LOVE LETTERS TELL THE STORY OF A RUINED HOME.

Epitome of a Drama That Has Separated Howard E. Watkinson from His Wife, Adel Louise.

HEREWITH is presented the story of a broken home, told in letters. Novelists have sometimes chosen the epistolory form for the development of a romance. One of the most artistic modern instances of this method of construction is a book entitled "A Human Document." The correspondence admitted as evidence in the divorce suit of Howard E. Watkinson vs. Adel Louise Watkinson constitutes a "human document," which he who runs may read.

Not much need be added to the story as it is told in the letters that passed between Mrs. Watkinson and William G. Rebholz. Some of the characters involved in the pitiful tale enjoy the highest social esteem in Trenton, N. J., and in Philadelphia, and are almost equally well known in New York.

The petitioner's father is the Rev. William Earl Watkinson, formerly of Trenton, and now of Philadelphia. The respondent is the eldest daughter of Edwin O. Chapman, late State Superintendent of Public Instruction in New Jersey, and a pillar of society in Trenton.

Parties and Papers in the Case.

Mrs. Adel Louise Watkinson is twenty-eight years old. She was a great favorite in Trenton before her friends heard with amazement that her husband had filed a petition for divorce, and that she had decided not to contest the suit. She is tall, slender, studious, gentle in manner and seemingly a model of propriety.

William G. Rebholz, the co-respondent, is a fine looking man of forty, with heavy features, cast in a German mould. He is a commercial traveller, and has the reputation of being a shrewd business man.

The petitioner, Howard E. Watkinson, is engaged in the express business at Trenton. He is very tall, very thin, smooth-faced, and inclined to be moody. His father, the gray-haired clergyman, his own six-year-old boy, Edwin Earl Wilkinson, and his wife's devoted mother play minor parts in the drama.

The papers in the case were referred to James S. Aitkin, one of the Special Masters of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, to take evidence and report. The Master has just filed a report, in which he finds that the petitioner's allegations were well founded, and recommends that a decree be granted, and that the custody of the little boy be given to his father. Hence it only remains for Chancellor McGill to sign the decree, which has already been drawn up, to make Howard E. Watkinson a free man, and Adel Louise Watkinson a free woman.

Mrs. Watkinson is now the tenant of a flat at No. 756 East One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street. Her mother, Mrs. Edwin O. Chapman, a sorrowful-looking woman with prematurely gray hair, is living with her. Her venerable father is said to be broken in health. Over the electric button at the outer entrance appear two names. Watkinson is one. Rebholz is the other. That same flat figured in the evidence of Watkinson and a detective who paid a visit to the establishment.

So much for the present situation. The successive situations which led up to it may be gleaned from the "human document" embodied in these selections from the correspondence between Mrs. Watkinson and Rebholz. It opened in the Spring of 1894. Mrs. Watkinson declined to say yesterday what was the nature of her old friendship with Rebholz, referred to in their earlier letters.

For the Sake of Old Times.

Trenton, N. J., March 10.

Mr. Rebholz—If you are in the land of the living and can possibly come to Trenton, I would like very much to see you. There are a few things I would like to talk over with you for the sake of old times. Come. Answer this whether you come or not.

MRS. H. WATKINSON,
205 Spring street.

P. S.—Do not keep me in suspense. Write soon. L.

Mrs. H. Watkinson:

Madame—There are no words at my command that could express my surprise at receiving a letter from one whose writing I clearly recognize. It brings back old memories, which I thought gone forever, and yet I have often thought of you in the years gone by, and hope the world has dealt kindly with you. Your request to come and see you at present I cannot grant—much as I wish I could. I also have a long story to tell you. Write and tell me what you have been doing the past five years and over. It is needless to add that I am still a bachelor. Sincerely yours,

W. G. REBHOLZ.

Trenton, N. J., March 22, 1894.

Mr. Rebholz:

Dear Friend: Your letter received. You don't know how glad I was to hear from you. I recognized the writing at once. It carried me back to the dear old times when I used to get a letter from you nearly every day. I also have thought of you many, many times in the years gone by, and at last made up my mind to write, not knowing whether you were among the quick or the dead. Hardly knew how you would take it; whether you would answer or not. But thought I would risk it, and now I am very glad I did. I have no end of things to tell you, and await your coming anxiously. Come as soon as you can. Were you surprised to hear that I was married? How is it you have stayed so long a bachelor? Sincerely your friend.

LULU.

"I Have Lost That Fine Sense of Honor."

Sunbury, Pa., March 28, 1894.

Dear Madam—Your favor of March 22 at hand. I notice you do not answer my questions in regard to yourself. You wish me to come and see you. What for? You are married, and I presume must be happy in a husband's love. Are you not? If not, tell me just how you are situated, and how long you have been married? What business is your husband engaged in?

Why is it that after all these years, you, who deliberately offended me, should seek my friendship again? You ask me why I never married. I will tell you. Because I have lost faith in women. Some natures never love but once. Mine is one of them.

If you are simply amusing yourself, for God's sake leave me in peace; or you may regret the day you sought me out again. I will tell you frankly, that I have lost that fine sense of honor which I possessed when you first knew me. I am a man of the world in all that the word implies. I have not set foot into a church since you last saw me. I, who used to be such a good Catholic, believe in nothing but my own pleasure. How do you like the transformation scene? Do you still wish to see me?

Were I in your presence I would not answer for my actions. You have reopened the old wound, and, oh, God! how it aches. I ask you these questions so I can judge for myself whether I ought to give way to my feelings and come and see you. And I also tell you these things about myself so as to put you on your guard against me. Now choose.

Well, Lu, I am worn out. It is very hard for me to write to you, so good-night. Sincerely yours, WILL.

She Would Not Be Warned.

Succeeding letters show that Mrs. Watkinson disregarded this pointed warning. Moreover, she expressed the conviction that her correspondent was not so bad as he painted himself, and continued to entreat him to renew the old acquaintance. With her ardor of expression she mingled an almost maternal solicitude for his welfare. "I am very sorry to hear you have neglected your church," she wrote. "I beg of you to do so no longer. Whatever you do, keep faithful to your church."

Rebholz's third letter showed that he was thawing. It read:

Dear Madam—I wish it was my privilege to address you in some other way. But such is fate. You say you hope I will always be your friend. That you may be assured of, But it is rather hard for me to keep up a correspondence with you under the guise of friendship. You who were my all at one time. And, God help me, I believe I love you as much as ever. I am almost afraid to come to you. Yet from your letter I do not think that you are indifferent to me. Where do you wish me to call upon you in case I come to Trenton? Don't you think it would be better for us to meet in Philadelphia? If agreeable to you, I will meet you at Broad Street Station, Pennsylvania Railroad, on Saturday afternoon at 4:30 p. m. If you cannot come let me know by return mail and tell me just what to do, and I will obey you. I want to see you just as badly as you do me. Answer at once. Yours, WILL.

"The Lov That Comes but Once."

Meetings followed in Philadelphia and New York, and Mrs. Watkinson's infatuation, as mirrored in her letters, grew apace. At this stage there crept into the correspondence allusions to the fact that Rebholz was unemployed and in desperate need of money. Mrs. Watkinson continually lamented her inability to supply his necessities. Rebholz was very gloomy in his utterances at this time and frequently hinted at the possibility of his committing suicide. Here is a passage from one such letter. It is dated from No. 32 West Twenty-eighth street, New York:

Lulu: If anything should happen to me, remember that I never loved any one with that pure and tender love that comes to a man but once in his life, and I only hope that God may not judge me too harshly, and that we may be united in the life to come, as we should have been in this world. Unless I can raise some money by next Monday I shall be undone.

Well, darling, with best wishes for your future and the total love of my miserable being I will say good-night. You may write me once more if you wish. I will get it by Sunday, and I will tear it up as soon as I have read and kissed it. Who knows? It may be the last I shall ever receive from you. Let it be one I may get a little comfort from. Once more, good-night, from your loving but erring WILL.

"Away from You I Am Lost."

Mrs. Watkinson's letters at the same period indicate that she was very anxious to spend the Summer at Hunt's Point, near New York, where she and Rebholz could see each other frequently, and that she had hard work to persuade her husband to pay $11 a week demanded for board. He finally relented, however. Here are illuminating passages from one of her letters:

Dear Love—Howard says I want see him more than once or twice while I am away. He is getting worse and worse about money matters, and the more I see of it the more I dislike him, and the more I see of you, my love, the more deeply and truly I love you. When I am away from you I feel as if I was lost. I cannot settle myself down to anything, because I am not content. Where, on the other side, I could leave children, home and everything and be perfectly content if I were only with you. As much as I love my children I could love them more if I loved their father. You are first with me; and if I had to choose between them and you I would not hesitate one minute.

Will, dear; I waited until the last minute before sending this money, thinking I could get more; but I cannot, so I thought I might as well send this. It will pay Mr. Curtis anyhow. I had to tell a lie to get it as it was. But I don't care. I was bound you should have it if I had to take it.

Well, darling, I will have to close, as he is waiting to come to the desk. So I will say good night, with all the love my heart can give, and that is considerable for you, and you only. LULU.

Revivified by Cash.

My Own Pet—Yours of the 6th at hand, and was glad to get reply so soon. I have managed thus far to keep going, but it is hard work, as the times are now. Oh! my darling, my love, my all! I do not want you to spend your money upon me, badly as I want to see you. Were it his money I would not care so much. I should say, come and welcome. But, as it is, I shall leave it to you.

I shall not tell you how dearly I would like to see you. If you decide to come I will meet you as near 8 p. m. as possible in Twenty-seventh street, somewhere near the place you stopped before. Yours, in life and death, WILL.

No. 32 West Twenty-eighth street.

"No More M——."

My Dear Love—I am sorry I did not have more m—— to send you. It is not because I did not try to get it, goodness knows; but, as I told you, it is very hard for me to get any from him, and I haven't one cent of my own.

Howard has changed his mind about going with me. If he does not go, could you meet me at the train and go up with me? I would be more than delighted if you could. Yours only, LULU.

Money, Money, Money!

My Dear Little Angel—Your letter received, with thanks for the inclosure. I gave it all to the clerk, and promised to fix the rest as soon as possible. He said that would be all right. Lulu, it makes me feel awfully bad to ask you for anything, but I shall return it with interest as soon as I am able to do so. My darling, you ask me to pray when I look at your ring. You dear little guardian angel. I said the first prayer to-day that I have made for many months, and, in addition to that, I kissed the ring and made up my mind never to drink another drop of whiskey. The loss of you drove me to it in the first place. Now that you are mine, and mine only, in the sight of God, I shall brace up and try to recover what I have lost.

Oh, my darling, my love and my very life, how can I thank you for what you have done for me? How I wish you were here, so I could tell you all that is in my heart. I hope H. will go away, and that you can come and see me Sunday. Or, if you can send me anything, I will come to you. If I don't see you soon I believe I shall do something desperate. As you request, I will address this to Ada. Your lover, WILL.

"I Tried My Best, Will, Dear."

My Dear Love—Your letter received this morning. I have tried my best all day to raise $10, but could not get one. I did not have a cent myself. He never gives me any money. What I get I have to get on a book and he pays for everything at the end of the month. I asked him for $5 this morning, but he did not have it. I asked him if he could not get it, as I had a bill I had to pay to-day. He said he could not help it, the bill would have to wait. Then I went downtown, thinking may be I could borrow it. I tried my very best, Will, dear. But could not get a cent. Oh, Will, you don't know how I hate to send this letter without it. You know, dear heart, that if I had it you should have it, if it was the last coat I had in the world. I would do without anything to let you have it. Dear, do not be provoked with me and think I did not try. I even went in Howard's pockets when he was dressing. I thought may be he did have it, and did not want to give it up. But he had nothing but a one-dollar bill and some small change. Oh, Will, it almost breaks my heart to have to disappoint you, but I cannot help it.

My love, I shall pray that you get that position you speak of. I shall be so glad for your sake if I can possibly get you anything this week. Please do not keep me waiting for a letter. Yours only. LULU.

A Strictly Business Letter.

New York, May 19.—My Own Darling: Your message received. But am unable to come for the very best of reasons—that I haven't the money and could not get it. How happy I would be were I only able to obey your request. I wish H. would go away some day and never return. Then perhaps I could be with you always, if you would let me.

How I wish you were with me to cheer me up I am terribly blue to-night. All alone and have been lonesome all day. I trust I will have some good luck soon, so that I may be able to come and see you. Well, darling, God bless and keep you from all harm. Please do what you can for me and send it in a registered letter. Hoping to hear from you by Monday night, I am, as ever, yours until death. From your loving WILL.

Threats of Suicide Again.

Dear Love—I hope you feel better by this time, and that the little I sent will do you some good. Will, dear, words can never tell how bad I felt to think that I could not do what you asked me. You say you cannot blame me. That sounds as if you thought I did not want to help you. That hurt me so. For God knows I would give my life to be able to help you more than I do.

Oh, Will, never, never again let me hear you say that you will put an end to yourself; for I know that is what you meant. If you should ever do anything like that I would not be long after you; for I could not and would not live without you. You are life itself to me. Will, dear, I know that you are not so great a sinner that your prayers would not be answered. And I feel that you will not succeed as long as you try to take everything in your own hands, and do not seek help from the only source that help is ever found. My love, I beg of you to try it, and have faith and believe that your prayers will be answered, and I know that you will find help some way or other. I sincerely believe in asking help from our Heavenly Father in every little thing we do. I don't care how simple it is. I know that my prayers have been answered time and time again.

Will, dear, if you were only out of your trouble I would be the happiest being on earth. But I cannot be happy, love, when I know you are in trouble. My heart aches for you, and it is ten times worse to think that I cannot do you any good. But, dear, try and live in hopes of better days coming. That is the only thing that keeps me up; for I have a good deal to bear. No one knows how much. Oh, darling, try and keep up until I see you. Will, dear, write soon, and let me know how you are getting along. And keep up courage for the sake of one who loves you better than life. LULU.

One More Small Loan Only.

New York, May 18.

Dear Love—I have just returned from Albany, where I went in hopes of securing a position, but failed, as usual. I do not know what to do if this keeps up much longer. I had thought I would get something by the end of the week, but matters look worse than ever. I think the last letter you wrote me the loveliest one I ever received. You need have no fear that I will break my promise. I shall live for you only hereafter. Were it not for the hope of one day claiming you before the world as my own I should not care to live longer.

In regard to the expenses of the trip, I am your debtor to that extent, and in the near future hope to be able to repay the amount. In the meantime, if you can possibly send me a small loan, I will be doubly indebted to you. If it isn't any more than $5 it would be very acceptable. Do not think hard of me for asking you to do this. God knows it lowers me very much in my own estimation to be compelled to do so.

Well, dear, it is late, so I will close, with a thousand good-night kisses and all the love of my heart and soul. Yours, WILL.

Bemoaned Her Child's Death.

While the correspondence continued the scene of this domestic drama changes to Hunt's Point, where, it seems, Mrs. Watkinson and Rebholz were often in each other's society. In his letters Rebholz continued to bemoan his poverty and to ask her for money so that he might provide himself with new clothes and other necessaries. And she contrived to send him small sums at intervals, while deploring her inability to provide him with all he needed.

During the stay at Hunt's Point Mrs. Watkinson's youngest child, Howard, died, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Both correspondents refer feelingly to this bereavement.

There were occasional visits from the husband, which proved irksome to Mrs. Watkinson and Rebholz, judging from their letters. And there were meetings in New York, generally at Sixth avenue and Twenty-eighth street.

After her return to Trenton Mrs. Watkinson was sorely troubled about a watch she owned. Her husband was demanding to know where it was, and she employed Rebholz to redeem it and send it back to her. After many broken promises, he sent her the pawn ticket, and advised her to tell her husband to redeem it. Mrs. Watkinson in her letters entreated Rebholz to eat more and to drink less. Moreover, she continued to send him a few dollars at a time whenever she could.

Last Scenes of the Drama.

Here are some concluding specimens of the correspondence:

Dear Love—The first thing I did when I got home yesterday was to get a pattern and some felt and make you this chest protector. I want you to put it on and wear it the minute you get it, and wear it for the rest of the Winter. You cannot be too careful. I am so afraid you will take cold and have a relapse. Take care of yourself, darling. Yours, LULU.

Dear Love—I wish you might be able to work a scheme to get a separation and division of property. Rest assured, if anything favorable turns up for me I shall make you leave him. I cannot tell what may turn up before January 1, and, as I must have some new clothes and a hat, I may have to ask you to help me out. It will take $20 at the least to make me look presentable. Yours only, WILL.

The correspondence grew more ardent as the crisis in the Watkinson household approached. And when it was presented to the Master in Chancery by Howard E. Watkinson it afforded a singularly complete epitome of the human drama in which three people played leading parts.

Writing Letters to William Rebholz.

Mrs. Adel Louise Watkinson knew him before her marriage, corresponded with him, and was willing to give up home and family for the friend of her youth.

The Correspondent and Co-respondent.

William Rebholz, a commercial traveller, wrote effusive letters to Mrs. Adel Louise Watkinson, and now figures in divorce proceedings.

MR. PLATT'S NEW TITLE.

Winnie Horn, the Evicted Newsgirl, Makes an Appeal to the "Boss of the Elephant."

Winnie Horn has a new claim to fame. Winnie, with her mother and sisters, are well known to many New Yorkers. They have for many years sold newspapers at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue. They have been dispossessed through the operations to the new Aldermanic plan of disposing of the street stands. In her distress, Winnie appealed to ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, and in her letter she applies to him a new title. Here is the missive:

Hon. T. C. Platt:

I appeal to you for my sister and I, newsgirls, who stood on the 23d str. corners, by the elevated stairs to sell papers. I have been there a little over six years, and my mama has been there since 1888, on the two corners. Being the first woman who sold evening papers around there. I see Alderman Wares, of our district, wants the stands for himself, according to what I read in the news of December 7th, Monday. And I that has been standing here in cold and frost, to help the family, as we are not rich. Thanks to the government for allowing my veteran father a pension of $12 a month. And with that we make ends meet, our pepa says, by selling papers. My mama having heard the Alderman of our district can give the permit, she went to him just before Thanksgiving and he told her that he had to give permits to those in the district. "Why I, I live in 28th str. I live in the district," she exclaimer. He said "What number?" She replied "140." "Well," he said, "you had a right to come to me before. I have given the privilege away."

He said to my mother have you got money to build a stand. She replied that she could build a stand. And he said again, I have given the privilege away. He came to me after Mama seen him and said, "Although the stands are built I will see that it does not interfere with you." But if there was stands for us, through a permit, probably we would not be so cold. Therefore I write to you to see if you would use your influence in my and my sister's behalf to obtain a permit and license, to keep those corners, for to earn our living. If you think we are worthy of the corners, I would like you to head the petition with your Honourable name: we have many more honourable gentlemen, who will follow suit. "Give this your kind attention, and don't let this be the winter of our discontent." As the corners of 23 str. and 6 ave. was made glorious by the Masonic Hall and the two curly headed darlings of the great and glorious Metropolis. And the Alderman Wares wants the stands for himself, and yet he is an honourable man. I hope this will meet with your approbation, in our behalf.

FAREWELL, BOSS OF THE ELEPHANT!

I remain your Patriotically, Winnie Horn, the N. Y. news girl, known far and wide. Good bye. Glorious N. Y., Dec. 18, 1896.

Mr. Platt referred the letter to Alderman Olcott. The latter has been appointed District-Attorney, but he could not do anything about the matter, anyway, as the news stands of the district are controlled by Alderman Ware.

VIEW FROM DUNN'S PERCH.

A Clear Day Attracts Many People to the Weather Bureau to Enjoy the Scene.

Several hundred people, including many ladies, took advantage of the clear atmosphere of yesterday and climbed up the spiral staircase leading from the Weather Bureau Office to the top of the tower in the Manhattan Life building.

The passing of the snowstorm, followed by a thirty mile wind sweeping up from the north, made the air as transparent as glass for many miles in all directions, and the panorama of land and sea stretching away to the horizon lay like a great picture dotted with buildings and streaked with rivers and roadways.

Toward the eastward lay the ruffled ocean, mottled with light squalls and shore winds stirring up the sea like breezes blowing over a wheat field. Far out against the sky line the ocean greyhounds were marked by the streak of smoke rolling in a long streamer from the monster stacks. In the foreground, at one's feet, it seemed, the harbor tugs hurried to and fro, puffing and steaming from ship to ship. Brigs and heavy laden schooners rocked lazily on the swell, and the dockmen swarmed on all sides of the island like Lilliputians working overtime.

From the south it seemed as though the Jersey coast was lifting its thin form from the very edge of the ocean. A flaky sheet of mist rested on the low hills and obscured the shore line so that it was impossible to see where the land began and the sea left off. Over in New Jersey the black smoke of the manufacturing plants of Newark and Elizabethport rolled up and hovered over all.

Slowly floating down the North River came the canal boats and scows with their loads of lumber that looked like bunches of toothpicks. On up the stream the ferryboats crawled across and left a wake like coarse satin ribbons frayed at the ends. Beyond, the Palisades of the Hudson lifted their twig covered heads and the placid stream lost itself between the shores far away in the hills. There the air was clearer than on the sea.

The long arms of the peninsulas came down to a point at the entrance of the harbor, as though to coax the ships upstream.

Late in the afternoon a few hazy clouds gathered in the far north and came sweeping down. The temperature dropped slowly until at sunset the atmosphere was as sharp and chill as in midwinter.

The forecast for to-day is fair until night, with high northwest winds increasing in force.

Rev. Mr. Lichtenstein to Answer.

Dr. Aris Lichtenstein, of the American Mission to the Jews, announced yesterday afternoon after his sermon on "Searching the Scriptures, for They Speak of eM," that at the gathering to-night in the mission rooms he would have something to say about Dr. Warszawalk and the action of the New York Presbytery. Dr. Warszawalk is at present preaching out of town.

Maceo's Assassination Denounced.

The Washington League met at No. 85 Washington street, Brooklyn, last night and adopted resolutions denouncing the assassination of General Maceo as "A crime against liberty and civilization."

THIS COIN IS DANGEROUS.

Is an Advertisement, but Ignorant Persons Might Accept It as $5.

James Gognid and Joseph Nick, who were arrested last Monday on the charge of trying to pass a bogus $5 gold piece on Herman Smith, of No. 85 Elizabeth street, had a hearing before United States Commissioner Shields yesterday.

Smith testified that the men had not tried to pass the coin, which was really an advertisement, on him, but had asked him if it was good. Decision was reserved. Secret Service officers say that the coin is an exceedingly dangerous one and would readily be accepted by ignorant persons.

JAMES R. KEANE & CO.

Modern Home Furnishers, Third Ave., cor. 77th Street.

The best kind of a Christmas present is the one that adds the charm of usefulness to that of beauty. That's the kind you will find at Keane's. No matter what the article may be, no matter what price you want to pay, we'll serve you as no other house in New York can. Moreover, we'll make the small prices we ask much easier by letting you pay when you can.

The holidays will be more enjoyable if you have the parlor newly furnished. Parlor Suits, nicely upholstered and covered with the richest Satin Damask and Brocatelle.

$22.50

Portiere Curtains, all the best makes, in an immense variety of designs and colorings.

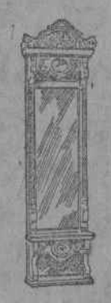
Lace Curtains, entirely new and very pretty—Nottingham, Irish Point, Antique and Tambour, at special prices.

Banquet Lamps, Parlor Clocks, Mantel Ornaments on the same easy pay system.

This very handsome Parlor Stove. A splendid heater and an economical burner **$7.50**

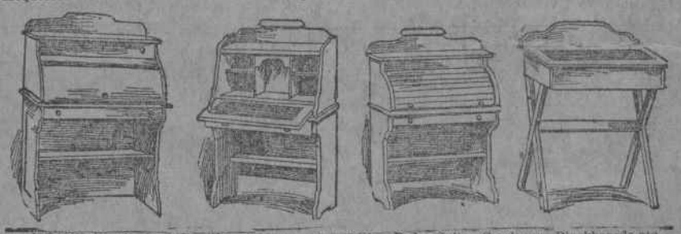
New Carpets to make the home more attractive for the holidays. All grades at smallest possible prices.

Ingrains at	25c. yard
Brussels at	35c. yard
Wilton Velvets	75c. yard
Moquettes	90c. yard



We have a very select assortment of fine finish Pillar Mirrors in Solid Oak and Mahogany. Prices as low as.... **7.50**

Only the best style of easels. Only perfect materials and a first-class finish. Solid Oak and Mahogany. Prices begin at ..... **.95**



KEANE hasn't forgotten the children. Toy Desks, Beds, Suits, Carriages, Blackboards etc., are here in plenty. Prices as easy as the terms.

EASY TERMS: Bill of $50, $1.00 weekly. Bill of $75, 1.25 weekly. Bill of $100, $1.50 weekly. Larger Amounts in proportion.

EASY OF ACCESS from everywhere. Third ave. cable cars pass the door. Third ave. "L" R. R. Station at 76th st., one block below our store. Broadway and Lexington ave. cable cars one block west. **Mail Orders Promptly Filled.**

MILKMAN'S

Semi-Annual Closing Sale

MILLINERY BARGAINS.

442 and 444 Fulton Street,

AND 1043 & 1045 BROADWAY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

TRIMMED HAT BARGAINS.

On Table No. 1—100 Trimmed Hats, at	$1.75 and $1.98
Table No. 2—100 Trimmed Hats, at	$1.50 and $2.75
Table No. 3—100 Trimmed Hats, at	$3.00 and $3.50
Table No. 4—100 Trimmed Hats, at	$4.00 and $5.50

All these prices are one-half what same goods were marked:

50 doz. fine Felt Hats, fancy trimmed brims	39c
75 doz. French Felt Bonnets, black only	39c
50 doz. fine French Felt Hats, Velvet bound, each	69c
150 doz. Felt Hats, Velvet bound, each	39c
50 doz. Trimmed Felt Walking Hats	10c
200 doz. Velvet bound Camel's Hair Hats, each	15c
100 doz. Felt Hats ....10c., 15c. and	25c
150 doz. French Felt Alpines, trimmed, 15c., 25c., 39c., 50c. and	79c
75 doz. French Felt Hats, each	29c
25 doz. cloth Bicycle Hats	29c
200 doz. Black Velvet Hats	79c
75 doz. Velvet Hats ..... 39c and	79c
25 doz. Chenille and Velvet Hats	98c
75 doz. Children's Felt Hats	15c
25 doz. Children's Fancy Felt Hats	29c
25 doz. Children's Fancy Felt Flats	39c
50 doz. French Felt Hats, dress shapes, all colors	29c
150 doz. fine French Felts, dress shapes	59c
50 doz. Dolls' Felt Hats	5c
75 doz. Dolls' Hats, velvet bound, each	8c
25 doz. Dolls' Hat frames, each	5c
48 doz. Cloth Tam o' Shanters ....15c and	19c
50 doz. Wool Scotch Tams	25c
15 doz. Beaver Cloth Tams, with ear laps	39c
25 doz. Boys' double hand Polo Caps	19c
50 doz. Boys' Beaver double hand Polo Caps	25c
25 doz. Imit'n Seal Boys' Polo Caps	39c
500 pcs. all-silk Satin and Gros Grain Ribbon, No. 60, yd	19c
800 pcs. all-silk Satin and Gros Grain Ribbon, No. 40, yd	15c
650 pcs. all-silk Satin and Gros Grain Ribbon, No. 22, yd	9c
500 pcs. all-silk Satin and Gros Grain Ribbon, No. 16, yd	8c
720 pcs. all-silk Satin and Gros Grain Ribbon, No. 12, yd	7c
800 pcs. all-silk Satin and Gros Grain Ribbon, No. 9, yd	6c
600 pcs. all-silk Satin and Gros Grain Ribbon, No. 5, yd	3c
200 pcs. No. 30 all-silk Glace Ribbon, yd	13c
150 pcs. No. 40 Glace Velvet Edge, yd	9c
500 pcs. No. 60 dark shades Dresden Ribbon, yd	10c
500 pcs. No. 60 all-silk Dresden Ribbon, yd	15c
150 pcs. No. 40 all-silk Glace Ribbon, yd	19c
200 pcs. No. 40 all-silk Gros Grain Ribbon, yd	10c
160 pcs. No. 60 Black Gros Grain Ribbon	15c
500 pcs. No. 40 Velvet Edge Ribbon, yd	12c
500 pcs. No. 66 black all-silk Moire Ribbon, yd	20c
800 pcs. No. 40 double-faced Satin Ribbon, yd	22c
500 pcs. No. 80 wide Fancy Ribbon, yd	10c
750 pcs. No. 40 Fancy Ribbon, yd....10c and	15c
175 pcs. Wide Plaid Ribbon, yd	5c
500 pcs. No. 30 Satin Striped Ribbon, yd	8c
12 pcs. No. 2 Satin Ribbon, piece	10c.
300 pcs. No. 60 Satin Face Ribbon, yd	10c
5,000 yds. Silk Veiling, yd	5c
1,200 yards Velveteen, yard	22c
100 Ostrich Boas, 1½ yds ..... $2.48 and	$3.48
50 Ostrich Boas, elegant quality, 1¼ yds. long ..... $4.98 and	$6.50
300 Real Ostrich Collarettes, each	79c
250 Coque Boas, 1½ yds.....25c, 49c and	59c
100 Coque Collarettes	15c
50 doz. Black and Colored Ostrich Plumes, each ..... 15c, 19c, 25c and	39c
150 doz. bunches Black Ostrich Tips, 15c, 25c	39c
50 doz. Black Ostrich Tip Bands	39c
75 doz. Ostrich, Birds and Aigrette effects, bu	48c
150 doz. large double-wing Bird and Aigrette effects, bu	25c
50 doz. bunches fancy Aigrette and Ostrich Tip effects, bunch	25c
25 doz. bunches Ostrich and Aigrette Pompons	39c
50 Tip Pompons	29c
300 bunches Paradise Aigrettes, 15c, 25c and	39c
250 doz. fine Aigrettes, Fancy Feathers	25c
500 bunches Bird Aigrettes and Wing Effects	35c
150 doz. fine Merle Birds, each	19c
150 doz. large Black Parrots, each	19c
300 doz. Natural Black Parrots, each	29c
250 doz. large bunches fine Aigrettes, all colors, bunch ..... 5c and	5c
1,000 doz. Black Birds, each.....5c and	7c
250 Black Birds, extra large, each	9c
80 doz. asstd. long tail Birds, each	19c
1,500 bunches Coque Feathers, black and colors, bunch	5c
250 doz. large black Natural Wings	5c
100 doz. Quills, all colors, each	1c
50 doz. fine black Quills, pair	5c
50 doz. black Wings.....each	1c
150 doz. stylish fancy Feathers.....10c and	15c
25 doz. assorted shaded Birds	10c
150 extra large Black Birds	19c
25 doz. Mercury Wings, pair.....10c and	15c
500 bunches Imported Wings, 12 in bunch, all colors	15c
600 doz. natural Wings, in all colors	8c
50 Children's Fur Sets, set	59c
75 extra fine Fur Sets for children	98c
500 yds. assorted Fur Edging, yd	10c
200 Black Hair Muffs	39c
85 Extra fine Assorted Muffs	98c
75 Water Mink Muffs, each	$1.25
150 Imported Seal Muffs, each	79c
1,500 yards Fur Trimming, yard	6c
25 doz. Real Mink Scarfs, each	$1.75
15 doz. Fur Scarfs, each.....39c and	59c
150 yds. Chinchilla Fur Edging, yd ..... 25c, 39c and	48c
50 doz. Animal Heads, each.10c, 15c, 25c and	39c
100 yards heavy Black Thibet Fur	29c
10 doz. Thibet Boas, extra long	$2.75
200 doz. Mink Tails	49c
50 doz. Mink Heads, each	5c
25 doz. Real Mink Scarfs.....each	1.25
25 doz. Water Mink Scarfs	69c

Mail All Orders to 442 and 444 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.