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THE RACES ON THE NEVA

It is the morning of the Epiphany. The intense cold of the night has moderated, but the barometer still marks fifteen degrees below zero. From the tall steeples of innumerable churches the bells of St. Petersburg ring in the sacred feast. In an exquisitely appointed room of a palace, where tender light filters through the golden shadows of silken hangings, sits a woman. Her attitude is one of repose, deep, unstudied. From the crown of her little flaxen colored head to the tip of her daintily shoe, she is a perfect bit of dame Nature's art. If she were standing, we should call her tall, but she sits crouching in her chair with all the abandon of a doing thing. She gives a little yawn.

"Ah! late as usual," she says aloud.

As she speaks the door opens and a servant enters.

"Capt. Repine," he announces.

He follows quickly on the man's heels—short, thick set, with a dull Cossack face and kindly smile, wearing the uniform of an officer of the imperial body guard.

"Pardon, my dear Elisaveta. Have I made you wait?"

She gives her shapely shoulders a slight shrug, but watches him with contemplative eyes as he rattles on.

"Imagine, my beloved, I thought that I should not be able to take you to the races. I was so racked at the last moment. Oh, not that I will be superb! Never has the rack been more perfect—hard as a rock, and not a flake of snow."

"Indeed," says the lady languidly. Putting out a tiny, bejewled hand she draws back the curtain that hides her window. "It is superb," she assents.

"You know how difficult it is to accomplish that," continues the young officer, "with the cursed wind drifting the Lapps snow. Still I must tell you that 500 men have worked all night at it. Brave fellows!"

"The journals say something of a three hours' race."

"Yes; the event of the day. But come"—

"We have still an hour," she answers, and motions him to a seat beside her.

"No, no, at your feet, always at your feet, Princess Vera," says the young man gayly, flinging his head back to better look into the opal tinted eyes above him. With her little pointed chin against the rose of her palm she sits lost in a world of reverie.

"Do you remember Sergius Hotzkoi?" she asks suddenly.

He shrugs his shoulders, accustomed to the willful wanderings of the great city's petted belle.

"How could I ever forget him," he says in turn. "Was there ever a man who left more indefatigable traces behind him? He was an original madman."

"Original!" echoes Elisaveta. "Ah! what a unusually word. Originality! she repeats, as though interrogating her own thought. The young man frowns slightly, but she goes on with calm retrospection. "Only three years ago," she said, "and he appeared among us like some brilliant meteor; fabulously rich; astonishing the world with his eccentric prodigalities. Then all those idol rolling swine, they deserted him when he was no longer wealthy."

Her lover's white teeth are like a wolfish danger signal as he turns to look at her.

"My dear," he says coldly, "you can't expect the world to be faithful to a pecuniary."

"Proscript!"

"Exactly. They say that political compliments were his ruin. At any rate he is banished from St. Petersburg."

"Then he is in Siberia?"

"With all a soldier's diplomacy he says, indifferently. "I believe not. The peasants tell a story of a hermit of the Steppes, who mends bottles and plows for the farmers. Many believe it to be Hotzkoi, with the remains of his own famous stud."

"Farmers—bottles," echoes Elisaveta absently.

Suddenly she turns on her moody swain.

"Come, Alexander, she cries; "I can see the results gather from here. Quick—we must hurry."

It is scarcely a half hour later and the race course presents a brilliant spectacle. The river Neva is now only a colossal road way, between two walls of splendid rose granite that line its quays. It is a mirror of polished steel. Stands, richly decorated with flags, occupy as best as possible the inclosure, and over a hundred thousand spectators surround the arena. In the center of everything a great pavilion draped in purple and gold shows that royalty is expected to take part in the city's festival. A huge figure in white uniform shows it well. The impressiveness of this emblem—sure, with its eagle prestige and small, glittering eyes, is unmistakable.

"To be the autocrat—the emperor of all the Russias."

From the human hive mounts and swells a growing noise; cries, oaths, calls from the Kremlenders, all blend themselves in a formidable roar, "Long live the czar!"

At this moment a rosewood sled drawn by white horses comes in front of the centered the royal pavilion. The president of the jury prostrates himself at the horses' feet and aids a young woman to descend. The tall form, with its long, loose wrap of precious blue fox and its aureole of wonderful red hair, is well known in St. Petersburg. She is the Princess Elisaveta Paloras, the beauty of three seasons. Repine follows her. Under her little fur cap, with its powdered fox, Vera's eyes look out, serene, impenetrable. A bell sounds, and silence falls on the waiting multitude. From open gates stream a dozen or two horses harnessed to sleds of gilded cross. They are pure blooded Arabians, thick set montanga from the Steppes, and lightly tread Orloffs with sweeping manes white and shiny as spun glass.

The people watch these preliminaries apathetically. They are waiting for the "piece de resistance," the three-cornered race, with princes as drivers. Already fair rumor have been run, the track is cleared and the five hundred workmen who up their task of covering away the powdered ice beaten up by the iron hoofs. Once more the gates open and three splendid bays appear with the same sled of gilded cross, but larger and more elegant. They are followed by three black Finlanders, with stumpy ears and tails that sweep the ground. The last crosses are Orloff stallions, white and dazzling as the snow itself. Their short hair glistens as through sized, and silver reflections shadow their smooth flanks and elegant necks; their muzzles are black and their nostrils transom, quivering and rose lined; their eyes, tender, yet prominent and full of fire, are circled by a sooty ring like those of the Asiatic women. They are the pets of the land. Those they stand, the blue superb creatures, controlled by a scientific dominion that does not satisfy the most timid paring of their impatient heels, and with sour two hundred thousand eyes admiring their complete perfection.

These sorry horses, constricted and scrupulously well and covered with a ragged harness, half rusty, half leather, advance slowly into the arena. Behind these trails a clumsy sledge, made from the bark of the Russian fir tree and shaped like the Lapplander's hunting sled. With drooping heads and dragging limbs the weary beasts come forward and place themselves beside their aristocratic predecessors. A cry of horror rises up from the crowd. Leaning back in her his Vera watches the late arrivals with fixed intentness.

The bell rings sotelle. The race commences.

The bays lead by several lengths. The middle horse, an old favorite, lifts his feet with all the alluring charm of a star of the nation's hippodrome; his companions, brothers from the Don, thin and sedent, run without effort. After them come the Finlanders tearing furiously on the reins. Sufficiently in the rear to remind their backers are the Orloff stallions, epitomic wonders of beauty and speed.

Finally, following at a long distance behind their royal leaders, are the three strange beasts with their Lapplander sled. They run irregularly, and their little tails give one a melancholy sound. It is in this order that the sleds pass for the first time in front of the judges' stand.

Half way on the second round the Finlanders fling out their sturdy heels with such velocity that they lock like the half circle of a benediling hoop. They pass the bays. A quick swelling of their sonorous chests and they forge ahead.

"Hurrah!" shrieks the people, excited with the success of their favorites. At this moment the unknown present straightens up his giant frame. Pushing back the heavy—it down to his eyes, he gorge the—a with an iron hand and gives a curious prolonged whistle. His sixteen horses are strangely instantaneous. As though in answer to some experienced command, they give one gigantic leap and fairly fly. For a moment they run beside the white stallions.

"The Orloffs lead!" screams the multitude, then shudders.

Beyond the sharply heads of the city's favorites stretched six feet, pointed ears, to be followed by those heads with glaring eyes, and foaming, blood flecked jaws.

With her body stretched half out of her box Vera watches them with fascinating eyes. Her chest heaves, her lucia trembles, and her face takes on the anguish of the laboring bronzes.

"Don't worry," whispers Repine, "They will lose."

"They will win!" she answers hoarsely. "I know them."

"The Orloffs gain," says scornfully in the next breath.

"Ah!" groans Vera, and bites her lip to the blood.

Once more the peasant's whistle startles the still air, and with a prodigious effort his horses leave the others behind. Transfigured by the waking of their unknown blood, carried away by a sweet victory, with floating manes and generous breath, they rush on toward the expected goal.

They reach it—victorious—winner by three lengths.

For one long moment the people are mute with stupefaction, literally incapable of applause. They stare open mouthed at the world beasts that have beaten the noblest blood of the land, then like one man they dash forward to look at them, to ask their pure and the name of their unmouth drivers.

As the victors pass Vera leans out to look at them. "I must see them," she says aloud.

At the sound of that voice the peasant starts. Lifting his head their eyes meet. She pales, but that is all.

Months have passed, and the extraordinary event that astonished the Petersburgers is no more than ancient history. Nobody has learned the identity of the mysterious peasant. Many believed him a sorcerer. Others thought him a great doctor of some unknown science, whose powerful potion had galvanized the exhausted beasts. But it is all only a memory now. A new sensation is on the tapis.

All St. Petersburg is talking of the marriage of Prince Alexander Repine to Princess Elisaveta Paloras.

It is evening, and Vera stands for the first time in her husband's home. She is alone on a great veranda that half circles the palace. She still wears her wedding dress, and the diamonds of a diamond tiara sparkle in her hair.

"Mistress," says a voice behind her. She turns to confront her husband's faithful old servant. "Mistress, a present awaits you at the palace gate. Shall I lead you thither?"

"Yes."

She follows him down the steps with all the lazy freedom of a fine lady who grants a favor; her long gown sweeps the dew of the grass, and the moonlight mirrors itself in the soft curves of her naked arms and shoulders.

Presently she stops, stricken by a mysterious influence. A moment more and a strange sight meets her view. They are the winners of the Neva. With a wave from her hand Ivan goes. The horses whinny softly at the sound of her voice and nose her hair and face with doglike gentleness.

"Why are you here?" she whispers, a sudden catch in her throat that she stifles against the crinkled sled close nearest her.

From out of the deep shadow comes a trembling voice. "Why do you weep, princess?" it says.

She sees him now for the first time, still in his peasant's garb and with head uncovered, low before her. It is a noble head, with splendid lines and a beautiful mouth, but worn and shadowed as those of the famished beasts beside him.

"Why are they like this, Sergius? The best racers in the kingdom could have brought their price. There certainly was no need to starve them."

"We have starved together, princess," he answers, gently.

"Then the story that the people tell is true?"

"Quite true."

With the skittish restlessness between them they are silent a wavering moment. Then, with a mute caress of their unkempt heads, the horses, in pantomime. A bell sounds, and silence falls on the waiting multitude. From open gates stream a dozen or two horses harnessed to sleds of gilded cross. They are pure blooded Arabians, thick set montanga from the Steppes, and lightly tread Orloffs with sweeping manes white and shiny as spun glass.

The people watch these preliminaries apathetically. They are waiting for the "piece de resistance," the three-cornered race, with princes as drivers. Already fair rumor have been run, the track is cleared and the five hundred workmen who up their task of covering away the powdered ice beaten up by the iron hoofs. Once more the gates open and three splendid bays appear with the same sled of gilded cross, but larger and more elegant. They are followed by three black Finlanders, with stumpy ears and tails that sweep the ground. The last crosses are Orloff stallions, white and dazzling as the snow itself. Their short hair glistens as through sized, and silver reflections shadow their smooth flanks and elegant necks; their muzzles are black and their nostrils transom, quivering and rose lined; their eyes, tender, yet prominent and full of fire, are circled by a sooty ring like those of the Asiatic women. They are the pets of the land. Those they stand, the blue superb creatures, controlled by a scientific dominion that does not satisfy the most timid paring of their impatient heels, and with sour two hundred thousand eyes admiring their complete perfection.

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SEARCHING FOR ANCESTORS.

Men Who Go to the Congressional Library for Aristocratic Lineage.

Why is it that we should the book ever which he had been poring for several hours, and with considerable dignity, dashed with disappointment, handed it to one of the attendants. It was near the time when the Congressional library in Washington closes, and his day's task was over. He probably resented the next day in some other or a similar mission and back his place. He was well dressed—the clothes, in fact, he carried a pair of tan gloves with his cane in his left hand, which was encumbered also with a silver ring.

His countenance lacked the patrician cast, and the pallor of his cheeks might have come from sleeplessness or from cigarette smoking. The brown stains on the middle fingers of his left hand were large, and a diamond ring on his middle finger was rather too large and conspicuous. As he passed out an fellow winked at the superior and remarked:

"He is looking for an ancestor."

"Too wise!"

"Yes an ancestor, and he has not found him. Did you not observe his disappointed look? Why, they come here nearly every day and in considerable numbers to look for lost ancestors. Sometimes they find them and sometimes they find only a resemblance, but the chaps like him never do. I suppose it is because they never had any. Oh, no, of course they are all descended from a collection of footbalkers," the gentleman lazily added as he discovered the reporter's gaze wandering among the piles of volumes that fill every nook and corner of the place.

"They come here to look up the records. You see we are a young people," the speaker continued, "and we have not the names of the great or those whose folks before them were great. Just says American citizenship is a hereditary title hundred years. It's a little more than that now. In some sections it dates from the Mayflower. But to establish a claim to blue blood beyond dispute it is but necessary to find an ancestor who fought in the Revolutionary war. That's what this young man was looking for. He has wasted himself for many hours looking over the records of the Revolution for an ancestor.

"Since the establishment of the 'Sons of the Revolution,' many young men have been seized with a desire to hunt up revolutionary ancestors. And the mania is not confined to men; with the women it is perhaps stronger, for the Daughters of the Revolution are prouder than the sons. Mind you, I don't criticise it; it is a proud distinction to descend from revolutionary stock. But I would remark that being under a republican form of government does not prompt us from pride of blood.

"The name of the revolution is our 'ancestor.' It is the disappointment of those who do not find their ancestors that to both humorous and pathetic. They should remember, however, that the records are by no means complete. I am interested in this, as I do. There was a record and a tradition hanging up in my old home, but I cannot find the warrant for either in the presidential name."—Washington Post.

She Proved Faithfully.

A certain theatrical manager of New England, though well known throughout the country as a man who had very great success in his business and is admitted to be one of the shrewdest men in his profession, has some the low and more coarse told about him, and most of them at his expense, then any other impressario in the country. As a theatrical Mr. Mulgrego he is without a peer.

Still, how is a new story on him which caught the fancy of the Boston Herald, and a remarkably faithful though not too intelligent carrying out of definite instructions. Our manager had a new company on the road, and on opening it out he instructed his traveling young manager to telegraph him the receipts nightly at each place where a show was given, and in order to be sure to add the sum of $200 to the actual receipts.

The young man carefully followed his instructions, and his employer would proudly display the telegrams received in the lobby of his own theater, much to the envy of theatrical managers. Among the eight the telegram came in, "Hawkins, Kan., receipts, $200." The next night came another, "Forsville, receipts, $200." These were large figures for that part of the country, and men who read were amazed.

The following night came a dispatch even more consoling, "Ashton, receipts to full and accounts, there was no performance. Receipts, $200."

The young man had been faithful to the last about that address, but his telegram suggested even his employer.—New York Herald.

One of the Elder Booth's Good Deeds.

Here is a story that illustrates the unostentatious benevolence of Junius Brutus Booth, whom his son Edwin much resembles in that particular, as in his personality and genius:

The old retired actor and manager in Baltimore had been ill for some time, and, as he was held in high esteem, his friends arranged for him a complimentary benefit matinee at the Holliday street theater. Mr. Booth was at that time manager of another theatre and, unaccounted, tendered a benefit at his establishment to the same gentleman. Booth himself acted, and of course the house was crowded.

After the performance he went to the box office, and, taking the receipts, counted them as it was took them to the home of the beneficiary, and, spreading the money out upon the table, said to him, "There is your share."

"But will you not deduct the expenses?" asked his old friend.

"The only expense incurred," said Booth, "has been the bringing of the money to you; but as I walked the cost is merely shoe leather. I will use enough for that." So saying he turned on the heel and left the room before he could be thanked.—Detroit Free Press.

BURNS & SCALDS are cured by St. Jacobs Oil used according to DIRECTIONS with each BOTTLE. Also SORE THROAT, WOUNDS, CUTS, SWELLINGS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

FOR SALE.

A FINE PLACE IN BOUNTIFUL, FOR SALE; 1 horse for stallion, registered, 20½ hands high, carries four beats with perfect ease, and well gaited. Would sell on time to responsible party. Call on or address Jesse Hancock, Bountiful, Davis County, Utah. 40

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often fastens on the lungs and far too often means an Incurable Consumptive and a Grave in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

"IT STARTED WITH A COLD."

Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY

For Coughs, Colds and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all Modern Remedies? It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Cold in a day. It will prevent Croup, relieve Asthma and cure Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25c. bottle may save you $500 in Doctor's bills—may save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to W. H. ACKER & CO., 36 West Broadway, New York, for book.

For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

BOOTS. Calf, Kip and Stogs. French Kip a Specialty.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET GOOD FOOTWEAR AT OUR REDUCED PRICES!

SHOES. Children's School Shoes Warranted Throughout.

WE KEEP A FULL LINE OF BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS OF OUR OWN MAKE. HONEST GOODS AT FAIR PRICES. No Scalpe of Any Kind.

WE HAVE THE BEST STOCKS OF LADIES' & GENTS' FINE SHOES EVER IMPORTED. DANCING SLIPPERS FOR ALL! Warm Footwear of All Kinds.

Felt, Cloth and Velvet SLIPPERS

SOLOMON BROS., 70 MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY.

Alpine, Alaskan Felt Boots and RUBBERS

GRAND RE-OPENING SALE

—AT THE—

SALT LAKE EQUITABLE CO-OP.

Mammoth Stores, No. 30 Market Row,

FOR FIVE DAYS ONLY! Commencing Monday, March 9th.

Window Blinds (complete), - 45c.
Best Standard Calicoes, 25 yds. 1.00
Best Quality Table Oil Cloth, 20c per yd.
4000 doz. Men's Extra Heavy Socks, 90c. doz.
Hose Bleached, - 12 yds. for $1.00
Lonsdale Bleached, 12 yds. for 1.00
Men's Suits Clothes, worth $30, for $10
Boys' $5, for 1.25
1000 White Bed Spreads, worth $1.75, for 75c.
Men's Switz Cords Underwear, worth $2.00, for 95c.
Warner's Jersey Corsets, worth $1.00, for 45c. per pair
100 dozen Boys' Underwear, worth 50c., for 25c.
1000 yards White Flannel, worth 20c., for 7½c. per yard
Double Width Dre s Goods, new style, regular price, 20c., special, 10c.

Warranted Best Roller Mill Flour, $2.40. 1000 lb. lots, $1.95 per 100 lb.

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OPPORTUNITY :-: EXTRAORDINARY

TO BUY

Dry Goods and Gents' Furnishings at a Great Sacrifice

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—OF THE—

KELLNER STOCK.

The $18,500 worth of GOODS that was kept in reserve in the basement. I have now placed on the main floor along with the rest of the stock, and I will on

Monday Morning, March 23rd, 1891,

commence the Sale of the ENTIRE STOCK until disposed of at about

65 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

of the Original Wholesale Cost.

This Stock comprises some of the very Finest Goods ever brought to Utah. Merchants and other large buyers wishing to buy a $100.00 worth and upwards, I will give a special discount to. Buy Goods now and lay them by until you need them, for, MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED. I have engaged nine additional clerks so as to give all a chance to thoroughly investigate the goods and prices and avoid confusion.

LOUIS LEDERER, Assignee,

205 and 207 Main Street, Wasatch Block.

P. S—See hand bills for quotations.

DIRECTORS:
O. H. Taylor, Geo. Romney,
F. Armstrong, H. J. Romney,
W. P. Armstrong.

Geo. Romney, Manager.
Geo. H. Taylor, Assistant Manager.
Geo. R. Romney, Secy. and Treasurer.

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One Block East of the U. P. R. R. Depot.

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—HAVE NOW ON SALE—

Novelties in Silks, Wool Dress Goods, Satines, Zephyrs, Ginghams, Jewel Passamenteries, Embroideries and Millinery.

THE VARIETY IS THE LARGEST AND CHOICEST EVER EXHIBITED.

SPECIAL OFFERINGS

MONDAY MORNING.

SILK DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

At 47½c. per yard—40 pieces colored Surahs, regular price 65c.
At 75c. per yd.—60 pieces colored Surahs, regular price 100c. and $1.00 per yd.
At 77½c. per yd.—18 pieces Black Satin Rhadamas, regular price $1.00.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

At 25c. each—fine soft finish German linen Towels, with deep-knotted fringe, worth 40c. each.
At 12½c. per yd.—American Satines, 27 inches wide, value 15c.
At 9c. per yd.—German Prints, 31 inches wide.
At 10c. per yd.—Oating Cloth in check, plain and stripe, value 20c.
At 10c. per yd.—Twilled Crash, 17 inches wide.
At 10c. per yd.—Extra heavy twilled Crash, all linen.
At 5c., 8½c. and 10c. per yd.—Check Nainsook, reduced from 10c., 12c. and 20c. per yd.

HOSIERY.

The greatest sale of Silk Hosiery Salt Lake has seen. You can buy ladies' all-silk black Hose at 50c. a pair.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

The best manufacturers in the world are represented in Jackets, Capes, Wraps, Newmarkets and Costumes.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

These goods have been bought at prices that enable us to offer them at half value.
At 25c.—Boys' Percale and Outing Flannel Shirt waists.
At 25c., 35c., 50c. and 75c. each—Boys' Knee Pants.
At $1.75c.—all-wool suits, in tweed Spring mixtures.
At $1.95—elegant fancy combination suits.
At $2.25—fancy combination kilt suits.
At $2.75c.—Jersey suits, extra fine.

Special Attractions in our

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

Spring styles now open in all the various grades!!!

ESTABLISHED 1864.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

ECLIPSE! ✱ 13 S. FIRST SOUTH. ✱ ECLIPSE!

The general verdict is that the Eclipse Grocery and Fruit Company carry the very best goods in their line to be found anywhere in the city, and that, coupled with the courteous treatment and obliging manners of their salesmen, make it one of the most attractive places of business in town. We invite our friends and the public generally to call and see for themselves.

JAS. SAVILLE, JAS. M. BARLOW, TELEPHONE No. 826. D. S. EMERY, A. H. WOOLLEY.

COHN BROS.

THE LATEST IN

SPRING :-: GOODS

Choicest, Most Comprehensive and Varied assortments in Every Department.

Special · Dress · Goods · Bargains.

50 Dress Patterns containing seven and eight yards of choice French high priced Dress Goods in Checks, Stripes and Side Bands at the low price of $4.00 a suit.

LOOK AT OUR NORTH WINDOW.

We are showing a handsome line of French Dress Goods in new effects at 65c.
We have just placed on sale an elegant line of 38-inch Novelty Dress Goods in Plaids, Stripes and Falls, all new designs and colors, at 20c.

INDIA SILKS!!

A handsome line of choice India Silks, at 50c. per yard.

COTTON ·· DRESS ·· GOODS.

We are showing a very large and handsome assortment of Dress Ginghams, suitable for Ladies' and Children's wear, at 10c., 12½c. and 15c.
We have opened the handsomest line of Zephyr Cloth, at 20c., ever shown in the city, over one hundred styles to select from.

KORAH ·· MOIRE.

This is the newest English Cotton Fabric of the season. We are showing 100 pieces in Plain and Fancies. Look at our South Window.

NEW THINGS IN OUR WHITE GOODS DEP'T.

Fast Black Grenadines, Lace Effects, Colored Figure Irish Linens, Plain and Fancy Swisses, Figured Cheese Cloths, and hundreds of other novelties.

HOSIERY.

A new $5,000 stock just opened, we offer one lot of Boys' Ribbed Hose in Grey-mixtures, sizes from 5 to 9½, at 10c. a pair.
Children's Fast Black Derby Ribbed Hose, at 10½c., worth 25c.
We are offering the best 25c. Ladies' Fast Black Hose in this or any other city.
We have placed on sale a handsome line of Baby Flouncings, at 45c., 50c., 65c., 75c. and up to $2.50.
We have a beautiful line of Black Lace Draperies and Chantilly Flouncings, at $1.00, $1.25, $1.40, $1.50, $1.75, and up to $12.00 per yard.

COHN BROS.