forty per cent. of them set out to do.—Somerville Journal.

—Familiar Fellow (tapping a dignified old gentleman on the shoulder)—"Ain't my face familiar to you?" Old Gentleman (brushing him off)—"It's not alone your face that's familiar. You are altogether the most familiar man I ever saw."—Texas Siftings.

—"Pshaw," said a lady to her husband, who had been criticising her attire, "what does a man know about woman's clothes, anyway?" "He knows the price, my dear," he replied, gently, and she retired.—Washington Critic.

—Mrs. Gibson—"How did your husband make his money, Mrs. Bankstock? I remember when you were living—" "Living in the hall bedroom of a cheap boarding-house, as you are living now, I presume you mean?" "Well, you needn't get touchy. Honest people don't get rich as fast as some folks I might mention."—Chicago Herald.

—Men who live by their wits, who proclaim no definite occupation, but who are said to "speculate," are the outcasts usually of some profession in which, had their talents been properly applied, they might perchance have won a respectable position, or even fame. They leave the straight and correct path, and with strange ups and downs try to reach the goal of success by the insane process of seeking it through blind and devious ways.

—"No girl under twenty," says a wise woman, "has any business to think of marriage." Bless you, no. We know that. At that age no girl thinks of marriage as a "business." She just tumbles head over heels in love and marries the dear fellow just because she would cry her eyes out without him. It is when she is no longer what you would exactly call a "girl," when she is rising thirty-eight and has cut her last new teeth, full set, that she begins to make a "business" of it.—Buffalo Express.

THE SCOTCH SPINSTER.

A Story of a Good Woman Who Wanted to Be Loved Economically.

I knew a young fellow who was very sweet on a Scotch spinster. She was a wealthy Scotch spinster, but if there is a kind of woman who must be loved economically and for herself alone it is a Scotch spinster. Scotch spinsters are warranted to make good wives all the time. It is awfully hard to be untrue to a Scotch woman. She makes you so very comfortable and holds you to her not so much by your heart as by your bank account. She doesn't always want new bonnets; she is rather liable to object even to your having a new hat until the old one is quite worn out. A Scotch wife can keep her husband neat and trim and herself and her children as well at a smaller expense than any others. She doesn't want diamond earrings for her birthday. All you have to do is to show her your bank-book and kiss her and tell her you owe the big balance to her, and she is quite satisfied. This young fellow did not understand the Scotch spinster, and when he thought to please her he sent her a lovely and expensive basket of flowers. He went up to receive her thanks and smiles, and he was quite knocked over when she told him he hadn't a big enough salary to waste it buying flowers for her or anybody else, and she was sorry to see he was so extravagant, because otherwise he was "a very pleasin' young man." He lied himself back into her good graces by saying he had got the flowers for nothing, and he thought he could not make better use of them. She smiled graciously and said:

"Seein' they did na cost you any thing, it's a great compliment."

She was a woman after all.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Three Bad Social Slips.

"I beg your pardon, Madam, but you are sitting on my hat," exclaimed a gentleman. "O, pray excuse me; I thought it was my husband's," was the unexpected reply. In another instance of conjugal amenities, a wife said to her husband: "I saw Mrs. Becker this morning, and she complained that on the occasion of her last visit you were so rude to her that she thought she must have offended you." "Nothing of the kind," he answered. "On the contrary I like her very much; but it was rather dark at the time, and when I entered the room at first I thought it was you." "Poor John—he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed John's widow on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a sympathizing neighbor, "but it is all for the best. You must try to comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."—Chambers' Journal.

S. E. Olson & Co.,

213 and 215 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis.

To successfully conduct a colossal enterprise such as ours, when the great public is chiefly the ruling and controling factor, it is essential to be always "en rapport" therewith, or, in plain English, to have the people on your side. We are fully alive to this principle, and therein lies the secret of our success.

We carry the Largest Stocks, our goods are all of the Best Standard Makes and Grades, and we constantly and consistently undersell all competitors, hence our enormous business.

McCall's Glove Fitting Patterns for Sale by Us Only

CARPETS.

Over stocked with Wilton Velvet Carpets in elegant designs. We shall place on sale this entire lot Monday morning for

1.10 per yd.

SUIT PARLOR.

We Court Comparison; Our Goods Bought Direct from First Hands; No Middlemen's Profits Asked.

DRESSES—Light weight flannel suits in dark colors, same as are sold early at $10; For this week, only $6 per suit.

SUITS—All wool novelty flannel Dresses, light weight and desirable colors; early season price, $18; Now to close, $10 per suit.

DRESSES—Elegant quality Brilliantine Suits in blacks and colors, well-made, stylish goods, For this sale, $16.87 per suit.

SHAWLS—Fine all-wool black Cashmere Shawls, with wool fringe; This week, only $1 each.

SHAWLS—Better quality all-wool black Cashmere Shawls, with silk fringe; Our price only $2.50 each.

FICHUES—Drap de Ete Fichues, handsomely embroidered with jet and silk, with deep silk fringe all around; extra good size; For this sale $3.50 each.

MAIL ORDER

Department.

All orders entrusted to us shall receive prompt and careful attention.

S. E. Olson & Co.

SILKS.

Rock Bottom prices is our style of doing business.

FAILLE FRANCAISE—28 pcs, 20 inch goods, all the new colors, good quality, regular $1 goods, This week 75c per yard.

SATIN RHADAME—40 pcs, 20 inch goods, all the latest shades, soft finish, new assortment, $1.10 quality, For this sale 85c per yard.

GROS GRAINS—10 pcs Black Dress Silk, 21 inches wide, pure silk, elegant finish, $1 35 quality, This week $1 per yard.

FAILLE—5 pcs Black Faille Francaise, 21 inches wide, handsome goods, warranted to wear, $1.25 quality, Now only $1 per yard.

RHADAME—7 pcs Black Satin Rhadame, 20 inches wide, in medium weight, always sold at $1 This sale 75c per yard.

PLUSHES—100 pcs, 18 inch Dress Silk Plush, in all colors, sold all over the city at 75c, Our price 55c per yard.

MILLINERY.

In this Department we have doubled the space given last season.

We lead, both in quality of goods and in styles.

Prices always the lowest.

Flannels.

The Larkest Stock of Fancy Flannels This side of New York.

LAWN TENNIS FLANNEL—36 inches wide, cream white with hair line stripes, something new, the sale of these goods confined to ourselves, worth 75c per yard, This week's price only 59c per yd

ENGLISH FLANNELETTE—Fancy stripes, all colors, beautiful combinations, regular 18c goods, This sale only 12½c per yd.

BOATING FLANNEL—Combination of colored stripes on cream white ground, guaranteed fast colors, the lowest price ever asked 25c per yard, Special for one week 19c per yd.

LAWN TENNIS SKIRT PATTERNS—81 inches wide by 40 inches long, with deep border, come in all colors, regular price 75c each, This week they go at 59c each.

SHIRTING FLANNEL—For men's and boy's summer shirts, fine quality, unshrinkable, a handsome line of colors, worth 35c per yard. This sale only 25c per yd,

YACHTING FLANNEL—54 inches wide, cream white, free from specks, rich and soft goods, to be used largely for summer suits, worth $1.35 per yard, This week only $1 per yd.

42 INCH Black Laces, Spanish and Chantilly Goods,

Never bought for less than $1.50 to $1.75 per yard. 20 pieces.

This sale $1.19 PER YARD.

DRESS GOODS.

Sample Lot of what We are Showing in this Department-

ENGLISH CASHMERE—34 inch wide, fine goods, in all the new shades, also blacks, 31c quality. Until closed only 25c per yd

Dress Flannels—42 inch all wool Flannels, grey and brown mixtures, light weight, 50c goods. For this week 29c per yd

De Beiges—41 inch all wool French Suitings, in all shades of grey and brown mixtures, 69c quality. This week only 50c per yd

Henriettas—40 inch all wool French Goods, in handsome new shades, best line in the city, 75c quality. One week only, 50c per yd

Mohairs—41 inch fair quality Mixed Mohairs, in regular shades, very desirable goods for traveling costumes, 75c quality Our price 58c per yd

Suitings—100 pieces 52 inch all wool nobby suitings, in checks and beige mixtures. Good value at $1.25 per yard. This week our price 75c per yard

42 INCH Swiss and Cambric Embroidered Flouncings,

In all the new patterns Others sell at $1.50 and $1.75. Your choice of 25 pieces.

This week $1.18 PER YARD

Draperies.

An Onslaught on New and Desirable Merchandise.

TURCOMAN PORTIERES — In blue, red, olive and old gold, fancy chenille borders. Regular $3 goods. This week only $2 per pair.

CHENILLE PORTIERES—In blue, red, terra cotta, gobelin blue and bronze, with fancy dado borders. Elegant curtains for $9. This week $6.25 per pair.

LACE CURTAINS—Three yards long, taped edge, good styles, fine quality, selling freely at $1.50. This week 98c per pair.

BRUSSELS POINT—In elegant styles, and real Brussels goods. Never sold less than $25 per pair. Now only $17 per pair

FLAX VELOUR—Double faced in all the leading colors, 50 in. wide. Regular price $2.75. This week only $1.95 per pair.

WINDOW SHADES—3x6, mounted on good spring roller, guaranteed best opaque goods. Sold by competitors at 75c. Our price 50c each.

PARASOLS.

OUR STOCK THIS SEASON CONSISTS OF ALL THE NEW NOVELTIES MANUFACTURED, FROM ALL THE LEADING MANUFACTURIES.

Call and Inspect.

WASH GOODS.

$15.000 Worth of Choice White and Colored Wash Goods-

CHALLIES—500 pieces Domestic and French Challies, light and dark colors largest line in the twin cities to select from. This week, 5, 7, 19 and 50c per yard.

SATEENS—1,500 pieces Foreign and Domestic Sateens, comprising all the new and latest colorings and designs; this sale 8, 10, 12½, 15. 25 and 35c per yard.

GINGHAMS—1,200 pieces Apron Checks and Dress Ginghams, French and American goods from all the best manufactories; this week, 5, 8, 10, 12½, 15, 18, 25 to 62½c per yard.

LAWNS—1,000 pieces Dress Lawns, figured, plain, plaid and fancies, solid blacks and checks; choice of this lot at 3, 6, 12½, 15, up to 25c per yard

WHITE GOODS—Victoria Lawns, India Linens, piques, Swiss, plain and dotted; everything that is desired in first-class houses. Prices, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12½, 15, 18, 20, up to 50c per yard.

S. E. OLSON & CO.

Defective Page