WASHINGTON CRITIC

EVERY EVENING.

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A PARTY'S OPPORTUNITY.

Four years of Democratic rule has ended and the Republican party again assumes power and responsibility. It has not been out long enough to make the task imposed upon it novel. Things will go on somewhat in the good old way, the demeanor of the party improved, it is hoped, by a little chastening, and its quality improved by the loss of camp-followers who went over to the winners of four years ago. The party takes up the reins again, easily and gracefully.

It is well for Republican leaders to bear in mind, in this hour of severity, that there is a future and that the tenure of this second lease of power must depend upon merit. No party can flourish forever on the legends of the past. If Republican administrations are to succeed the one just begun it must be because all has been earned.

The people of the United States will not be tolerant of numerous evils which have grown up in this country. The fight against these evils, from gigantic trusts down to petty extortions, from Dives in high office to disfranchised negroes, has fairly begun, and will be carried on. The American people will sustain the party of reform. They have tried one party, and returned a verdict against its work in the new crusade. They are now trying another with, it is hoped, better prospects.

THE DATE OF INAUGURATION DAY

The discomforts caused by the bad weather of Inauguration day has, as THE CRITIC suggested must be the case, resulted in general newspaper expression that it would be wise to change the date of Inauguration from March 4 to April 30. It is recognized as a fact that a day made quadrennially important in the history of the country should be one likely to be pleasant, and pleasant it will probably not be on March 4. The history of inaugurations demonstrates this.

The fact that one President will serve a little over four years in order that the proposed change in the date of Inauguration may come is unimportant, as compared with the good results to come from the innovation.

THE LIVELY TWINS.

The two Dakotas will be great States for politics. The same climatic influence which makes Dakotans "hustlers" in other things makes them energetic when offices are going, and the Ohio man must look out for his laurels. Of course it will be some time before the new States will be dominant in any way—they have not enough population yet—but it can safely be counted upon that each of the sisters will, from the start, get as much, for her size, as any State in the Union. Ohio is experienced, but the Twins are wonderfully alert.

A WOMAN DIED in New York yesterday afternoon who in her lifetime accomplished a great work. This woman was Mary L. Booth, the editor of *Harper's Bazaar* for nearly a quarter of a century, and the one who first suggested the idea of such a journal to its publishers. Mrs. Booth's reputation was acquired solely by what she accomplished, not by any appearance upon platforms or clamorous demands for recognition. She was always feminine in her tastes and instincts and was never connected with any progressive women's societies. She was an editor who had a genius in her field and who had labored. She was a woman whose death will cause wide-spread sorrow.

THE CINCINNATI *Commercial-Gazette* is of the opinion that "pigs will fly when there are enough offices to fill the popular demand." The Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* has gleams of intelligence occasionally which flash out like the lime light which is turned on in the theatre gallery to illuminate the stage gloriously.

"BUFFALO BILL" is the man to send as our Minister to England. He is the most popular American who has ever visited the Court of St. James, and, next to Chauncey Depew, is the "solidest" with the Prince of Wales.

VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON won't have anything to do but draw his salary until next December. He will be enabled thereby to hustle around at something else and add enough to his wages to pay his house rent.

REV. MICHAEL BAXTER of London predicts that the millennium will eventuate March 5, 1894, and thousands of faithful Democrats are wondering whether it will be Cleveland, Hill or Whitney.

THE NEW YORK *Sun* has already appealed to Postmaster-General Wanamaker to drop the "sickly green" two-cent postage stamp into the soup.

MR. HARRISON has succeeded in securing a Cabinet at which, so far, his opponents have been unable to point the finger of scorn.

COLONEL FRED GRANT will never be Minister to China if Charles A. Dana has any 'fluence with the Administration.

LENT BEGINS to-day, and numerous Democratic brethren are looking around for sack cloth and ashes.

MR. PARNELL is just at present enjoying a boom, and he can have almost anything he asks for.

WE WOULD suggest that an office to be known as the National Godfather-in-Waiting be created and Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia be given a warranty deed to it.

IN OTHER columns of to-day's CRITIC will be found an interesting illustrated sketch of scenes in Centre Market. Centre Market is one of the institutions of Washington, and one in which considerable pride is felt.

PIGOTT, the forger and liar, did really and actually commit suicide in Madrid, and Judas Iscariot turns over in his grave and "kicks" that such a man must be admitted to his set.

WE FEAR Mr. Harrison is a Mugwump. He has been in office two whole days and has not turned a single rascal out.

HOW TAUNTINGLY the sun comes out, now that the occasion for his appearance is not so great as it was Monday.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAW.

What did the President see,
When he made his great address?
Why, only—'twixt you and me,
If the President would confess—
A widespread mass of faces,
Mouths open and shouting loud,
A countenance without graces,
The one big face of a crowd,
A huge, composite face,
A face that was full of vim,
Strong phiz of a sturdy race
Was the one that greeted him.
And that, 'twixt you and me,
Was all that the man could see.

CRITICULAR.

Four men come a running when a West Virginian at the State Capital remarks, "Say, Governor, won't you join me?"

This is the first poem, cabinet size, which has emanated from the Harrison school:

I am not as the others are,
Who fill this Cabinet,
And by their service hope to pay
A statesman's party debt.

Look on their faces, then on mine,
Gaze at us well—and lo
There are no whiskers on my face
Through which the wind may blow.
JOHN WANAMAKER.

The 4th Congress closed its career Monday, and there are those who say it was a L of a Congress.

THE GROUND HOG GLORIETH.

If I were Greely,
As I am the Ground Hog,
I would dump myself
Into the soup
Instanter!
I could not look upon the
Soft blue sky
Which bends to-day above the earth
So lovingly,
And think that only two days gone
I had a grim gray blanket
Soaking wet,
Spread out upon the air
When blue was at a
Premium!
Gad zooks, but it was tough!
And even in my hole,
I had to roost close to the roof!
I told them so!
I told them so!
But Greely's speech was heard
And mine fell flat,
For Greely is a scientific man
And Ground Hogs are in
Ill-repute, it seems!
Ah, well,
I am content!
I am not Greely,
But I get there all the same,
Which Greely doesn't,
And that is where
I have the bulge on him!
I am a Groung Hog,
And in such days as we have had
To be a Ground Hog
Is greater than an ace!
Hooray!
Selah!

ASH WEDNESDAY.

Hushed be the sound of tripping feet,
Stilled be the strains of music sweet,
The merry laughter, giddy whirl,
The rhapsodies of youth and girl,
The great receptions' rush and roar
When thousands tread the straining floor,
The whirl of wheels by day and night,
The wild combine of sound and sight—
And in their stead bring sweet surcease,
A sense of silence, rest and peace,
A calm repose, an hour of prayer,
When Lent brings to the pious fair,
The open doors of chapels, where
They may go in—to gossip there.

The Future American Empire.

(America.)

Queen Victoria, in her speech at the opening of Parliament, said: "I have consented to take part in a conference with Germany and America, at Berlin, upon the Samoan question." Here is a curious example of the complete surrender which has been made to this country of the word America. It is now applied by the people of other nations only to the great union of American States. To be an American, therefore, one must be a citizen of the most powerful republic that ever existed. No one ever thinks of calling a resident of Canada or Mexico an American. The people of the United States, by their achievements, have made themselves stand for the entire continent. Perhaps this is an unconscious admission on the part of the rest of the world that it is the manifest destiny of this country to rule all the territory, from the pole to the isthmus and from ocean to ocean.

Mad With Envy.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

Congress has voted an appropriation that will give to Chicago the most costly, the largest, the most doleful and far-reaching fog-horn that the devilish ingenuity of man can construct. Chicago is to be congratulated, because noise is the god of Chicago idolatry. Noise and bigness—screaming whistles, rattling cable-lines, bucket-shop yells, fourteen-story buildings, and other noisy and big things—are the auditory and ocular evidences that Chicago is awake and tearing. People who don't like noises, who have prejudices against being crushed by the fall of fourteen-story buildings, do not go to Chicago to live. The people who do live in Chicago will take a mad pleasure in hearing the new fog-horn tear its brazen throat under a full head of steam.

Their Way.

(Chicago Herald.)

Maggie Mitchell, the actress, is now seeking a divorce. If marriage among other classes were what it is among the people of the stage it would be the most dismal and thorough failure on record.

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

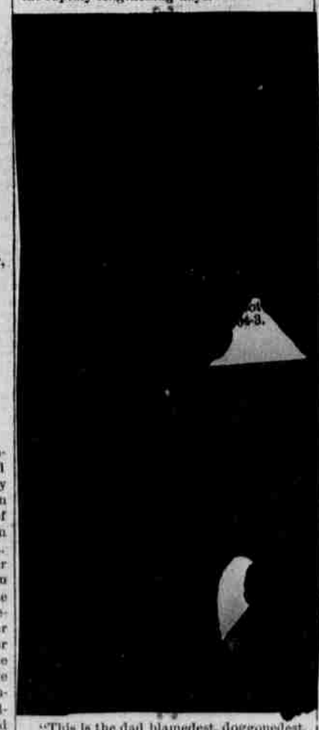
Colonel Tom Ochiltree is going around now with his leg in a sling, and Harry Walker of the New York *Herald* has gone back home with a bad case of nervous shock and a skinned thumb. They got it Sunday night by calling a cab at Chamberlin's and starting for the Capitol. The cabman had been inaugurating, and was fuller of booze than a Sunday paper is of "Want ads." He started off with his "precious load of human freight" at an illegal rate of speed that made the Colonel's hair pale and paralyzed the moral sentiment of Walker. All went well, however, until the Avenue was reached, and then woes began to thicken, and so did other vehicles. The vehicles escaped, but a post in the curb near the National Theatre was less fortunate, and the cab struck it. The driver left his seat and flew out into the damp, dark atmosphere, followed closely by the dash-board and forcastle of the cab. The Colonel and Walker held fast to the wreck and the Colonel had his shin badly barked while Walker's nervous system was dragged almost out of him bodily. The horse was not disturbed, from which it may be inferred that he had had experience in stopping that way. What became of the driver was never known, although it is believed that his body will be picked out of the debris at the station-house in spring cleaning time.

Among other war-worn relics, cast up with the late inflowing tide of visitors, was a hale, old veteran connected with the Third Connecticut Regulars in the capacity of chaplain.

"Chapple," the boys called him, and it was evident to even the most unobservant visitors to their quarters, that though the boys might at times be rough and wild, yet deep in their hearts was a warm and affectionate regard for their venerable chaplain. History has been forming rapidly during the life of this aged man. Way back in the forties he voted for the grandfather of the President of to-day, and again last fall he cast his ballot proudly for the grandson of the man he had helped to elect nearly fifty years ago. He was at the front with his regiment through the whole long struggle of the civil war, and many are the stories of escapade in camp and field which he delights in retailing to his friends. It has been years since he saw Washington before and his evident delight at the renewing of old scenes was childlike in its intensity. The prospect of sleeping on a cot in a crowded hall seemed also to fill him with unalloyed delight, and he went around on the night of his arrival taking in his surroundings with the bright eyes and eager air of a boy, now and then passing the tips of his fingers caressingly over one of the rough gray blankets, as if they recalled the memory of a pleasant by-gone time. When at last the time comes for the chaplain to take that journey on which none can accompany him, he will leave a vacant place in the hearts of the regiment that a younger and newer man can never fill. The hearty old man was Elder N. T. Allen of Groton, Conn.

Here is a bit of curious gossip from an exchange: The old politicians of the Republican party of the South are coming to the surface. One of them, Willard Warner of Alabama, was in town yesterday, as well-kept and gracious in his way as he was twenty years ago, when he was United States Senator from that State. He was a successful politician in the rife days after the war, and shared with Senator George E. Spencer the control of much of the Federal patronage in several of the Southern States besides his own. He is an Ohio man, and, of course, when he was retired from the Senate he did not lose his hold on official life. He was made Collector of the port of Mobile, and remained there until his party went out of power. Senator Warner was a popular man with the leaders in Washington during his term in the Senate, and as he has just entered his sixties, he is young enough yet to hope for and work for some comfortable place under the new Administration.

This is the first day of Lent, and, if you want to impart seasonable information to your friends, you may tell them that Lent is an Anglo Saxon derivative from "lenet," meaning length, and March was "lenat monat," length month, so called because of the rapidly lengthening days.



"This is the dad blamedest, doggonedest, lonesomest town for a Democrat I ever saw," remarked Colonel Nick Bell, Superintendent of Foreign Mails, and he passed on to the water cooler and drank a deep draught.

Colonel O. O. Stealey, the statesmanlike and able correspondent of the *Courier-Journal*, has a little daughter who is quite in love with the Hon. Phil. B. Thompson of Kentucky and calls him her sweetheart. The latest expression of her affection has taken the shape of poetry and the other day "Little Phil." received the following poem, written in the quaint capitals of a child's first effort. The peculiar relation of the title to the poem will be noticed:

THE INSECTS TALKING.

Caree, Caree,
Cried the little magpie,
As it settled itself on a tree;
I've had no food,
And I'm in a sad mood
Without a bite to-day.

Buzz, buzz,
Cried the bumble-bee,
As it settled itself on a flower;
I've had plenty to eat;
I must rest my feet
At home in my bed for an hour.
—[From Fronie Stealey.

MATTER WORTH READING.

An Exciting Marriage Ceremony.

A rather exciting marriage took place Saturday afternoon at the Wonderland Museum, Memphis. The groom was Wm. Quinn, the lecturer of the museum, and the bride, Venie Cavalier, one of the Albinos on exhibition. The affair was entirely unexpected to the goodly company of freaks and employees, and there was a great commotion when a Justice of the Peace appeared in the place and called up the loving pair. John Cavalier, also an Albino, and a brother of the bride, rushed forward and forbade the banns. "Stand back," said the Justice, "and do not come between those whom the law would join."

Nothing daunted, the brother grabbed the bridegroom by the collar, and the groom grasped him by the hair. They waltzed around the hall in a hostile embrace, the bride clinging to her chosen and the Justice following in a trot, repeating the formula required by law. By the time the circuit of the room was completed the Justice announced that the twain were man and wife, and then sailed in and separated the irate husband and brother. The newly-married couple left the hall under the protection of the law. The brother swears vengeance on his new relative.

The Ways of Thieves.

Many thieves ply their business almost exclusively at funerals. They come in at the front door, explains a New York detective, with the clergy, the bearers, or any respect able people with whom they may fall in. "Once inside the door the whole house and everything in it are at the mercy of their clever and industrious fingers. It is an easy matter for one of them to slip up stairs and rifle the chambers while the solemn services are in progress. Servants are easily persuaded that he is only the undertaker's man, and nobody else would have sufficient assurance or cause of suspicion to intercept him. Then, the crowded drawing-room or hall offers the adept pickpocket a tempting harvest."

KITCHEN COUNSEL.

Use charcoal to broil with; the flames close the pores quickly and make the meat very tender.

Cake is baked when a fine splinter of wood will pass through without any of the cake adhering, and not until then.

Salt will curdle new milk; hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

Many a cake and batch of bread are ruined by slamming the oven door. A maker of celebrated sponge cake will not allow anyone to touch the stove or walk heavily across the kitchen floor while the sensitive compound is baking.

For spiced beef get about three pounds of beef off the round and boil until very tender. Then take out of the water, chop very fine, and season to taste. Put in a tablespoonful each of ground cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Mix well and pack in a square tin. Take the water it has been boiled in and let it boil down to about two-thirds of a cupful; salt and pepper a little and pour over the meat. Let it get cold.

The Italian cooks have a way of using up bits of liver, pork, ham or bacon by cooking them with a smooth mush made of salted water and Indian meal, putting in a layer of mush and then the meat, and covering again with mush and baking all for half an hour. It is served hot with a rich gravy made from the stock pot and thickened with flour. This dish is called "polenta," and is considered a very epicurean side dish.

In making fish cakes take two pounds of salt codfish and put on the back of the stove with enough water to well cover it, and let it soak for at least three or four hours. Then take the fish and pick it up fine. Peel two quarts of potatoes and put on to cook in boiling water, and sprinkle the fish over the potatoes and boil for half an hour. When done take up in a pan and break two eggs over it and mix and mash thoroughly. Make up in flat cakes and fry in hot lard until very brown.

Tea biscuit may be made of one quart flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful butter, one pint milk. Sift the flour and baking powder together in a mixing bowl; add salt, butter and lastly the milk; mix thoroughly and quickly with the hands into a soft dough. The more quickly this is done the lighter the biscuit will be. Flour the hands, break off bits of the dough the size you wish, and quickly roll into any shape. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

If you have never tried broiled rashers of salt pork—not bacon—do so now. Cut some very thin slices and soak them in cold milk over night. Next morning wipe them dry, lay on a hot grid iron and broil on both sides. Serve with stewed potatoes and corn dodgers. It may also be fried, rolling the slices in flour and frying in a little hot fat made by trying out one or two slices of the pork. Make a cream gravy as follows: Pour out from the pan all except about a gill of the gravy; stir in a heaping tablespoonful of flour and when it is smoothly mixed stir in gradually a pint of hot milk—that in which the pork was soaked—season with pepper and minced parsley, and serve with baked potatoes.—[Alice Chittenden in Country Gentleman.

FOES TO MELANCHOLY.

Dress-makers are of necessity people of much bias.—[Merchant Traveller.

When is a lady's hair like a defeated pugilist? When it is done up.—[Burlington Free Press.

Fish have some discomforts, but they manage to escape the annoyance of being called "too fresh."—[Boston Globe.

The detective who tried to arrest a phonograph for uttering counterfeit notes rather exceeded his authority.—[Terre Haute Express.

When a pretty girl turns her head to look at a young man on the street it is almost sure to turn his head completely.—[Binghamton Republican.

The one cent per head duty on foreign cabbages will not prevent some of the European visitors from writing books on this country.—[Baltimore American.

Marriage has always been a lottery. In ancient times a wife was selected by Lot.—[Hotel Mail.

Silence is said to be the wit of fools; but they do not always have it with them.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Patti says plenty of sleep is the secret of preserving one's beauty. The hired girl believes this.—[Boston Courier.

Never try to sell a wedding present if you wish to preserve your confidence in human nature.—[Jeweler's Weekly.

A Zanzibar dispatch says the Arabs are bent on revenge. They should be straightened out.—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

The camel is said to have seven stomachs. He must feel like a walking beehive full of mad bees if he ever has the colic.—[Burlington Free Press.

Good for a Starter.

It is estimated that during yesterday the President shook hands with 8,000 people and reviewed nearly as many more. He was on his feet from 10 o'clock to 5:30 with the exception of the intervals mentioned and another of fifteen minutes, in which he signed some papers.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Jessie Phillips of Atlanta is visiting her relatives in this city.

On Fridays during Lent Mrs. Albert A. Wilson will be at home informally.

Dr. and Mrs. N. S. Lincoln have as their guests ex-Marshal Clayton McMichael and wife.

Senators Palmer and Stockbridge entertained a number of gentlemen at dinner yesterday.

Mr. Walter P. Phillips and Mr. Albert C. Phillips of New York are guests of Mr. P. V. DeGraw.

Professor and Mrs. Emmons are at their H-street home, having returned from their wedding journey.

Edmund Wimer of Harrisburg, Pa., was one of those who viewed the ceremonies through the mist and rain.

Miss Delia Campbell of Texas is a blonde, with blue eyes and an enchanting smile, which is simply irresistible.

Miss Zadlee S. Thomas of Baltimore is a decided brunette, with an elegant figure, and is exceptionally graceful.

Colonel Spence Wallace of Ohio is in the city as a Republican to see that Mr. Harrison was properly put in. He saw.

Miss Virgie Faust of West Virginia is a brunette, with large brown eyes, a pretty figure and exceptionally charming manners.

Mrs. William Cullen Brewster and Miss Brewster will hold their last formal reception of the season at the Richmond on Friday.

Mrs. Charles Hartwell Cragen, assisted by her guest, Miss Goodhue of Cincinnati, will be at home to callers to-morrow afternoon.

Miss N. Merrett of Philadelphia, who for the past ten days has been the guest of her brother, Dr. Barbaren, returned to her home yesterday.

Mr. D. O. Mills, Miss Mills, Mrs. James Covert and Miss Harriet Rowe, all of Albany, N. Y., are the guests of General and Mrs. Stanford.

Mr. Charles P. Filson of Steubenville, O., is in the city doing the Inauguration. Mr. Filson is a young artist whose pencil is destined to make him famous.

Miss Maggie Ryan, after a delightful winter spent with relatives in Atlanta, returned to her home last Wednesday, to the regret of her many friends.

A reception was tendered last night to Governor Fifer and all the Illinois people in the city by Major J. W. Powell and wife at their home, 910 M street.

A pleasant and largely-attended reception was given yesterday by General and Mrs. William Henry Browne in honor of their guest, Mrs. Banks of Albany.

The niece of Mrs. Don Dickinson, Miss Trowbridge, who has made such a favorable impression in society this season, left to-day to visit friends in Canada.

Miss Carrie Freret, daughter of Supervising Architect Freret, is a decided brunette, with coal-black eyes and a petite figure. She is exceedingly bright and a general favorite.

To-day is Ash Wednesday, and most of the houses that have been the scene of gay festivities will close the front door and place a card in the window with this inscription: "Not at home." The majority of the society ladies will hail with delight the forty days of rest that commence with to-day.

Miss Mary Agnes Quay, daughter of Senator Quay, is a perfect Irish type of beauty, with dark hair, blue eyes, and a matchless color in her cheeks, from which one might think she lived on "roses sopp'd in silver dew." She is of medium height, but rather slender, and as much of a favorite with her own sex as she is with its opposite.

Miss Bessie Dalzell, daughter of Congressman Dalzell of Pennsylvania, is a blonde, with blue eyes, a remarkably intellectual face, with features which look as if they have been cut out of marble, and her coloring rivals the "pale pearly pink of the sea-shells." She is of medium height, and has a peculiarly fascinating manner which captivates all who meet her.

Countess de Folard, formerly Miss Nina Bachellor of Kentucky, is a blonde, with deep blue eyes, whose beauty is expressed so well by Moore:

"Oh, where's the heart so wise
Could, unbewildered, meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels."

She has a finely-proportioned figure, which she dresses with exquisite taste. She is in character a "most womanly woman."

I hear that Mrs. Daniel Manning will, upon her return from Europe, reopen her house and present her daughter in society! We shall then have Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Lamont, Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Manning to add to the list of distinguished women who make their home here. Mrs. Fairchild, who is a niece of the late Governor Seymour, will continue here the social triumphs which have distinguished her sojourn in Washington, and all of these fair ornaments of Mr. Cleveland's Administration will meet with a hearty welcome in New York.—[New York Star.

A worthy companion piece to the little girl's portrait on the other side of the room is that of Master Frank Matthews of Washington, D. C., a sturdy youngster about 3 years old. He is sitting with his bare legs crossed, dressed in a flannel undersuit, and as dignified and erect as a trooper in his saddle. "At the exposition in Atlanta," said Mr. Field, the artist, "I was given first prize on that portrait of Mr. Don Bain. The judges balloted five times to decide which was best—that or Mr. M. C. Kiser's portrait. I carried both pictures to the Macon fair, and was awarded first prize there on the other picture—the one of Major Kiser."—[Atlanta Constitution.

LIFE TALE MERRILY TOLD.

A little girl
A social whirl,
And she's a woman,
A little while,
A glance, a smile—
How very human.

A man will bring
A dainty ring;
Their troth is plighted.
A mamma's tear,
A trousseau dear,
Papa's delighted.

A little flat,
A turn at that,
Courtship extended.
A little whirl,
A little girl—
The story's ended.

For Home Industry Every Time.

(Troy Press.)

The London papers recently published the silly story that a syndicate of American politicians were going to put $300,000 in Canada so as to control the next Parliamentary election and get members in that body who favored annexation. The story created something of a sensation, but it was too foolish to secure much attention. Our politicians are rich, but they need all their funds for use in home elections.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

(Philadelphia Times.)

Monday, patriotism; Tuesday, patriotism and the offices; Wednesday, the offices.

WHICH 'UN?

There is love on the mountains as well as in the valleys, and that love acts in exactly the same channels. One afternoon, as I was approaching a mountain hamlet called "Herkimer's," I met a young man of about 20, who, as I soon found, had been waiting my coming. He was a typical young mountaineer, but he seemed so embarrassed and flustrated that I almost became suspicious of him. He finally asked me to sit down on a rock by the roadside, and when we were down he said:

"Stranger, I reckon you 'un is to stop in town?"

"Yes."

"You'll go to Bailey's, in course. They hain't nobody else got a spar' bed fur strangers."

"Yes, I was told to go to Bailey's."

"They 'un is expectin' you 'un, and you 'un will be treated handsome."

"Yes."

He moved around nervously, got up and sat down, and when I asked if he had cramps or toothache, he blurted out:

"Stranger, I want to ax a plain question. You 'un won't be mad?"

"Oh, no."

"Hev you 'un cum courtin'?"

"Bless you, no! What put such an idea into your head?"

"Dunno. Ever hear of Bettie Bailey?"

"Never."

"No! Why, I thought everybody had. She's 'lasses. Nobody else can compare."

"Ah! I see! You love her and was afraid I'd come to cut you out. Case of jealousy, eh?"

"Stranger, be you 'un mar'd?" he solemnly asked.

"Yes, for the last hundred years. Married and a grandfather. Even if I fell in love with the fair Betty I couldn't marry her."

"Serus?"

"Serious as the grave, my boy. Don't you worry over me. Indeed, if it comes handy I'll put in a good word for you."

"You 'un will chitter (talk) for me?"

"Certainly."

"Put it thar!"

We shook, and then he stood up, scratched his head, looked all around, and finally lowered his voice and said:

"Jim Burton ar' arter her, too! Dog gone him, but he 'lows to cut me out!"

"Oh-ho! Then you have a rival? What sort of a fellow is Jim?"

"Got ten acres, a cabin, a gun, two dogs, and he 'un says he'll hev a mule this fall."

"And what have you got?"

"More'n he 'un, but he's purty to boot."

"I see. Well, you appear to be a good-hearted young man, and if I can give you a lift I'm bound to do it. Don't count too much on me, however. Women are strange creatures. I may even hurt your case by trying to help you."

We shook hands and separated, and in due time I reached Bailey's house and was cordially welcomed. I found Betty to be a pretty good-looking girl of 18 or 19, unusually talkative and intelligent, but we had scarcely eaten supper when a boy came in and said that a man wanted to see me over at the store. At the gate I encountered a young man who introduced himself as Jim Burton and added:

"Stranger, would you 'un mind footing it a bit for me?"

"Oh, no. I wanted to smoke, anyhow. Have a cigar? You have something on your mind you want to speak about."

"I—I hev," he replied. "Gwine to stop long at Bailey's?"

"Only a day or two."

"Cum to see—see Bailey?"

"Yes."

"Didn't cum to—to——"

"To see Betty? Oh, no. Let's see. You must be the young man who is courting her?"

"Cricky! But I am!" he exclaimed, as he clicked his heels together.

"Well, she's a nice, tidy girl, and will make you a good wife. How soon does the marriage come off?"

"Cricky! But I wish it was to-morrer!"

"Is any one else loving her?"

"One more—doggone his carlocks! If that ar Tom Wharton don't keep hisself away, I'll shute him!"

I promised to speak a good word for him and went back to the house, and hardly had Mrs. Bailey and I got seated for a smoke, when she called:

"You thar, Bet? Cum yere!"

"What is it, mam?"

"Thar's bin too much fussing. I'm goin' to ask the stranger which 'un. Will ye abide?"

Betty blushed and fidgeted and the mother continued:

"I don't believe in fussing. When I was axed if I would marry pop I said 'yes' right off, and thar wasn't no fussing. Bet has to serious somebody. What d'ye think, stranger?"

"Is she loved by two young men?"

"She are. Kept up a fussing here fur a hull year and hain't said 'yes' to either of 'em."

"But how do I know," protested the girl.

"How do you know that oxen hev horns? Is one as good as t'other?"

"'Pears so."

"Stranger, advise her. Bet's a good girl and will make some man a good wife, but thar's too much fussing. I can't just put up with it no mo'. Bet, will ye abide?"

"Mebbe."

"You'll hev to. He knows. He's cum all the way from the No'th, and of course he knows. What's he'un here fur if he don't know?"

"Well, I'll abide."

I was trying to avoid the issue when a rap came at the door, and in walked a man of about 35. He was a fair-looking man, and lived about ten miles away. Bailey came in just then, and was called out doors by the new arrival for a consultation lasting about ten minutes. Then the mother was called out, and upon her return she took Betty into another room. Then the men came in, and pretty soon Bailey, his wife and myself had the kitchen, while Betty and the stranger had the parlor.

"He's a widower from the next cove," explained Mrs. Bailey. "Wants to be hitched again. Wants our Bet. What d'ye think, stranger?"

"That would settle the fussing."

"'Deed it would. It's got so pap and me can't stand it. His name is Bill Stovin and he's worth a heap. What d'ye think, stranger?"

"I like the idea. If Betty marries one of the young men some one will get shot. Better give 'em both the slip."

"That's it! Too much fussing. We can't stand it no mo'."

Next morning at breakfast the mother inquired of Betty, as she poured the coffee:

"Will ye abide or not? The stranger knows what Bill was yere fur?

"Reckon it's too late," was the blushing reply.

"How?"

"I've abided to Bill."

"Is the day set?"

"Yes."

"Thank the Lord! The fussing is all over! Jist what the stranger was going to say. He knows. He wouldn't be way down yere if he didn't. Pap, you ax an extra blessin' this meal; and stranger, don't fear that bacon. It's some of my own cure."—[M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

HEURICH'S bottled Maezern beer. Telephone call, 634-3.

OFF FOR NEW YORK.

Departure of the Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland This Morning.

The private carriage of ex-Secretary Fairchild drove up to the Baltimore and Ohio Depot about 10:40 this morning, and ex-President Cleveland, Mrs. Cleveland and Mr. Fairchild and Mrs. Folsom alighted from it. They were met at the curb by Marshal Wilson, and, together with Colonel and Mrs. Lamont and Mr. and Mrs. Don M. Dickinson, who arrived at the same time, descended the steps and entered the depot. Here a large number of friends and acquaintances had assembled to bid them good-by, but passing through the crowd the party entered the special train which awaited them and held a farewell levee.

Mrs. Cleveland was dressed in a simple traveling costume of dark cloth with a maroon coat, and looked her loveliest. Friends crowded through the car, bidding farewell, and many of the ladies were visibly affected to tears, while occasionally Mrs. Cleveland's voice would falter a little, but she kept up remarkably well. Among those who were there was ex-Secretary Vilas, Mr. Don M. Dickinson, Mr. Shaunle Garland, Mr. Alexander Gregor of the Russian Legation and many ladies. A few minutes before 11 o'clock engine 753 backed up and coupled on to the train, and at 11 o'clock sharp the clang of the train dispatcher's gong gave the signal, grizzled George Bierly, a veteran engineer of the road, pulled the throttle, and the train glided swiftly out of the station, bound for New York, Mrs. Cleveland standing in the door of the car waving her handkerchief, and Mr. Cleveland by her side with his hat in his hand, while the crowd cheered and cheered.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland the party in the train consisted of Colonel and Mrs. Lamont and the children, Mrs. Dickinson and Mrs. Folsom. The train was made up of three coaches, the Pullman palace car Geraldine, Vice-President Lord's private car and a handsome day coach between those two and the engine.

The train is in charge of Conductor Charley Roberts, with George Bierly in the cab and Superintendent Fitzgerald and Trainmaster Roberts aboard to see that all goes well. The train will run as a special and will not enter Camden Station at Baltimore, but go direct to Locust Point to transfer across the harbor.

The people of Baltimore had invited the party to stop off at that city and receive an ovation, but Mr. Cleveland declined. No public demonstration will be permitted upon their arrival in New York, either.

Everything is in readiness at the Victoria Hotel for the arrival of ex-President Cleveland and his party. The suite of rooms which they will occupy at the Victoria is No. 116. It consists of five rooms, a parlor, library, dining-room and two bedrooms. They are located on the second floor of the Fifth avenue and Twenty-seventh street corner, and are the apartments which have always been occupied by the ex-President during his visits to New York city while in office.

With the ex-President were Colonel Dan. Lamont, his wife and baby and a maid. They will also stay for a while at the Victoria, and will occupy suite 340, on the fourth floor, on the Fifth avenue side, consisting of a parlor and three bedrooms.

THE NEXT GRAND JURY.

Completing the Organization for the Coming Term.

The organization of the Criminal Court juries was taken up in the Criminal Court this morning. W. C. Hill and E. L. Dent, summoned as grand jurors, were excused. A full panel had then been obtained and they were sworn. Judge Montgomery stated that applications to be excused were so numerous that he was compelled to refuse them. The duties of grand jurors were not onerous. Although twenty-three are summoned only sixteen are required for a quorum and the foreman could, therefore, excuse seven of them every day. Samuel C. Palmer was sworn in as the foreman and the Court instructed them as to their duties.

The members of the grand jury are: Samuel C. Palmer, George F. Atkins, Joseph M. Wheatley, John Calvin, George F. Auld, Angus Lamond, Joseph F. Lucas, H. A. Seligson, Edward Dean, W. A. Ward, W. J. McDermott, John A. Prescott, Francis McCriswell, George Truesdell, James Gourley, Charles Smiley, Thomas E. Jacobs, E. W. Rollins, E. L. Dent, J. Eakin Gadsby, Benjamin Libbey, Francis Miller and W. H. Selden.

Among those called to serve as petit jurors was one of the employes of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, a circumstance that happens at almost every new term of court. Judge Montgomery announced that he would try to inconvenience those who served as little as possible, that he had made the best disposition of the matter that he could under the circumstances.

THE COURT RECORD

CIRCUIT COURT, DIV. 1—Chief Justice Bingham.—Ergood & Co. vs. Cox, McMillen & Co. vs. Dumler, Duvall vs. Davis, Brien vs. Goff and Nicholson & Sons vs. Chappelear; judgment by default. Beld vs. B. & P. R. R. Co; suit discontinued.

COURT IN GENERAL TERM—Justices Hagner and James.—Charles E. Fister admitted to the bar. Walbridge vs. Walbridge; opinion, Justice James.

EQUITY COURT—Justice Cox.—Hizer vs. Hizer; testimony ordered taken before W. H. Smith. Holladay vs. Middleton; time to take testimony limited. Hartegan vs. Kennedy; R. J. Meigs, jr., appointed guardian ad litem. Kurtz vs. Kurtz; auditor's report confirmed. Madry vs. Madry; title vested in F. H. Madry, trustee. Hammersleugh vs. Bieber; complainants allowed to file additional interrogations.

They Marched Out to Bennings.

The Third Regiment boys of Philadelphia had declared that they wouldn't march in from Bennings on their arrival, but they did about the same thing. They marched out to Bennings to reach their cars on their return. Said one of them on their return home: "If you had seen us walking over a muddy country road you would have thought we wanted to get home. Early in the morning we learned that our cars could not be brought into Washington. They were out about four miles, at a place called Bennings' Station, and to reach them we would have to tramp through the mud. It was raining, too, and the job was not a pleasant one, but when Colonel Bonnaffoon put his best foot forward and struck the mud the boys didn't kick a bit, but just waded in. We reached the cars shortly before noon, and at 12:10 the train started."

The Plate Printers' Victory.

The legislative committee of the Plate Printers, who have been fighting the steam presses in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, have been warmly congratulated on their victory. It is true, as THE CRITIC stated yesterday, that the steam presses have not been abandoned in so many words, but the effect of the amendment to the Sundry Civil bill, which reduces the amount of royalty to one cent a thousand impressions, it is believed will have that effect.

Real Estate Tranfers.

Thomas A. Mitchell to Edward H. Booth, sublot 28, reservation 11, $4,620.

William H. West to John T. West, sublot 84, square 50, Old Georgetown, $10.

John T. West and wife to William H. West, sublot 20, square 943, $10.

T. F. Schneider to J. B. Davis, sublot 102, square 155, $12,000.

James McConville to Plummer P. Lewis, part of lot 15, square 347, $7,500.

The Anti-Fraternity Convention.

At the convention opposed to secret societies, held under the auspices of the National Christian Association at Prohibition Hall, this morning, after the devotional services and the reports of a number of committees, a report was made upon the lodge and church relations of members of Congress and views of local clergymen on the subject.

Tacoma Lighted by Electricity.

The beautiful and progressive suburb of Tacoma Park is now lighted by electricity.

Julius H. Chappell of New York has caused the arrest of J. W. Eaton, John V. Morgan and William Thompson, whom he [illegible] swindling him out of $900 by [illegible] game.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW NATIONAL THEATRE.
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2 P. M.
A Vivid Picture of the French Revolution.
PAUL KAUVAR,
By Steele Mackaye, under the management of Mr. H. C. Miner, direct from 100 Nights' run in New York. The original cast, including Mr. Joseph Haworth and Miss Carrie Turner.
OVER 100 PEOPLE ON THE STAGE.
Two car loads of magnificent scenery.
Next week—REHAN'S Comedy Company in Daly's Comedies.

ALBAUGH'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
For one week—Saturday Matinee.
Engagement of Miss
MARY ANDERSON,
Supported by Mr