WASHINGTON CRITIC

A BOY'S LOVE.

You may imagine what a shock it was to my dear old Methodist mother when she heard from my own lips that I was in love with a circus rider. You see, I was very young and impressionable and I had saved the girl's life while the circus was performing in our town.

I was bound I would marry the girl, but my mother set to work and made inquiries and investigations that convinced her that the circus rider had done things in the past that were not exactly reputable.

I told Augusta what my mother had said, at the same time adding that I did not believe a word of the accusations, but trusted her. She laughed a little scornfully. She was conscious of her own innocence and would have been satisfied to settle down and live a quiet life if she had married me. Since there was so much opposition in my family of course no happiness could come of such a union.

And so we parted. I was miserable, but mother did not know it. And so my youth passed, and I got on in the world, became rich, was respected I hope; but never fell in love. How sad and lonely I felt no one knew. At last mother told me that I had better marry.

"Choose a wife for her good qualities of mind and heart," she said, "and a nice housekeeper, and a church member. I think Hetty Black would have you, if you asked her."

Hetty Black was not quite my own age, and had high cheek bones, dull, straight hair, and a large mouth; but her eyes were sensible, bright, kind eyes, and she was poor, and a good home would be a great thing for her. She liked me, too. I was not vain, but I knew that.

So we were married, and it seemed right to take an outing, and we went to New York to do it, and there saw fine things.

We spent a fortnight there, and it was during one of our last days that, going out alone, I saw a crowd at the door of a tenement house. It was gathered about a woman dressed in rags, who had been hurt somehow. She was bleeding, and I am somewhat of a natural surgeon, and feel that I must do what I can if any one is hurt. I stepped up and bent over her. The people thought I was a doctor and made room for me.

She was so dirty, so vile to touch and look at, that it seemed to me no woman ever looked so before. Her clothes were mere rags; her flesh was scratched and bruised; great red blotches were upon her puffy, white face; but when at last she opened her eyes and looked at me, and gave a little cry, I knew that it was Augusta Star—fallen low as woman could fall—but still Augusta Star.

She knew me, too.

"I wish you had not come," she said. "This is the worst of all."

The people of the house allowed her to be carried to a small room they had at the back of the hall. She lay there on a wash-bench, and found her voice at last.

"How well you look," she said. "How well dressed, how prosperous; and are you married?"

"Yes," I said.

"To a pretty girl?" she asked.

"No." I said; "to a good middle-aged woman, who never was pretty."

"Do you love her?" she asked.

"I have great affection for her," I said. She sighed.

"No one ever had any affection for me," she murmured. "Men went wild about my pretty looks, but there was no love. If you had loved me, Henry, I should never have come to this."

Involuntarily I looked about me, fearful she might be heard by some one.

"Don't be afraid," she said, "I shan't hurt you by letting any one know we ever met before."

The people from the hospital came. They lifted her and bore her away.

The next day I went to the hospital and asked how the woman who was hurt in —— street was.

"You are the gentleman who was so good to her," said the attendant. "The woman is dead, sir; will you look at her?"

I bowed my head. He took me to a place where a figure was stretched on a low pallet bed. Death had blotted out all mark of dissipation. A woman of marble lay there, not unlike a statue of Augusta Star of my remembrance. They had dressed her in white, and about her neck was tied a little locket.

"The last thing she asked us to do," said the man.

I knew the locket. It was one I had given her, and within it through the glass I saw a curl of my boyish golden hair.

"That woman has had a story," the man said.

I said nothing. I took my wife home the next day, but I never told her Augusta's story.

A Slip of the Tongue.

An agreeable young man whom I often meet was calling with due ceremony on a nice Auburn girl the other evening, when her brother Tom, just arrived home from college on the evening train, rushed into the room and embraced his sister.

"Why, how plump you've grown, Edith!" he exclaimed. "You're really quite an armful!"

"Isn't she?" exclaimed the agreeable young man, and then he felt a chill racing down his spinal column.

"That is," he stammered, "I've no doubt of it—I—"

The brother looked carving knives at him, and the maiden blushed furiously.

"I mean—er," he said, "I should judge so!" —[Lewiston Journal.

A Delicate Engine.

"You would not think that a locomotive ever suffers from dyspepsia, or is affected by changes in the weather, would you?" asked Engineer "Tom" Bowen of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad. Mr. Bowen is one of the most skillful engineers on the road, and he loves his great iron horse almost as much as his little curly-haired boy at home. "Yes, engines seem strangely affected by the weather sometimes," he continued. "Usually upon fine days, when the air is pure and crisp, my engine bounds lightly along like a thing of life. I can scarcely give her any 'throttle.' On foggy, rainy days, especially in winter, she is heavy, sluggish and slow, requiring all the steam I can give her.—[Baltimore Evening News.

Life's Joyous Foolery.

There is a young lady in De Land who is collecting all the mustaches she can get and weaving the hairs thereof into a watchguard, and, as she is quite popular among the boys, the guard is growing. But the other day she struck one of the boys for his mustache, and the young man, who is quite fond of that ornament, and also the young lady, said: "No; you can't have my mustache unless you take me, too." That same young man is now going around with a smooth upper lip.—[Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

Necessity of Manual Training.

My conclusion is that, unless we wish to keep manual labor in a position of degradation, to close an important field of activity against our own citizens, and to belie our Democratic principles, we must elevate mechanical art to the level of the liberal arts, by establishing in every city and town in the United States schools for the imparting of manual training to every boy and girl, and technical schools for thorough instruction in all the industrial arts.

NO MAN or woman can afford to be without Wolff's Acme Blacking.

TWAIN IN WASHINGTON.

THE ROOM IN WHICH HE WROTE "THE IONNOCENTS ABROAD."

How He Appeared in the Early Days When He Was Not a Noted and Wealthy Author—The Impressions of One of His Associates.

After Twain's return from his great trip on the Quaker City as one of the "Innocents," Ramsdell used to relate, he came to Washington. This was, I think, some time in 1867, or early in 1868. Nobody knew him, and nobody cared a rap for him. He was with Reilly (it may have been Riley; I think it was; I am sure it was) nearly all the time, and was addicted to John Barleycorn. He made his headquarters at the *Tribune* Bureau, and was not always welcome, for he was never good-natured, and was sometimes absolutely offensive, so much so that the correspondents did not always like to see him about—like George H. Butler, for example. I know that John Russell Young, who was then the managing editor of the New York *Tribune*, happening in Washington, dodged Twain, just as we now dodge Butler under certain circumstances. I believe he was all this time writing letters to the *Alta*, although Riley was the regular correspondent.

Shortly after the time I speak of I left Washington for several months. When I came back the late Henry D. Cooke gave a great banquet at his magnificent house (it was a palace) in Georgetown to a lot of newspaper men. He had heard of Twain and he (Twain) was one of the guests. So was I. To my surprise I saw Twain, who was in evening dress, looking as much the gentleman as any one at the board; and Jerome Stillson was there, the handsomest man I ever saw—at that time. And General Sherman was there and a lot of distinguished fellows. It was the first great dinner I ever attended, and, remembering it now, it seems to me that it was the finest I ever attended, though Heaven knows I have had enough of them since.

TWAIN IN SOCIETY.

As it happened Sherman knew Twain, and called him out on the toast of, "Woman, God Bless Her," the same toast Twain responded to at the New England dinner. Again I was surprised—for a prettier speech I never heard—mind now this was in 1868. As I now recall it, it was a little coarse, but there was no ladies present and Twain was not conspicuous enough to be reported. Newspaper Row, however, at that time paid little attention to Mr. Clemens.

I am bad on dates, but it appears to me that very soon after the dinner Riley spoke to me of his wonderful boarding-house, and I went to look at it. It pleased me so much better than the one I was in that I took quarters at once. To my surprise I found Clemens among the boarders. He appeared glad to see me, and I was certainly glad to see him. He was not good-natured, but then he was an old acquaintance, and that was something. I was modest then—as I am now—and I was greatly interested in the little quarrels between Townsend and Twain. They were both very aggressive and very opinionated and neither liked to give up. I said nothing.

I was very "green" then, and did not think I knew as much as I really did know. I am quite different now. So I became quite intimate with Twain, for I respected him for his travels, his memory, for the dangers he had wrought and for his droll humor. At that time we all did our work in our rooms, and when one of us got tired we went to the room of one of the others. If the other fellow was working hard, he snubbed the visitor; if he was idling he welcomed him. It was here I became a very good drinker and a very good smoker.

At Twain's room, however, the visitor was always welcome, for by nature Twain is so lazy that he will not work if there is an excuse for loafing. He had a little back room that was a novelty, a museum, a hermit's cave, a den for a wild animal, and the wild animal was there. In this room Clemens wrote his "Innocents Abroad." I wish you could see it to-day, in the light of Mark Twain's present reputation and his half-million of money. I am rather hardened now, but I remember it shocked me at the time.

HOW "INNOCENTS ABROAD" WAS WRITTEN.

The little drum stove was full of ashes, running over on the zinc sheet, which was covered all over; the bed seemed to be unmade for a week, the slops had not been carried out for a fortnight, the room was sour with tobacco smoke, the floor, dirty enough to begin with, was littered with newspapers, from which Twain had cut his letters. Then there were hundreds of pieces of torn manuscripts which had been written and then rejected by the author. A dozen pipes were about the apartment—on the washstand, on the mantel, on the writing table, on the chairs—everywhere that room could be found. And there was tobacco, and tobacco everywhere.

One thing, there were no flies. The smoke killed them, and I am now surprised the smoke did not kill me too. Twain would not let a servant come into his room. He would strip down his suspenders (his coat and vest, of course, being off) and walk back and forward in slippers in his little room and swear and smoke the whole day long. Of course, at times he would work, and when he did work it was like a steam engine at full head. I do believe that if Clemens had not been under contract to write for the Hartford firm his "Innocents Abroad," he never would have done it.

Of course, at that time Townsend, Stillson, Riley and myself never thought that Twain's book would amount to anything, and probably he did not think it would either, but he was writing for the money his naked MS. would bring from his Hartford publishers. He needed that money and so he wrote. He is glad he did write now, for that "Innocents Abroad," written in that little back room, in Indiana avenue, in Washington, has been the making of the fame and fortune of Mark Twain. Whether he smokes the same stinking old pipes, whether he wears the same soiled undershirts; whether he heats his room with the old unclean stoves; whether he swears at his own or other people's servants, whether he mopes and snarls and whines—well, I don't care. He is rich and aristocratic.

She Wanted Hers Straight.

From Judge.

Husband (of the tooth-pick-chewing genius, affectionately)—Wifey, want a good-bye kiss?

Long-suffering Wife—Yes, without a stick in it.

Pears' Soap is the most elegant toilet adjunct.

Cause For Alarm.

From the Philadelphia Record.

George—Are you going to order that mistletoe that old maid spoke to you about?

Gus—No; I've promised to spend Christmas eve at her house, and I'm afraid she might get under it.

A Pope's edict sealed is a Bull; don't mistake that for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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MILLIONS FROM RUBBER.

How a German Boy Went From Poverty to Wealth.

Brush Hardenberg of the Baldwin was born and reared in New Brunswick, N. J. He has known Chris. Meyer, the rubber man, for—well, it is drawn kindly—thirty years. Mr. Hardenberg and another old New Jerseyman of his acquaintance, who was also reared in New Brunswick, met at the Baldwin the other evening, and the question of Mrs. Dr. Yunker and Mrs. Dr. Regensberger came up. Mr. Hardenberg remembers well and so does the man who talked with him the history of Chris Meyer:

In 1840 Meyer was a German laborer in the earliest manufactory of rubber then known in the country, at New Brunswick, N. J. He was slow and methodical, but shrewd—above all, faithful. The inventive genius got into him. Practical knowledge of his business brought ideas, and pretty soon Chris Meyer had devised a way to treat rubber to give it solidity. Prior to this time the old rubber shoes were like stockings. The moment they got wet they went down. It was his patent of annealing rubber which first got him into notice. This was quickly followed by the vulcanizing process, which the Goodyear Company made an arrangement for with Meyer.

All the elegant rubber goods of to-day come from the inventions of that supposedly-ignorant German workman, and upon all his inventions he received enormous royalties.

As Mr. Hardenberg says, he made a fortune of a million before the war. He built a $30,000 house in New Brunswick as far back as 1858. That was an early day for such houses. He and his wife never got into New Brunswick society. There were scandals galore. The son business was an old story, but there were later ones which well redirected the easy-going ways of people suddenly lifted to riches. Whatever the legitimacy of the Meyer male heirs may be, there is a chance that if Mrs Dr. Regensberger and Mrs. Yunker, whoever she may be, shall win their suit, a whole lot of Parisian heirs and Belgian heirs of quite another branch of the paternal stem may be induced to follow the example. It was a family with old "Chris" at the head, strangely given to strange things. They were of a class of people grown rich in a community which neither excuses tolerates nor accepts affiliation with plebelanism when allied to wealth. Meyer was a man noted for his contempt of society and famed for his immoralities.

His $15,000,000 could gain him no social standing, or even recognition, in New Jersey. The wealth was an object of suspicion, suddenly acquired as it was. The old man, years before his inventions, had married a working-girl in the factory in which he was employed; that was enough for her in that town. And so it came about that when the $30,000 house in New Brunswick was built in 1858 not a soul of the bluebloods even entered it. They never have to this day. Who the Mrs. Turner spoken of in the Eastern dispatches may be is not known. She is probably a New York acquaintance of the elder Mrs. Meyer, who, in spite of the reasons for New Brunswick's ostracism, was a plain, hard-working, honest and good woman.—[San Francisco Examiner.

WHERE THE DAY BEGINS.

The Land First Kissed by the Mornig Sun—A Curious Fact.

According to the way in which this arrangement is now carried out, the first land that the new day dawns upon is Easter Island, about 230 miles West of the coast of Chili, South America. That is to say, July 2 breaks here within a few hours of the 1st, having broken on the American coast to the East, and the two days run alongside—the 2d Easter Island and places west, the 1st in all places on the American Continent. We may, therefore, realize this idea—that at 7:30 o'clock any morning of our lives in Great Britain the next day is commencing in the world, and is to be found at this little island in the Pacific Ocean, whence, in due course, it will travel round to us. But to have thus the start of the world is not an unmitigated advantage to these islands.

Suppose one of them sails east to America, what is the result? He will find that they keep the day there under a different date, and he will have to reckon one day in his calendar twice over to put himself right with their notions. On the other hand, if an American crosses from east to west this wonderful magic line where the day begins he will find the dates in this fresh part of the world are one in advance of him and he must needs strike a day out of his calendar to keep up with the times.

This fact was curiously illustrated in the case of Magellan, the Portuguese captain, who sailed around the world from east to west in 1522, and having crossed the magic line of "day birth" in his wanderings, his calendar became, of course, a day in arrears. The sailors completely ignorant of this, and finding, on landing at home, that their Sabbath was falling on a Monday, they accused one another of tampering with the reckoning. It was for some time that the true and simple explanation of the wonderful loss of time was discovered.—[Chambers' Journal.

Cheap Cigars in Austria.

According to the statement made by the Austrian Finance Minister in the Reichsrath, the consumption of cigars, which in 1878 amounted to 931,000,000, rose in 1887 to 1,351,000,000, while the corresponding figures for cigarettes are 47,000,000 and 532,000,000. Austria-Hungary boasts of the cheapest cigar in Europe. In Austria the craving for tobacco may be indulged in at the expense of 1½kr., a little more than half a cent, while the lowest-priced cigar in France and Italy costs five centimes, equal to about 2½kr.—[New York Herald.

Preparing for a Hunt.

Visitor (at the Rose Tree Inn)—What is that man doing?

Boy—He is taming a fox.

"What for?"

"So it'll run slow. There's goin' ter be another fox hunt here soon."

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AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL.

A Prehistoric Creature Under Mrs. Grundy's Ban.

"I've been watching an old-fashioned girl for quite a long while," says a writer in the Pittsburg *Sentinel*, "and I want to tell you something about her."

Her dresses, etc., were made in modern style, but bless you, she was so old-fashioned that she arose in the morning when her mother did, helped set the table neatly and cooked one or two dishes daintily, her "own self."

She had "graduated," yet she did not think because of that fact that the kitchen was not good enough for her—O, no! She was so much behind the time that she actually washed the dishes, made her bed, dusted, and then began preparations for the pudding for dinner. Now, wasn't she absurd, when she (following the accustomed rut) should have been lying on the parlor sofa with the latest novel in her hand and her pug dog beside her? When her little brother came in crying because his kite was broken, instead of calling him a "horrid boy," as is the fashion to do in some homes, she helped with her own hands to mend it. How could she be in such small business?

After dinner had been cleared away she produced a small work basket and proceeded to mend the family stockings. Shocking! After her task was completed she accompanied her mother on a shopping expedition, and, although she met many fine-looking gentlemen, she did not flirt with any of them, for, don't you know, she was so antiquated she would have been shocked at the idea. As if it wasn't elevating to the intellect to be on the watch for some masculine person to fascinate!

The girl of whom I am telling you was pretty looking, with a bright, fresh color in her face, brought on by plenty of exercise in the open air and in the kitchen. But I can't begin to tell you half this queer girl did, for you know she was so old-fashioned that she did whatever good deeds came into her heart to do, and her heart was such an antique affair that only pure, noble thoughts entered it. Her home was made bright and sunny by her presence, and yet she was not so perfect that she "died young." O, no! She lives to-day a girl who has "no secrets" from her mother.

Why Senator Coke Isn't a Society Man.

The social phase of public life, which so many find the chief delight of high station, is not a source of pleasure to Senator Coke. He does not feel at home at balls and receptions. Just prior to the President's New Year's reception, when it was the social event agitating Washington, a brother Senator remarked to the Texan:

"Coke, I suppose you are going to the reception?"

"Well, I don't know," was the reply. "I haven't made up my mind."

"Oh, you ought to go," urged the Senator to Coke.

"Yes," said the latter, "I suppose I ought, but I hate these receptions, these crowds. I don't find room enough to get about, and am always in somebody's way or somebody's in my way. Now, the last time I was at one of the big receptions I got off in a corner where I thought I was out of the way. Pretty soon along came a lady dressed in style, with one of those dresses that's all bottom and no top. She commenced to bow and smile at me, and though I didn't know her I bowed and smiled back. There she stood bowing and smiling, and then I noticed she was pulling at her dress, that trailed all over the floor. I noticed a young fellow standing behind her, and so I reached over, and, shaking him by the shoulder, said: 'Why don't you get off the lady's dress?' Well, she looked straight at my feet, and, by George, I was standing on her dress myself."—[Washington letter in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Superseding the Train Boy.

A good library is an important feature of a long journey by rail and a luxury which can now be had for nothing. A literary feast such as can be found in the libraries of the beautiful parlor cars Blanca and Undine, running between New York and Buffalo on the Erie Road, is a thing which should command the attention of every refined traveler. In looking over the catalogue furnished we find among a selection of books numbering over 150 the names of such authors as Aldrich, Elizabeth B. Custer, Dickens, Emerson, Eugene Field, Goldsmith, Holmes, Hugo, Lang, Lowell, Lubbock, Miss Mulock, Lew. Wallace, Miss Thaxter, Stevenson and a score of others. The Pullman people have selected their libraries from among the works of the best known and most popular authors on all subjects, including science, history, romance and poetry. Travelers by the Erie who use the Pullman parlor cars need make no provision for a literary feast beforehand, because they can be furnished with almost anything in the way of a book on the cars.—[New York Evening Sun.

Real Mean.

From Time.

Jacques—The girls I fear would not answer well at a political convention.

Miss D.—Why not?

Jacques—Well, for instance, when the chairman asks, "Are you ready for the question?"

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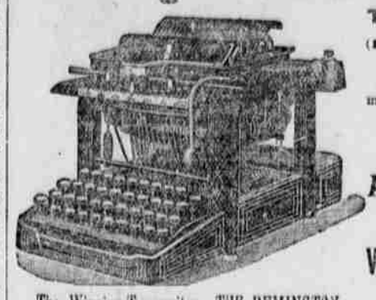

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La. S. L.
LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY
Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868 for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an OVERWHELMING POPULAR VOTE.
Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually, (June and December, and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.
"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all of the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Co., and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with facsimiles of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."
G. T. BEAUREGARD,
J. A. EARLY,
COMMISSIONERS.
We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries, which may be presented at our counters
R. M. WALMSLEY, Prest. La. Nat. Bank.
P. LANAUX, Prest. State Nat. Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Prest. N. O. Nat. Bank.
CARL KOHN, Prest. Union Nat. Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, TUESDAY, January 15, 1889.
CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000.
100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.
LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$300,000 is	$300,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF	500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF	300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATE PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of $500 are		$ 50,000
100 Prizes of 300 are		30,000
100 Prizes of 200 are		20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.		
999 Prizes of 100 are		99,900
999 Prizes of 100 are		99,900
3,134 Prizes, amounting to		$1,054,800

NOTE.—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to terminal prizes.
For Club Rates, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.
Send Postal Notes, Express Money Orders, of New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed
M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.
REMEMBER THAT ONE DOLLAR is the Price of the smallest part or fraction of a ticket issued in any drawing. Anything in our name offered at a less price, is either a counterfeit or a swindle.
REMEMBER, also, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of all imitations and all anonymous schemes.

JOB PRINTING.

THOMAS McGILL & CO.
(Successors to McGill & Witherow),
PRINTERS AND STEREOTYPERS,
1107 E street n. w., Washington, D. C.
GOOD WORK AT FAIR PRICES.

RAILROADS.

The Great Pennsylvania Route
To the North, West and Southwest.
Double Track. Splendid Scenery. Steel Rails. Magnificent Equipment.
IN EFFECT JANUARY 6, 1889.
Trains leave Washington, from station corner of Sixth and B streets, as follows:
FOR PITTSBURG and the West, Chicago Limited Express of Pullman Vestibuled Cars at 9.30 a m daily; Fast Line, 9.50 a m daily to Cincinnati and St. Louis, with Sleeping Cars from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, and Harrisburg to St. Louis; daily, except Saturday, to Chicago, with Sleeping Car Altoona to Chicago. Western Express at 7.40 p m daily, with Sleeping Cars Washington to Chicago and St. Louis, connecting daily at Harrisburg with through Sleepers for Louisville and Memphis. Pacific Express, 10.00 p m daily for Pittsburg and the West, with through Sleeper to Pittsburg, and Pittsburg to Chicago.
BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC RAILROAD.
FOR ERIE, Canandaigua and Rochester daily; for Buffalo and Niagara daily, except Saturday, 10.00 p m, with Sleeping Car Washington to Rochester.
FOR WILLIAMSPORT, Lock Haven and Elmira at 9.50 a m daily, except Sunday.
FOR NEW YORK and the East, 7.20, 9.00, 11.00 and 11.40 a m, 2.00, 4.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m. On Sundays, 9.00, 11.40 a m, 2.00, 4.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m. Limited Express of Pullman Parlor Cars, 9.40 a m, daily except Sunday, and 3.45 p m daily, with dining car.
FOR BOSTON, without change, 2.00 p m every day.
FOR BROOKLYN, N. Y., all through trains connect at Jersey City with boats of Brooklyn Annex, affording direct transfer to Fulton street, avoiding double ferriage across New York city.
FOR PHILADELPHIA, 7.20, 8.10, 9.00, 11.00 and 11.40 a m, 2.00, 4.10, 6.00, *8.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m. On Sunday, 9.00, 11.40 a m, 2.00, 4.10, 6.00, 8.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m. Limited Express, all parlor cars, 9.40 a m week-days and 3.45 p m daily, with dining car.
FOR BALTIMORE, 6.35, 7.20, 8.10, 9.00, 9.40, 9.50, 11.00 and 11.40 a m, 12.05, 2.00, 3.45, 4.10, 4.20, 4.40, 6.00, 7.40, *8.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m. On Sunday, 9.00, 9.05, 9.50, 11.40 a m, 2.00, 3.45, 4.10, 6.00, 7.40, *8.10, 10.00 and 11.20 p m.
FOR POPE'S CREEK LINE, 7.20 a m and 4.40 p m daily, except Sunday.
FOR ANNAPOLIS, 7.20 and 9.00 a m, 12.05, 4.40 p m daily, except Sundays. Sundays, 9.00 a m, 4.20 p m.
ALEXANDRIA & FREDERICKSBURG RAILWAY, AND ALEXANDRIA & WASHINGTON RAILROAD.
FOR ALEXANDRIA, 4.50, 6.35, 7.25, 8.40, 9.45, 10.37 a m; 12.01 noon, 2.05, 3.10, 4.25, 5.00, 6.05, 8.05, 10.03 and 11.37 p m. On Sunday at 4.00, 9.45, 10.37 a m, 2.30, 6.01, 8.05 and 10.03 p m.
ACCOMMODATION for Quantico, 7.25 a m, and 5.00 p m week days.
FOR RICHMOND and the South, 4.30 10.37 a m daily and 3.40 p m daily, except Sunday.
TRAINS leave Alexandria for Washington, 6.05, 7.05, 8.00, 9.10, 10.15, 11.07 a m, 1.20, 3.00, 3.41, 5.10, 6.30, 7.05, 9.32, 10.42 and 11.05 p m. On Sunday at 9.10 and 11.07 a m, 2.00, 5.10, 7.05, 9.32 and 10.42 p m.
Tickets and information at the office, northeast corner of 13th street and Pennsylvania avenue, and at the station, where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from hotels and residences.
CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.
Schedule in effect Dec. 9, 1888.
Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey avenue and C street.
FOR CHICAGO and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited express daily 8.55 a. m.; express 9.05 p. m.
FOR CINCINNATI and St. Louis, express daily 3.00 and 11.10 p. m.
FOR PITTSBURG and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited express daily 8.55 a. m. and express 9.05 p. m.
FOR LEXINGTON and Local Stations, †10.10 a m.
FOR BALTIMORE, week days, 5.00, 6.30, 6.40, 7.20, 8.30, 9.45, 11.00 (45-minute train) a. m., 12.10, 2.05, 3.15, (45-minute train), 3.35, 4.30, 4.35, 5.30, 6.45, 7.30, 9.45 and 11.30 p. m. Sundays, 6.30, 8.30, 9.45 a. m., 1.15, 2.05, 3.35, 4.30, 4.35, 6.45, 7.30, 9.45 and 11.30 p. m.
FOR WAY STATIONS between Washington and Baltimore, 5.00, 6.40, 8.30 a. m., 12.10, 3.35, 4.35, 6.45, 11.30 p. m. On Sundays, 8.30 a. m., 1.15, 3.35, 4.35, 6.45, 11.30 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE Baltimore for Washington at 5.10, 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 8.00 (45-minute train), 9.00, 9.05, 10.30 (45-minute train) a. m., 12.15, 2.00, 3.00, 4.10, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 8.00, 10.00 and 11.00 p. m. On Sundays, 5.10, 6.30, 8.00, 9.00, 9.05, 10.30 a.