

By Stealthy Steps

By CHARLES E. PEARCE.

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "In Temptation's Way," "Lucknow," "John Dale, Convict," "Miss Doon, of Manchester," Etc., Etc.
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DONALDSON'S GLASS BLOCK

Progress Is Our Watchword

There's *no* dull season at Donaldson's. Clearance sales with irresistible *bona fide* price concessions, is the lever that precludes dull business and keeps us *always busy*.

Clearing the Millinery: Skirts: Shirt Waist Suits: Waists: On the Great Second Floor—Tuesday

Clearing the Millinery

An elegant assortment of Trimmed Hats, selling now for \$3.50—Tuesday they go for **\$1.98**

\$1.25 Sailor Hats, big assortment. Tuesday they go for **69c**

Clearing the untrimmed Hats—selling now for 48c. Tuesday, **25c**

All the 50c white and colored Sailor Hats go **15c**

An assortment of hats, really good 48c values. Tuesday only **10c**

50% Off Flowers

Waists—Night Robes—Silk Petticoats

Assorted lot handsome white lawn Shirt Waists, with fine embroidery and French tucking, made in latest styles with new stock and sleeves, worth \$1.48, Tuesday special, **69c**.

Women's Night Robes, made of good quality muslin and long cloth, trimmed with lace or embroidery; also dainty long cloth slip over Gowns with colored trimming. Regular 98c value, special, **75c**.

Children's Cotton and Lisle Hose, sizes 6 months to 1 year, in black or brown. Value to 25c, special, **10c**.

Women's Petticoats, made of fine quality taffeta silk, deep acordon pleated, flounce trimmed, with bias ruffle and ruchings, near silk dust ruffle. Regular value \$3, special, **\$6.98**.

Enlarged Glass Block Statistics

No. of Employees	900
No. of feet of street frontage	398
No. of square feet of floor space	over 250,000
No. of floors, besides basement and sub-basement	6
No. of electric lights on outside of the store	4,000
No. of electric lights on inside of the store	3,000
No. of arc lights	400
No. of steam engines, Electric	4
No. of steam engines, Pumps	3
No. of steam engines, Fans	2
No. steam engines, Refrigerator	1

(To Be Continued)

Clearing the Dress Skirts—

Walking Skirts—Shirt Waist Suits—

Tailor Made and Sample Suits

About 125 fine Summer Dress Skirts, in mercerized linen, duck and pique, values up to \$3.00, choice on Tuesday, at **\$1.00** each.

The balance of our finer grades, natural linen, colored linen, and mercerized cloth dress skirts, plain tailored and lace trimmed, about 50 in all, and worth up to \$6.50—Tuesday, at **\$2.50** each.

One lot of Dress Skirts in cheviot, brilliantines and fancy cloths, broken lots of lines that sold at \$5.00, \$6.50 and \$7.50, choice on Tuesday, at **\$3.95** each.

Another lot of fine Walking Skirts, made of fine men's wear cloth, newest styles, made in the dull times when the tailors were not busy, worth \$7.50 and \$8.50, your choice at **\$5.00** each.

About 250 Ladies' Shirt Waist Suits, in white lawn, pique, printed madras cloth, and mercerized gingham. A garment to be worn the year round, light and dark colors. All that is left of our \$3.95, \$5.00 and \$6.50 lots. Choice on Tuesday at **\$2.50** each.

About 75 tailor-made suits, odds and ends of discontinued lines that sold at \$16.50, \$18 and \$20, to close Tuesday at **\$10.00** each.

SPECIAL—Just received 55 sample suits, all new, made in Cheviots, fancy Scotch Mixtures, and Men's wear cloths, no two alike, nearly all size 36, a few 34 and 38 sizes, worth from \$22.50 to \$30. Choice at **\$15.00** each.

To Our Mail Order Patrons

THE NEW DRESS FABRICS for fall and winter are daily arriving. Upon request we will be pleased to submit samples. When writing kindly mention color and about what price is desired. This also applies to the new silks.

FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE—FREE FOR THE ASKING.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Hargrave Denton Makes Up His Mind. It was quite evident to the conclusion that I am going to marry her. Anyhow, it is certain that her father is a very rich man, and he has nobody but his daughter to leave his money to. There's no disgrace in being in debt in the City of London. English trade is at least as good as Yankee 'ol's, or 'pork,' or 'canned goods.' Lord Saltash has married into the Reginald Vinturba family, and Duke of Warringham is engaged to his third. You can't deny that.

"I don't wish to deny it. It is because of this man's position that I wish to protest against your doing the same thing. But I shall say no more. I refuse to argue the point. You may go to the office and see an end of the matter—for the present."

"Don't alarm yourself, mother. Perhaps after all, I may run down to Hampton—say about six. Will that satisfy you?"

"You know best," returned the lady. "She was not one to be easily mollified. Hargrave smoothed his moustache with his serviette, leisurely rose and took from his case a cigarette, which, however, he did not dare to light in the parlour and dining-room, but to be sure, a little tobacco smoke would have given it a flavor of humanity which might well be pardoned."

The young man ascended to his room with a look on his face which, if his mother had seen it, would have reminded her of the ungovernable passions of his boyhood.

"If it's to be the choice between my mother and the girl, the old lady won't have a look in," he muttered. "Hang it! What have I got to be afraid of? Old Tremaine can afford to plunk down enough to let us live decently, and I'll bet he'll do anything Eleanor wants. Besides, the matter is all smoothed over at first, can be smoothed over. Dash it all! She's had her way too much. It's time I showed her I can manage my affairs without her interference."

As for Eleanor having a word in the matter, that did not enter his head. He had never found girls averse to his attentions, why should Eleanor be an exception? Indeed, he did not trouble to ask himself this question. He took it for granted she would say "yes."

By the time he had smoked half-a-dozen cigarettes, he had reached a state of sultriness, and arrayed for the conquest was surveying himself in a long glass, he was in a better humor; and he called forth with a feeling that, in spite of his mother, the world was a pleasant world.

With some nature's opposition only provokes persistence, and Hargrave Denton swore to himself as he sauntered along the shady side of Regent-street that nothing should prevent him making Eleanor Tremaine his wife.

He cast his eyes into suitable shop windows, and the reflection was pleasing. Albeit he was a trifle sallow about the shoulders, and not so tall as might be desirable, the picture was that of a well-set-up, perfectly-groomed young man, with a distinct air of having nothing to do—so different, he was glad to think, from the city type of stockbroker, for instance, Eleanor Tremaine would see the difference for herself.

He was not particularly anxious to meet anybody he knew, and he turned into Conduit street, crossed Bond street and approached Piccadilly by way of the placid retirement of Mayfair.

He gave his moustache an extra twist as he ascended the steps of Hugh Tremaine's house, and in spite of his conviction that he had better ask and leave his heart beat with quite unusual rapidity.

"I think Miss Tremaine is out, sir," said the footman doubtfully. "But I will go and see."

A pang—he scarcely knew whether of jealousy or of annoyance—he had never experienced anything like it before—darted thru him. "Out? Impossible. Did not Eleanor promise to see him?"

"Yes, sir," said the footman, returning.

CHAPTER IV. Eleanor's Champion.

Hargrave Denton bit his lips with vexation. His self-esteem had received an unexpected thrust. Surely after her word this could only be regarded as a slight. He walked away raging. He could ill bear being disappointed of anything on which he had set his heart, and behind this disappointment lurked the uncomfortable feeling that for no reason he had very nearly quarrelled with his mother.

Had he not been so absorbed with his own feelings he might have questioned the footman and so probably would have learnt of Mr. Tremaine's seizure; but he knew nothing of this, and all he thought was that Eleanor had been guilty of an unpardonable act of coquetry.

The truth was Dr. Munro had noticed the girl's disturbed manner and evident unstrung condition, attributed her pallid cheeks and darkened eyes to anxiety concerning her father and want of rest, and had insisted upon her taking exercise in the open air. He suggested her riding, but she was in tune with nothing out of doors and preferred to walk. She entered Hyde park, making her way towards Kensington Gardens, where she was more likely to obtain the quietude of which she was in need.

That mysterious blood-stained paper—whether it was a shameful practical joke or really had a sinister meaning—had she and her father known of it, she was not unwilling to take the doctor's advice. She was thankful the paper had fallen into her hands and had been seen by no eyes but hers. Not for worlds would she have her father know of it, and she retained the sinister epistle, retaining only the envelope. It occurred to her that some day the peculiar character of the writing might give her a clue.

The fresh air, the bright sun, the blue sky, flecked by a few fleecy clouds, somewhat revived her. Mystery, crime threats and the other things that had assailed her all night long, and seemed then hideous realities enough, but now, in the sunshine, with the buzz of the prosaic and the hum of the world around her, they were but chimeras.

She crossed the Serpentine bridge and approached the more secluded part of Kensington. Her steps were quick, but she unconsciously went further than she intended, and, beginning to feel tired, stood for a moment hesitating whether to return or not. Suddenly a voice behind her said: "I hope I am not in the way, Miss Tremaine."

She started, turned, and saw Hargrave Denton, whose footsteps over the soft turf had been unheard by her.

The glint of his small dark eyes was unpleasant, and she felt his gaze equally so. His words suggested he had surprised her in an assignation. Her face flushed deeply, and the consciousness that she was appearing in a false light before Hargrave Denton of all men in the world—for she felt instinctively that he was one who would rather believe in the worse side of things than the better—veiled her beyond measure. She scarcely knew what to say.

"I suppose," he went on, quoting his own words to his mother earlier in the day, "you consider your promises are made only to be broken."

"I beg your pardon," she answered, in an embarrassed tone. "Yes, I did make a promise to my mother. Really, I quite forgot."

"She quite forgot! How slight must be the place he occupied in her mind. The reflection added to his mortification. He bit his lips and under the influence of wounded vanity and jealousy his face became positively ugly.

"Of course I forgive you. It is the duty of many to forgive, I suppose. It seems to me women have laws of their own and if men only knew what they were it would save a great deal of trouble. I reckon they make these laws on the spur of the moment and to suit the circumstances of the case."

His tone and manner were overbearing, sarcastic, almost insulting. Eleanor Denton was ailing in riddles. Mr. Denton said she, icily. "I had better leave you to solve them by yourself. I am not in the humor."

She turned as if to retreat. He was at her side in an instant. The he had let her tongue say more than he had intended, and that he was conscious he had been extremely rude, his passion for her was none the less, and the cooler she was the more heated he became. The thought flashed across his mind that if she were really there in a lonely part of the park, he would have no one to witness an exquisite satisfaction in cutting out a rival, or at all events spoiling the love meeting."

"You are not going like this, Eleanor," he exclaimed, excitedly. "I have a right to an explanation. By Heaven! I admire you more than any other woman in the world. But that is nothing; perhaps you don't care a rap about my admiration. You promised yesterday to grant me this afternoon an opportunity of saying something which has been near my heart for weeks and weeks, and like a fool, I believed you meant what you said. I called at your house at the time appointed to find you had gone out. I need not say I was bitterly disappointed; but I accepted the position believing there was a full and sufficient reason for your absence. Very well, I come into Kensington Gardens to walk off my vexation and—and I find you here."

"Miss Tremaine went out about five minutes ago."

"I have sworn you shall be my wife, Eleanor," he breathed hoarsely in her ear. "You may as well say 'yes' first as last. I didn't mean to ask you in this fashion, but something draws me on. I can't help it. I know I'm passionate, I've been told so many times, and you may find it out to be so to your cost, so I warn you. I can't tell you what is working within me—I don't know myself—only this, if your answer is 'no,' then—then heaven help you!"

He seemed to be almost choking. The veins on his forehead were swollen, and his face was of a dusky red. Such an exhibition of fierce, primitive animation appeared strangely unnatural in one whose outward appearance was that of a dandy, whose education and training had been to regard outward demonstrations of passion as vulgar and belonging only to the lower classes.

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THE PROSPECTIVE RIVER BANK PARK

If Certain Objectionable Tenants on Main Street Can Be Induced to Move, the Old Exposition Building Will Be Made the Center of a Park That Will Greatly Add to the Beauty of the East Side.

—Photo by Journal Staff Photographer.



Long before the erection of the Exposition building, now known as the International, the locality was the center of the fondest hopes of the residents on the East side of the river. Their pride was stimulated in 1856, when J. M. Winslow began there the construction of the Winslow house, a six-story hotel, which, when completed in the spring of the next year, was the largest building on either side of the river, "at the Falls of St. Anthony." The hotel enjoyed measurable prosperity until the mutterings of the civil war dethroned its patrons at their homes in the south. In May, 1861, the furniture was removed, and, except for occasional assemblies of local societies, it remained unoccupied until 1872. In that year Rev. Dr. E. D. Neill leased the building at an annual rental of \$1,200 for the use of Macalester college, of which he was president. In 1881 the college was removed to the Midway district, and, soon after, the building was known as the Minnesota College hospital. In 1887 the hospital authorities vacated it and it was demolished to make room for the Exposition building.



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New Breakfast Cereal at Grocers

ESTABLISHED 1840.

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HATS

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The Plymouth
Sixth and Nicollet.

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