

DONALDSON'S Furs! DONALDSON'S

Colored and Black Dress Goods.

A MAGNIFICENT SHOWING OF NEW FABRICS.

New costume cloth for street wear, soft and silky as finest camel's hair, in Pastel shades, novelty Windsor suitings and fancy German mixtures. Special for Tuesday, per yard only **\$1.50** \$2.00 and.....
 Special offer of 46-inch finest French Acolline for entire costumes, street and evening shades, just received, real value \$1.50. Special for one day only **98c**—per yard.....

SPECIAL AT 39c—100 pieces displayed on special tables for Tuesday, consisting of all-wool chevions, granites, and cream white bedford cords, on sale Tuesday at, per yard..... **39c**
 100 pieces pebble cheviot, all the leading fall shades, 36 inches wide, cut for Tuesday only, per yard..... **25c**
 Black cheviot, 54 inches wide shrunk and sponged ready for use, extra weight, reg. value \$1.75, yd **\$1.15**

This department has been greatly enlarged and improved. It is indisputably the finest and best equipped in the West. Here you will find only the reliable sort at reasonable prices, and we carry a large assortment at all times, being large manufacturers of our own styles, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction in every respect. We repair and remodel your old furs to look like new, and will make to order anything you wish.

Lot of fine Sable and Isabella Opossum and French Marten Scarfs, worth \$6.50 and \$7.00. **\$5.00** Special at.....
 Lot of fine Sable and Isabella Fox Scarfs, made of choicest skins, worth \$12.50. **\$10.00** Special at.....
 Fine quality Near Seal Coats, 22 and 24 inch lengths, lined with guaranteed satin. **\$25.00** Special.....

Cloaks and Suits.

Never before have we been better equipped to satisfy every whim of the devotee of fashion than we are this season. The styles we show are strictly in accord with the latest dictates of fashion, and made to our special order—thus they are our own exclusive styles, and can not be found elsewhere. A few Specials for Tuesday.

Lot of very fine Walking Skirts, made of finest quality melton cloths, chevions and men's-wear cloths, nicely tailored, perfect in hang and finish, and made to sell at \$6.50. Special at..... **\$5.00**
 A splendid lot of fine man-tailored Suits, come in chevions, Scotch mixed cloths and fancy men's-wear materials; long and short effects, tight fitting and blouse styles, walking and dress lengths, worth \$20.00 and \$22.50. **\$15.00** Special at.....
 The greatest collection of fine tailored Suits ever shown at this price, dress and walking lengths; over 300 suits in fifty different styles, and none in the lot worth less than \$30.00 and \$35.00. Special at..... **\$25.00**

TUESDAY'S GLASS BLOCK MATCHLESS GLASS BLOCK OFFERINGS.

Silks.

20-inch heavy lustrous black Peau de Soie, suitable for dresses, ladies' and children's coats, etc. Good \$1 value. Tuesday only, **79c** at, per yard.....

New China Dept.

FOURTH FLOOR.

DECORATED CHINA—Special tables of decorated table ware. Just received from Europe, cups and saucers, plates, creamers, fruit saucers, bon bon saucers, etc. Values up to 20c each. Tuesday, **10c** each.....

FRUIT BOWLS—Imported China with dainty flower and gold decorations, new shapes, value 35c, Tues., each **19c**

BRIC-A-BRAC and fancy China pieces—suitable for gifts or card prizes, on separate tables, at each **\$1.00 75c 50c** and.....

CANDLE SHADES—Assorted colors and shapes, all new goods. Special, **15c** each.....

GIFT CUPS and SAUCERS—Just opened, an immense variety of rich China cups and saucers. Special, each **25c 15c 20c** and.....

Jewelry.



\$5.50 8-day wood clock—strikes hour and half hour, spec. this **\$2.98** sale.....

\$1.75 and \$1.50 quadruple plate Silverware, comprising cake basket, butter dishes, sugar and cream, jelly dishes, bon bons, bread trays, etc. **89c** Special.....

WM. ROGERS EXTRA PLATE
 Tea Spoons, set of 6..... **44c**
 Dessert Spoons, set of 6..... **79c**
 Table Spoons, set of 6..... **95c**

Silk Hose Supporters.

NOTION COUNTER.

Fine colored silk and satin hose Supporters. The pad front style, also the fine silk frilled side elastics—elegant line of colors worth 50c pair, big special Tuesday, only, pair..... **25c**

Children's Underwear.

Children's fine ribbed natural wool vest, pants or drawers, soft and warm; size 18..... **35c**
 Rise 5c for each larger size.

Muslin Underwear.

GOWNS—Made of fine quality flannelette, tucked yoke trimmed with colored embroidery, scalloped ruffle around neck and sleeves. Regular value \$1.25. **98c** Special Tuesday.....

WAISTS—Finely tailored waist, made of good quality flannel, tucked yoke effect, front trimmed with large pearl buttons, fancy stock and cuffs, made in a pretty line of colors. Special **\$1.98** Tuesday.....

PETTICOATS—Fine quality mercerized sateen petticoat, made with deep accordion plaited flounce trimmed with three ruffles. Regular value \$1.25. Special **98c** Tuesday.....

Art Department.

MAIN FLOOR.

Nothing like it ever offered before in this line.

We offer for one day—Tuesday—our entire line of beautiful Pillow Tops with backs to match, positively never sold for less than 49c; choice Tuesday, each, **25c** only.....

No reserve; every pillow in stock included in this sale.

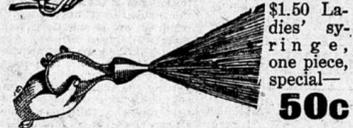
Children's Hose.

Children's ribbed worsted leg and all-wool foot stockings; an excellent quality. All sizes..... **25c**



Drugs.

2-quart Fountain Syringe—3 hard rubber pipes, every one warranted one year—special..... **39c**



\$1.50 Ladies' syringe, one piece, special—**50c**

Lemola, fine milled toilet Soap, former price 10c, cake special, **5c**—Box of 3 cakes.

10c jars, metal cap, Cream White Petroleum Jelly, 4-oz., special, jar..... **4c**

5-grain Lithia Tablets, guaranteed equal to any, special..... **15c**

Maple wood Toothpicks, 500 in a carton, special..... **3c**

3½-lb. bar Green Olive Oil Castile Soap, bar..... **21c**

Ladies' Hose.

Fast black heavy fleeced cotton hose, double heels, toes and soles, and fashioned leg; a bargain..... **19c**

Ladies' Knit Underwear.

Heavy fine Australian Merino vest or French band pants, in natural or white. Special..... **75c**

Millinery.

On Tuesday we are to close out our entire line of one of the largest manufacturers. This line comprises the choice of 500 of the latest styles of ready-to-wear hats, all worth to \$2.50. Choice Tues. **98c**

Fancy Elastic Belts.

Greatest bargain of the season—One lot of ladies' black silk elastic Belts with cut steel buckles in front and steel back pieces to match—really worth up to \$1.00 each, big special Tuesday, only each..... **25c**

New Dress Trimmings.

Unequaled Bargains for Tuesday. 100 pieces Fancy Persian Band Trimming, in a full line of colors, just the thing for trimming dresses and for Belts, etc., actually worth up to 50c yard. Big **10c** Bargain Tuesday only, per yard.....
 50 pieces beautiful colored Applique Trimmings, in an elegant assortment of new colorings, beautiful flower and leaf designs, our own direct importation, actually worth \$1.69 yard. Big Bargain Tuesday only, per yard..... **\$1.00**

Under the Rose

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,

Author of "The Strollers."

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

... A Gift for the Duke. ...
 "If you were?" she suggested, passing a golden thread thru the cloth she held.
 "I would write him the miniature he has of you told but half the truth."
 "So you have seen the miniature? It lies carelessly about, no doubt? Yet her tone was not one of displeasure.
 "The duke frequently draws it from his breast to look at it."
 "And so many handsome women in the kingdom, too?" laughed the princess. "A tiny, puffy bit of velvet!"
 Her lips curled indulgently, as of a person sure of herself. Did not the fool's glance pay her that tribute to which she was not a stranger? Her lashes, suddenly lifted, met his fully, and drove his look, grown overbold, to cover. The princess smiled; she might well believe the stories about him; yet was not ill-pleased. "Like master, like man," says the proverb. She continued to survey the graceful figure, well-poised head and handsome features of the jester.
 "Tell me, sirrah," she continued, "of the duke. Straightforwardly, or—I'll leave thee to the mercy of madam the admiral's wife! What is he like?"
 "A fairly likely fellow."
 "Is what one says of a man when one can say nothing else. He is not then very handsome?"
 "He has never been so considered!"
 The princess' needle remained suspended, then viciously plunged into the golden Cupid she was embroidering. "The king hath played with me," she murmured. "He represented him as one of the most distinguished-appearing knights

in the emperor's domains. Is he dark or light?" she went on.
 "Dark."
 "Tall?"
 "His eyes?" said the lady, after an ominous pause.
 "Brown."
 "His manners?"
 "Those of a soldier."
 "His speech?"
 "That of one born to command."
 "Command!" returned the princess, ironically. "odious word!"
 "You, madam," quickly answered the jester. "he would serve."
 A moment her glance challenged his, coldly, proudly, and then her features softened. The indolent look crept into her eyes once more; the tension of her lips relaxed.
 "Command and serve!" laughed the princess. "A paradox. If not a paragon, it seems! Not handsome—probably ugly!—a soldier—full of oaths—a blusterer—strong in his cups! What a list of qualifications! Well—with a sigh—"what must needs be must be! The emperor plays the rook; Francis moves his pawn—my poor self. The game, beyond the two moves, is naught to us. Perhaps we shall be sacrificed, one or both! What of that, if it's a draw, or one of the players checkmates the other—"
 "But, Princess," cried the fool, "he loves you! Passionately!—devotedly!"
 "A passing fancy for a painted semblance," said the lady, as rising she turned toward the casement, the golden Cupid falling from her lap to the floor. In the rhythmic ease of her movement, in her very attitude, was consciousness of her

own power, but to the poet-jester, surrounded as he was by symbols of worship and devotion, her expressed self-doubt seemed that of some saintly being, cloistered in the solitude of a sanctuary.
 "Nay," he answered swiftly. "He has but to see you—with the sunlight in your hair—as I see you now! The pawn, Madam, would become a queen; his queen! What would matter to him the game of Charles or Francis? Let Charles grow greater, or Francis smaller. His gain would be—yours!"
 The fingers of the maid who sat at the far end of the room ceased to caress the silver vase; her hands were tightly clasped together; in her dark eyes was an ironical light, as her gaze passed from the jester to her mistress. Almost motionless stood the princess until he had finished; motionless it would have seemed but for the chain on her breast, which rose and fell with her breathing. From the jeweled network which half-bound her hair shone flashes of light; a tress which escaped the glittering environment lay like a serpent of gold upon the crimson of her gown where the neck softly uprose. A hue, delicately rich as the tinted leaves of orange blossoms, mantled her cheeks.
 She shook her head in soft dissent. "Queen for how long?" she answered gently. "As long as gentle Claude was queen for Francis? As long as saintly Eleanor held undisputed sway?"
 "As long as Eleanor is queen, in the hearts of her people!" he exclaimed, passionately. "As long as France is her bridegroom!"
 Deliberately she half-turned, the coil of gold falling over her hair. "Near her hand, who against the dark casement, a blood-red rose trembled at the entrance of her chamber, and grasping lightly, she held it to her face as if its perfume symbolized her thoughts.
 "Is there so much constancy in the world?" she asked musingly. "Can such stuteness of heart exist? Like this flower withered in bloom and die at my window? A bold flower, though! Day by day has it been growing nearer. Here," she added breaking it from the stem and holding it to the jester.
 "Madam!" he cried.
 "Take it," she laughed, "and—send it to the duke!" Kneeling, he received it. "Thou art a fellow of infinite humor indeed. Equally at home in a lady's boudoir or a fool's drinking bout. Come, Jacqueline, Queen Marguerite awaits our presence. She has a new chapter to read, but whether another installment of her tales, or a prayer for her Mirror of the Sinful Soul, I know not. As for you, sir—what a parting smile! Under we shall walk in the garden. There you may await us."

CHAPTER IV.

An Impatient Suitor.

"Well, Sir Mariner, do you not fear to venture so far on a dangerous sea?" asked a mocking voice.
 "A dangerous sea, fair Jacqueline?" he replied, stroking the head of the hound which lay before the bench. "I see nothing save smiling fields and fragrant beds of flowers."
 "Oh, I recognize now Monsieur Diplomat, not Sir Mariner!" she retorted.
 "Beneath her headress, resembling in some degree two great butterfly wings, her face looked smaller than its wont. Laced tight after the fashion, the cottontail made her waist appear little larger than could be clasped by the hands of a soldier, while a silken-shod foot with which she tapped the ground would have nestled neatly in his palm. Was it pique that moved her thus to address the duke's jester? Since he had arrived, Jacqueline had been relegated, as it were, to the corner of the room, formerly ever first with the princess, had perforce stood aside on the coming of the foreign fool whose

company her mistress strangely seemed to prefer to her own.
 First had it been talking, walking and jesting, in which last accomplishment he proved singularly expert, judging from the peals of laughter to which her mistress, and occasionally her own, had been reading. Lately Louise, learned, as has been set forth in the profane letters, had displayed a marked favor for books of all kinds—"The Tree of Battles" by Bonnet, the "Brevisary of Nobles" in verse, the "Livre des faits d'armes et de chevalerie" by Christine de Pisan, and in a secluded garden spot, with her fool and servant, she sedulously pursued her literary labors.
 As books were rare, being hand-printed and hand-illuminated, the princess' choice of volumes was not large, but Marguerite, the king's sister, possessed some rarely executed poems—in their mechanical aspect, the monarch permitted her the use of several precious chronicles; while the abbess in the convent near by, who esteemed Louise for her piety and accomplishments, submitted to her care a gorgeously painted, satin-bound "Life of Saint Agnes," a Roman virgin who died in the singularly picturesque age of Diocletian. But Jacqueline, frowningly noticed that the saint's life lay idle—conspicuously, the fittingly, on the altar table—when a manuscript of the Queen of Navarre suspiciously accompanied the jester when he sought the pleasant nook selected for reading and conversation.
 It was to this spot, the maid repaired one soft summer afternoon, where she found the fool and a volume—Marguerite's, by the purple binding and the locket in silver—awaiting doubtless the coming of the princess; and at the sight of them, the book of romance and the jester who brought it, what wonder her patience gave way?
 "You have been here now a fortnight, Monsieur Diplomat," she continued, bending the eyes which Triboulet so feared upon the others, to be exact, sweet Jacqueline!" he answered calmly.
 "Indeed! Then there is some hope for you, if you've kept track of time," she retorted hotly.
 Still he forbore to qualify his manner, save with a latent smile that further exasperated the girl.
 "What mean you, gentle mistress?" he asked quietly, without even looking at her.
 "Sweet Jacqueline!" "Gentle mistress!" she cried sharply.
 "And yet they turn you not from anger."
 "Anger!" she said, her eyes flashing. "Not another man at court would dare to talk to me as you do."
 At this he lifted his brows and surveyed her much as one would a spoiled child, a glance that excited in her the same emotion she had experienced the night of his arrival at Fool's hall, when he had contemplated her in her garb of jocularity, as some misplaced anomaly.
 "I know, mistress," he returned ironically, "you have a reputation for secrecy. But I think it lies more in your eyes than in the moon."
 "And yet I can see the future for all that," she replied, persistently, defiantly.
 "The future?" he retorted, and looked from the earth to the sky. "What is the goal of yonder tiny cloud? Can you tell me that?"
 "The goal?" she repeated, uplifting her head. "Wait! It is very small. The sun is already swallowing it up."
 "Heigho!" yawned the jester, outstretching his yellow-pointed boot. "I catch not the moral to the fable—an 'there be one!"
 "The moral!" she said, quickly. "Ask Marot."
 "Why Marot?" Balancing the stick with the fool's head in his hand.

Chapman's 8th and Nicollet

Specials for Tuesday:

- Peaches Colored Elberta, per box..... **\$1.30**
- Crab Apples Fancy, per peck..... **50c**
- Grapes Mulaska Dalarno, per bushel..... **20c**
- Pears Fancy New York Seckels, per peck..... **75c**
- Malaga Grapes Per basket..... **30c**
- Blue Plums Per basket..... **25c**
- Karo Corn Syrup Per can..... **10c**
- Macaroni Finest Domestic, per pound package..... **7c**
- Coffee Our Coffee is always hot from our Roaster. Chapman Java combination, per lb..... **30c**



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 SHOE UNION MADE

The Testimony of the Wearers of W. L. Douglas Shoes is Conclusive and Convincing.
 W. S. Daniels, Washington Correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, writes:
 "I am a constant wearer of W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes. Have always found them durable and easy fitting. I receive more value for my money than in other makes."
 This is the reason W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.
 That Douglas uses Corona Colt proves there is value in Douglas \$3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is the highest grade patent leather made. \$2.50 name and price on bottom. Take no substitute. Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively. Boys wear W. L. Douglas Shoes. Price, \$2.00 and \$1.75. Shoes by mail, 25c extra. Illustrated Catalog Free. MINNEAPOLIS: 405 Nicollet Avenue.

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