



GLOBE!

Its Reading Matter is Fresh,

Its Makeun Attractive.

CLEAN, BRIGHT, NEWSY, IS THE POLICY

Its Makeup Attractive.

VOL. IX.

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NO. 198.

LICENSED MINNEAPOLIS.

The Flour City Seems to Be Losing Its Former Spirit of Municipal Liberality.

The For Revenue Only Policy Has Been Substituted and Everybody Must Be Licensed.

The Man Who Wants to Make Two Dollars Has to Pay for the Privilege.

Disappearance of the Street Fakirs and Street Merchants as a Result---Some Startling Changes.



HE past year has wrought quite a change in Minrun u p o n a strictly for rev-enue only, or li-censed, basis, and the man whose consuming de-sire and ultimate object in life

has to pay the city handsomely for the privilege. Everybody pays a license, from circus proprietors at \$1,000 a day, and saloonkeepers at \$1,000 a day, and saloonkeepers at \$1,000 a year, down to the very peanut peddlers on the street. There are now none of those wheels of fortune with handfuls of cheap cigars and fine-tooth combs as prizes at the street corners. The cane man is a rarity; the Indian squaw with her bead work is a reminisque and not a reality, and the maining the street of the street corners and not a reality. ence and not a reality; and the patetic peddler of Jewish extration with his collection of bogus Venetian and Bohemian vases is a curiosity, while the vender of statuetes of George Washing-ton and Gen. Grant has totally disap-peared. An effort was made even to



ored teeth to grave stone whiteness, remove barnacles from the breath, banish tartar, and bring back lost appetites, occasionally comes around to revisit the scenes of his former victories, but he no longer grabs the small boy and fills the urchin's mouth with lather for the edification of the crowd, but dolefully sings his song from the shady side of a bystreet. The license system, which has been carried to such a limit that a farmer is not allowed to dispose of his garden truck without he is a "licensed peddler," has certainly accomplished some refakirs, or those who manage to catch the carcless nickel by dint of personal application to either the feelings of charity or curiosity, are limited to what might be considered the leaves of the street fakirs, or those who manage to catch the carcless nickel by dint of personal application to either the feelings of charity or curiosity, are limited to what might be considered the leaves of the street fakirs, or those who manage to catch the carcless nickel by dint of personal application to either the feelings of charity or curiosity, are limited to what might be considered the privilege from the breath, banish tartar, and bring back lost appetites, occasionally comes around to revisit the scenes of his former victories, but he no longer grabs the small boy and fills the urchin's mouth with lather for the edification of the crowd, but dolefully sings his song from the shady side of a bystreet. The license system, which has been carried to such a limit that a farmer is not allowed to dispose of his garden truck without he is a "licensed peddler," has certainly accomplished some reforms and removed some annoyances, but has at the same time worked many hardships and has done a great deal towards stamping out that spirit of liberal to such a farmer is not allowed to dispose of his garden truck without he is a "limit that a farmer is not allowed to dispose of his garden truck without he is a "limit that" a farmer is not allowed to dispose of his garden truck without he is application to either the feelings of charity or curiosity, are limited to what might be considered the legitimate branches of street mendicancy. The organ grinder, with his wheezy pipes and travestics upon the "Watch on the Rhine" and "Marching Through Georgia," occasionally makes his attacks upon quiet neighborhoods and extorts his ransom fee, and the telegraphy of the processor was with his calcast of the state of escope man with his elongated lemon



ade shaker, which has the magnifying powers of a kaleidoscope, occasionally collects a little crowd at the street cor-ners which listens o this dissertation ners which listens of this dissertation upod the beauties of Jupiter, Venus, Mars or Luna, but the young man with a restaurant waiter's voice who chanted off: "Here you ar-rr. All the popular songs. 'Stick to Your Mother, Tom,' 'Climin' Up the Golden Stairs,' 'I'm a Dandy, But No Dude,' 'Payin' My Respects to Maginuis,' 'Sweet Violets,' 'The Orphan's Lament,' words an' music for 10 cents, only a dime"—he is no more. The collar-button boy only mingles with the crowd semi-occasionally, and dodges a policeman as he would a small-pox victim. The fruit stands are not on the corners, but occupy store fronts and nooks in out-of-the-way places. "Buya the banan" does



hot greet you as of yore, while "oranges, 'ranges, 'ranges,' sounds like a dim echo of some forgotten memory. Now the fruit stands are few, comparatively, and the trade has taken on the dignit of a recognized business which afford an electric light, and a pretty girl in a startling calico dress and giddy co'lar to wait on you. The roast chestnut and hot peanut vender seems disheartened and not inclined to attract attention. He is licensed, and realizes with humiliation that his presence is only perhot greet you as of yore, while "oranges

He is licensed, and realizes with humiliation that his presence is only permitted in consideration of the payment of a monthly tribute to a great municipality which would otherwise refuse to tolerate him. The flashy and obtrusive young man with his tray of flash jewelry slung before him seldom annoys you. His before him seldom annoys you. His cancer I Lake George diamonds, Centennial ville Journal.

sleeve buttons, and fish-scale solitaires seems to have lost their fascination, or else he realizes alas, too well, that the awful eye of the license inspector is



apt to seek him out. His appeals to purchasers to buy "gent's jewelry" are not made now in that tone of confidence which betokens a spirit of haughty independence, but rather in a pleading and almost diffident manner, and he allows the crowd to pass him and even jostle him to the edge of the sidewalk. What has become of the "great Indian doctor," with his immense hat, long black hair and stenorous voice? Where is the man with a galvanic battery, "two shocks for a nickel?" The patent necktie fiend, the cleansing fluid pirate, the open air pedicure, the mocking bird whistler, the Turkish candy butcher—all have vanished. The gentleman with a seersucker coat and wide expanse of dirty shirt front, who formerly sold a wonderful tooth paste calculated to restore discol-



ored teeth to grave stone whiteness, re-



cities, and has substituted the cool, calculating, grasping, penny-pinching mu-nicipal methods of the New England cities, where ice water is sold instead of given away, and where people seem to have a more affectionate regard for a cent than has been entertained in the West for the big, round American dol-lar, until the cities of the Northwest began to take on metropolitan airs.

LOVE LETTERS.

Gushing Missives Introduced in a

Boston Will Case. The public heard the last of the love letters in the Codman will case at Boston when Lawyer Morse finished the final batch of 1,901 letters indited by Violet Kimball to her aged lover during their intimacy, last week. This last batch showed more plainly than those read before the consummate tact with which Mr. Codman was enslayed, and the witchery with which he was kept in such subjection, that he was ever ready to respond to the demands for money. The sensual warmth that pervades these letters was more noticeable, too, and the fact is also patent that Violet was continually carrying on minor flirtations, although she protests that they mean nothing and that she is still true to her "precious saint." Here is a sample of one of the first read:

Mon Amie: What a day yesterday was; the happiest day I can remember. Not a shadow—all peace, love and comfort. I think you are the best in every phase of life in this cold world. To own you must be bliss, and when to have you talk by the day is heaven itself. "Trusting Yet, Love," is the song I sing to you. I shall sing only to myself till we meet again.

Next came a letter that was so extravargantly vehement that it drew from Mr. Codman the remark: "Looks like insenity. Oh. God. help me!" Then. their intimacy, last week. This last

Mr. Codman the remark: "Looks like insanity. Oh, God, help me!" Then followed letters with all sorts of insane ejaculations, but a truce follows the reejaculations, but a truce follows the receipt of a draft or check, and the correspondence again takes on its wonted tone of loving rush. To one of the letters read Mr. Codman appended;

Precious Darling: I have had a lovely evening in your dear company, and you looked like a portrait of the queen mother of the emperor of Austria—only mandsomer.

In one very interesting letter written in Boston, Violet says:

I think, if not too tired, you can come this evening. Come straight up two pairs of stairs and at the head of the second pair of stairs you will see a door at the back of the house. Ring. All is comfortable. I should like more room, but I can't have it here,

Considering how small a tooth is, it is astonishing how much ache it can hoid. No wonder the man wrote a book and called it Ten Acres Enough.—Somer-

DRAWN FROM DAILY LIFE.

Scenes and Incidents Which Make Up Existence in the City of Minneapolis.

Brug Clerks and Monday's Swollen Heads---The Dude Who Must Say Grace.

Hack Drivers Who Know the Skeletons in Many a Secret Family

Canines Packed Like Sardines in the Pound---Beating the Automatic



even-

merely functional at first, but physicians tell me that it soon develops into a chronic disease. I often have men come in here after a spree who think they are going to drop dead on the street. One minute their hearts are beating like a trip hammer, and the next the pulsations are hardly discernible. I have a mixture of bromide and digitalis for these cases, and it generally has an immediate effect for the good. For men who are affected in that way it is dangerous to cease using stimulants sudgerous to cease using stimulants sud-denly. The best method for them is to alternate whisky with two drachms of fluid extract of coca. taken at intervals of about two hours for a couple of days,

THE DUDE'S GRACE. Rather Than Lose the Girl He

Tried to Say It. Dr. F. H. Brimmer, whose profession is to teach the enterprising molar how to sprout and the bifurcated eve tooth how to take root, is an inveterate story teller, but not much of a speechmaker. During the recent ses dentists he was in constant demand. and on Thursday evening was one of a little private supper party. When the cloth was removed several of the tooth carpenters make felicitous post pran-dial speeches, and finally Dr. Brimmer was called out. He demurred and said he could not make a speech but the demurrer was overruled and he was allowed to substitute a story. He told

A certain Nicollet avenue dude, with high hopes and small salary, was paying assiduous attention to the daughter of a wealthy Tenth street merchant. He had succeeded in enlisting the interest of the 'ady, and was finally invited to join the family at tea the following Sunday, In colored shirt, high collar, and with In colored shirt, high collar, and with beating heart he took his place adjoin-ing his inamorata at the table, but was paralyzed when the father said quietly: "Be kind enough to say grace, Mr.

Hopeful."
The blood rushed to his face and he felt a buzzing in his ears, but he thought of the girl and her share of the estate, and, gulping down a lump in his throat, he bent over the mahogany and mur-

"A-ah there. Lord, ah there, Lord, a-a-thanks, awfully, you know."

THE AUTOMATIC SCALE.

Men Who Patronize and Some Who Would Victimize.

Every convention that brings strangers to the city is capital to the automatic scale man. During the meeting of the American Water Works association last week, the great majority of the mem-bers, from the patriarchal Briggs and the nervous secretary to the enterprising drummer deposited each his nickel in the slit and watched the automatic needle point out his weight in pounds

avoirdupois.

The people who come in from the country towns, however, are the ones on whom the scale man grows rich. The rural citizen sees the strange machine, with its assuring promise of exact weight ascertained by placing a nickel in the slit. The five is quickly fortheoming and the granger is well set. avoirdupois. nickel in the slit. The five is quickly fortheoming and the granger is well satisfied with his outlay. Many devices for cheating the machine have been attempted. A few days ago two young fellows approached the scale in the Nicollet lobby. One stepped on the platform, and depositing his nickel ascertained his weight. Then the second young man stepped on, sending the needle entirely around the circle. Number one then got off and the needle settled back quickly to the weight of number one then got off and the needle set-tled back quickly to the weight of num-ber two. When the scales first appeared lead pieces, 2-cent pieces and two pen-nies were found to satisfy the slit, but the inventor has so perfected the toy that now a nickel is the only thing to which the needle responds.

that now a nickel is the only thing to which the needle responds.

CANINES IN CAPTITITY.

Big and Little Barkers Which Run Without Tabs.

One hundred dogs penned up in an inclosure eighteen feet by six. Dogs of all breeds and every description. The long, lean and mangy cur, representing the nomadic vagabond, and the cute little poodle or wrinkled-nose pug, typical it the spaniel in every cross and the bulky St. Bernard; lazy Newfoundland pups and spry little terriers; all huddled together under a raging July sun in a pen no larger than an ordinary room. One hundred torgues loiling out in the suffering attributed to Dives, in the hell fering attributed to Dives, in the hell fering attributed to Dives, in the hell surface is larged at the normalist was sorry he didn't plant. The naterials or trimmings for the line with the plant and all his jaw with it.—Drake's Magazine.

In that now a nickel is the only thing to would was the needle with was found that black with did not'take well. The negro was asked if he would object to having some white grafts put on. He was much pleased with the plant, and Dr. Powers and his assistants furnished the grafts put on. He was much pleased with the plant, and Dr. Powers and his assistants furnished the grafts put on. He was much pleased with the plant, and Dr. Powers and his assistants furnished the grafts put on. He was much pleased with the plant, and Dr. Powers and his assistants furnished the grafts put on. He was much pleased with the plant, and Dr. Powers and his assistants furnished the grafts put on. He was much pleased with the plant, and Dr. Powers and his assistants furnished the grafts put on. He was much pleased with the plant, and Dr. Powers and his assistants furnished the grafts put on. He was much pleased with the plant, and Dr. Powers and his assistants furnished the grafts put on. He was much only. Only, of course, it is very much more. Only, of course, it is very much on. He was much only. On the kind department of the Rise of Silas Lapham explains it pretty o

of scripture, and 10,000,000 flies and flees fighting like vultures over carrion.

of scripture, and 10,000,000 flies and flees fighting like vultures over carrion.

This is a scene at the pound.

The pound is located on Hennepin island near the East side pumping station, and is presided over by John Brandt, the city dog catcher, whose juvenile myrmidons scour the city and snare the unsuspecting canine whose neck does not support the regulation tab indicating he has been licensed. It sometimes happens that even the tab is no protection and the boys yank the dog, tab and all, in which case all the owner has to do is to put up 10 cents for a duplicate tab, give the dog catcher a going over and then take his dog home to wait for the next sally.

There are three compariments to the pound, representing the three days during which the dogs may be is deemed. The first and smallest pen certains the new arrivals, and there they are imprisoned for the first day. Unless bought out they are removed the next day to the second pen, and the third day to the death pen. If still unredeemed or unsold they are taken out at break of day and shot, and eye-witnesses tell gory tales of the scenes on the steep bank of the river, as the dogs are shot and hammered into canine purgatory. The dog-catcher says drowning inflicts too great suffering, so he puts them out of the way with a bullet, and he has had enough experience to know which is the too great suffering, so he puts them out of the way with a bullet, and he has had enough experience to know which is the more humane method. Still, it does seem as though some better place could be devised for the detention of the animals during the three days of probation.

THE MIGHTY HACKMAN.

The Man Who Could Exhibit Family Skeletons.

The Minneapolis hack driver is the wisest man in the city. There is not one of the old stagers along the shady side of Washington avenue, between Nicollet and First, but could tell facts some that the boys can't get their beer and julips on Sunday, but they have ways that the laws can never stop. I set too many of 'em right on Mondays to be fooled in this matter. They go out with the girls and boys on Sunday and perhaps Saturday evening and I reduce their big heads on Monday."

"How do you do it?"

"How do you do it?"

"Depends on the man and his condition. In ordinary cases I give about a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a glass of vichy, to be followed in a few hours by twenty grains of bromide of potassium. A peculiar thing about the liquor sold now is that it seems to have a very bad effect upon the action of the heart. The trouble is merely functional at first, but physicians tell me that it soon develops into a chronic disease. Lotten have mere one that would cause the hair of many a ing and got in, but he was as dumb as a clam as to what transpired afterward.

His acquaintance in the scarlet district is all pervading, and not one secret of that mysterious locality is unknown to him or escapes his vigilant eye and ear. No painted denizen of Cigarette avenue is without his friendship, for there is money in it, and he knows every lover, as well as every visitor. He has carried young bloods—our best young men—to and fro in their midnight carousals and finally left them standing in a heap on fro in their midmight carousals and mally left them standing in a heap on their own doorsteps, and is gone before his vigorous ring has been answered. He has waited on the sidewalk "until the last jack pot has been opened" or the last chip raked in and has more than once been invited in for a "night cap" before he faces the cold for the long drive home.

drive home.

Oh, a man of parts is the Minneapolis hack driver. Shrewd, sharp and secretive, he makes himself trusted and is reliable. What if he should write a book and give names, dates and localities! What a healthy emigration there would be!

FROM BLACK TO WHITE.

A New York Physician Who Has Changed the Color of a Negro. Changed the Color of a Negro.
Julius Cæsar Peterson, of New York, is a negro aged twenty-five years. Until-recently he was as black as the acc of spades from the top of his woolly head to the tips of his tar-colored toes. Recently he has acquired a prize in the shape of a white side face, which, as may be imagined, gives him a queer appearance. Strange to say, he and his friends admire the white spot immensely. This strange white spot, which extends all over one side of his face and in a broad streak down his neck to his breast, is the result of a very delicate and difficult surgical operation. Peterson was one of the most ation. Peterson was one of the most fashionable and fascinating of the dark dudes of Sixth avenue. Some time ago he left his wife, having tired of her, and become amorous to a coal-black damsel, who suited his fancy better. After a while, however, when the warm weather set in and with it the ice cream while, however, when the warm weather set in and with it the ice cream season, he made up with his "old woman" and returned to the "bosom of his family." The damsel to whom he had lately been so attentive naturally became jealous, and, having sworn vengeance, she prepared to carry it out. She procured a pint of sulphuric acid and awaited her opportunity. This she found one night when Peterson and his wife had gone to sleep. She stole softly into his bed room and poured the strong acid over his face. He awoke with a howl of agony. His wife awoke also, and turning up the gas (which the black fiend had lighted and turned low, the better to perform her devilish work), the colored ladies immediately had three or four rounds, in which Que nsbury rules were not strictly observed. three or four rounds, in which Que isbury rules were not strictly observed.

Meanwhile, Julius Cæsar was roaring as with torment, and trying to get off the acid by washing it away with a wet fowel. A policeman came in at this juncture and sent for a doctor at once. The poor negro was taken soon after to Chambers street hospital, where he was treated with autoroxida remedia. Chambers street hospital, where he was treated with appropriate remedies. For a long time it was feared he would not live. All the skin from one side of his face and neck and a large part of his breast was burned away. Fortunately none of the acid got into his eyes or mouth, but one ear was almost burnt off, and the acid running inside burned the tympanum, thus ruining hearing. After a long time Peterson rallied and it was evident that he would recover if some means of restoring skin to the wide granulating wounds could be devised. Dr. Powers, who had charge of the case decided to try skin-grafts. The first great difficulty was to get the grafts necessary for so extensive a wounded surface. The negro's friends were asked to help with little pieces of their skin, but beyond a very few pieces of hide furnished by his "old woman" none could be obtained, and it was found that black skin did not take well. The negro

could be obtained, and it was found that

GOMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

A Minneapolitan Discourses on the Charms of Kansas City

The Evolution of a Dowager From Obscurity to Great Social Prominence.

One of the Effects of Being Blessed With a Great and Sudden Bank

Cities Where Society People Are Utterly Lost as to "Who

is Who." PHAT strange socie-

things; all of which lead me to think that Kansas City does not compare at all favorably with Minneapolis in any particular. Its topography—is that the right word?—is very rough and it is an ugly town; but how it is growing! the business streets of the city are so occupied with building material that locomotion is rendered difficult. Society—well, they say that it is impossible to tell "who is who" in Minneapolis, but our aristocrats should go down to Kansas City! A short visit will bring them home with the word "Mixed" stricken from their Minneapolis social adjectives. Let me tell you an incident that occurred there—it actually happened, and I suppose if is one of many.

An educated young New Yorker of good family went to Kansas City about a year ago and secured a position in the retail department of a furniture store, something like Bradstreet's, but not so extensive. He had letters of introduction which secured him entree into the highest social circles of the city. He found the queerest people there—you should have heard him describe them.

highest social circles of the city. He found the queerest people there—you should have heard him describe them. If there is such a thing as the aristocracy of wealth it hath an exponent in Kansas City. The married ladies vied with one another in costly costumes, and even the young girls proclaimed the size of their papa's bank account by the gorgeousness rather than the elegance of their attire. And the conversation! The men here are bad enough about talking business at social gatherings, but in Kansas City! why one might imagine the reception and ball rooms of their most elegant mansions to be the call most elegant mansions to be the call room of the real estate exchange. They not only talk dirt (for which, after all, we could pardon them), but I have actually heard men in dress suits describ-ing the details of a big purchase of hors, and dreadful things like that, don't you know. I wouldn't live in that town—I had rather live in Omaha.

others of the Kansas City elite whom he met was Miss Kate Dane, the daugh-ter of Canute Dane, whose social rise was analogous to that of Hon. Patrique O'Relay, so eleverly described in Mark Twain's "Gilded Age," but whose financial aggrandiz-ment had been meteoric in the rapidity and brilliancy of its coming. When C.nute was poor he was provident, and ought a twenty-aere piece of Jackson county Missouri river bluffs, contigucounty Missouri river bluffs, contigu-ous to the prosperous village of Kansas City. He drove an express, and his cow and his pigs found poor pasturage on the little farm, and potatoes were made to grow in a small plat thereof, by the industrious hoeing of Mrs. Canute. All of a sudden Kansas City put on city airs and Canute found his farm surrounded by heipess. He was stread and when and Canute found his farm surrounded by business. He was shrewd and when he sold he found himself worth \$650,000 —rich enough to go in as good society as the municipality boasted: accordingly his wife threw away her calico skirt and arranged herself according to her own idea of elegance. And Kate encased her pretty feet for the first time in real kid shoes. And the family name anneared shoes. And the family name appeared in the next issue of the Blue Book. The Danes were in society.

Like everybody e'se in Kansas City, Mr. Dane built a new house, a great big one, and in the furnishing of it Mrs. Dane had occasion to visit the store in which our New Yorker was engaged. She had heard of Mr. Empire, and she called for him. Neither the glorious habiliments of Solomon of old, nor the gorgeous brilliancy of the tiger lily would give one any idea of the raiment of this ornament of the high social circles of Kansas City. The diamonds in her ears were as large as peas, and her fingers blazed with scintillating gems. She met the gentleman with bland cordiality and her voice was heard afar as she addressed him. Mr. Empire was modest, and his social intercourse had not been of a kind to prepare him for

Social Life.

Account.

ty they must have cown in "Kansas City, Mo., to be sure! I have been visiting there, and was told a host of things; all of which lead me to think

per yard.

But I forget the New Yorker. Among

she addressed him. Mr. Empire was modest, and his social intercourse had not been of a kind to prepare him for such effusiveness. Indeed, in New York Mrs. Dane might be considered course and blase—but those words are not known in Kansas City. Well. Mrs. Dane bought several articles, carrying on a running conversation with poor Empire. She wanted book cases. "I haven't got my library yet," said she, 'but I'm going right over to the book store and buy it when I leave here. By the way, Mr. Empire, do you know my daughter?" Mr. Empire had met Miss Dane. "Are you a married man, Mr. Empire?" Mr. Empire was not married. "If I had known that I would have invited you to my daughter's party!" Just imagine Mr. Empire's feelings!

Now, of course, it may be that everybody in Kansas City is not like Mrs. Dane—let us hope not. Indeed. I am told there are some very delightful people there, and I am sure they deserve the sympathy of the whole social world. It must be too dreadful to have to run the risk of meeting such persons as Mrs. Dane—I should think the really nice

It must be too dreadful to have to run the risk of meeting such persons as Mrs. Dane. I should think the really nice people of Kansas City would rebel, but then, of course, business comes in, and the Dane sort always have business connections with the men of the very best families, and you know that even in Minneapolis a great many persons get into society through the business connections of the men of the family. I think W. D. Howell's story of the Rise of Silas Lapham explains it pretty much. Only, of course, it is very much more so out here than in Boston.

Donaldson's Glass Block

Cor. Nicollet Av. and Sixth St., Minneapolis.

At the Glass Block This Week. Send for Samples.

CARPETINGS

DRAPERIES,

All at Reduced Prices for This

STRAW MATTINGS.

Full yard wide in assorted colors, sold during the season for 25c per yard; all offered now for only 18c

INGRAIN CARPETINGS

In a large assortment of styles, very best colors, sold all season for 50c per yard, now for only 39c per yard.

50 PIECES Extra Heavy Cot-

ton Chain Ingrain Carpetings, in small and large patterns, new patterns and worth 65c per yard, now for only 50c per yard. 50 PIECES Extra Super, All Wool Ingrain Carpetings, including all the best makes, such as Read's,

75c to 90c per yard, offered now for only 62 1-2e per yard. 25 PIECES Tapestry Carpetings, in small patterns, suitable for halls and bedrooms, worth 75c per yard,

Bromley's, Lowell's, Dobson's and

Leedom's, all good styles and worth

now for 55c per yard. 100 PAIRS Nottingham Lace Curtains, in Ecru only, full 7 yards long, with nicely bound edges and very wide, beautiful center patterns and worth \$2.50 per pair, for only

WINDOW SHADES made of the best quality Holland, comes in all colors and mounted on good and strong Spring Rollers, all complete and ready to put up, only 35c each.

CURTAIN POLES, all 5 feet long, come in all colors of wood, trimmed and complete with rings, brackets and ends, for only 25c

WM. DONALDSON & CO.

WASH DRESS

GOODS DEP'T

Some Extraordinary inducements offered this week in the above department. Send for samples and get posted on what we are offering.

200 PIECES in one great lot of printed Lawns and Brocade Canvas Cloth, to be closed now for only 2 1-2c per yard.

100 PIECES Figured Lawns' full width, all new and choice patterns and fast colors, worth 8c per yard, now for only 4c per yard.

200 PIECES Stripe Seersuckers made by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, one of the best Wash Dress Fabrics made, thoroughly fast colors, never sold for in medium and large plaids, less than 12 1-2c per yard. Not over 15 yards will be sold to each custo- 25c per yard, now for only mer, only 5 1-2c per yard.

150 PIECES Stripe and Plaid Dress Chambray, in blues, browns and grays. These goods are worth 10c per yard, now for only 6 1-2c per yard

100 PIECES Plain Dress Chambrays in very best colors. This is an extra bargain, as these goods have been very scarce this season and are worth 12 1-2c per yard, now for only 8e per yard. 50 PIECES 32-inch Dress Cam-

brics, in all the latest novelty styles.

Makes up a very handsome dress. Row only 8c per yard. DRESS SATINES. We will open Monday Morning 1 case fine Dress Satines, in dark styles, small figures. The regular season's price

now only 20c per yard. wines, blacks, browns and the new table Damask, in a large assort-tan shades, boucle styles. Worth ment of patterns, worth 60c per 25c per yard, now only 15c per yard. yard, for this sale only 50c per yard.

has been 25c per yard, our price

WM. DONALDSON & CO.

WHITE DRESS

GOODS DEP'T.

We are offering our entire Stock of White Goods now at just about half the regular price. Write for Samples. 50 PIECES White Stripe

Pique, in assorted styles, worth 10c per yard, now for 7c per yard. 25 PIECES Cream Or-

gandie, handsome Dress styles. Regular 15c Goods, now for only 10c per yard. 25 PIECES Plaid Piques

very fine quality and worth 12 1-2c per yard. 50 PIECES White Canvas Cloth, suitable for Children's wear; splendid wearing

EMBROIDERED Dress Robes. All to be closed out at just half the regular prices.

material, and worth 20c per

yard, now for only 10c per

Immense bargains. TABLE NAPKINS--100 Dozen 5-8 Full Bleached Table Napkins, in a fine grade and worth \$1.25 per dozen, now for only \$1 per dozen.

Momie Towels; size 23x46 inches, worth 22c each for this week only 16c each. NOVELTY CRINKLES in 20 PIECES 58-inch Full-Bleached

TOWELS--50 Dozen All-Linne

WM. DONALDSON & CO.

20 PER CENT. CASH DISCOUNT

FILLMORE & TOWNSEND.

Now is the Time to Buy Fine

FURNITURE AND PARLOR GOODS!

For TEN DAYS any goods in our stock at the above DISCOUNT. This is no advertising scheme, but a fact. Come in Monday before the best goods are gone.

Remember the place, Fillmore & Townsend,

Cor. Sixth Street & First Avenue South, Rhode Island Block.

20 Per Cent. Cash Discount! Marsh & Bartlett,

Room 3, Kasota Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Fine Block, 22x155, solid three story on Third street, near Second avenue south.

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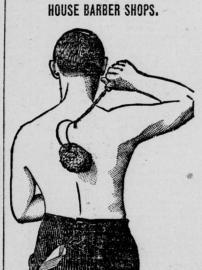
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