LITTLE REGGIE IS MISTAKEN FOR A MASHER.

REGGIE—I'm counting the seconds until the girls arrive; they ought to be here soon.

MRS. SMITH—Why, bless my soul, if that young fellow isn't trying to flirt with me, and if I'm not mistaken he's the same one that tried it the other day. I'll call the officer and have him arrested.

REGGIE—Why, this is outrageous! Preposterous! Trying to flirt! Why, I'm waiting for two friends of mine. They'll be here directly, and they'll clear me.

MRS. SMITH—Don't talk back, young man. You did make eyes at me.

OFFICER—Well, I'll have to take you along if this lady presses the charge.

REGGIE—Ah! Here are two friends of mine. They'll tell you the truth. (Reggie to his chums)—Boys, do I ever flirt? Am I a masher?

OFFICER—Speak up, young fellers; this lady has made a charge against him. Is he a flirt?

CHUMS—You just bet he is. Why, there are very few people can withstand him. He is a regular Lothario.

OFFICER—Then you'll have to come along with me.

MRS. SMITH—Oh, yes, I'll take the trouble to appear against him. I knew I wasn't mistaken in him. You see, his friends claim he is an old offender.

CHUMS—By, by, Reggie. Don't worry about the girls; we'll take care of them. The next time you have to wait, try to refrain from flirting.

The Love That Never Dies

By FLORENCE WARDEN, Author of "The Master-Key," "The House on the Marsh," "The Inn by the Shore," Etc.

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Beatrice was not crying; but she had covered her face with her hands in utter shame and contrition. But her way was now clear; the joy this good-natured fellow felt in the child he believed to be his own was so deep that she could no longer be sure which way even her duty pointed. Would confession be the right thing now? Or would it be only a fresh wrong?

As he left her with her doubts and her sore conscience, and quitted the room to meet the doctor, whose arrival the butler announced at that moment, she found that the struggle in her heart was growing ever keener. He had placed the sleeping Ermyn in the armchair in which he had been sitting; Beatrice threw herself on the floor beside the child and cried silently.

Suddenly a fresh fear checked her tears, and made her sit up with a face full of terror. Since the viscount had gone himself with the doctor to see the dead baby, would he not perhaps recognize that, after all, the unhappy child who had been neglected, left to die, was his own, and not Ermyn, after all? Beatrice herself did not know whether Lady Catherington had really brought her husband's child back to him, or whether she had palmed off upon him a little girl picked up for the purpose. She knew that Lady Catherington's child would have been a little more than two years old, and that the dead baby looked younger than that. But she knew also that the poor little creature was so wasted, either by improper treatment or by disease, that it looked much smaller than it would have done in normal circumstances.

The whole situation, indeed, was full of danger, as Beatrice felt. If Lord Catherington did not recognize the dead child as his own, if, therefore, it passed as hers, would not the doctor subject her to a severe examination as to the circumstances of the baby's death? Beatrice could not doubt that this would be the case, when she remembered the condition in which the poor child was when she received it. Surely its emaciated state, its coarse clothing, would all excite the doctor's suspicions and induce him to ask a string of questions which she would find it impossible to answer.

She felt appalled at her own wickedness as she realized that the fear of being found out, of being thrust forth with her child, discredited and disgraced, was stronger in her than shame at her own wrong-doing.

Even as she sat back on the great tiger-skin hearthrug, in a fever of excitement and dread, she heard the voices of the two gentlemen talking together in a low voice outside the door. At once she knew that there was something portentious in the extreme gravity of their tones; and when she staggered to her feet to meet them as the door slowly opened, it was with the air of a guilty creature, of a remorseful penitent, that she instinctively hung her head and clasped her hands, even before they had come into sight around the screen.

And when they stood face to face with her, there ensued a few moments of dead silence. Beatrice, immovable, speechless, felt as if she would have given the world for them to speak at once, to strike her, to end the awful suspense in which she waited. And at last, as neither spoke, she suddenly threw up her head, and burst out, almost in a tone of defiance:

"Well!"

The first glance at their faces showed her that they had discovered something. How much? That she could not tell. Neither did the doctor's first words enlighten her much.

"I am sorry to say," said the doctor, an elderly, grave man, speaking in a low and somewhat severe tone, "that the child appears to have been very much neglected, Mrs. Froyle." Beatrice hung her head, but made no other answer. "The weight of a child of 2 years old should be twice that of this one. It died from wasting disease, in all probability the result of improper treatment. It was left to the care of strangers, of course?"

"Yes," murmured Beatrice hoarsely.

"Then I should like to have their name and address, if you please."

Thus brought to bay, Beatrice drew herself up and grew reckless. Recovering her voice, her energy, the moment she found, as she thought, that discovery was inevitable, she looked him full in the face and defied him.

"That's impossible!" she said firmly. "If you are not satisfied without that you must take what proceedings you please, for I can tell you nothing more than what you know already. The poor child was left in the care of people believed to be trustworthy, but probably ignorant. That is all I can or will tell you."

And she suddenly went down on her knees again beside the armchair where Ermyn was sleeping, with her head in a confused whirl of fancies and fears; for it suddenly occurred to her to think that they might try to part her from her own child. Since she had suffered her own maternity to be involved in a cloud of doubt, would they accept the truth if she confessed it now?

She heard the two gentlemen exchange a few whispered words. Then she felt a hand laid kindly upon her shoulder, and knew that it was Lord Catherington's. Then his voice sounded, in the gentlest possible accents, in her ear:

"Nobody's going to tease you, nobody's going to worry you with any more questions. It was no fault of yours, I'm sure."

And when she looked up again, Beatrice found that the two gentlemen had left the room, and that she was alone with her own child once more.

One thought only was in her mind—that of flight. Whatever might be the result of the doctor's investigations, they could only have the effect of discrediting her with Lord Catherington. If he found out the truth, which did not now seem probable, no words of his would be strong enough to condemn her deceit. If, on the other hand, he and the doctor believed that the dead baby was hers, what sort of shameful story about herself must they not imagine, to account for her apparent callous neglect of her child? Certainly the viscount, who already cherished his supposed daughter as the apple of his eye, would never tolerate such a wicked woman as he must believe her to be near the person of the little girl whom he believed to be his own.

She suddenly rose to her feet, snatched up Ermyn, whom the action awakened, and was about to leave the room, with the intention of rushing out of the house without further delay, hatless and without a cloak herself, when she heard someone moving about in the hall.

Ermyn's outdoor things were lying on a chair, where the viscount had thrown them on taking them off. She had scarcely taken up the little hood and pelisse, when Lord Catherington came in again.

She dropped the things hastily, afraid of her intention being discovered. Her agitated face and uncertain manner betrayed the emotion from which she was suffering. His face and manner, on the other hand, had recovered their habitual serenity, and without any reference to the recent scene, he said, looking at the baby:

"I think bed's the best place, Mrs. Froyle, don't you, for such very sleepy heads?"

"'Ere dollie?" said Ermyn, with a sudden remembrance that she had been cheated out of a promised pleasure.

"Where's dollie? Oh, oh! Well, dollie's asleep now, you know. All good dollies and good girls are in bed by this time. You come down here to-morrow morning and I'll take you to see her. Come, give me a kiss, and say 'Night, night!' and toddle upstairs. Or shall I carry you, eh?"

"Es, oo cally Ermyn," said she, with a nod of command.

And so, while Beatrice tremblingly picked up the little outdoor garments and meekly followed, Lord Catherington hoisted the child on his shoulder and carried her up to the door of the nursery, singing "John Peel" as he went, with an air of much contentment and good humor.

He put the child down gently on her feet at the door, and turning held out his hand to Beatrice, who, humbled, and ashamed, guilty, grateful and remorseful, was lingering behind.

She came slowly up the remaining stairs and said "Good-night" without looking up.

There was such a solemn look upon her face that Lord Catherington said: "Well, anything the matter? Anything fresh, I mean?"

She must confess, she must. No other way of escape possible. So she snatched up little Ermyntrude in her arms, as if the child were a kind of bulwark to defend her, and said, desperately:

"Yes, there's something very serious the matter, and what you'll say I don't know. I have something to tell you—something to confess."

But before she could get further, Lord Catherington backed a few steps away, as if in horror, and said:

"No, no! No confessions, no explanations, please. They're horrible things for everybody—for the person who explains, and the one who is explained to."

And as he spoke he cast a nervous glance down the staircase, as if to ascertain whether any of the servants were about.

But Beatrice persisted. She was strung up to it now, and meant to go on in spite of everything.

"They must be made sometimes, tho," said she firmly. "Lord Catherington, if you knew all about me, you would think so ill of me that instead of treating me as you are doing you wouldn't be able to find words to describe what you thought of me."

But he persisted on his side, in taking things airily, altho he did not take the extreme course of running away from her.

"Very likely. I'm never a good hand at finding words for anything. But I may just tell you this, that whatever you might have done I should find some extenuating circumstances, I'm quite sure."

"But you wouldn't, you couldn't," said she, earnestly, while Ermyn, puzzled by the agitation of her mother, laid a soft and sleepy little hand caressingly on her cheek. "Just listen."

"I'd rather not."

"You must—you shall. You think me good, don't you? You think I'm a woman to be sympathized with, consoled, treated kindly?"

"I'm sure you're good. And I think all women ought to be treated kindly," was the prompt reply.

It came so quickly, so evidently straight from the heart, that for a few moments she could not go on; sobs came up into her throat and choked her. At last she stammered out:

"Every word you say makes me feel more wicked, more ashamed of myself, more determined to let you know everything——"

With an abrupt change to a manner as grave as her own Lord Catherington laid his hand lightly on her shoulder.

"My dear child," said he, "I do know all, and there's an end of it. I know that you married without the consent of your husband's parents and that you were consequently obliged to marry secretly, and to leave your child in the care of strangers." Beatrice started violently at this surprising conjecture and began to protest. He stopped her. "I know that you have been overwhelmed with remorse and misery since you found how the unfortunate child had been treated, and I know that in consequence you look upon yourself almost as a lost soul. But you're mistaken. You were very young, very ignorant, and neither I nor anybody else could blame you much for the unhappy step that turned out so ill. There, there, you see there's nothing to tell me. So not another word about it, please, now or at any other time. Good-night, good-night."

He bent down and kissed the face of the child in her arms with a warmth which sent a grateful thrill thru the heart of Beatrice. And then, with a smile and a nod, he ran downstairs, leaving her standing dumb, bewildered, yet with a heart beating high with excitement and relief.

Since he would not let her speak, why she was glad, heartily glad, to be dumb. And with a sort of happy recklessness permeating her whole being, after the griefs and terrors, the worries and surprises of the day, she went to the warm, light bedroom where the fire was leaping in the chimney, and the white beds invited to repose, and knew not whether to thank Heaven for the shelter she had so strangely obtained, or to pray for forgiveness for her own sin.

She ended by doing both. And she tried to comfort herself by saying that in a few days, when she had had time to think things over, she woud make amends, would break the truth to Lord Catherington, and would go forth—where, she did not know.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)

BUYING, SELLING, BUILDING

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Albert D. Maeder and wife to Ernest W. Ashenden; lot 9 and north half of lot 10, block 5, Elwell's addition, $675.

Albert D. Maeder and wife to Calvin W. Kyte; south half of lot 10, block 5, Elwell's addition, $250.

North Star Land Company to Chester S. White; lots 13, 14 and 17, block 2, Chicago Lake Park, $1,400.

Sarah Labovitz to Harry Levin; lot 4, block 6, Bradford & Bassett's addition, $2,750.

Charlotte G. Hare to Rhoda A. Allen; lot 12, block 15, Wolverton's addition, $1,100.

Frank W. Gorman and wife to Henry Hagmann; lot 13, block 2, Wright & Fiske's addition, $1,000.

Eva I. Freeman and husband to Minnie E. Elwood; part of lot 22, rearrangement of blocks 9 and 10, first division of Remington Park, $600.

Theresia Dinzl and husband to Joe Dinzl; lot 24, block 8, Sibley's addition, $1,100.

Della F. Curtis and husband to James T. Bonstead; lot 9, block 3, McCrory's rearrangement, $1,000.

Sophia H. Bohannon et al., trustee, to John Lindholm; lot 14, block 14, Wyoming Park addition, $175.

Clara E. Castle and husband to Carl M. Rangland; part of lot 4, block 18, J. S. & W. Elliot's addition, $4,000.

William R. Baumbach and wife to John Anderson; in section 25-119-21, $1,000.

Henry C. Burleigh and wife to David C. Warden; undivided one-half of lot 8, block 1, Lake of the Isles addition, $1,500.

Jane A. Taft to Minnesota Debenture Company; east half of lots 2 and 7, block 7, Menage's Fourth addition, $800.

George E. Seibert and wife to Charles H. Hansen; lots 12 and 13, block 11, Lawndale, $450.

Carrie M. Stover and husband to Anson S. Brooks; in section 14-28-24, $3,000.

Louise J. Adams et al. to Gustave A. Peterson; lots 14 and 15, block 11, Lawndale, $160.

John Burns to George C. Merrill; lot 4, block 4, Hall's addition, $100.

Maggie Clark Bloomquist and husband to Lina B. Blake; lot 10, block 1, Chicago Lake Park addition, $900.

Alexander N. Blakeman, executor, to J. Howard Palmer and wife; lot 7, block 3, Badger & Penney's addition, $3,800.

John A. Berg and wife to Julia A. Reed; part of lot 12, block 2, Choe & Channell's addition, $750.

Anders P. Anderson and wife to Joseph S. Todd; part of lot 6, block 11, Mill Company's addition, $4,500.

Rhode Island Baptist State Convention to Frank G. Johnson et al.; lot 10, block 7, Cole & Weeks' rearrangement, $2,100.

Frank A. Raberge and wife to Arthur E. Adkins; lot 3, exhibit C, plat of partition of George W. Lincoln property, $1,800.

Carl Raugland and wife to Mary Lund; part of lots 1 and 2, block 12, Eliot's addition, $1,700.

Ellen C. Phillips and husband to Minnie E. Elwood; lot 7, block 12, plat of blocks 12 to 15, Minnehaha Park addition, $600.

Andrew G. Nordholm and wife to Emil Hallsin; in section 3-117-23, $1,900.

Andrew G. Nordholm and wife to Caroline Redpath; in section 3-117-23, $800.

Julia Wilk and husband to Annie E. Akervold; lot 11, block 1, Hawkins' Second addition, $630.

Chester S. White to John A. Santrizos; lots 13 and 14, block 2, Chicago Lake Park addition, $750.

Chester S. White to Francis E. Stevens et al.; lot 17, block 2, Chicago Lake Park addition, $800.

Western Realty company to David Albert Lee; lot 27, block 5, Fair Ground addition, $400.

Joseph S. Todd and wife to Anders P. Anderson; lots 31 and 32, block 8, McMillan's addition, $4,000.

Belle M. Taylor and husband to Ellen U. H. Dibble; part of block 1, J. N. Barbour's outlots, $15,000.

Fifteen minor deeds, $283.

Total, forty-nine deeds, $60,963.

BUILDING PERMITS.

Maude Pineo, 4614 Nicollet avenue; dwelling, $1,550.

James J. Kotasck, 308 Walnut street SE; dwelling, $2,700.

Ten minor permits, $2,945.

Total, twelve permits, $7,195.

Ten years ago tile fireproofing construction of buildings was in its infancy and cost twice as much as it does to-day, while wood construction to-day costs nearly twice as much as it did then.

THE WEATHER

Weather Now and Then—To-day, maximum 52, minimum 32 degrees; a year ago, maximum 46, minimum 31 degrees.

Minnesota—Partly cloudy with showers to-night and probably in east portion Thursday; cooler in west portion Thursday; variable winds.

Wisconsin—Partly cloudy, with probably showers Thursday and in west portion to-night; variable winds.

Upper Michigan—Showers to-night and Thursday; variable winds.

Iowa—Partly cloudy, with probably showers in east and south portion to-night and in east portion Thursday; cooler in west portion Thursday; variable winds.

North Dakota—Partly cloudy to-night and Thursday; cooler; winds shifting to brisk northwest.

South Dakota—Partly cloudy to-night and Thursday; cooler Thursday and in extreme west portion to-night; brisk southerly, shifting to northwest winds.

Montana—Fair to-night and Thursday; cooler to-night; fresh northwest winds.

WEATHER CONDITIONS

Cloudy weather is general in nearly all parts of the country, except along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and in Oklahoma, New Mexico and Texas. Rains have fallen during the past twenty-four hours in Washington, Oregon, Montana, much of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys and in the lake region, and rain was falling this morning at points in Alabama, Tennessee, Ohio and the lake region. It is warmer than it was yesterday morning in the Ohio valley, and cooler in the Missouri valley.

—T. S. OUTRAM, Section Director.

WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

By MARION ALCOTT PRENTICE, Copyright, 1904.

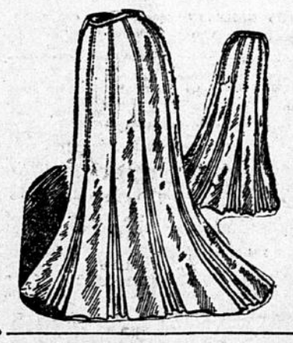
EXERCISES IN DEEP BREATHING—Tell me, please, how to get the best results from deep breathing. Will it really fill out a flat chest?—Julia.

To strengthen the lungs fill out a flat chest and to tone up the whole system deep breathing is wonderfully effective. A woman finds it very difficult to derive the full benefits of deep breathing if the exercises are taken while fully dressed, altho she must do the best she can when out in the open air. Spend a quarter of an hour or longer each morning and evening in a thoroly ventilated room, before an open window, and if possible be dressed in a gymnasium suit or a wrapper and go thru the simple exercises. Attired as suggested the entire thorax will expand with each normal breath. The muscles must never be forced, by haste or hard exertion, for the pulmonary tissues are likely to be injured. Do not be alarmed if you feel dizzy after a few trials of deep breathing, but as soon as the feeling is noticed rest until the sensation passes off, then begin the exercises over again. Practice only for a few minutes at a time at first and at no time practice until you are on the verge of breathless fatigue. Stand erect, head and chest raised, arms resting easily at the sides, then slowly draw in a full, gentle inspiration. As the diaphragm descends, by its contraction it presses down the abdominal viscera immediately beneath it and thereby enlarges the capacity of the chest in that direction, allowing the lungs to expand. At the same time the muscles of the ribs contract and draw them upward and outward. The chest being thus enlarged, downward by the diaphragm and laterally by the muscles of the ribs, gives the lungs room to stretch out and expand, which they do. As the air rushes in, first the abdomen expands, then the sides and back, and lastly the entire chest. When you feel that the lungs are filled, gently and slowly exhale until the lungs are empty. Then repeat the exercise. Never practice directly after a meal, but allow at least an hour and a half to elapse.

QUESTION FOR TO-MORROW

WOMEN ATTRACTIVE AT FIFTY—Do you think it is ridiculous for a grandmother to wish to be attractive? Altho almost 50 years old I have my little vanities, which some of my friends laugh at.—L. K. S.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS



FAN PLAITED SKIRT, 4697.
PERFORATED FOR DIP IN FRONT.

Skirts that flare with generous freedom yet are snug and smooth over the hips are in ever increasing demand and are as graceful as they are fashionable. The model shown is admirable in every way and is adapted to all materials of light weight, altho shown in dove gray canvas veiling stitched with corticelli silk.

The skirt is cut in twelve gores, there being a seam at the center front, and is laid in fan plaits at each seam. The closing is made invisibly at the back above the plaits, the placket being finished with a deep underlap. When liked the front and side gores can be cut to form a dip at the waist line, the belt omitted and the edge under faced or bound.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 16⅔ yards 21 or 27 inches wide or 8¾ yards 44 inches wide, when material has figure or nap; 12 yards 27 or 6¾ yards 44 inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap.

The pattern, 4697, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

In ordering pattern, fill in this coupon.

PATTERN NO..... Size.....

Name..... Address.....

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of patterns wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figures representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

Patterns of this garment will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Be sure and mention number of pattern. Address

PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS.

APRIL 6 IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Compiled from the Cyclopedia of American Biography.

1785—John Pierpont, poet and clergyman, born.

1789—Washington was chosen president of United States.

1823—Joseph Medill, journalist, born. Chicago Tribune.

1830—First Mormon church organized.

1862—Battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., begun.

O'ER TRUE TALES

Nelson in a Cage.

The committee on commerce has among its members champion raconteurs of the senate. Senator Nelson is one of these. At a meeting the other day, Mr. Nelson entertained his colleagues with an account of a landing a subcommittee on territories made last summer at Nome. It was so rough on the sea that the ordinary methods of landing could not be followed. With considerable flourish Mr. Nelson told how the passengers were put in a cage and swung ashore.

"Well," he concluded to his attentive auditors, "it was the only time any man ever got me in a cage."

"Oh, no," bluntly interposed Senator Berry of Arkansas, with whom Mr. Nelson has many a time and oft fought over the battles of the civil war. "We had you in a cage at Port Hudson."

And Senator Nelson had to admit it. He was taken prisoner by the Confederates there, and for a season held in durance vile.

MINNEAPOLIS Today and Tomorrow

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

Metropolitan, 8:15 p. m. ..... "Bohemian Girl," in English.
Bijou, 8:15 p. m. ..... "Wedded and Parted."
Lyceum, 8:15 p. m. ..... "A Gilded Fool."
Dewey, 8:15 p. m. ..... Fay Foster Burlesquers.
University Armory, 8 p. m. ..... Spring Carnival.

MINNEAPOLIS WEATHER.

Probably showers to-night and Thursday.

CRADLE, ALTAR AND GRAVE.

BIRTHS.

Campbell—Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, 912 Fourth avenue N, a daughter.
Palmstrom—Mr. and Mrs. Andrew, 2115 Twenty-seventh avenue S, a daughter.
Hughes—Mr. and Mrs. George B., a daughter.
Anderson—Mr. and Mrs. Harry, 3287 Columbus avenue, a daughter.
Bomcamp—Mr. and Mrs. John A., 604 Ontario street, a daughter.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Axel Miller and Hilda Helgren.
Napoleon Baltrant and Georgina Fournier.
Henning A. Lund and Mary Soderberg.
George Arthur Hunt and Mollie E. Eide.
Frank Wiley and Jennie Gault.
Andrew Rooth and Ellen Jakobson.
Vivian Turnham and Annora McCabe.
William Ebert and Mary E. Struth.
Emil Westerberg and Helma Bjerstedt.
George Waterhouse and Minerva Alliguer.
Antoine R. Cabanne and El Dora M. Leonard.
Eugene R. Jeffrey and Bessie Thompson Hunter.

DEATHS.

Johnson—Inga, 247 Thirteenth avenue S.
Thompson—Selletta Emma, 2022 Fifth street S.
Anderson—Annie, 612 Twelfth avenue S.
Childs—Lyla, city hospital.
Johnson—Harold A., 2426 Dupont avenue N.
Johnson—May, city hospital.
Langer—Bettie, 609 Cedar avenue.
Meserby—Isabel, 110 W Lake street.
Libbey—Harrison, city hospital.
Slowark—Alfred, city hospital.
Traeger—Howard F., 2650 Emerson avenue N.
Larkin—James E., 1074 Sixteenth avenue S.
Mattison—Sylvester B., 2116 Portland avenue.
Heintzchman—Anton, 2407 Grant street NE.
Conger—William Hess, 2927 Aldrich avenue S.
Philips—Henry, quarantine hospital.
Chasse—Syprian, city hospital.
Mockrud—Arthur S., Deaconess hospital.
House—Clara E., St. Barnabas hospital.

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest.
"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."
—Saxe.

WOMEN ALSO LOOK FOR SPRING BONNETS—And ours seem to please them very much. Atkinson millinery is exclusive, stylish and most reasonable in price. The department is in charge of Miss Fifield—formerly with M. E. Wallace.

Our Juvenile Department (something new in Minneapolis) is devoted to the little folks. Suits, coats, costumes and hats for little boys and girls—a stock that will certainly appeal to the children and the mothers. An exceptional showing this week of boys' suits in late ideas at $4.95.

E. E. Atkinson & Co
716-718 Nicollet Ave.

CONVENIENCES —AND— NECESSITIES
These properties are readily seen in our superb stock of Dressers, Chiffonieres, High Boys, Cheval Mirrors, etc., etc. We guarantee the prices and the goods.
Moore & Scriver
Home Furnishers,
711-713 Nicollet Ave.

Barnum's
715 Nicollet Ave.
The leading dealer in the Northwest in fine Leather Goods. Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases. Everything for the traveler. Pocketbooks, Card Cases and Leather Novelties.

Gamossi's After-Easter ...Sale...
A splendid line of Gloves. Good values at $1.50, for
95c
Gloves for Men, Women and Children.
GAMOSSI GLOVE CO., 610 NICOLLET.
Opposite Glass Block.

WE ARE OFFERING SOME
Special Bargains
THIS WEEK ON
Spring Suits, Cravenette Coats, Silk Coats & Petticoats, Covert Jackets, Shirt Waists, Skirts, Etc.
Goods high grade, styles late and up to date. Easy prices. Easy payments.
J. P. Crotty & Co.
814-816 Nicollet Ave.
(Second Floor.)

Cut Glass
You will find a splendid assortment of choice Cut Glass, in small and large pieces—just the thing for a wedding gift at Boutell Bros.' exclusive
China Shop
in connection with the "store that saves you money."
Most exclusive stock of Fine China in the Northwest. Lowest Prices, too.
Boutell Bros., Fifth and First Ave. S.

—THE— SILK STORE
W. F. Cleary, 722 Nicollet.
"NOTHING BUT SILKS."
Buy your silks at a store where silks are sold exclusively. Biggest assortment of fine spring patterns in Minneapolis. Have you seen our fancy Silk Shirt Waists? They are very swell and reasonable in price.

DIAMONDS
None but perfect gems ever find a place in our stock. Diamonds have been a leading feature of our business, and we pride ourselves on the superior quality of the stones we sell. Our prices are the lowest.
EUSTIS BROS. Jewelers, 712 Nic. Av.

The Pianola
Piano Player.
Sold only by
Metropolitan Music Co.

AWNINGS, SHADES, TENTS.
A.D. CAMPBELL, MANUFACTURER, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
211 Hennepin Avenue.