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LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

MURDERER AND VERDICT, SANE.

The community can breathe freer. The verdict in the McILVAINE trial is "Guilty of murder in the first degree." Now let the young criminal be executed with edifying expeditiousness. The world is over-populated so long as he exists.

A cool-headed boy who procured two companions as assistants in a burglary which he projected, who borrowed a knife from one of them before stealthily creeping into a citizen's house at night, and who, when detected in his burglarizing attempt, stabbed a respectable citizen to death with repeated strokes in the sight of that citizen's terror-stricken wife, was declared insane by his counsel.

The scandal of acquittal by the jury has been escaped. Only one of the twelve men had any doubt about the sanity of the young murderer. It was as apparent as his brutal cruelty.

His two associates in the burglary will be brought to trial soon, but insanity will hardly be pleaded as their excuse. They also have been indicted for murder in the first degree, but sentiment is more likely to assert itself in their regard. Justice should know only the sentiment of right.

MIRABILE DICTU!

A Republican of Virginia has declined a postmastership which Mr. WANAMAKER sent him. Mr. GINN's grounds for refusal are worthy of being quoted in his own words. He says:

It is true that I am not endowed with a very large amount of worldly goods, and can ill afford, under ordinary circumstances, to decline a position of $900 per annum, but I cannot agree with the condition that out of my salary I am to devote over ten per cent. to campaign expenses, and to have my deputy selected by the leader of our party, and this without consulting my better half as to who may be her forced boarder and companion at the table, to say nothing of the soiled linens which would of necessity follow if the deputy is to be of the kind usually found around the court green.

Mr. GINN, with the courtesy of a Virginian, but with little Republican sentiment, recommends that the present incumbent of the position offered him be allowed to retain the office, since she is a lady who has fulfilled its duties admirably, though her convictions are not those of the party in power.

"Ay, there's the rub!" Her convictions, Mr. GINN.

NO EMBARRASSMENT.

Every one who has anything to say about subscriptions to the World's Fair says subscribe quickly. Some of those who have said this have given proof of the sincerity of their exhortation by subscribing quickly. Now let everybody do the same.

Mayor GRANT says very well that every day's delay is an embarrassment. Gentlemen, do not be embarrassing. A little quickly, if you please.

It is time for the Giants to play ball. Talking of darkness and doubtful decisions will not bring back games already lost, but champion-like work may save what of the series is yet to be played.

Play ball, every man of you!

SPOTLETS.

An Ohio family may have a happy reunion some day. A woman who had two husbands and two sons already in prison went there herself yesterday with her three-weeks-old child.

***

The Pan-American delegates received bottles of Milwaukee beer as souvenirs. The drawback lies in the fact that the bottles were "tiny."

***

Goat thieves should not be strangers to the wisp-broom. One was detected in Philadelphia by goat's whisker's sticking to his clothing.

***

The new South has again proved its progressiveness. A Virginia Republican has refused a $900 post-office because of the expected political assessment.

***

Mrs. Mollie Cowrin, of Shelbyville, Ind., is one woman in a million. She has a sixth and an eighth husband alive, well and quarrelling.

***

The moon shone in the heavens,
Behind the ruined mill,
While they slowly strolled together,
Sweet Bess and handsome Will.
She glanced up archly in his face,
And softly she did say,
"Dear Will, there's some one coming,
Please take your arm away."
—*Philadelphia Times.*

***

If Claus Spreckels means all the good things he says about beating the Sugar Trust he may yet be regarded as the Santa Claus of the poor man's sugar-bowl.

FASHIONS.

All the new Fall gloves for street wear have stitched backs of dark, coarse sewing silk.

All the fashionable walking hats are worn well over the face, so as to conceal the front hair.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland will keep the family plate in a blackened iron chest that was made in Geneva about the time the Capulets were in society. The box is quaintly carved, weighs as much as a square piano and measures two feet square.

Gauze silk of atmospheric tint, stamped or etched with sprigs of orchids and fern leaves, is the most artistic curtain that can be hung on a window-sash.

The delicate beauty of a hand-painted sofa-pillow may be preserved by the use of an oiled silk cover-case. Covers of this sort are made with ribbon-bound seams and secured with buttons and button-holes.

Bridal bouquets are composite in form, that is, as many bunches of flowers are bound together as there are maids of honor in the wedding party. After the reception the satin ribbons are untied and the bride distributes the clusters to her attendants. Rosebuds are always in demand, but the exclusive taste prefers a white blossom, lilac, lily of the valley, snow-drop, orchid, jasmine or sweet pea put together with sprays of maiden-hair fern. Whether one or several flowers compose the bouquet depends on the fancy of the bride.

BULLETS AND SHOT

Skilful Marksmen Tell How to Handle Rifle and Shotgun.

Amateur Hunters Who Want to Win "The Evening World's" Prize.

Interesting Anecdotes, and Some Very Startling Experiences.

A Ferocious Feline Opossum.

To the Editor:

While on my trip South two years ago I went on an opossum hunt with two dogs, two colored men and a shotgun. We had obtained two opossums when the dogs struck another track. When we arrived where they were barking, we found they had the animal up a tree.

I volunteered to climb the tree and fetch the opossum down. I had gone about two-thirds the height of the tree, within two feet of the opossum, and was in the act of reaching for it when it gave a terrible leap, striking me square in the face and taking me to the ground, where it spoiled my complexion. The dogs after a time got it off and killed it.

There was a hut near by, so we took our opossum and went there to look at my face and see if it was dangerously wounded; also to examine opossum. After seeing to me they looked at the opossum (I could not see), and found it was a big black cat. The hunt cost me $2 for the cat (it belonged to the hut) and men and $2.5 for a doctor. A HUNTER.

Jersey Coon Hunting.

To the Editor:

I went coon hunting last Fall in the wilds of Morris County, near Salem, in a belt of forest, a favorite stopping place of Mr. Coon. I started on a moonlit night with my dog and soon entered the woods. I had hardly turned an angle when I sighted two coons in an opening. I fired and one fell right; the other escaped. I bagged another one from a tree limb and resolved to get one more. I soon found him way up in the tree. Laying my two coons down, I started to climb the tree, as I could not hit him from below.

When half way up my attention was attracted below by a howl of rage from my dog. Glancing down I was almost paralyzed. Where my two coons should have been I saw lazily struggling to their feet two as nimble coons as ever lived, who, after regarding me with a disdainful look, leisurely trotted away, and the only satisfaction I received from the charge of shot I sent after them was the increased rustling of the dry leaves.

They had not been hit at all and had feigned death. I have not been hunting since.
EDWARD ORTS.
75 Winans avenue, Newark, N. J.

Another Victim of "Buck Ague."

To the Editor:

Visiting the home of a gentleman in Mississippi, who kept a kennel of twenty hounds, I was asked by him to join a party for a "drive." We reached the "licks" about sun up. I was put on a stand at the edge of a thicket. With sixteen buckshot in each barrel of my breech-loader I felt equal to an encounter with any beast that might come my way.

I had not been at my post long before I heard the deep notes of old Crowder, the leader of the pack, away to my right in the thick woods. Another, then another of the dogs "fell in" until the whole woods rang with the cries of the twenty hounds. The yelps of the dogs soon became so clear I knew they headed my way.

A strange excitement seized me. My heart seemed as if trying to officiate as my palate, while queer tremors coursed up and down my spinal column as if I clutched the deadly "live wires." Across the opening they sprang, a magnificent buck and doe, dashed away into the dark swamp, with the leaders at their heels, while I sat mute in the agonies of a "buck ague." ACTEON.

Dead, but Still Standing.

To the Editor:

I once camped my company of Apache scouts on Pinal Creek, Arizona. To the west of the spot selected was a bluff. At sunset I observed a commotion among the Indians, every one of whom was getting his rifle. The guide pointed out the cause of excitement—a magnificent buck standing on the bluff, looking southward.

Fearing they would disturb the deer and destroy the picture he made against the western sky, I quieted the Indians with a gesture, but love of venison predominating, I told the guide he might try a shot. He hurriedly asked, "What's the distance?"

I suggested 375 yards, which he thought too great by twenty-five, but concluding to "split the difference," he adjusted sights accordingly, knelt, aimed, and while the company stood breathlessly by, fired.

The deer still stood looking off to the south. Murmurs of surprise arose from the Indians, while the guide, disgusted, muttered, "mirage."

"I don't believe it's a mirage," said I, starting for the bluff, closely followed by all. Upon reaching the hill we found the deer with a bullet-hole through his body. Death had left him standing in his tracks.

The distance, measured with a lariat, was 367 yards. U. S. ARMY.

Sixty-seven Rats at a Shot.

To the Editor:

I do not know whether hunting rats with a musket comes under the requirements to win the "gold doubloon;" but I take the chances. More than fifty years ago, in the town of Wilton Conn., the old farm barn was so infested with rats that the grain bins were riddled with holes by their sharp teeth and hard noses so that very much of the grain was eaten and otherwise destroyed.

An expedient was hit upon to get rid of the pests in this wise: Remove the grain from the barn to the house, and after a day of fasting for the rats place a long board in the floorway on an incline so as to be swept by a shot from an old Revolutionary musket loaded heavily with mustard shot.

The board was covered with meat and a favorable position taken, and presently the board was literally covered with rats. The musket was discharged and the result was sixty-seven dead rats. I would recommend this scheme to the occupants of the White House. TERRIER.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

Ex-Alderman Thomas Foley, of the First Assembly District, has seceded from the Tammany Hall organization.

Peter Mitchell's opponent for Judge of the First District Civil Court is Joseph L. McKeon, a young lawyer, resident in the First Assembly District. He is a County Democrat.

John J. O'Brien's Eighth District Citizens' movement will culminate at Walhalla Hall, Orchard street, to-morrow evening.

The speedy settlement of the deadlock in the Twenty-third Senate District in favor of Warner Miller's man, Sheard, after the nomination of Thomas Hunter in the Twenty-sixth District by the vote of Tom Platt's delegates smells of a deal.

"Are they giving me taffy?" President John H. V. Arnold, of the Board of Aldermen, might have asked asked with reference to his opponent on the Citizens ticket, but he didn't.

Wm. J. Bayhan will probably be Senator Stadler's opponent in the Ninth Senate District. He will be supported by both County Democrats and Republicans.

Not Much at Stake.

(From Time.)

Eastern Woman—You're married, you say. Ah, marriage is a lottery!

Western Woman (calmly)—Yes, but I only hold a tenth ticket. You see, my husband's a Mormon elder.

Do Not Neglect

That tired feeling, impure blood, distress after eating, pains in the back, headache or similar affections, till some powerful disease obtains a firm foothold and recovery is difficult, perhaps impossible. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the defender of health, in time to banish all bad feelings and restore you to perfect condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla has peculiar curative powers, and accomplishes cures where other preparations fail.

A BROOKLYN INSTANCE.

An Unusually Interesting Statement from the City of Churches.

It is for many reasons and in many respects a notable series in which the following interview appears. For some time past, two or three times each week, different interviews of this kind have appeared in the daily press. The interviews have been with persons resident in New York City, their names and addresses have been given, and their portraits have appeared in connection with their statements. These interviews have been from New York, and it was thought at this time one from Brooklyn would be read with interest. The young gentleman speaking is well known in the City of Churches, as he is in New York, and what he says cannot fail to gain attention.

It was at his home, at No. 249 Central ave., that the writer found Mr. John Stuart.

"Certainly," he said in reply to a question, "I can see no reason why I should not state the facts in my case to you and you are entirely at liberty to use them for publication. All my friends know that for the last two or three years I have been in a bad state of health."

"In what respect?"

"Well, I can hardly say. Some doctors told me that the trouble was with my throat; others that it was dyspepsia and stomach trouble. Others said that in athletic exhibitions the exposures had brought on continual colds. Indeed, I hardly know what to think.

MR. JOHN STUART,
249 Central avenue, Brooklyn, E. D.

"My throat troubled me continually. My voice would be hoarse or sound husky and unnatural. My head would get filled up. Sometimes my nostrils would get so clogged up that I could not breathe through them.

"Then a hacking kind of cough got hold of me, and, try as I would, I could not get rid of it. There would be a dull, uncomfortable feeling in my head, over the eyes and across the bridge of my nose.

"It seemed to me that I would catch cold without any occasion. I would be all the time hawking and hemming and raising. Pains, stabbing like a knife, would take me in the chest. Sometimes they would run through to my shoulder-blades. Then sometimes a pain would take me in the side like a 'stitch,' so severe as to almost take my breath away.

"As the trouble slowly grew worse and got a stronger hold on me, my eyes and ears became affected. The continual ringing and buzzing sounds in the ear were enough to distract one. My eyes would get dim and watery. My throat would feel raw and inflamed.

"My appetite was fickle; what I would eat did not seem to agree with me and would rest like a load on my stomach. I would get up in the morning with a bad taste in my mouth, feeling more tired than when I went to bed. I would have little or no appetite for breakfast and would feel as if I could take nothing in my stomach. I had tried so many medicines and doctors without getting any help that when I went to Drs. Copeland and Blair I had very little courage or hope. They did not make any wonderful promises, but their charges were reasonable and I placed myself under their care."

"How did it result?"

"Well, I didn't expect to get well in a day from a trouble that had been years in coming on. I was patient and regular in following their treatment. I improved slowly and steadily. My throat became clear. My nostrils became free. I could breathe easily, and there was no more of that wheezing sound or of those choking spells. The cough stopped. I eat well, sleep well and feel well now. I am glad to state the good the doctors have done me, and will be glad to verify in conversation whatever I have said here."

Mr. Stuart lives, as stated, at 249 Central ave., Brooklyn. No name is more favorably known among athletes than his. He has a host of championship medals and badges, and the Brooklyn Athletic Club, of which he is the standard bearer, is one of the oldest organizations of the kind in that city.

Publishing Names.

A word of remark may not be out of place regarding the publishing of the names of patients treated and cured. While such publication is made every two or three days in the papers, and the name and address of the patient given, so that the statement can be easily verified and substantiated by any one, it should be said that all such statements are entirely voluntary.

"I should like to be treated," a lady remarked the other day, "but I would not like to have my name in the paper." Let it be stated that Drs. Copeland and Blair never publish a name or statement without the full and free consent of the patient, nor do they publish one hundredth part of the testimonials, letters and statements received by them from grateful patients. As observed, the statements given are entirely voluntary, and are given by the patients for publication. Drs. Copeland and Blair would never publish the most emphatic testimonial unless the patient giving it understood that it was to be printed, and gave willing consent.

DOCTORS

COPELAND & BLAIR

are located permanently at

92 5th Ave., near 14th St.,
and
147 42d St., near Broadway,

NEW YORK CITY,

where they treat with success all curable cases.

Office hours—9 to 11.30 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M., 7 to 9 P. M. (Sundays included). Specialties—Catarrh and all diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, Chronic Diseases.

NOTABLE CREDENTIALS.

Doctors Copeland and Blair both have their credentials from New York medical colleges. Dr. Copeland was President of his class at Bellevue Hospital Medical College. Any who are interested can easily look up the registration of both diplomas in the County Clerk's office.

Open for an Engagement.

(From Texas Siftings.)

An Indiana man read a newspaper headline, "The Situation a Washington," and he telegraphed to Harrison for it at once.

Just as Loving as Ever.

(From the Troy Press.)

"I don't think Jones has been indulging too much," said his kindly believing spouse; "but still I thought it rather odd of him that he should wrench the knocker off the front door and bring it up to me as I sat in bed, saying that he'd gathered another rose for me out of the garden; poor dear simple boy! He's just as loving and sentimental as ever he was."

A Wide Margin.

(From Judge.)

Why are rich widowers like the fashionable trousers?

Because the Crœsus are popular.

No Mere Phrase.

(From Puck.)

Everard Uppman—You shall have it promptly next Saturday, Mr. Scadds! I give you my word of honor!

Tom Scadds—All right! Drop it into this phonograph here!

A Sporting Event.

(From Grip.)

First Varsity Man—What was the result of the football match to-day.

Second Ditto—Oh, we beat them easily. We had only one collar-bone fractured, while they had three broken legs and a couple of sprained ankles. They can't play football.

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL lulls the infant into a healthful sleep. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

MAX STADLER & CO.,
Broadway, corner Grand Street.

BULLETIN NO. 5, Oct. 24, '89.

THE REMOVAL SALE AT MAX STADLER & CO.'S IS AN EVENT.

The fact is now generally known that this sale is affording the greatest values ever offered in New York City, from an array of Clothing that is both comprehensive and complete.

Custom tailor work at figures that do not cower cost of material and production should be as it is—a great drawing card.

Men's Cassimere Suits. Worth $10 elsewhere.	$4.85	Men's Fine Chinchilla Overcoats . . Worth $15 elsewhere.	$4.20
Men's Fine Black Cork-screws, Sacks and Cut-aways . . . . Worth $15.	$6.95	Men's Fine Melton Over-coats . . . Worth $12.	$5.65
Men's Imported Dress Suits, Worsteds, Cork-screws, Thibets . . Worth $25.	$9.95	Men's Fine Blue and Brown Kersey Over-coats . . . Worth elsewhere $20.	$9.65
Men's Prince Albert and Full Dress Suits . . Worth $35.	$13.95	Men's English Kersey Overcoats, cassimere lined throughout . Worth $30.	$11.95
Children's Trousers, well made . . . Worth 95c.	23c.	Men's Working Trousers . . . . Worth $2.50.	99c.
Children's Two-piece Suits, plain Blouses . Worth $2.75.	$1.35	Men's All-Wool Trousers . . . . . Worth $3.	$1.45
Boys' Dress Suits, Cork-screws and Diagonals Worth elsewhere $8.	$3.35	Men's Imported Trousers . . . . . Worth $5.50.	$2.45
Boys' Three-piece Imported Suits . . . Worth elsewhere $10.	$4.65	Men's Tailor-Made Imported Trousers . Worth $8 and $10.	$3.35

OPEN EVENINGS DURING THIS SALE UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK.

MAX STADLER & CO.,
Broadway, Cor. Grand St.

D. FOX & CO.

BROADWAY, COR. 9TH ST.
FRIDAY & SATURDAY

BARGAINS
IN
BLANKETS AND UPHOLSTERY.

1,100 pair fine CALIFORNIA BLANKETS, all wool and full 11-4 size,
At $4.25;
Worth $6.00.

PORTIERE CURTAINS in Raw Silk, 3 yards long, 40-inch dado, with Chenille stripes (all colors),
At $1.98 per pair;
Usually sold at $2.75.

Chenille PORTIERE CURTAINS
At $3.48;
Worth $6.00.

Several Bargains in LACE CURTAINS from 75c. per pair upward.

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS CARPET.
MODERATE-PRICED CARPETS.

We manufacture this grade of Carpet to meet the popular demand for a Parlor and Chamber Carpet which combines with durability all the attractive features of the more expensive styles, but at a price within the means of those who desire to practise economy.

This department is on the first floor—entrance 33 and 35 East 18th Street.

W. & J. SLOANE,

BROADWAY,
18th and 19th Sts.

Why Books Are Mutilated.

(From Grip.)

Jack—Why do you mark passages in new books when you merely skim through them and never read them?

Harry—I want to convince the fellows who will borrow them that I have read them carefully. That is the way to acquire the reputation of being a great reader and student.

An Even Score.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

"Are you going to the game to-day, Browne?" asked a travelling man of a friend.

"No; there's no reason why I should."

"Why not?

"I've got a bawl match at home. Twins five months old and an even score up to the present time."

A. H. KING & CO.

JUST TO BOOM
Our Shoe Department
FOR TO-DAY

you can have our regular $4.75 fine Men's Shoe for

$1.50.

This shoe is the perfection of reliable work, made to give satisfaction. The grade of stock used is of the best.

Just for to-day, remember, for $1.50.

Step then into our Hat Department and get a fine $3.75 latest style derby for $1.65. Great value. Rare opportunity.

Open Evenings until 9 o'clock.

A. H. King & Co.,
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NEAR BLEECKER ST.

Cowperthwait—Established 1867, N. Y.
Cowperthwait—193 to 205 Park row, N. Y.
Cowperthwait—Furniture, Carpets.
Cowperthwait—Ranges, Crockery.
Cowperthwait—Refrigerators, Shades.
Cowperthwait—Park row, Chatham st.
Cowperthwait—Cash or Credit.
Cowperthwait—Everything for Housekeeping.
Cowperthwait—193 to 205 Park row, N. Y.

True to Life.

(From Time.)

Mrs. Al Knight—This is a picture of my late husband.

Miss Thenoint—Jennie, what do mean by your "late husband?"

"Why, Al. he was shot at 4 P. M. by a loaded Kodak.

Had to Retreat.

(From Munsey's Weekly.)

The Western editor who announced that a hotel was fitted up throughout with rheumatic tubes, instead of pneumatic tubes, has had to apologize and "refund" to the proprietor of the hotel.

Ehrich Brothers.

IMPORTERS
6TH AVE & 23RD ST
NEW YORK

EXCEPTIONAL VALUES
are offered in all departments.

DRESS GOODS.
Special Lines of
SIDE BANDS, WOOL PLAIDS and CRIMP DIAGONALS at
45c. Per Yard.
Formerly 70c. to $1.00.

SILKS.
Two lines of rich
NOVELTY SILKS,
at
$2.98 and $3.98
per yard; reduced from $4.75 and $6.50.

FURS.
Alaska Seal and London-dyed Jackets at special prices. Also.
Superior Alaska Sable Muffs at
$4.50.
Fine Astrachan Shoulder Capes at
$10.75.

GLOVES.
450 DOZEN
Ladies' English Piqué Walking and Driving Gloves at
78c. Per Pair.
Original Value $1.50.

Sixth Avenue, 22d and 23d Sts.
(23D ST. ELEVATED RR. STATION.)

Ladies' Underwear
at our Broadway Store.

We are showing very choice Novelties in Imported Bridal Sets, Silk and Flannel dressing Sacques, Breakfast Jackets and Negligees.

Special Bargains:

Val lace Bridal Sets, - - $5.75.
Fine Embroid. Bridal Sets, $6.75;
and a variety of styles at from $7.50 to $25, much below regular prices.
Heavy Muslin Gowns, $1.25; real value $2.00.
Muslin Gowns, 75 cents; reduced from $1.50.
Medici lace Skirts, - - $1.88.
"Our own" French Coutille Corsets, special value, $1.35.

Lord & Taylor,

Friday and Saturday, BARGAINS.

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS TILL 9 O'CLOCK.

Silks.	62 ps. All-Silk Round Cord Faille Francaise, all colors	Special Price 79c., worth $1.19.
Dress Goods.	38 different colorings, Heavy Scotch Plaids and Fancy Striped Serges, both sides alike and double width.	Special Price 39c., worth 65c.
Mourning Goods.	20 ps. Elegant Quality Black Henriettas, 1¼ yards wide.	Special Price 49c., worth 75c.
Plushes.	200 ps. all colors imported Silk PLUSHES,	Special Price 29c.
Cloaks.	The largest stock in New York. Ladies' Winter Jackets, Newmarkets and London Dyed, Gold Medal.	

SEAL PLUSH GARMENTS.
LOWEST PRICES IN AMERICA.

JOHN TUNLEY CO.,
LIMITED.
229, 231, 233 Sixth Avenue,
Corner 15th St. and Sixth Avenue,
New York.
ONE BLOCK ABOVE MACY'S.

THE LARGEST
CREDIT HOUSE
IN
THE WORLD.

FURNITURE,

PARLOR SUITS, FOLDING-BEDS, CHAMBER SUITS, BOOKCASES, SIDEBOARDS, WILLOW WARE, &c.

CARPETS, &c.

MOQUETTES, VELVETS, BRUSSELS, INGRAINS, RUGS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS.

EVERYTHING TO FURNISH A HOME.

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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

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IN CHINCHILLA, BEAVER, WIDE WALES, &c.

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GIVEN TO EVERYBODY AND TERMS MADE TO SUIT THE CUSTOMER. ANY ONE CAN BUY OF US ON OUR NEW CREDIT SYSTEM.

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Plush Sacques and Suits.
DRY GOODS.

Weekly or Monthly Payments.
GOODS DELIVERED AT ONCE FREE OF CHARGE.
OPEN EVERY EVENING until 9 O'CLOCK

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(A. PISER, FORMERLY OF HARLEM)
132 BOWERY,
THROUGH TO
116 ELIZABETH ST.,
NEAR GRAND STREET.
ENTIRE BUILDING.

H. C. F. Koch & Co
6TH AVE & 20TH N.Y.

SPECIAL SALE.

SHOULDER
CAPES
MADE OF
PERSIAN LAMB,
ASTRACHAN,
SABLE,
MINK,
SEAL, &c.,
and
PERSIAN LAMB, with Seal
ALASKA SEAL, with Sable
ALASKA SEAL, with Mink

We guarantee our Shoulder Capes to be
CORRECT IN STYLE,
PERFECT IN SHAPE,
SUPERIOR IN WORKMANSHIP,
At ONE-THIRD LESS than similar goods sold by so-called Manufacturing Furriers.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK.

Astrachan Shoulder Capes	$10.00
Cape Seal (London dye) Capes (Cannot be distinguished from Alaska seal.)	12.00
Persian Lamb Capes	15.00
Sable Capes (all capes 15 inches long)	25.00
Alaska Seal Muffs	10.00

6th Ave. and 20th St.

FURNITURE
FOR FLATS.

The reduced cost from increased production enables us to make marked reductions on former prices, and places us below all competitors. WE ARE OFFERING very nicely FINISHED BEDROOM SUITES FROM $18 up, DESIRABLE IN QUALITY and style AS WELL AS PRICE.

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41 · 43 · & 45 W. 14TH ST.