

A Dress Goods Event

Nicollet Avenue.

John A. Thomas & Co.

Fifth Street.

The Largest Sale of Colored Dress Goods Ever Attempted By This House

About 3000 Yards All this spring's suitings, the choicest goods that the markets afford, in navy blues, greens, browns, tans, grays, castors, oxfords and mixtures, colors for smart dressers and fabrics of sombre hue for the modest class, cheaper than this quality of goods was ever before offered.

These include canvases, tweeds, homespuns, melanges, etamines, crashes, snowflakes, etc., very desirable fabrics for shirt waist suits and separate skirts. Former prices, \$2.00, \$1.75, \$1.50 and \$1.25. Sacrifice price

75c Per Yd

The spring season is nearing its close, and we desire to close out some lines and others are broken lots on which we usually reduce prices at this time of the year. The above low price will appeal to thoughtful buyers, and a new skirt or gown can be afforded which before they did not expect to buy.

ITALIANS LET OUT Mafia Activity Results in Wholesale Dismissal of Members.

Dunkirk, N. Y., May 26.—A plot formulated by an Italian Mafia secretly to do away with objectionable bosses and fore-

men in the large manufacturing industries throughout the country has been discovered, and as a result every Italian employed by a number of manufacturing concerns here has been summarily dismissed.

The discharge of the men was caused by advices received from the officials of a large plant at Easton, Pa., where the

murder of the superintendent by members of the organization was only prevented by information given by a friendly Italian. The Easton officials are said to have communicated with every big concern in this country employing Italians, informing them of the existence of the band, as branches are believed to exist in all the larger cities.

The Spenders

A Tale of the Third Generation.
By HARRY LEON WILSON.
Copyright 1903 by Lathrop Publishing Co., Boston.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.
Devotion to Business and a Chance Meeting.
Throughout the dinner their entire absorption in each other was all but unbroken. Percival never forgot that he had sat at his left, and Miss Milbrey's right-hand neighbor saw more than the winning line of her profile but twice. Percival began: "Do you know, I've never been able to classify you at all. I never could tell how to take you."
"I'll tell you a secret, Mr. Bines; I think I'm not taken at all. I've begun to suspect that I'm like one of those words that haven't any rhyme—like 'orange' and 'month,' you know."
"But you find poetry in life? I do."
"Plenty of verse—not much poetry."
"How would you order life now, if the little old wishing-lady came to your door and knocked?"
"And they plunged forthwith, buoyed by youth's divine effrontery, into mysteries that have vexed diners, not less than hermit sages, since the first of time's first obscured truth. Of life and death—the ugliness of life, and the beauty of death—

"even as death might smile, Petting the plumes of some sprigged soul, quoted the girl. Of loving and hating, they talked; of trying and failing—of the implacable surge under which men must strive in the face of certain defeat—of the probability that men are purposely born fools, since, if they were born wise they would not strive; whereupon life and death would merge, and naught would prevail but a vast indifference. In fact, they were very deep, and affected to consider these grave matters seriously. They affected that they never habitually thought of lesser concerns. And they had the air of listening to each other as if they were weighing the matter judicially, and were quite above any mere sensuous considerations of personality.
Once they emerged long enough to hear the hostess speaking, as it were of yesterday, of a day when the "German cotillon" was introduced, to make a sensation in New York; of a time when the best ballrooms were heated with wood stoves and lighted with gas; and of a lady, but apparently still remote when the assemblies were "really, quite the smartest function of the season."
In another pause, they caught the kernel of a story being told by Uncle Peter: "The girl was a half-breed, but had a fair skin and the biggest shock of hair you ever saw—bright yellow hair. She was awful proud of her hair. So when her husband, Commodore McNally, a priest, Father McNally, and complained that she would run away from the shack and hang around the dance-halls down at the Fifth street, he had her hair cut. Well, he goes down and finds her just comin' out of Tim Healy's place with two other men. He rushes up to her, catches hold of this big shock of hair that was trailing behind her, and before she knew what was comin' he whipped out a big pair of sharp shiny shears and made as if he was going to give her a haircut. At that she begins to scream, but the priest he won't let her go. 'I'll cut it off,' he says, 'close,' he says, 'if you don't swear on this crucifix to be a good squaw to Clem Dewler, and never set foot on my little yellow hair in these places again.' She could feel the shears against her hair, and she was that afraid of losin' her fine yellow hair that she said, 'Father McNally was a man she didn't make no threats, that she kept prim and proper—fur a half-breed.'"
"That poor creature had countless sisters," was Miss Milbrey's comment to Percival. "And they felt together once more in deciding whether, after all, the brightest women ever cease to believe that men are influenced most by surface beauties. They fired each other's enthusiasm for expressing opinions, and they took the opinions very seriously. Yet they took the meeting, their talk would have seemed the part least worth recording."
"Twice Percival caught Shepler's regard bent upon them. It amused him to think he detected signs of uneasiness back of the serene, cool, friendly, and guarded as it was the surface of her face."
At parting, later, Percival spoke for the first time to Miss Milbrey of her engagement.
"I must know that I wish you all the happiness you hope for yourself, and if I were as lucky in love as Mr. Shepler has been, I surely would never dare to gamble in anything else—you know the saying."
"And you, Mr. Bines, I've been hearing so much of your marriage. I hope the rumor I heard to-day is true, that your engagement has been announced."
"Come, now! That's all gossyp, you know; not a word of truth in it, and it's dem, very annoying to us both. Please dem, let your partner go talking of it. It has seemed so definite. They're waiting for me—good night—so glad to have seen you—and, nevertheless, she's a very practical girl."
"I had thought, naturally."
"The only member of that household I could marry is not suited to my age."
"Miss Milbrey was puzzled."
"But, really, she's not so old."
"No, not so very old. Still, she's going on five, and you know how time flies—and so much disparity in our ages—twenty-one years or so, with she was so wise for me, altho I don't mind confessing that there has been an affair between us, but—really you can't imagine what a frivolous and trifling creature she is."
Miss Milbrey laughed now, rather painfully he fancied.
"What do you mean the baby? Isn't she a little dear?"
"I'll tell you something, just between us—the baby's mother is—well, I like her—but she's a joke. That's all, a joke. It has seemed so definite. They're waiting for me—good night—so glad to have seen you—and, nevertheless, she's a very practical girl."
He watched her with frank, utter longing, as she moved over to Mrs. Oldaker, tender, girlish, appealing, with the old air of timid wistfulness, kept guard over by her woman's knowledge. His fingers still curved, as if they were loth to forget the clasp of her warm, firm little hand. And she was bowed in white rince, and she wore one pink rose which she could bend her blue eyes down upon it.
"And she was doing to marry Shepler for his millions. She might even yet regret that she had not waited for him, when his own name had been written up as the wizard of markets, and the master of millions. Since money was all she loved, he would show her that even in that he was pre-eminent; that he would still have none of her. And as for Shepler—he wondered if Shepler knew just what risks he might be taking on."
"Oh, Mutterchen! Wasn't it the jolliest evening?"
"They were in the carriage."
"Did you and Mr. Bines enjoy yourselves as much as you seemed to?"
"And isn't his grandfather an old dear? What an interesting little story about that month. I know just how she felt. 'You see, sir,' she turned to Shepler, 'there is

always a way to manage a woman—you must find her weakness."
"He's a very unusual old chap," said Shepler. "I had occasion not long since to tell him that a certain business plan he proposed was entirely without precedent. His answer was characteristic. He said, 'We make precedents in the west when we can't find one to suit us.' It seemed so typical of the people to me. You never can tell what they may do. You see they were started out by some sort of necessity, almost every one of them, when they went west, and as necessarily stimulated only the brightest people to action, the westerners are apt to be of a pretty keen, active, and sturdy mental type. As this old chap says, they never hang back for the lack of precedents; they go ahead and make them. They're not afraid to take sudden queer steps. But, really, I like them both."
"So do I," said his betrothed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.
The Amateur Napoleon of Wall Street.
At the beginning of April, the situation in the three stocks Percival had bought so heavily grew undeniably tense. Consolidated Copper went up from 109 to 103 in a week. But Percival's enthusiasm suffered a little abatement from the drop.
"You see," he reminded Uncle Peter, "it isn't exactly what I expected, but it's right in line with it, so it doesn't alarm me. I knew those fellows inside were bound to hang back, if they could. It wouldn't phase me a bit if it sagged to 95."
"My! My!" Uncle Peter exclaimed, with warm approval of the way you manage this business certainly does win me. I tell you, it's a mighty good thing that you got your brains to depend on. I'm all right on the other side of Council Bluffs, but I'm a tenderfoot here, sure, where everybody's tryin' to get the best of you. You see, out there, everybody tries to make the best of it. But here they try to get the best of it. I told that to one of them smarties last night. You know both ends of the game and the middle. We certainly got a right to be proud of you, son. Don't I like big propositions himself—but, well, I'd just like to have him see the nerve you've showed, that's all."

Uncle Peter's professions of confidence were unfeigned, and Percival took hope and faith in his judgment from them daily.
Nevertheless, as the weeks passed, and the mysterious linears succeeded in their design of keeping the stock from rising, he came to feel a touch of anxiety. More, indeed, than he was able to confess outside, that he had the faith in himself. That he was unable to do, even if it were true, which he doubted. The Bines fortune was now hanging, as it were, on the three stocks. Yet on the turning of the three stocks, the old man's confidence in the young man's acumen was invulnerable. No man's general passenger agent of the Central had point enough to let him down, and he was loth to batter it down, for he still had the gambler's faith in his luck.
"You got your father's head in business man," was Uncle Peter's invariable response to any suggestion of failure. "I know that much—spite of what all these gossips say—and that's all I want to know. And of course you can't ever be no Shepler 'less you take your share of chances. Only don't ask my advice. You're master of the game, and we're all layin' right smack down on your genius!"
Whereupon the young man, with confidence in himself newly inflated, would hurry off to the stock tickers. He had ceased to buy the stocks outright, and at several weeks had bought only on margins.
To be continued to-morrow.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?



Have You Rheumatism, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

To Prove what SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, will do for YOU, all Our Readers May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear. If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow; Bright's disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you. The mild and the extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is one—and you may have a sample bottle free, by mail.
Backache, Uric Acid and Urinary Trouble. DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N. Y. "Gentlemen—When I wrote you last March for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, my wife was a great sufferer from backache, rheumatism and urinary trouble, also excess of uric acid and liver trouble. After trying the sample bottle, she bought a large bottle here at the drug store. That did her so much good she bought more. The effect of Swamp-Root was wonderful and almost immediate. She has felt no return of the old trouble since."
Lame back is only one symptom of kidney trouble—one of many. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root, are, being obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times at night; inability to hold your urine, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine; catarrh of the bladder, uric acid, constant headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, irregular heart-beating, rheumatism, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion.
If your water when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment of settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.
In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science. Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy. If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you free by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book of wonderful Swamp-Root testimonials. Be sure to say that you read this generous offering in the Minneapolis Daily Journal. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular 50-cent and \$1 size bottles at drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

...NEW YORK'S POPULAR HOTEL...

The Marlborough

BROADWAY, 36TH AND 37TH STS.
American and European Plan.
Center of Shopping and Theatre District.

ARRIVE IN CHICAGO 8:30 A. M.
As Usual the North-Western Line is First in Improving Chicago Service.
The most luxurious train between Twin Cities and Chicago—the North-Western Limited—continues to leave Minneapolis, 8:00 p. m., St. Paul, 8:30 p. m., but now arrives Chicago 8:30 a. m. This earlier arrival insures connections for the east and south not made by other trains.
In this connection it is also interesting to recall that between the Twin Cities and Chicago the North-Western Line operated the first train having appointments of the present-day Limited, first Pullman Sleepers, first Compartment Cars, first Parlor Cars, first Dining Cars, first Observation Cafe Cars and the first Reclining Chair Cars. This clearly shows the progressive spirit of this ever-popular and reliable line.
The Line also runs more trains and carries more passengers in and out of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago than any other railroad.
For the Modern Woodmen's Convention To be held at Indianapolis, Ind., June 12 to 25, the Burlington Route will sell round trip tickets at rate of \$18.50.
For particulars inquire at Ticket Office, 414 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, and 400 Robert St. (Hotel Ryan), St. Paul.

DR. MILES' Anti-Pain Pills

Pain

Relieve Pain

Quickly and effectively in all cases of Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Lumbago, Sea-Sickness, Car-Sickness, Irritability, Periodic, Bearing-down and Ovarian Pains.

"I find Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills excellent for the relief of pain or rheumatism. In fact they are nearly as essential to my household as groceries. I recommend them highly."—L. E. UTLEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

"I think Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills the greatest remedy for headache and neuralgia. I keep them constantly on hand, and recommend them on all occasions. Some time ago I was on an excursion train, going to Duluth, and I gave away an entire box to people that had car-sickness, and in every case they obtained immediate relief."—H. D. SANFORD, Pipestone, Minn.

"I suffered great pain which prominent physicians failed to relieve. After using two or three Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills I was relieved, and for the first time in weeks I slept soundly. It is a wonderful cure."—E. C. FRASER, Milwaukee, Wis.

"All my life I have been afflicted with spells of sick headache, lasting three, six or twelve hours. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills taken on first indication of pain has freed me from these terrible hours of suffering."—J. E. DAVIS, Turtle Lake, Wis.

"Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are the truest to name of any medicine I have ever tried. I have used them in my family for a number of years and I never knew them to fail in giving satisfaction."—JOSEFA CHEANEY, North Greenfield, Wis.

"My wife always carries Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills with her when traveling or when attending sick functions. They give prompt relief in cases of sick headache or car-sickness."—W. J. FORBINDER, Mauston, Wis.

"I have used Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for headache and other pain. They give prompt relief and are a great blessing."—MRS. D. L. MARTIN, Watertown, Wis.

Pills

Cure Headache

Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, La Grippe, Pain in Stomach, Ague Pains, Indigestion, Dizziness, Nervousness and Sleeplessness.

MR. A. B. FRIESER, contractor, Pueblo, Colo., writes as follows: "I have often been obliged to leave my work on account of severe headache. When suffering an unusually severe attack recently I had given me two Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, which gave me instant relief. Since then I am never without them, and they never fail."

"I have been a great sufferer from headache and neuralgia, and have tried many remedies without getting relief. A friend told me to try Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and after taking three or four boxes, I had a speedy cure."—MRS. CARRIE A. BUMP, Waterloo, Wis.

"I cannot get along without Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. For many years I was afflicted with frequent severe headaches, which various medicines failed to relieve, until I tried Anti-Pain Pills, which effected a speedy cure."—MRS. CARRIE A. BUMP, Waterloo, Wis.

"I found a positive cure for headache, with which I had been afflicted for years, in the use of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. I always have them in the house and heartily recommend them to anyone suffering from headache or pain of any kind."—MRS. JOHN HORAN, Duluth, Minn.

"I had suffered with headache for years, and could get no relief. I finally found Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, commenced using them, and they can't be beat. They cure every time."—MRS. LUCY MCNICOL, East Grand Forks, Minn.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by all druggists, 25 cents a box, under a positive guarantee that the first box will benefit or money refunded.

The Genuine Dr. Miles' Remedies are never sold at cut prices.

LION COFFEE PREMIUM DEPOT

NOW OPEN

Many valuable premiums given FREE For return of lion-heads.

Save your lion-heads. They are valuable.

SOME OF OUR PREMIUMS.
CHINAWARE, (all kinds)
GOLD RINGS,
BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURES,
CLOTH BOUND BOOKS,
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
TOYS, for the children
HANDKERCHIEFS,
RIBBONS, POCKET BOOKS, HAT-PINS, GOLD BROOCH, SILVER SPOONS and FORKS, LINEN TOWELS and MANY OTHERS.

A FREE Cup of Lion Coffee to each visitor.

Drop in and visit us, even if you haven't any lion-heads to bring.

WOOLSON SPICE CO.,

611 First Ave. So.