WASHINGTON CRITIC

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WASHINGTON, APRIL 30, 1889.

PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTIONS.

The Cabinet meets on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12:30 p. m.

Senators and Representatives in Congress will be received by the President every day, except Mondays, from 10 until 12.

Persons not members of Congress having business with the President will be received from 12 until 1 on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Those who have no business, but call merely to pay their respects, will be received by the President in the East Room at 1 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

VISITORS TO THE DEPARTMENTS.

Secretaries Blaine, Proctor and Tracy have issued the following order for the reception of visitors:

Reception of Senators and Representatives in Congress, from 10 to 12 o'clock.

Reception of all persons not connected with the Departments, at 12 o'clock, except Tuesdays and Fridays, which are Cabinet days; and Thursdays in the Department of State, when the members of the Diplomatic Corps are exclusively received.

Persons will not be admitted to the building after 2 o'clock each day, unless by card, which will be sent by the captain of the watch to the chief clerk or to the head of the bureau for which the visit is intended. This rule will not apply to Senators, Representatives or heads of Executive Departments.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The Centennial Celebration at New York is a great success. Botched and bung'ed as some of the social details of the affair have been, yet, as a whole, the celebration has been all that was anticipated. The event was too great for it to be otherwise. The centennial of the first inauguration of a President of the United States and in the principal city of the Union afforded not only opportunity but the impulse for the magnificent demonstration which has taken place. New York is to be congratulated, and so is the country.

No doubt there will be a disposition to celebrate the anniversary on a still grander scale in the year 1989—that is, if the Republic continues one and continues in its career of prosperity. Will such be its fortune for another 100 years?

The 100 years to come are fuller of dangers for the United States than the century just ended. The century past a new country was to be subdued, with social problems presented of no very complex character. The people were Anglo-Saxon. The slavery problem, the one threatening thing, was disposed of only at an awful cost, but it cleared the atmosphere. A century of the Republic has been a success.

Now comes the evil of a hybrid population, the result of a senseless encouragement of immigration of any sort, and now comes the problem of dealing with the restless and reckless mobs of the large cities. The Republic has not so promising a century ahead as was the last one—though the forefathers didn't know it. However, there's no use in being pessimistic.

AS TO A PICTURE.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Post*, does not think THE CRITIC, and its evening contemporary, justified in giving in their issues of yesterday pictures of the victim of the Benning's murder. THE CRITIC does not agree with the *Post*, in its view—else of course the picture would not have been printed.

A murdered girl had been found whose identity was unknown. She belonged apparently to a class, the disappearance of a member of which would not attract much attention, and to learn who she was and thus find the murderer, was a matter of difficulty. The only course for the police was to secure a photograph of the dead girl, and secure for it as wide a circulation as possible, in the hope that it would be recognized by some one. The hope was justified by the event. The publication of the picture promoted the ends of justice. The probable murderer of the girl found in the Benning's woods, now occupies a cell.

A great many things, not pleasant in themselves, are done for the promotion of the public's good. The printing of yesterday's picture was a case in point.

THE NEW YORK —— of this morning contained the most complete and interesting and expensive account of the celebration yesterday.

P. S. New York papers please copy and fill the blank to suit themselves.

N. B. Omit the above P. S. and this N. B.

THE WOLVERINE wanted for the zoological collection of the Government may be secured after all. A Minnesota man writes to THE CRITIC that he has the animal already captured. It remains to be learned whether the beast be really a wolverine and alive, and how it is to be got here.

GENERAL GREELY is going into long-time weather predictions after May 1. The General should try a few back-action weather predictions. For instance, what kind of weather did we have last week?

A "MARINE PAGEANT" in New York is a kind of a necessary evil.

THE CATHOLIC Congress in Madrid passed a resolution yesterday demanding the restoration of the temporal power to the Pope. By the way, what is the relative position of Spain compared with the other nations of the world?

THE CHIEF JUSTICE and the Postmaster-General were overlooked in the rush at Elizabeth yesterday and left on the train. Politics was equally divided, and no harm is done.

GENERAL GREELY "has it in" for George Washington, too. If General Greely had lived in Jerusalem 1000 years ago he—however, we will not go into the past.

A REVIVAL of religion was organized in Oklahoma Sunday, but it wouldn't go. The kind of a time they are having out there isn't spelled with an r.

THE BUSTLE MUST go, and most of it has gone to New York. That town never bustled so in all its existence as it is bustling now.

PRESIDENT HARRISON was not torn asunder yesterday in a catch-as-catch-can between Stuyvesant Fish and Governor Green.

APRIL 30 some rain; March 4 a great deal more rain.

NEW YORK was loaded with ball last night.

THE PRIZE CENTURY PLANT.

The greatest of all century plants
Is blossoming to-day;
Its limbs o'erspread a continent,
Its roots are fixed to stay.

The thunder of a thousand guns
Is rolling o'er the bay,
Because, you see, the century plant
Is blossoming to-day!

There's merry music everywhere,
With bunting all is gay,
Hurrah! Because the century plant
Is blossoming to-day!

CRITICULAR.

WHY GEORGE WALKED.

The spirit of G. Washington
Went through the train that night
The journalists left Washington
To claim New York by write.

He saw the folks with Harrison,
He passed along the train,
He held his Little Hatchet up;
"I can't," he said, "complain."

And then he reached the press gang car,
Where Boyd and Parke had placed
The journalists, whose burning truths
The papers oft had graced.

G. Washington stood there entranced,
And heard the young men talk:
"Here, take my hatchet, gents," he cried,
"And I'll get out and walk."

Talk is sheep with the wool man.

The weigh of the transgressor is short.

The first can never be last in a shoemaker's shop.

The attention of Editor Wilkins of the *Post* is called to the following sad and painful notice which appeared in that paper this morning:

DIED.

CUTTER—FULLER.—At Ithaca, N. Y., April 25, 1889, at the residence of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. L. H. Culver, WILLIAM PARKER CUTTER of Washington, D. C., to CORA FREDERICA FULLER.

A man stopped in this morning to say "When a fellow thinks he has a dead sure thing on a banana peel he often slips up on it." The man walked lame and looked mad.

The mule is not a native of brays ill.

The Centennial Ball passed off in New York last night without bloodshed.

Mr. Ward McAllister should go out to Oklahoma and organize society out there on a proper basis.

He Was There.

(New York Star.)

A man past middle age stood at the western terminus of Twenty-third street about 9 o'clock yesterday morning. He wore a silk hat, dinged and ruffled. He was ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes. Dressed in a quiet suit of black, his neckwear was antique in pattern and his coat bore evidence of the handiwork of a country tailor. His face was the same as it was when he was the ruler of this country, only whiter as to his beard and his hair, which is almost patriarchal in its length. He was surrounded by a crowd of brilliantly equipped civic warriors, done up in tinsel and gold, with marvelous gilded braids and epaulets, who were accompanied by a dozen ladies, bearing on their fair persons the best work of Ohio's modistes. All crowds are democratic. When 2,000 persons are waiting for an hour or more for a steamboat to land no one respects his betters, and so the ex-President was jostled and tumbled about as though he were made of the clay that common kind is fashioned of. When he went through the gate that led to the Erastus Wiman, that was to carry the General Committee and the Governors, the Legislators and their friends down the bay to meet and greet the President, the gatekeeper demanded his ticket the same as he did those of the dry goods clerk who was directly behind him and the reporter who followed in his wake.

One Happy Man.

One of the happy Republicans left town Saturday night for his home in Ashland, Ky. It was W. W. Patterson, who had that day received his appointment as Postoffice Inspector for the Denver Division. Mr. Patterson was removed by President Cleveland because he was an offensive partisan who insisted upon being perniciously active, and because he was that kind of a man he got in again. There is no more of the Mugwump in Patterson's make-up than there is chalk in a can of Blue Grass cream. He is a politician who believes in being a party man first, last and all the time, and he doesn't exactly see how any Democrat can render service to the Republican party in any capacity, except to stay away from the polls on election day. He was active and efficient in office and had a fine record, which accounts for his rapid reappointment and is competent testimony for future efforts. When the Postmaster-General "struck Billy Patterson" he struck a good fellow all around and made a ten-strike.

'TIS NOW.

'Tis now the sunbeams come and wake
To life the sleeping flowers;
'Tis now the bees melodious make
The listless sylvan hours;
'Tis now the birds' gay music charms
The woodlands to reply,
'Tis now the tramp is up in arms
For cold roast beef and pie.

'Tis now the violet looks out,
And shames the azure sky;
'Tis now the insects haste about
For winter to supply;
'Tis now within the vault so blue
Soft, fleecy clouds do float;
'Tis now (oh, joy!) the youth can do
Without his overcoat!

—[Merchant Traveler.

HIGH TARIFF.

"I'm going to hang my stocking up,"
Said Ida, "hear me vow."
"I'd like to see," Tom slyly said,
"What you've got in it now."
"The tariff's high," the maid replied;
"Only the person can
Make free wool of my stocking, sir,
For any living man."

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

A dispute about the salary claims of certain postmasters, now being heard in the Court of Claims, illustrates the fact often commented upon that the United States is one of the worst debtors a man can possibly have. Under the law, postmasters whose business has increased so as to fill certain conditions are entitled to an increase of compensation. Instead of being able to go and obtain their money without delay, as they could in an ordinary business transaction, they are obliged to go into court, incur the expense of attorneys' fees and suffer numerous vexatious delays and hindrances. Every few weeks the local authorities have brought to their attention some old broken-down man or some aged widow who came to Washington to obtain money due from the Government and who find themselves without even the means to take them back home. They know that the money is due under the law and think that by coming and applying for it personally they can get it as they would at a bank or a business house. Their misconception of the Government's methods causes numerous respectable people not only to waste their time and money but to be thrown for time being upon public charity.

***

Yesterday afternoon Secretary Blaine might have been seen enjoying the fine weather in his carriage. It is the first time that he has ventured from his hotel recently, and accompanied by his wife he appeared to enjoy his airing quite as much as the clerk who is out on a Sunday excursion with his girl. When he returned to the Normandie his manner and appearance gave visible evidence of the beneficial effects of the ride. His health is so much improved that his physician thinks there is no further necessity for his remaining at the hotel, and has given his permission for him to go into active business in his office.

***

The evanescent character of fame is illustrated in the case of Marion D. Newman (known by several romantic aliases). A few weeks ago he was the object of unlimited attention among the ladies and the subject of columns of comment in the daily newspapers. Now he sits in the jail comparatively unknown, and the admirers of his amorous escapades pass his career unnoticed and turn to their old ragged-edged copy of Don Juan. As a breaker of feminine hearts, a winner of affection, regardless of age or matrimonial condition, Mr. Newman has a record that is seldom beaten. He has been charged with bigamy and has brought consternation to the hearts of numerous young women who have answered his advertisements in the newspapers. At present he is engaged in cultivating a handsome set of Prince of Wales whiskers which change his appearance to a surprising extent and which will put him in trim for conquests ad libitum when he gets out of the penitentiary.

***

Miss Lydia Thompson, under the escort of her manager, Mr. E. Hutchinson, and a number of her company, paid a visit to the Monument yesterday. Mr. Harry Starr, one of the comedians, who holds the championship belt of England as a sprinter, was with the party. On a wager with Mr. Louis Kellcher, also a comedian of the company, Mr. Starr bet that he could beat the elevator to the top of the Monument. After Miss Thompson, Messrs. Hutchinson, Kellcher and several others were in the elevator the word was given and the lift started. Mr. Starr also started up the 875 steps. The plucky little comedian kept even with the car, when he made a grand spurt and reached the top ten seconds in advance of the party. He said that he never climbed so many stairs before in his life and he wouldn't do it again for something pretty.

***

T. J. Trodden of the Howard House, the drum major of the National Guard band, accompanied the Washington Light Infantry to New York. Mr. Trodden will remain over in Brooklyn to visit some of his old friends. Mr. Trodden, in conversation with a CRITIC reporter, said: "Thirty years ago I left Brooklyn. I came away with the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery. After the war I settled in Washington, where I've been ever since. I was one of the five newsboys to sell the Brooklyn *Eagle* when that paper was first started. The paper was very small, about the size of the original CRITIC. The office was down on Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry. I was one of the first carriers, and delivered the *Eagles* to the Fourteenth Brooklyn before their departure for the war. I also delivered the paper to the same regiment on their return from the first battle of Manassas. Of that fine body of men only about 150 came back from that engagement. I suppose I will find it somewhat difficult to recognize any of the old fellows connected with the *Eagle*, but I am going to make the effort. I imagine that although the place will appear strange to me I will be able to find the old landmarks."

***

Colonel Crounse, the enterprising correspondent of the New York *World*, has just returned to Washington after a nine-days' trip from Mount Vernon to New York, going over the same ground G. Washington went over one hundred years before. Colonel Crounse was accompanied by Artist Hopkins, a young man who was born with a little hatchet in his mouth, but he spat it out early. Illustrated articles from the two travelers appeared each day in the *World* as they journeyed along, a feature of their trip, which bulged out considerably beyond George Washington's style of travel. The Colonel's well-known truthfulness beamed and scintillated in every line he wrote, and some of Hopkins' sketches of old houses were so natural they had to be propped up in the paper with italic slugs. The voyage was not made entirely upon a bed of roses, the livery rigs which they hired from town to town not being constructed on the rose-bed plan. The last four or five days it rained black cats and pitchforks, and the Colonel had to insist upon his long-legged companion getting out and wading while he rode upon his back and viewed the landscape o'er, so to speak. They finally reached New York city, proper, on a ferry-boat, after a journey of incredible hardships, starvation, privation and blankmation, with nothing to drink but water. Hopkins was sorely tempted at one time, in crossing the Delaware, to devour Crounse, but the Colonel was too tough, and the starving artist ate a large chunk of damp night air and retired to rest upon his pallette. The Colonel returned with the full purpose of slaying General Greely on sight and ripping all the veneering, the knobs and the marble top off of the Weather Bureau, but he has been persuaded to restrain his impetuosity and not make a slaughter-house of the Signal Service Office. It is expected that Colonel Crounse will be sent to Africa by the *World* to find Mr. Thomas Stevens, that other *World* man, who has gone there to find Stanley, who went to find Emin Bey, who went there to find his way out again.

There is a school teacher in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, who is forty years old, and has never been twenty-five miles away from home. New Philadelphia is the biggest town he has ever seen.

MATTER WORTH READING.

A very considerable effort was made, I understand, to drag Mrs. Jenny June Crowly into the late controversy between Ella Wheeler and Mrs. Atherton. But the ex-President of Sorosis is a conservative person and would have nothing to do with the mud-slinging of these two remarkable females. She permits both of them to attend her receptions, and, at the last evening given by her in Forty-sixth street, an amusing divertisement was given to the company in the spectacle of the Wilcox in one corner of the room and the Atherton in the other, hissing out scandals and vituperations against each other. But Mrs. Crowly, who is an old newspaper woman, would neither endeavor to patch the quarrel, nor take sides in the fray. She quickly recognized, as anyone who knows the women can easily do, that all Mrs. Wilcox and Mrs. Atherton wanted was the advertisement of a wrangle in the newspapers.

The otherwise undistinguished gentleman who rejoices to have and to hold Ella Wheeler is a small but exceedingly rotund person, who is something in the dry goods line. Mr. Wilcox is what is known as a drummer. The exigencies of business compel Mr. Wilcox to be journeying through the West most of the time. But he is very proud of the poetess of passion, and by the help of Mr. Romeike's News Agency he is in daily supply of all the things written about his wife. Most of these come from the pen of Fannie Edgar Thomas. Miss Thomas is a general hack writer, an intimate friend of Mrs. Wilcox, and from her assiduous ink bottle flows almost all the notions that are constantly in print about the woman with the mole on her spine.—[New York Graphic.

Male "Fads" in Jewelry.

There is an increasing "fad" in the direction of men—and men of acknowledged tastes—wearing jewelry. Not alone do they break the immaculate whiteness of their shirt bosoms with stones of marvelous brilliancy and coloring, set as studs; but they choose scarf pins of quaint designs, watch chains in massive link patterns, striking devices in cuff butions; to say nothing of the innumerable finger rings, encrusted silver cigarette case, chased gold match box and enameled pencil case. Jewelers go further, and assert that there is a steady demand from the masculine patrons for long, slender gold chains, which are worn concealed around the neck, and on which are hung sentimental souvenirs, in the way of tiny lockets, containing cherished portraits or locks of shining hair. Nor, so they assert, is the bangle quite discarded from off the masculine arm; but it is carefully guarded, and is no longer permitted to slip into view, below the cuff. —[May Table Talk.

A Deer-Fattening Scheme.

Near Valdosta, Ga., are a couple of deer farms, where herds of these animals are kept within a twelve-foot wire fence and pastured upon rye and grass till they are fatter than butter. The original stock came from Florida, and the animals are now pretty well domesticated. The proprietors say that they can raise venison much easier and more cheaply than they can turkey, and that they expect enormous profits when fairly under way.

Silk, which has been known in China for 4,000 years, is in some sort a royal institution. An Empress of China first discovered it, and to this day a royal princess opens the season of silk-working by gathering mulberry leaves from her garden to feed the worms. Great care has been taken to keep up the breed of those useful animals, which is the best in the world, but liable to deteriorate outside its native country.

The Guinea Cow.

The Guinea cow of South Georgia may one day rival the Jersey. It was brought by Spaniards into Florida, is stolid and squarely built, with legs only a foot long. The cow is hardy and so hearty as to keep fat on woodland pasture, and gives three to four gallons of milk each day, which, though not so rich as Jersey milk, is better liked by its consumers.

Discovering a Gold Field.

It is said that the new gold field in the Transvaal was discovered by accident. An enraged antelope charged upon a hunter and imbedded its horns so firmly in the soil that after capture they had to be dug out, and were found to be fast in an eight-pound nugget.

A Bear Ranch.

A Minnesota man has set up a bear ranch, where he feeds cornmeal to the bears he traps just as he would do hogs, till they are in prime condition, when he slaughters them, and, besides selling the meat at high figures, gets a good many dollars for each of the pelts.

How Did He Know?

E. Morris of Evansville, Ind., claims that his dog found a two-dollar-and-a-half gold coin in Independence and brought it home to him. How he knows that the dog found the money in Independence has not been explained.

Room for More.

A French scientist says that, allowing five acres for each inhabitant, Europe has room for 115,000,000 more people, Africa for 1,336,000,000, Asia for 1,402,000,000, Oceanica for 515,000,000 and America for 2,000,000,000.

VISITORS DISAPPOINTED

Notwithstanding the fact that the papers announced that President Harrison would go to New York Sunday night, several hundred strangers marched themselves to the White House yesterday for the purpose of paying their respects to the Chief Magistrate, and when they were informed that the President was over in New York to attend the Washington Centennial Celebration, they actually growled and abused the President for enjoying a little recreation. The absence of the President and the usual crowd of place-seekers gave a needed opportunity to the White House clerks to catch up in a measure with the business that has accumulated within the past few weeks. When the President returns he will find his desk in the library looking like a new one. In fact, he will hardly recognize it. The desk has been in the White House for years. It is made from a portion of the timbers used in the construction of Her Majesty's ship Resolute, which was sent to the Arctic region in search of Sir John Franklin.

The usual amount of routine business was transacted in the Departments yesterday, but the noise and clamor incident to the change of Administration for once was lacking. All the officials who could possibly get off were over in New York, and until their return the minor subordinates will wear hats of a larger size. The fellows who expected their appointments yesterday will have to wait several days more with the usual expense. And to-day the clerks themselves will enjoy a little rest, as all the Departments are closed.

"Garden and Forest" for May.

"School Grounds," "The Spring Garden," "Muskmelons," "Crysanthemums in the Imperial Gardens at Tokio" and "The Pinetum at Kew," are among the subjects discussed in "Garden and Forest" for May 1. The fine old clipped garden at Levens Hall, in England, is prettily illustrated, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer's chapter in the "History of the Art of Gardening" deals with Babylonia and Judea.

ANTEROS: LIFE WITH PASSION.

THE CRITIC reprints from the "Current Literature," New York, for May a story by Donald McLeod, appearing in the *Knickerbocker* forty years ago and prefaces it with an explanatory editorial comment by the "Current Literature:"

"Still again! The symptoms are not new. There has been no flying leap from Swinburne to Amelie Rives—from Balzac to Saltus. "What does this tendency to realism signify? What deductions must be drawn from the novel of passion? What are we coming to?" In point of fact we are just about where we were fifty years ago—only there are more of us. Among the American writers of yesterday—as of to-day—are those of the realistic school—aye! and of the cratic school. There are those who wrote of life and its passions—good and evil. The period of the old "Knickerbocker Magazine" was an era of intense respectability in the literature of our country, and its contributors were among the literary pioneers of America. Yet within it pages and from the pen of one of its "most valued and gifted contributors" we take an authoritative example of ultra, realistic fiction which, were it written to-day, would have sent the critics into apoplectic fits. It is the story of Anteros—"A Life With One Passion." It falls from the lips of a woman. It is the story of her life and her love. It is told with uncompromising directness—with brutal truth. There is, literally, neither side effects nor setting of any description to this picture of a purely animal passion. It opens with a pen portrait of the heroine—a languorous, voluptuous study, whose sensuousness is purposed and complete, and unequaled by anything which a younger generation has given to the world. Not a possibility for sensual effect has escaped the author. The atmosphere of the story is heavy with the perfumes of jessamines, heliotrope and violets—steeped in strong wines. In the simple directness of its old-fashioned English, the story marks the various stages of an intensely animal love, beside which that of Barbara Pomfret for her cousin takes on the tender, delicate colors of a pastoral idyl. The voluptuous heroine is presented to us in every phase of her sensual nature, from first burning glance—the first crushing consciousness of passion, which brings unconsciousness with it—through days of delirium and nights of languor, to the last furious embrace, in which this creature of the senses, vampire-like, draws the very breath of life from the lips of the man she loves—and whom, with this very love, she kills. This story is called a psychological study. It appears in a gallery of selections from the best numbers of the "Knickerbocker Magazine"—side by side with the work of such writers as Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rev. Samuel Osgood, Rev. George Bethune, D. D., Donald G. Mitchell, William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, John G. Saxe, James Russell Lowell, Henry W. Longfellow and George William Curtis. For the benefit of those critics, whose pure white souls are harrowed with the fear of the possible result of the new cratic novel on "The Daughters of America," and for those of our readers who would like to judge of what the mothers of America passed through unscathed about forty years ago, we print the story of Anteros in this member of "Current Literature."

There is a young, beautiful woman sitting among pillows and cushions in an arm-chair by an open window. The still atmosphere is heavy with the scent of tuberoses, jessamines and heliotropes. Filled as the air is with these rich fragrances, she adds to them that of pastilles, burning on the chimney-piece, and her handkerchief is wet with extract of violets. Her skin is white, but not transparent; it reminds you most of cream-laid note paper. The eyes are lazy, full, and the color of the double English violets. The hair is blonde, an ashy blonde, and has scarcely a wave in it; it could not be made to curl, but lies in rich, heavy, almost damp bands, about the face. Her form, though delicate, is thoroughly developed, the flesh firm, the outlines as if chiseled, growing thin now, except the throat and bust, and the hands and feet, which are very small, but rounded and plump, with dimples at the joints. She wears a pale blue silk robe de chambre opening in front to show an under-dress of of white watered silk. On the table beside her is a bottle and a half-filled glass of heavy, rich Portugal wine, pure juice, which leaves a spoonful of thick sediment in every glass.

Except to taste this, or to inhale the odors, as the light air throws them occasionally through the window, or to respire the violet from the handkerchief, she seldom raises her head from where it reclines, thrown back upon the cushions, in which position she looks passionately and dreamily at her husband's portrait, which hangs upon the wall before her.

The portrait exhibits a man of 26 or 27, somewhat sallow, thin, with heavy, wavy chestnut hair, and large, brown eyes, not without some fierceness in them. There is nothing remarkable about the face except the intense redness of the lips—the lady has that also—so red that you fancy the painter a bad chooser of colors; yet they say the likeness is perfect.

These are all the accessories which need be mentioned. Let the lady tell her own story:

* * * * * *

My father died before my birth; my mother perished in bringing me, her only child, into the world. They left me a large fortune, and my guardians were well-bred, very ordinary, every-day, well-to-do people.

The first thing I ever loved, except strong perfumes and flowers, was a bird — an English bullfinch — which seemed to be very fond of me, until one day, when I was about 12 or 13, it flew to a young girl who was visiting me, and refused to come back when I called it. When it did come, I killed it in my hand.

I don't think that I loved anything much, except this bird that I crushed fiercely in my hand; at least, until I was fully 18 years of age.

I was taken into society quite young—at 16—and I saw a good deal of it. I was rich and beautiful, so that I did not lack suitors who professed the profoundest devotion for me. Some of them were pleasant—one or two handsome and fascinating men—and I often wondered at my perfect indifference for them all. By and by I won the reputation of a cold, unaffectionate girl. Cold and unaffectionate! Ah, if they could have seen the ceaseless agonies of tears into which I burst when alone in my own room; if they could have seen my arms trying to wind themselves round my own body, or feel the thrills and yearnings of the unknown passion that convulsed me—that was consuming my heart!

There was a large party given on my 18th birthday and it took its usual course. I have forgotten all about it until about the middle of it, I saw a young man standing in a corner, looking at me. As I met his look an indescribable thrill passed through me and I felt suddenly faint. My impulse was to rise and clasp him in my arms. He frightened me, yet I felt a strange desire to get near him. When he came at last, introduced by my guardian as Mr. Mark Winston, I had scarcely strength to bow. He asked me to dance and I refused, I know not why. Then he sat down and talked to me a little while and I answered—I know not how or what. But he dropped a glove beside me and when he had gone I picked it up and put it into my bosom, and when I was alone I knew that I loved him and that that love was my very life and soul.

Mark Winston was a Carolinian, and had brought no letters to the North except to my guardian, and our house was almost his only visiting place. There was a pleasant, lively girl staying with us then, and our party commonly consisted of the old people, Mark, Mary Lee and myself. In the spring we went to a country seat at New Rochelle, where we were to stay some months.

Every hour my passion grew stronger; every hour it destroyed some minor characteristic of my nature and advanced toward its end, the absorption of my whole nature. Still I shunned him. I craved to be near him, to hear him, to watch him, to touch him with my dress in passing; but when he came to me, a positive fear would seize me and I would feel almost ill. I stole from him; stole his gloves, his handkerchief; I have even picked the pockets of his coat when it hung in the hall. Once, noticing that the ribbon of his watch was worn out, Mary Lee gave him another; in putting it on he broke the crystal of his watch and carried it up to his room. But for this, I would have fainted—or else sprung upon her; but this gave me a gleam of light. When he returned to the drawing room I procured another ribbon, and, going into his room, took her ribbon and tore it to pieces with my hands and teeth and carried it out and stamped it into the black soil of the garden; but that which he had worn I had already in my bosom, and I treasured that and the gloves and the handkerchief, and whatever else of him I had and kissed them and slept with them in my bosom through the long nights. Yet for all I could get no nearer to him.

On the seventh of June—I had bought an almanac and I used to mark the days on which I saw him—on the seventh of June I saw him come up the Avenue and heard him enter the house. He did not mount the stairs, but passed into the drawing-room. I know that Mary Lee was there alone. I went to my dressing-table and swallowed from a flacon a glass of cologne water. Then, when the shudder and tremor had passed, I went stealthily down and saw the door half open. Half way down the stairs I heard a voice, soft, low, pleading, tender—God! how long has this been going on? My satin slippers made no noise and I reached the door—they sat behind it, but a huge mirror reflected everything in the room. I saw them in the glass—he with her hand in his—I watched them there for a thousand centuries! I heard him say—"Do, dear Mary, do promise for to-morrow"—and I heard her answer in a timid, gentle voice, which seemed to me to be full of love—"No, Mark, I dare not."

Again he plead to her and then—my eyes upon the mirror—then he took her hand and kissed it.

I struck the door open—my hand was black for two weeks—and went in to where he still held her hand and stood before them and struck my foot upon the ground.

Mary Lee ran out of the room.

"So!" I said, "you come here for that, do you?"

He looked at me amazedly.

"You respect not even the sanctity of a friend's house—and you call yourself a gentleman!"

He grew white. His eyes seemed three shades darker and burnt, like living coals, with rage.

I had no fear—"And to love a thing like Mary Lee!"

Then the fierceness passed from his eyes and a flood of unutterable passion flowed into them, and he said:

"I was begging her to intercede with you, Louise, I never loved any but you. But, you are so cold—"

I sank down upon the floor and clasped his knees and I said—"Mark, I love you and have loved you and will love you to eternity."

I remember sitting upon his knees with his strong arms, like mighty cords, binding my bosom upon his. And then came that wild rain of kisses—consuming, devouring kisses—on my hair and eyes and forehead and quicker and faster on my lips and neck. I fainted on his convulsed bosom and impassioned, throbbing heart.

We were married on the fifteenth of September and went to our home immediately.

I don't remember that we ever read or drew or had any music or anything else of that kind. I remember the walks in the forest or on the shore and the flowers and the perfumes he liked best.

I remember that I never before had taken particular care of my person except what is natural to any gentle-woman, but that then I bathed twice a day and studied every toilet—chiefly the morning and night dress, and used no perfume but tuberose, heliotrope and violet—and lived as in a dream—a long, may be a bad, wicked, cruel, passionate dream.

All that I know is that I was separated from him and the physicians said he was dying, and when I asked to see him they said: "No! Anybody but *you!*"

He grew worse. They had forbidden me to go near him. My presence alone, they said, was injurious to him. They would not answer for his life if I were to insist on seeing him. So I kept away in my own chamber while people were stirring in the house, but in the early morning, when all was still, I crept to the door of his room and there I used to crouch down and think of him. By and by this became unendurable, and I began to question whether this cold-browed, quiet, scientific man had a right to keep a wife from her husband. I had heard that for a point of medical interest they would not hesitate to destroy fifty lives in the elucidation. I determined to question Mark's nurse.

"Does he suffer much?"

"He makes no complaint, ma'm. He sometimes puts out his arms and then folds them back round him as if he were folding something in them."

"Does he talk at all?"

"He only says: 'Louise—Louise.'"

An idea flashed upon me.

"Nurse," I said, kindly, "how long have you been watching? You must be tired."

"Three nights, ma'am," she answered; "but if I was ever so tired I am forbidden to let you take my place."

"Yes," I said. "Well, to-night I will bring you a good glass of wine into the small dining-room, and when he is asleep you may go there and find it. Now go in there and mind you watch him well."

She went into Mark's room and I went to the dining-room. I took a small decanter of port—carried it to my room and put some laudanum into it—then I took it into the small dining-room and placed it on the table and beside it some biscuit and anchovy paste to increase her thirst so that she might drink it all.

It was nearly 11, then and I undressed myself. I put on the pale-blue dressing-gown in which he used to admire me and let the bands of my hair, which were very thick and heavy, fall down about my neck. Then I sat down before the clock and thought about him and of the day when he told me he loved me and of the day on which we were married. When the clock struck 1, I went down, peeped in and saw the nurse moving about the chimney piece. Then I went back to my room, sat down, and thought of Mark until 2. When I went down again the nurse was dozing in her chair. I could not see Mark, but I heard him move and say "Louise"—and I shivered as I heard him. The movement awoke the nurse. She turned toward me with a half-guilty start.

I beckoned to her. She glanced at her charge and then came out. She was cold. They allowed no fire in Mark's room. I told her to warm herself at the fire that was blazing in the dining-room, and to take the wine. I talked to her there, but made my remarks at long intervals, so that after a short while she fell back upon the cushions and slept heavily.

Then I rose and walked to the mirror. I saw that I was very pale and wondered what he would think of me. Then I went into the room and stood beside him.

He saw me at once. He put out his arms and said: "Louise—Louise!" And I sank down into his arms.

The lights in the room had burned out and the first gray tints of morning began to appear when I felt a fearful shudder pass over Mark's form and he writhed himself free from my close embrace. Then he asked, hoarsely, for water.

I sprang up, gave him a drink, and then stood by his bedside. His eyes were on fire, his cheeks were covered with a burning flush and his hands trembled violently.

"Louise," he said, "I am dying."

An indefinable terror seized me. I crouched down beside him, my eyes fascinatedly fixed upon his.

"Louise, they told me that you were my death—they told me that your love had killed me!"

He put out his arms toward me, but I shrank from him with my blood curdled.

"Louise," he went on, "I mocked at them! I said you could not kill me, for you had my life and soul in you as well as your own—God! What a pain!"

His form was thrown up from the bed in his agony and then fell down again. "Mark! What can I do for you, darling?"

"Did you speak, Louise?" he said, with a wild stare, "I saw your lips move, but only heard your low, sweet voice, saying 'Mark—Mark! I love you!' I hear it always! I feel your breath upon my lips now! Come here, Louise! Quick—"

I bent toward him. His arms caught me in a fierce embrace, and so he held me as if he would press my very life into his bosom and he fastened his red lips on mine.

And there, in that clasp, the fires faded from his eyes, and his glas froze upon mine.

CULINARY MAXIMS

Late fruit keeps well.
Eating sets the head right.
He preaches well who lives well.
Stingy living is not frugality.
Keep the feast to feast day.
A good meal is worth hanging for.
His bread fell into the honey.
A young glutton maketh an old beggar.
Is there nothing between the fast and the feast?
A hungry stomach seldom loathes common victuals.
There is never enmity between the cook and the butter.
A hungry man discovers more than a hundred lawyers.
When it rains macaroni there will be a fine time for gluttons.
Three things kill a man: a scorching sun, suppers and cares.
They must hunger in frost who spring-time have lost.
We must eat and drink though every tree were a gallows.
Consummate pleasure is not in the costly flavor but in yourself.—[Lucullus in May Table Talk.

DIED.

REAGAN—On Monday, April 29, 1889, after a lingering illness, Patrick Reagan, a native of County Clare, Ireland, but for the past 40 years a resident of Washington.

Friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his daughter's residence, Lincoln avenue, Wednesday, at 3 o'clock p. m.

JACKSON—On April 29, 1889, at 5 o'clock a. m., of consumption, Mary E., wife of Frederick A. Jackson, aged 65 years.

Funeral from her late residence, 919 Ninth street northeast, on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock p. m. Interment at Rock Creek. Friends and relatives invited to attend.

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PROPOSALS.

PROPOSALS FOR MISCELLANEOUS SUPPLIES.—WAR DEPARTMENT, April 2, 1889.—Sealed proposals (in duplicate) will be received at this office until 1 o'clock p. m. Wednesday, May 22, 1889, for furnishing Miscellaneous Supplies, consisting of Brooms, Brushes, Soaps, Towels, etc., etc., for the War Department and its bureaus in Washington, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890. Blank forms of proposals, showing the items and estimated quantities required, together with instructions to bidders, will be furnished on application to this office. Bids will be considered on each item separately. Proposals must be addressed to the undersigned, indorsed on the outside of the envelope, "Proposals for Miscellaneous Supplies." M. R. THORP, Chief Supply Division.

PROPOSALS FOR STATIONERY.

WAR DEPARTMENT, April 2, 1889.

Sealed proposals, in duplicate, will be received at this office until 1 o'clock p. m., WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1889, for furnishing Stationery for the War Department and its bureaus in Washington during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890.

Blank forms of proposals, showing the items and estimated quantities required, together with circular relating thereto, will be furnished on application to this office.

Bids will be considered on each item separately.

Proposals must be addressed to the undersigned, indorsed on the outside of the envelope, "Proposals for Stationery."

M. R. THORP, Chief Supply Division.

EXCURSIONS.

OCCOQUAN FALLS—THE NEW STEAMER BARTHOLDI leaves Sheriff's wharf 9 a. m. daily, after April 28, for Occoquan Falls. Returning at 7 p. m., stopping at Alexandria. Music. Fairyland Vineyard furnishes all the grapes and raspberries in their season that you can eat. W. W. GILES, Master.

HO! FOR GREAT FALLS AND CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.—Steam Packet EXCELSIOR makes her regular trips on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, leaving High st. and Canal, Georgetown, at 8 a. m. Will commence April 31. Fare, 50c., round trip.

MOUNT VERNON!
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