The Best Sporting Reports

ARE IN THE GLOBE.

The GLOBE is the only paper offering Prizes to the Ball Players. It gives a magnificent Gold Medal to the Player in the Northwestern League who makes the most home runs on the St. Paul grounds; a splendid Silver Bat, regulation size, to the player in the Twin Cities who has the best batting average, and a fine Gold Medal to the Twin City Pitcher who has the best fielding average.

Sunday Globe.

MINNEAPOLIS EDITION

VOL. IX. SAINT PAUL, MINN., SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1887.—TWENTY PAGES. NO. 233.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

A SITUATION?

Try the Globe's Want Columns.

TAKE DOWN THAT PLACARD

AND

Tell the Public Through the GLOBE that you want to Let Your House, Flat or Rooms, or want Boarders.

BUSTLING WITH BAGGAGE.

The Difference Between Handling Traps in America and Luggage Across the Water.

The Great American Baggage Smasher of Fiction and How He Gets in His Work.

How Baggage is Handled in Minneapolis, Where It is Reduced to a Perfect System.

COMMENT is useless if you have traveled and carried with you three or four trunks containing a miscellaneous assortment of dry goods and the like. If you have done so you have enjoyed one of the greatest pleasures of American life, and know how it is yourself. And if you have traveled in this country and in Europe you cannot but contrast the American system of baggage handling with that in all the European countries, for it is so much superior. In the old country all is confusion and mistakes, while in this country things have been reduced to such a system that it is next to impossible to lose a trunk. Now it is possible to get on the cars in San Francisco and travel to New York without once giving your trunk a thought, and yet when you reach your destination your trunk is there ready for you. It is, in fact, such a little bother, that not one person in ten thinks how this result is accomplished. If you want to see how baggage is checked and cared for, step into large baggage-room at the Minneapolis union depot and you can get a good idea.

Of course, mistakes will sometimes occur, but it is so seldom that a man who travels to any extent will have it remedied and let the matter drop instead of firing cross-words at the overworked men who are responsible. These mistakes are most likely to occur when there is a great rush to the city and the baggage room is filled with trunks and grips of all kinds and sizes. Unless a man keeps his wits about him, then he will slip a wrong check on a trunk, and instead of going to Chicago it will go booming along to Pittsburg, or some other point. It is only a question of a few hours when the mistake is discovered, of course, and then it is an easy matter to remedy it.

In a baggage room like this there are kept, necessarily, a great many checks. Something like 5,000 different checks, covering that many points on the various roads entering there, are constantly in stock, hanging in great racks, or in a room set apart for the purpose. On each strap are two checks, one of which is attached to the trunk and the other given into possession of the person owning the baggage. Suppose you go to Chicago. When your trunk is checked the checks are separated, you getting one and the other guarding the trunk. In Chicago the check remains on the trunk until you call for it and deliver the check held by you. Then the two checks are again hung on one strap and put away until some one wants a trunk checked to Minneapolis. You wonder how the baggageman can find your trunk so quickly when you call for it, check in hand, do you? Well, it's the easiest thing in the world when you know how, and you may rest assured taht the baggageman knows how, else he would not be filling the position. Your trunk is found by the final numeral on the check. If you are a close observer you will notice that when the trunks are unloaded from the train and placed in the baggage room, they are piled in ten heaps. In No. 1 are trunks whose check numbers end in 0; in the second pile those ending in 1, the third ending in 2, and so on. The baggageman knows this if you don't, and so finds the trunk before you have really begun to search for it.

Many people who do not travel much have a very vague idea of the system by which baggage is checked from one point to another and of the men who handle it. The popular idea regarding this much abused man, the "baggage smasher," is that he is a big, wild eyed, iron muscled man, who catches a Saratoga trunk in his left hand and beats it on the floor until the lid breaks off and the contents are scattered far and wide. It is not known just when or where the name "baggage smasher" originated, but the first man to use it was probably some traveling man who tried to get a 200 pound trunk through on a 150 pound limit. The idea that baggagemen take delight in wrecking trunks and breaking open boxes is an erroneous one, for the baggageman of to-day is really a gentle soul, working fifteen hours a day and rarely complaining at his lot. Instead of throwing trunks madly around, he handles them gently and generally moves them on trucks, as may be seen by this picture, taken at the union depot a day or so ago. In fact, a baggageman has every inducement in the world to handle a trunk gently, for in these times who can tell that an innocent looking zinc or leather "traveling box" may not contain enough dynamite to blow the depot to atoms.

The popular idea

If you should happen to lose the check for your trunk while it was yet at the depot, it might place you in a very embarrassing position. Of course you want your trunk, and the only way for you to do is to go to the baggage room and hunt it up. When you find it the baggagemen will probably make you describe the contents and then open the receptacle in order to convince him that you are not trying to swindle some one. If he does, don't get mad and swear at him—he is only doing his duty

and saving you from being swindled. Many trunks have been lost in this way. A man would enter the baggage room and search around among the trunks until he found one with no name or address on it. This he would claim as his, telling the baggagemen he had lost his check. The trunk would be delivered to him, and when the real owner came around with his check he found no trunk awaiting him.

The assortment of trunks which pass through a baggage room in the course of a week is a varied one, and had the baggageman time he might have a vast amount of fun out of them. But as the case is, it is hard to get him excited unless you give him an extra large trunk or tell him the one he is handling contains dynamite. It seems, when looking at a pile of trunks, that no trunk-maker ever made two alike and tried to have those he did make as unlike those made by his competitors as possible. There are more kinds of trunks than there are people—and many of the queer specimens are brought in by emigrants. People from across the water are generally fond of heavy box-looking trunks which could be dropped from the Lumber exchange without damage, and cause the baggagemen to use an unusual amount of profanity. The work of a baggageman is not always as pleasant as it might be, and no matter how old a man may be in the business, when he receives a long, narrow box, the shape of which he knows only too well, he shudders involuntarily and in nine cases out of ten looks nervously around.

DYNAMITE IN THIS ONE.

A Mean Little Boy.

Texas Siftings.

Johnny Fizzletop is the meanest kind of a little boy. His aged grandmother, whose eyesight is very much impaired, asked him to read the morning paper out loud to her. Instead of reading right along, he skipped from one item to another, thereby confusing the old lady very much. He read:

"Her majesty having listened attentively to the lord mayor, she proceeded to lay the corner stone with the silver trowel, when a gust of wind threw her on her beam ends."

"W-h-a-t?" gasped Johnny's grandmother.

"Yes, it is just as I read: 'A sudden gust of wind threw her on her beam ends and she immediately filled and sank in ten fathoms of water.'"

"Dear me, how dreadful! Well, she has made England a good queen, and she has been a virtuous widow for many years. Read something else, Johnny."

"Here is something about Gen. Fairchild and the G. A. R."

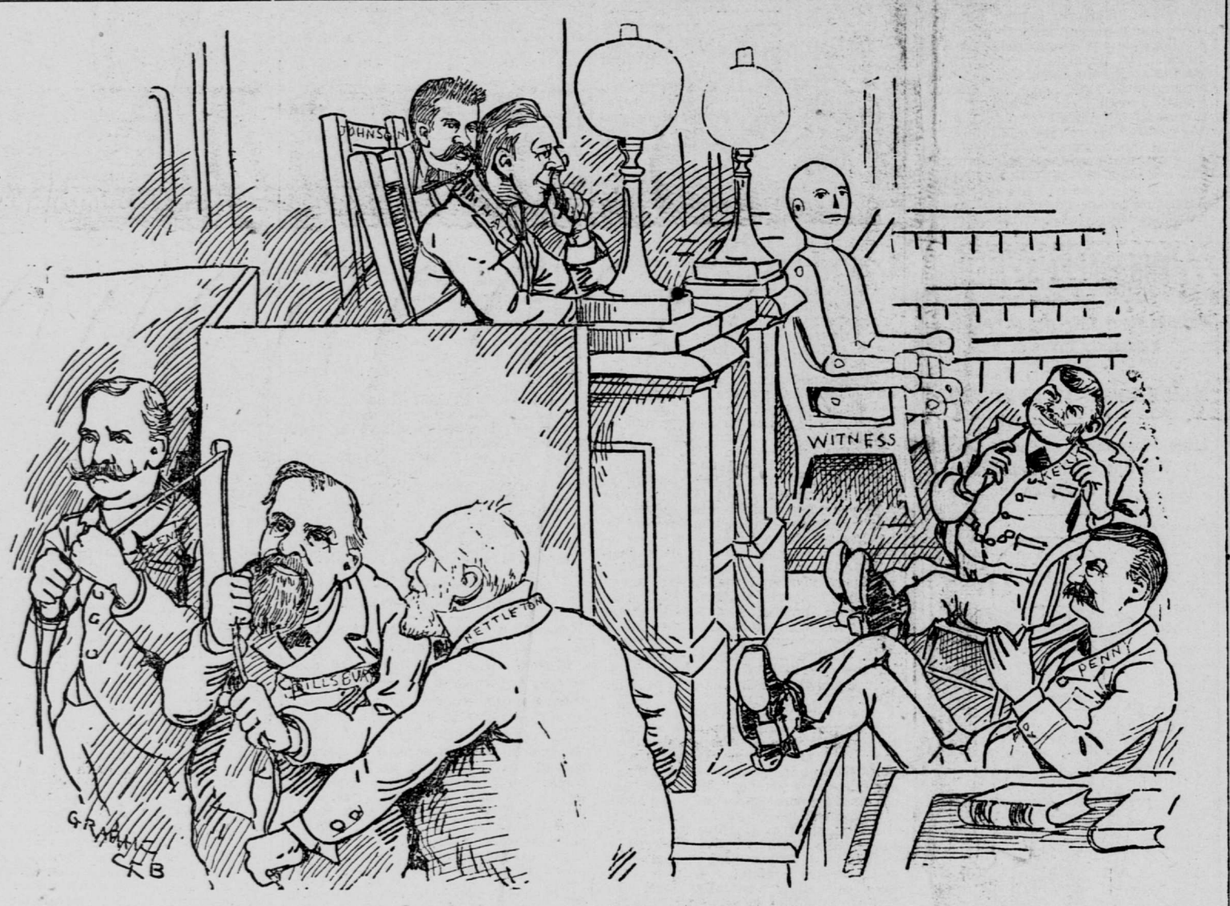
"Read it, Johnny."

"Gen. Fairchild proceeded to denounce the administration as inimical to the best interests of the country, when his keepers seized him from behind. It required the united efforts of six men to return him to the asylum, so frantic were his struggles. He foamed at the mouth, and his ravings excited great sympathy among the spectators, many of whom were his personal friends. During his lucid intervals he is perfectly rational on all subjects except the presidential question."

"Poor fellow," said old Mrs. Fzzletop. "You needn't read any more, Johnny. The world is getting wickeder and wickeder every day. It wasn't that way when I was a girl."

FOLLOWED HIS SUGGESTION.

"Kind sir, your daughter I would wed,"
"Go to! go to!" the father said.
And 'twas no sooner said than done,
For they went two and came back one.
—Washington Critic.



"THE GREAT CONSPIRACY."

WHERE LOWLY HEADS LIE.

Scenes Among Lodging Houses, Which Are Better Than Those in Most Large Cities.

Contrast They Afford With Country Life, as Exemplified in Construction Camps.

FEW of the denizens of the handsome residence districts of Minneapolis, where grassy lawns, beautiful houses and all the accompaniments of wealth abound, stop to realize their good fortune, when night comes, and congratulate themselves over the fact that they have Axminster carpets to tread on and downy couches whereon to lay their heads. They are the favored few, but beyond their comparatively little clique lies the great world of poor suffering folks, and it is of the latter I would write to-day. Humanity at large is chiefly attached to that which relates the sorrows, the sins, the pathos that cluster round all representatives of the people, and in this regard lies the great success of George Eliot, with her grasping at the very heart of the great suffering, grief-stricken world, making one work of hers worth a hundred shallow, flimsy books where the chit chat of inane people who dub themselves, forssoth, "society" are recorded—God knows what for, except to satisfy the demand of a very empty headed class of people.

Where do the lowly lay their heads? To answer this query is the object of this article, and to compile it the writer has seen numerous people connected with missionary work and has personally inspected some curious lodging houses, but I must gladly confess that Minneapolis in this respect, as in all others, shows that characteristic of being bright and clean, that is so pleasant a trait of the town; for I could find none of those filthy dives in basements such as disfigure portions of the South side in Chicago and make Mott and Chambers streets in New York eyesores amongst the thoroughfares of the metropolis. But there are places where the unfortunate and the evil ones of the community are necessarily thrown together, for poverty makes strange bedfellows and despair a kindred feeling.

In the neighborhood of the market place on First street and on Second street are mostly clustered the houses wherein the weary and sin-stained lay down alongside of happy-go-lucky lumbermen, young railroad boys and roustabouts, whose expectations never seem to rise above the comforts that a 25 cent lodging house affords. A great number of the boarding houses and so-called hotels of this district are ordinary eating houses, where laborers and mechanics, chiefly of a foreign origin, hold forth in the evenings, taking possession of the sidewalks and discussing politics and things local in all the languages under the sun. Here and there, however, one will find the regular old-fashioned 16-cent houses, with this one difference, that, while in most cities they are located in stifling basements, where, in bunks piled one on top of the other, they sweat and snort and curse the noisome night away, here, at all events, they are above ground, and there is a chance for ventilation and better air. A few nights ago I passed through one of these places while all around me lay the occupants, in every manner and shape, asleep. There were little rooms formed out of one large room partitioned off, wherein a bed could be had for 20 cents, and a room that possessed the blessed privilege of a window came to 50 cents. From these little chambers I entered the real interesting part of the place. This was a vast dormitory, wherein about thirty men were lying on so many cots, in all positions and representing all types of humanity. The professional tramp in all his sad array of shabby garments, anarchist whiskers, bleary eyes and sinister look lay stretched on a cot, his right hand vigorously scratching his breast, his left stretching out to the next bed, where a youth in his underclothes tossed through a feverish dream, his innocent-looking, kindly face seeming strangely out of place in that room and amidst that company.

This subject has often been written about before, and journalists have invariably treated the matter in a funny style, but when I inclined to laugh at the antics of some tramp, blunted in all gentle manners, and who cannot excite pity because he cannot create it, my merriment is subdued to see a person like this youth, with apparently all the attributes of a gentle, lovable person, thrown amidst such surroundings that poverty has made him embrace.

The amenities of social intercourse do

not disturb this class of people; they are quick and business-like in all their dealings; penniless folks, drunkards and dead-beats are summarily dealt with. A big sign adorns each office, "No pay, no bed," and this is rigorously enforced.

George D. Holt, the pleasant secretary of the Associated Charities, informed me that the Friendly Inn, which ran all last winter, was temporarily closed. It was the institution organized to assist worthy but indigent men to the benefits of a nice stove and a clean bed to lie on, they paying their way by sawing wood; however, they gave a few men accommodations all the year round and had at the present time eight people out of work and penniless. He amusingly related incidents showing how low, weak human nature could stoop, and what devices men would resort to in trying to dead-beat even those who were kindly inclined towards them. There were men who would beg of him for meal tickets, claiming they were starving, and after securing the ticket would buy cigars with it instead, and there was one man who would negotiate with a bootblack for a shine and then reimburse the boy with a piece of pie purchased on a meal ticket—given to him in charity. The good work of the charitable association is spreading all the time and is the means of stopping lots of frauds and impositions on people with kindly hearts. His classification arrangements are first rate. Neat cards alphabetically placed in boxes show at a glance each individual case that has received aid or, indeed, that asked for aid. There was one card which showed a man who six months ago was on the verge of committing suicide; homeless and penniless; had been taken care of and was now in the happy possession of a job that payed $100 a month. From the inspection of the houses in town where the poor harbour it was a pleasant change to follow them into the country and study them in a different aspect. This chance was afforded by observing on a late visit to Minnetonka the railroad construction tents that dot the fields out there at present, and I determined to spend one night at least amongst them.

The scene was pretty in the extreme. Just before retiring the shadows of night were gathering faster and faster round the little circle of which I composed one member; the wagons, with their cumbrous covers, looked big and bold in the darkness; the white tents reflected clear and strong against the somber background where the meadows sloped away to a miniature forest of trees and foliage, the whole presenting a picture interesting and gypsy-like to see. And then there was the delightful dawn of the morning, the ozone fresh and crisp from the lake, the damp of the dewy meadows, the little children gone mad with this new, grand life to them of fleet limbs, rushing over green-clad fields—and bathing in the everlasting glory of God's sunlight sweet. I could not help seeing the great contrast between God's domain, the silent country side, and the places built by man with all their false hypocrisies, their sad and piteous faces that look at us through the crowded streets and observe how much fairer and purer the world of fields is. Before closing I would like to say to those sad suffering mortals—men and women, entrammeled by coarse and miserable surroundings and company, who are striving in the hard race for a better life and a nobler purpose—I would say to them do not despair; take heart of grace; through all your misery and discontent let hope inspire and buoy you up, remembering the while that He the meek and gentle who weeps for all your sorrows, himself said: "Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head. TROUSDELL.

MUSIC IN MINNEAPOLIS.

There is a lamentable dearth at present of news in musical circles, but this does not interfere with the retail trade, which is brisk and up to the handle. Country orders are very numerous and then the return to town of holiday folks has steadily set in, which will largely account for this. "Boulanger's March" is all the rage just now. It is a lively, stirring piece, and, of course, it is needless to say, was composed in honor of the famous French general, who is at present in retirement. It is on sale set for various instruments, principally a pretty arrangement for the guitar by Fred O. Oehler, of Hoboken, N. J., who is his own publisher. There is also the arrangement by Fred Brandeis, as played by Gilmore's, Cappa's and other regimental bands famous in the East. The Beethoven club will give a private concert at the residence of W. F. Merriam, 816 Second avenue south, on Tuesday evening next, Aug. 23. Appended is a programme of the musical treat that may be expected:

Piano. { a Etude ..... Mendelssohn
b Consolation No. 3 ..... Liszt
c Hungarian dance ..... Brahms
F. W. Merriam.

Piano, "Die Forelle" ..... Schubert-Heller
Miss Cora Reed.

Vocal, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" .Handel
Mrs. I. J. Covey.

Piano, "Suite Norse" ..... Grieg
Miss Alma N. Johnson.

Piano, "Marche de Nuit" ..... Gottschalk
Miss Hattie H. Blanchard.

Violoncello and Piano Duos { a Morgentraume ..... Borner
b Serenata ..... Jonas
Messrs. C. P. Doolittle and F.W. Merriam.

Piano, "Ballade Op. 20" ..... Reinecke
Miss Mae Manton.

Vocal, "My Queen" ..... Blumenthal
Mrs. Lyman F. Brown.

Piano.. { a Consolation No. 6 ..... Liszt
b Rhapsodie Hongroise ..... Liszt
Miss Hattie Richardson.

* * *

Prof. A. W. Porter states that, although he was not consulted in the matter by the committee about singing at the opening of the exposition, he will comply with the arrangement, and has chosen for the occasion the Toreador's songs, from the opera "Carmen," in which Minnie Hauk first won fame, in an arrangement specially set for this event, with male chorus and orchestra. The great feature, however, will be the rendering of Rossini's "Stabit Mater" by the strong chorus that is being organized.

Prof. O. B. Bass, who lately received a call from Fargo, Dak., to take charge of the choir at the Gethsemane Episcopal church, is doing splendid work and ably sustaining the reputation he has already made in Dakota, where he was credited with having the finest male church choir west of Chicago. He has now organized a splendid choir of twenty-four boys and ten men, and will keep them up to the high standard which his music loving soul demands.

Messrs. Millard & Thyle are slowly recovering from the heavy loss they suffered at the Warner fire. It will be remembered that they there lost over $1,000 worth of instruments on which they did not have one cent of insurance. Their band room is now located at 223 Washington avenue south, and the orchestra plays at present in the Pence opera house.

The first rehearsal of the grand exposition chorus will be held next Wednesday evening, Aug. 24, above Dyer Bros.' musical emporium, under the direction of Prof. Stempf, when it is hoped as many of the singers will be present as possible.

Desperate Mrs. S——.

Boston Courier.

Mrs. Shoddy—"What has become of your beau, Belle?"

Miss S.—"He has gone to the beach for his health."

Mrs. S.—"He's rich, and I can't see why you shilly-shally with him so long. Why don't you marry him?"

Miss S.—"I do not care to marry him. He is a valetudinarian."

Mrs. S.—"What's that got to do with it? We are no sticklers about religion. It ain't like as if either of you were Catholics and needed a dispensation. You ought to be glad of the chance. If I was in your plan I'd marry him if he was a vegetariace.

DATA FOR THE DETECTIVES

Love Stories, Not All Pure Fiction, Drawn From Actual Minneapolis Life.

A Lumber Yard Murder Coldly and Hurriedly Passed by as a Mere Suicide.

Witnesses Who Heard an Altercation on the Car Before the Tollefson Murder.

THIS is a true story: One day not many years since a bright-looking young man entered the office of a prominent Minneapolis manufacturing concern and held the following conversation with a member of the firm:

"Do you need any more help?"

"No, sir; we are employing more men than our business requires, simply because times are hard and we want to help them out."

"Well, sir, I want to work for you a week. I think I can demonstrate to you that you do need my services."

"I tell you we have more men now than we require. If we gave you work it would only be throwing money away."

"But, sir, I don't want any money if you really don't need me. I am going to work for you one week. At the end of that time if you still think you don't need my services you can say so and I will quit without any pay for what I have done."

"It will be no use. We don't want any more help."

"But I think you do, and I am going to work unless you forbid me."

"Oh, well, we wont forbid you, but you will only lose your time."

The gritty mechanic was as good as his word and went to work. His output was so superior both in quantity and quality that during the week his employers concluded to engage him for fear some of their competitors would get hold of him, and at the close of the week of trial a bargain was made at fair wages. The firm found it had made a good strike. Its business increased rapidly; the new man's work was in demand. The employe noticed this fact and at the end of the month asked for an increase of wages, which was cheerfully granted. The prosperity of the firm continued to increase and another raise of wages was conceded at the end of the second month; ditto on third month. At the close of the fourth month the valuable mechanic requested another advance, which, if granted, would have made his income equal that of either of the partners in the firm. His employers hesitated, consulted together, concluded they could not get along without this man, and finally offered him an equal share with themselves in the business without the investment of a dollar on his part. The offer was accepted and to-day the firm is doing by far the largest business in its line in this city.

The moral of this is obvious. Every employe should strive to excel; he should endeavor to make his services indispensable to his employes. By so doing the pathway to prosperity is opened unto him, its roughness is smoothed away, its rough corners are hewn off, and his success is assured without the intervention of strikes.

A LUMBER YARD MYSTERY.

Here is another true story of a different character: Some weeks ago the dead body of a well dressed man was found in a lumber yard in this city. He had been shot once in the abdomen and twice in the head. Either shot was fatal. A revolver lay near him; his hat was in a proper position by his side, and he had a few dollars in his pocket, but nothing that identified him. There was no evidence of a struggle. The watchman in the yard had heard no shots. The patrol wagon was sent for, the body taken to the morgue, a slight investigation held, the case determined to be one of suicide of an unknown man, and the body committed to the grave. No doubt somewhere in this busy world a mother, a sister, or, perhaps, somebody dearer then either of these finds time to shed a tear over the mysterious and unaccountable disappearance of a loved one. Now comes the strange portion of the story. The night before the body was found a gentleman and his wife were sitting by their window near this lumber yard at about 11 o'clock. Suddenly from a distance and not in the direction of the lumber yard, a pistol shot rung out on the night air. This was immediately followed by a policeman's whistle, and this by two additional shots. I believe there is a policeman somewhere, perhaps two, who knew how this man met his death and that a murder was carefully concealed by somebody.

A CLUE TO THE TOLLEFSON MURDER.

I do not know if his story is true or not. I only know that it came to me from an authoritative source.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock on the evening that poor Tollefson met his untimely death a colored woman, who lives on Third avenue south, rode home in his car. She says three rough-looking men got on the hind platform; that Tollefson rang them up for fares; that they paid no attention; that Tollefson stopped his car, went back and demanded their fares; that they refused to pay; that an altercation took place, which ended in Tollefson lashing them from his car with his whip; that they swore terribly, and threatened to get even with him. This woman says she would know the men if she saw them again. A man who lives in the same vicinity, and whom I will call Horman because that is his name, my informant says, stood within 100 feet of the car when Tollefson was shot. He heard an altercation in which something was said about fare, heard the shots, heard Tollefson scream, and then saw three men run by him with the tin ticket box, heard the money rattle in the box and saw the men disappear in the direction of the cemetery. These facts were made known to a tall man with black hair and with black eyes sunken deep in his head, who called himself a detective, but the parties referred to were not subpœneied before the coroner. In the meantime Mike Hoy and Mike Quinlan fight. A wide acquaintance and experience with detectives and detective work leads me to remark that as a class they are frauds. Allan Pinkerton was worth the whole of them. He was the first man in this country to conduct the business on a square basis.

UNKNOWN.

Merely a Souvenir.

Texas Siftings.

Tramp—Please give me a few cents?

Gent—No.

"Well, can't you let me have an old pair of pants?"

"No."

"Or a coat?"

"No, I tell you. Clear out; I've nothing for you."

"How about your autograph? Can't you let me have that?"

Wm. Donaldson & Co.,

GLASS BLOCK STORE,

Cor. Nicollet Av. and Sixth St.

MINNEAPOLIS.

FALL! 1887! FALL!

Grand Special Sale

OF

NEW FALL WRAPS, SACQUES, JACKETS, NEWMARKETS AND SHAWLS, all at an Immense Saving to Early Purchasers.

It may seem a little early to show Winter Garments, but we have this to say, that if we had not bought all our Plush and other garments early, we could not offer you such an unprecedented value. We would further say that although our stock is very large, the extreme low prices will run it out before winter has reached us, and we would strongly urge you to call and make your selections early.

No. 1--Plush Wrap, handsomely lined with plush, tassel fringe, seal loops, quilted all through with choice quality satin, chamois pockets.
Present price $19. October price $25.

No. 2--Plush Wrap, satin quilted lining, handsomely trimmed with raccoon fur, seal ornaments, etc.
Present price $20. October price $25.

No. 3--Choice quality Plush Sacque, 40 inches long, satin quilted lining, chamois pockets, seal ornaments, etc.
Present price $20. October price $28.

No. 4--Plush Wrap, extra quality, satin lined, trimmed with very choice quality beaver.
Present price $32. October price $40.

No. 5--A very stylish Plush Wrap, very long fronts, handsomely trimmed with marten trimming, real seal ornaments, lined with very fine quality surah silk.
Present price $42. October qrice $50.

No. 6--Alaska Seal Plush Sacque, 42 inches long, lined with a very choice quality satin, fancy quilted, chamois pockets, real seal ornaments, etc.
Present price $35. October price $45.

No. 7--- Astrachan Sacque, 44 inches long, handsomely lined with fine quality satin, ornaments, pockets, etc., a very elegant garment.
Present price $25. October price $35.

No. 8--Plush New- market, made of Alaska Seal Plush, 58 inches long, beautifully lined with choice quality satin, real seal ornaments, a very choice garment.
Present price $45. October price $60.

No. 9--A very hand- some Plush Sacque, 42 inches long, with handsome quilted satin lining, seal ornaments and three chamois
Present price $30. October price $40.

No. 10--Alaska Seal Plush Wrap, lined with French silk serge,, collar and sleeves trimmed with 2-inch beaver, beaver ball trimming, very choice.
Present price $35. October price $50.

No. 11--English Walk- ing Jacket, in fine quality, all wool, beaver felled seams, lined throughout with satin, comes in brown, blue, black and mode colors.
Present price $8.50. October price $11.

No. 12--Black Astra- chan Jacket, quilted lining all through.
Present price $6. October price $8.

No. 13--A very stylish Beaver Jacket in brown, blue, black, tan, olive and mode, felled seams, tailor made,
Present price $5. October price $7.

No. 14--Black Astra- chan Jacket, bound with hercules braid, a stylish fall garment.
Present price $3. October price $3.50.

Wm. Donaldson & Co.

No. 15 -- Handsome Newmarket in seal brown, blue and black, made of Frost's celebrated beavers, felled seams, tailor made.
Present price $11.50. October price $15.

No. 16--Newmarket in black and brown, with coachman's cape, very stylish, tailor made,
Present price $15. October price $20.

No. 17--A Large Lot Plaid Newmarkets, with capes,
Special price $3. Worth $5.

No. 18--An Importer's line of fine Newmarkets, no two alike, choice goods,
Special price $6. Worth up to $15.

No. 19--An Endless variety of Children's Cloaks, all styles,
From 50c to $10. Worth 1-3 more.

No. 20--Jerseys! Jer- seys! Jerseys! In all qualities, all styles and all prices,
From 75c up.

No. 21--Ladies' Rain Coats, in grays, wines, plaids, stripes; Transparents in Circulars, Newports, Raglans, Newmarkets, also Reversibles,
From 75c to $10.

No. 22--A Full Line of Misses' Rain Coats, in grays and wines, Mother Hubbard shapes, in all sizes and qualities.

No. 23--5 Cases Extra Heavy Beaver Shawls, plain reversible, in all the new colorings,
Present paice $5. October price $7.

No. 24--150 English Velvet Shawls, very choice quality.
At $6. Worth $8.

No. 25--8 Cases of Double Blanket Shawls, 74x144, made of choice Australian wool; weight, 47 oz.,
Special price $6.50. Worth $8.

No. 26--5 Cases of Double Blanket Shawls, 72x144, weight 48 ounces, strictly all wool,
Special price $4.75. Worth $6.

No. 27--An Endless variety of finest quality Wool Shawls in Himalaya, Otter, Chamois, St. Bernards, Camel Hair and Velvet, ranging in
Prices from $7 to $18.

No. 28--Black Cash- mere and Merino long and square shawls. We call special attention to our stock of above goods, as they are the very best make of French goods produced, pure fast dye, our own importation. We have them in all qualities from medium to finest grades, at lowest possible prices.

No. 29---Shoulder Shawls in all qualities, all colors, all
Prices from 50c up.

Wm. Donaldson & Co.