WASHINGTON CRITIC

EVERY EVENING.
BY THE
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BALLET KILBOURN, PRESIDENT.

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WASHINGTON, MAY 13, 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.

A CIVIL SERVICE CASE.

Civil Service Reform is a good thing and civil service examinations are good things, but let us suppose a case like this: A Democratic Administration comes into power and among those removed from office is a postoffice inspector, forty-one years of age, a man of admitted ability in his place. Four years pass, the Republicans are once more managing affairs of State, and the inspector referred to applies for reinstatement. "We want you back again certainly Mr. ——," says a postoffice official high in place, "but you have never passed a civil service examination and the Commission claim that postoffice inspectors come under the rule. So I am barred from appointing you."

"But I am ready to pass an examination at any time," is the reply.

"Ah, but Mr. ——, you are too old to come under the rules. You see the situation."

What is the effect of civil service reform in this instance? What is to be done in the case of this expert postoffice inspector, a veteran at the work, a man in the prime of life, with at least twenty years of excellent capacity for his duties before him? How does a civil service examination assist in determining the sort of man to be a thief-catcher? What is to be the outcome of such a case as the one described, anyhow? Will a member of the commission or any one else please answer?

NAVAL MILITIA.

There is before the New York Legislature a bill providing for a State naval militia. It is similar to a measure already adopted in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island providing for the organization of three battalions of Naval Reserve Artillery and a Naval Reserve Torpedo Corps, the whole comprising about 1,200 officers and men for the defense of the coasts and harbors on the seaboard and lakeboard of the State, the expense to be borne by the Federal Government.

So forcibly is the need of better coast protection recognized by the people of the city of New York that a memorial praying for the adoption of the measure, signed by many prominent men, has been sent to Albany. Among the names attached to the memorial are those of Congressman W. C. Wallace, William H. Webb, Colonel S. V. R. Cruger, General Stewart L. Woodford, Chauncey M. Depew, ex-Congressman D. R. James, Ambrose Lewis, ex-Judge W. H. Arnoux, ex-Judge Noah Davis, ex-Surrogate Daniel G. Rollins, Colonel Floyd Clarkson, Henry E. Howland, ex-Congressman O. B. Potter, Samuel Sloan and John W. Jacobus. These men recognize the fact that we need in this country something more than a lot of new steel cruisers. They are practical.

THE CASE OF MR. PARNELL.

American admirers of Mr. Parnell do not know what to think or say of him just now. He had a reputation for truthfulness, and now he admits, upon the stand, that, to accomplish an end, he deliberately made a misrepresentation of facts before Parliament. What are we to think of a man who has practically lied, and who now admits it. The praise he gets from certain sources now because of the candor of his admission is, of course, all bosh. To confess a falsehood is no excuse for the falsehood. Wrongdoers have confessed since the world began. What are we to think of Mr. Parnell? It is a pity.

IF THERE is one man in this country, or in any country, who comes near being the ideal man of one type, that man is George W. Childs of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Mr. Childs is rich beyond the limit of most men and it does not in any way interfere with his happiness, because he applies his wealth to the pleasure of others less fortunate, and, in that way, gets the greater pleasure for himself. He celebrated his sixtieth birthday Sunday, and from all over the land came expressions of good-will and earnest affection from thousands who have had cause to remember his many kindnesses. In his own home those who have been associated with him in all capacities are not less cordial in their expressions of friendship and gratitude, and there is no man in all the thousands who has anything to offer but kind words and good wishes. He has grown rich, because every man was glad to help him in accumulating wealth, knowing to what uses he would put his money, and he has never betrayed the confidence placed in him. His heart and his purse are open to the needy always and mankind is nobler and better that he is of it. May he live to be a hundred years old and have more every year to divide.

WILLIAM KEMMLER, the Philadelphia man who chopped up his sweetheart in Buffalo, N. Y., in March, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. He is the first to come in on the electricity floor, so to speak, and unless something happens he will be killed by artificial lightning, a style of rapidity not indigenous to Philadelphia, and no doubt unpopular on that account with Mr. K.

CAN it be that there is any truth in the rumor that President Harrison is to furnish each one of his relatives with a Government cruiser for the summer?—[New York World.

Can it be that there is any truth in the rumor that the New York *World* is to furnish each of its editors with a Feeble-Minded Sanitarium for the summer?

SOME Republican office-seekers, without the fear of the Lord before their eyes, charge Mr. Wanamaker, P. M. G., with being a Wugmump. A Wugmump, you will understand, is something somewhat like and somewhat unlike a Mugwump.

IT TURNS OUT now that a Boston Dime Museum man bought Mr. Cleveland's "seal browns" and victoria and they will be put on exhibition there. Great Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, may stop a hole to keep the wind away.

RELIGION WON'T mix with politics, though it may with statesmanship, and Bishop Potter's sermon still stands out apart from all the other addresses delivered at the New York Centennial.

GENERAL SIMON CAMERON, who has been dangerously ill in his home at Lancaster, Pa., is believed to be out of danger. The news will be received with gratification all over the country.

IT IS stated that the professional gamblers won $655,000 on the defeat of Proctor Knott at the Louisville races last week. Another case of amateurs betting on the favorite.

JEFF DAVIS replies to General Wolseley. As neither of these people are citizens of the United States, the issue of the controversy is unimportant.

THE CARTER divorce case in Chicago is about ended, but the river there is just now beginning to be at its most odorous stage.

MR. ENANDER, appointed Minister to Denmark, persists in asserting that his ailment is not *persona non grata*.

UP TO a late hour this afternoon no Government Engineer had invented any feasible plan for coast defenses.

POLITICAL questions in New York continue to be as clay in the hands of the Potter.

EVERYBODY seems agreed to the purchase of the Cherokee strip except the Cherokees.

THE SHAD just now has a hard roe to hoe.

CRITICULAR.

It was proposed recently in Chicago to organize the Patriotism Political Club, one of the requisites to membership being that no member should hold an office. Up to date the man who made the proposition constitutes the membership of the club.

"Oh," said a pretty West End girl, "there are such remarkable bargains in the stores now."

"Ugh!" grunted her father, burying himself deeper in his paper.

"Yes," she continued, "and everything they are offering is so lovely, too. Why, papa, the only cheap thing I saw down town to-day that I didn't want was a $8 pair of trousers."

The old gentleman looked up over his paper, chuckled softly to himself and handed the girl $3.

Unprofessional conduct—amateur acting.

Pawpaw blossoms—babies.

The fare sex—street car conductors.

The summer is coming and soon will mountain-air, sea-air and millionaire be synonymous terms.

Speaking of size, Chicago is the piggest city in the West.

A young man from Georgetown sends in this

TRIOLET:

I fell in love with Ellinor,
And straightway told her of it, too;
I could not help but tell it, for
I was in love with Ellinor.

But all my tender hopes fell through,
She gave her eyes a pretty droop,
And whispered: "Love, for you, is soup."

Will it be Phelps?

(Wash. Cor. N. Y. Star.)

Prince Bismarck, according to private letters received here, has been making inquiries of the American Legation at Berlin in regard to the public career of Commissioner William Walter Phelps. From this fact the inference is drawn that the wily German Chancellor has already come to the conclusion that Mr. Phelps will be the new Minister of the United States to Germany. New Jersey friends of the Teaneck statesman have had for some time a very decided opinion in the same direction. The only element of uncertainty they admit is the wonderful capacity with which Mr. Phelps' brother Commissioner, John A. Kasson, has of shouldering his way to any given point he sets his mind upon, utterly regardless of other people's corns or personal comfort. Both Kasson and Phelps are on the best of terms with Premier Blaine. Kasson was probably named first on the commission because he had once for a brief period served as Minister to Berlin, while Phelps' previous term of diplomatic service had been confined to Austria. Notwithstanding this accidental advantage, and making full allowance for Kasson's pushing capacities, the New Jersey man's supporters believe that on the conclusion of the Samoan negotiations he will be asked to remain as Minister.

He Will Not Ask It.

(Chicago News.)

It is reported that Civil-Service Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt, notwithstanding his thorough cowboy training, will not insist on competitive examinations in lariat throwing and broncho riding among aspirants for Government clerkships.

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

Washington has a human canary bird of no mean pretensions. The unfeathered songster (unless he has been tarred and feathered by some other community) struts about the streets with a piano-wagon and chirps with vociferous energy, while the machine grinds out "The Mocking Bird." He is an old man, apparently not less than 60, but he is quite active. When he gives his musical exhibitions he throws his head forward, puts his elbows to his sides, extends his hands and walks up and down the pavement, looking as much like a bird as is possible with a human being. The similarity is all unpremeditated, however, for it is evident that he is entirely wrapped up in his performance. He twitters, trills and carols like a forest full of bipeds and generally gets a liberal reward in the way of pennies for his pains.

The piano-wagon is an institution which is hailed by some with satisfaction and tolerated by others as an unavoidable evil. It must be a rather remunerative enterprise, however, as almost every wagon—and there are six or seven of them about town—supports two or three people. Nearly all have some side attraction.

One has the bird whistler and the other has a gaudily-dressed woman, who can balance a spinning tambourine on her middle finger for an unlimited length of time. Others have the usual dark complexioned children, with big pleading eyes. On a warm summer evening it is common to see one of these instruments drawn up to the curb and play waltzes and polkas by the yard, while the children of the neighborhood hold a dancing party on the asphalt pavement.

A Washington man tells the following story about Dan. Rice, the famous circus clown and showman: Rice had a show out in some of the wild Western districts, and he learned that there was a conspiracy on foot to mob the circus. That used to be one of the greatest drawbacks to the circus business. Every once in a while the roughs of a community would get together and make a strenuous effort to clean out the show. It is so to a certain extent now, and this is one cause for the army of apparently superfluous people that a circus carries with it. Rice's people had opened the performance to a good crowd of people, but it soon became evident that the attack was being organized. Dan. Rice cleared the ring and made a speech. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am here with my show to entertain you. You know what the price is and you don't have to come if you don't want to. I understand that there is a plan on foot to mob my circus. Now, I want to make a proposition to you. Pick out the best man youv'e got. I don't care who he is, and all the rest of you keep off. I'll fight him if he is as big as a house, and if I don't whip him I'll give you all your money back, and the rest of the show for nothing." He won the sympathy of the crowd who broke into enthusiastic applause at this exhibition of nerve. Any riotous disposition was promptly suppressed. The boldness of the step, however, was somewhat modified by the fact that Dan Rice was one of the best rough and tumble fighters in the country.

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The beautiful Rock Creek valley was crowded all day yesterday by all kinds and conditions of people, out for a country airing, and the woods that are so quiet all the week resounded with shouts and the merry laughter of children. There were any number of little picnic parties, who got away from the hot, dusty streets of the city and rambled about the woods all day, eating lunch in some sequestered little glen, and returning home in the dusk of the day laden with wild flowers and mosses. The small boy was in his glory and splashed about in the cool pools or lay supinely in the sun on the hot sand. Family parties passing by looked the other way, and when the small boy caught sight of them he would leap into the water with a splash like that of an overgrown bullfrog.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss and Mrs. Leiter leave on Wednesday for Newport.

The marriage of Justice Gray and Miss Matthews will take place June 6.

Assistant Secretary Bacheler, who is now at the Arno, will shortly lease a house for his family.

Miss Adele Campbell of El Paso, Tex., who has been spending the season here at the Elsmere, on H street, near Fourteenth, will go to New York tomorrow to visit some friends in that city. Miss Campbell is a fascinating and winsome brunette and she has made herself a great favorite in Washington society.

A garden party will be given at Carroll Springs Sanitarium, Dr. Wright's Forest Glen, for the benefit of the Homeopathic Free Dispensary on Thursday afternoon. Trains will leave B. & O. depot at 4:35 and 5:35 p. m. A tournament will be held on the grounds and there will be many means of recreation. Those buying tickets will secure reduced railway rates.

Mr. W. E. Jackson, city editor of the *Two Republics* of Mexico, arrived in Washington Saturday, and will spend the summer here. He is well known in this city, having resided here a number of years. He was one of an adventurous trio who, two years ago, commenced the publication of the *Daily Sporting News*, a bright little sheet, which, after a stormy and eventful career of thirty-seven days, died and was sincerely mourned by one subscriber, three editors and a cashier. The three editors left the city of their own accord, Jackson going to the City of Mexico, the senior to Denver and the junior to New York and divers other places. But one after the other they drifted back to the scene of the venture, and yesterday there was a grand reunion and an exchange of stories.

Accent on the "Ba."

(New York Star.)

Commissioner Fink was the handsomest of the men examined in this city by Senator Cullom's committee, and had the richest brogue. Gus Williams couldn't have improved on it. He managed to make his points clear, however, and seemed to have an excellent command of English, except for pronunciation. One of his pet peculiarities was the placing of the accent very strongly upon the first syllable of Vermont. The first time the committee heard this they looked almost as astonished as they did when Chauncey M. Depew first spoke of Manitoba, with the accent on the "ba." They got used to that afterward, however, and Senator Blair even tried to say it that way himself, not with success, however, for it requires practice to pronounce Manitoba that way and make it sound natural.

Fashion in Omaha.

[Omaha Herald.]

The Garcynski iconoclasm grows apace. Cool light amber is rapidly superseding warm red as the dominant color in town painting. While the adherents to tradition ascribe this change to the rise of the mercury, converts to the "me and Guido" school know a darned sight better.

Not Bad.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

Chicago is proud of a 400 of its own—400 pork-packers.—[Somerville Journal.

But they never try to get both feet in the trough in public.

MATTER WORTH READING.

One of the incidents of a fashionable party at Delmonico's a few nights ago was the sudden appearance in the centre of the ball-room floor of an article that was unmistakably a portion of woman's dress not generally exposed to vulgar gaze, to wit, a bustle. One of the men present, telling a companion about it afterward, and unwittingly delighting at the same time an audience on a Broadway car, said: "Every fellow gave a look at the girls the minute he saw it, and then he caught the look in the other fellow's eyes and the dance was all broke up; but nobody said a word and nobody laughed. Every fellow as he went skimming around would dodge the thing, and the girls just looked into their partners' faces as though they saw nothing, and never said a word or smiled a smile. It lay there with everybody circling around it as careful as though it was alive, till some man sailed in pretty close and gave it a shove with his foot that sent it over toward the row of chairs where the folks were sitting. Nobody could help seeing it then, and it was worse than ever to keep from laughing. It was as good as a show to see Ward McAllister trying to look solemn. Just as the dance was over some fellow walked up and, without looking a look, just gave the thing a kick that sent it sliding clear back under the chairs. All the fellows were dead anxious to find out whose it was, but nobody did.• J—— L—— pretended that he knew, but he wouldn't tell, and nobody believes that he did"—[New York Sun.

The Bonanza Princes' Sons.

Take the sons and daughters of our millionaires, and it is the exception to find one who has developed any strong character or any aptitude for carrying on the business bequeathed to them. Young Fred. Crocker, who is one of the vice-presidents of the great Southern Pacific system, is an abler man than his father, and is sure to be the head of the railroad company on this coast in ten years. He is well-trained in all the routine of the business, and has great capacity, but he stands alone among the sons of the railroad millionaires. Of the bonanza millionaires Flood's son does no credit to his father's fortune, as he was for years notorious for his scandalous escapades and his heavy drinking. He has braced up lately, but it is doubtful whether the reform will last. Fair's oldest son is a young terror, who is prematurely old in knowledge of this world and its vices. The list may be indefinitely extended, but it would be the same dreary repetition of great opportunities thrown away by young men, who, if they had brains, ambition and character, could shape the destines of this Western country; but with their abilities and training they will never succeed in doing anything but squander the millions which their fathers have gathered.—[San Francisco Letter.

Labourchere at School.

I was at a private school. The master was an unmitigated ruffian. If we did anything wrong during school hours we were told by an usher to stand on a form. The master suffered from lumbago. Periodically he used to crawl into the room on all fours, rear up when he came close to a boy standing on a form and proceed to beat him savagely with a cane. I believe he thought the exercise was good for his lumbago. Then I went to Eton. Dr. Hawtry was the head master. He was an amiable and kindly man and a fine gentleman. He probably flogged about twenty boys every day on an average. He did it with exquisite politeness, and, except on rare occasions, the whole thing was a farce. Four cuts were the ordinary application, and ten cuts were never exceeded. The proceedings took place in public, and any boy who had a taste for the thing might be a spectator. If the victim flinched there was a howl of execration. Far from objecting to this the Doctor approved of it. I remember once that a boy fell on his knees and implored him to spare him. "I shall not condescend to flog you, but I leave you to your young friends," said the Doctor. I happened to be one of the young friends, and I remember sliding in kicking the boy round the quadrangle for about an hour.—[London Truth.

The Clock Was Unnecessary.

A very popular young lady, who has been visiting Americus for several weeks, was to return home on the early train Monday morning. She was afraid she would not get up in time for the train, so one of her admiring gentlemen friends borrowed an alarm clock, which she placed in her room and set to alarm at 4 o'clock. Sunday evening a number of young men called on her, and and among them the borrower of the alarm clock. All the others departed, and left the two enjoying themselves as only two young people can. The light in the parlor burned brightly; all others in the house were either extinguished or burned very low. The dogs began to howl, the chickens crowed and still the alarm-clock man held on. At last the parting words were exchanged, and the young man was on the eve of departing, when the said alarm clock broke loose in thundering tones. The said young man gave his love one sad, forlorn look and jumped clear off the veranda, and with the second leap landed in the street. She left on the early train.—[Americus (Ga.) Recorder.

An Intelligent Cat.

Cats have not attained a high reputation for intelligence, but instances take place occasionally which go far toward redeeming their characters from suspicion of stupidity. A beautiful cat, which enjoyed the favor of a family, took such pains to do her duty on one occasion that there could be no doubt that she possessed some power of reasoning. She came to her mistress much disturbed, displaying by restless actions great distress. It was evident, after watching her, that she wished her mistress to follow her. When this was done and the mistress went down stairs after excited pussy, there was found in the pantry another cat, calmly enjoying the inside of a custard pie. The contented purr of the first cat at bringing the recreant to justice was amusing.

He Wanted a Painter.

A Paris physician showed both skill and wit in rebuking what—perhaps justly—he regarded as the impertinence of a celebrated but very vain and overbearing French painter in Paris.

The pet dog of this artist was taken ill, and his owner had the audacity to send one of the leading physicians in the capital, on the assumption that a veterinary surgeon was not good enough for the valuable dog of so great a personage as himself.

The physician who had been honored with the summons was at first quite shocked at the impertinence of the notion, but soon recovered his equanimity, and returned the following message to the knight of the brush:

"Would Monsieur M—— be good enough to step over to my house, as I have a couple of new window shutters that want painting."—[Youth's Companion.

Cane Brakes in Bloom.

It is said that once in every twenty years the common swamp cane of Georgia blooms. W. H. Carpenter of Elbert County says that in 1869 all the brakes were abloom in that county, and that now, in 1889, they are again in flower. The bloom is as blue as indigo. He also says it is a sure sign of a good crop year, for in 1869 it bloomed and it was the best crop year ever known in that section.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

The Washingtons begin a long series of games at home this afternoon and the indications are that they will better their percentage considerably before they leave for their Western trip. They have suffered a combination of bad luck and poor playing at critical moments which has dumped them into a position that it is not likely they will long occupy. Two games, the first one with the Phillies, and the second one with the Black Crooks, they lost through Ebright's muffs at the plate; others have been lost through widness on the part of the pitchers; very few have been lost through bad playing on the part of the nine. That they can bat at times they fully demonstrated at Staten Island. Wise and Morrill have both shown that they can wield the willow as of old. The team has almost always given the box good support, but the reverse cannot be said. In the face of the most wretched work on the part of the pitchers the nine has played steadily and under the most discouraging circumstances. It is hard for a player to keep up heart when "four balls, take your base," will counterbalance innings of good work. The fact is that the new rules are bearing very hard on our pitchers. With the exception of O'Day our pitchers are young fellows, and have not the steadiness of veterans. O'Day has always been noted for his wildness, and though he appeared to become more steady last year, yet under the "four-ball" rule he has not shown up in his accustomed good form. As the season progresses he will improve. Our team is largely an experimental one. Clark, Banning, Ebright, Carney, Haddock and Sweeny are all new League men. They, with Wise and Morrill, are playing together for the first time in their lives. How foolish to expect polished team work of such an aggregation at the start. In a League game when a victory so often depends upon a single hit, a single catch or a single throw, it is not surprising that a nine suffers defeat that is composed of so much new material. Manager-Captain Morrill is not a strict disciplinarian. Everyone knows that. He has a reputation for being too easy with his men. But the cry of "drunkenness" which has been raised against the team cannot explain the cause of their repeated defeats. THE CRITIC hesitates to accept this explanation. Should it be true, though, the severest punishment should be visited upon the guilty ones. This paper rather believes that with the advance of the season, when the men filling the points settle down and the infield grows more acquainted with itself, the real strength of the team will become apparent. Give the boys a little more time, the season is yet young.

The following is to-day's schedule:

National League—Chicago at Philadelphia, Pittsburg at Boston, Cleveland at New York, Indianapolis at Washington.

American Association—Athletic at Louisville, Baltimore at St. Louis, Columbus at Kansas City, Brooklyn at Cincinnati.

THE NEXT RACING EVENT.

The race for the Kentucky Derby and other turf events in the West during the past week has aroused a feverish interest among racemen in the opening of the Brooklyn Jockey Club's spring meeting, which will take place on Wednesday. The liberal stakes and purses offered by the club, combined with the true sportsmanlike way in which the Messrs. Dwyer and their fellow-directors of the course conduct the racing, has attracted a galaxy of stables that will compare favorably with any track in the country. Strings of race-horses from the stables that will compare favorably with any track in the country. Strings of race horses from the stables of Messrs. Belmont, Withers, Cassatt, Scott, Hearst, Haggin, Morris, Dwyer, Baldwin, Gratz, Davis and Hall, Morgan, Preakness, Brown, Lorillard and others of more or less renown, make up a long list of arrivals.

But the handicap will draw the multitude, and from present indications it will be a great race. The Dwyers' chance to win it for the first time is looked upon as good. Hanover showed a remarkable trial run on Friday, with George Taylor up, making the handicap distance, 1¼ miles, in 2:08¼; several watches made it 2:08¼, pulling all the way at that. Taylor will probably ride this horse in the race, but Hindoo's famous son will have royal company, and if the track is dry and in its present fine condition the initial handicap in which Dry Monopole beat Blue Wing and Hidalgo in 2:07, the best time on record, will probably be repeated.

Among those likely to appear at the post out of the original fifty-four entries are Dwyer Brothers' Hanover, 122 pounds (Taylor); W. Gratz's Elkwood, 120 pounds (Martin); A. J. Cassatt's Eurus, 120 pounds (Hayward); A. Belmont's Prince Royal, 120 pounds (Garrison); W. Lakeland's Exile, 116 pounds (Hamilton); S. S. Brown's Defaulter, 110 pounds (Bergen); A. J. Cassatt's Marauder, 108 pounds (Littlefield); J. J. Carroll's Eleve, 102 pounds (Anderson); Acorn Stables' Richmond, 110 pounds; G. Hearst's Gorgo, 112 pounds; Edgemont Stables' Juggler, 97 pounds (A. McCarthy); T. H. Stevens' Wary, 107 pounds (Williams); G. H. Kernaghan's Judge Murray, 115 pounds, and L. W. Street's Niagara, 106 pounds.

KANSAN PHILOSOPHY.

He who tells to you will tell of you.

The jam always gives out before the bread.

There are some smiles that suggest tears more than some sighs.

A good thing is so seldom true, and a true thing is so seldom good.

Very often the dog does the best he can and still the rabbit gets away.

If a friend has no confidence in your judgment is he doing you an injustice?

When a woman who has been married ten years still reads love stories her marriage was a success.

The railroad over which you want passes always has the most stringent rules against issuing passes.

The average guard dog will bite a timid neighbor passing on the sidewalk and make up with a burglar.

Some friends are like robbers; they will stick to you in pleasant weather, but are sure to come off in the mud.

"If I were dying," a philosopher might say, "and was permitted to say only one thing, it would be, 'Every one talks too much.'"

When a man performs a good action against his will he soon forgets that he was compelled to do it and takes credit to himself for his goodness of heart.

"I'll tell you when you will realize that you are becoming old; when your children become so large that they call you father instead of papa,"—[Parson Twine.

Scene in Oklahoma, April 22:—A. to B.: "Get off my land!" B. to A. "It's my land!" Bang, bang. Both fall dead. C. comes along and takes possession. He drags the dead bodies off the land, and when D. appears he points to them as a warning. D., fearing C. is a bad man, passes on to dispute the right of some other man.—[Atchinson Globe.

Battle of Bull Run open every day from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

THE LYDECKER CASE.

Major Lydecker of the Engineer Corps has abundant reason to be thankful that army officers hold permanent commissions and that they have their trials before juries of their peers; that is, juries of their brother officers. There was a time when courts-martial were organized to convict, and when the culprits are enlisted men there is little occasion to accuse courts-martial of undue leniency; but it is evident that when a brother officer is on trial, unless he is a very unpopular fellow—in which case almost any evidence is sufficient to procure a sentence of dismissal—there is a feeling of community of interest among army officers for which the defendant has ample reason to be thankful. Through political influence, Major Lydecker procured the assignment of duty to the supervision of the tunnel that was in process of construction for the Washington Water Works. The work was so badly done by the contractors that the tunnel, which was supposed to have been completed, will have to be abandoned, and already the huge iron pipes for a surface aqueduct have been ordered. The court-martial has found that Major Lydecker was guilty of culpable negligence in not taking proper measures to prevent contractors from systematically slighting their work. And having convicted the Major of this degree of negligence, the court concludes that a fine of $900, payable in nine monthly installments, is the sufficient penalty. There was room for some question of responsibility which would have accounted for a verdict of acquittal, but having reached the conclusion that the Major was responsible, the penalty is absurdly inadequate. If the Major had been convicted of disrespect to his superior officer he would probably have been put on half pay for two or three years, and very likely dismissed. But here is a neglect of duty that involved a waste of $1,000,000 or $2,000,000, and a fine of $900 is the penalty. If Lydecker were a civilian, it is not at all probable that he would ever get another engagement with the Government, and it is quite possible that he would have had to stand a civil suit. But as he is an army officer he will draw from the Government the money to pay his fine with, he will continue in the service so long as he lives, and will be put in charge of other great public works and at the age of 62 he will retire from active duty on three-fourths of his pay for the remainder of his days. This whole Washington aqueduct, from the time Lieutenant Hoxie invented the idea of a tunnel four miles long, that was to run through what should have been solid stone, so that the unlined tunnel would carry water under a pressure of a hundred feet without leaking, has been at every stage a pretty heavy load for the reputation of the army engineers to stand up under. It was unfortunate for the corps that this aqueduct episode occurred just at the time when the civilian engineers are trying to get hold of the river and harbor works now carried on wholly by the military engineers.—[Fred. Perry Powers in America.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Pirates of Penzance" at Albaugh's to-night with the full cast of the Lamont Opera Company.

Vernona Jarbeau in "Starlight" at the National to-night.

"Ranch King" to night at Harris' Bijou.

Lilly Clay's Gaiety Company to-night at Kernan's, first time in Washington.

Senator Frank Woodson's Specialty Company to-night at the Globe.

Roop and Nopper's Globe Theatre Specialty Company left here yesterday at 5 p. m. for Norfolk where it plays this week and then goes to Richmond, opening there May 20.

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted Miss Annie Lewis on Saturday evening, on the occasion of her appearance in "Cheek," the performance being a benefit in her honor. Miss Lewis, who has made rapid progress in her profession since she left her home and native city, was at her best, and received many recalls. Her floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. After the curtain went down Mr. Reed made a graceful acknowledgement in Miss Lewis' behalf of the reception given her, and predicted a glowing future. She goes with Hallen & Hart next season at a high salary.

His Legs Cut Off By the Cars.

They were sleeping on the railroad track. George Griffin and Frances Briscoe of Alexandria sat down on the banks of the old canal near the W. O. & W. railroad Saturday night, to bask in the moonlight and breathe the balmy atmosphere. When the 1:30 train came along they were still there, wrapped in slumber. The woman awoke, and might have saved herself if she had not tried to rescue her lover. The man's legs were both cut off, and the woman's left arm was broken in two places. Griffin had been drinking freely in celebration of her sixteenth birthday, and she was doing her best to take care of him. Griffin died soon after the occurrence.

Christine Nilsson's Lost Beauty.

I met Christine Nilsson, now Countess de Miranda, while I was walking the other day in the Boulevards. Woe is me! How direfully has the once lovely Swede changed for the worse. She has not faded, but she has fattened. Her face is broad, her features heavy, and the expansion of her cheeks has diminished the apparent size of her once lustrous blue eyes. Her bright, fair hair alone reminds the spectator of her former charms. The winsome song birds of the past quarter of a century are one by one losing their notes and their plumage as well.—[From Letter to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

You Need It Now

To impart strength and give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems peculiarly adapted to overcome that tired feeling caused by change of season, climate or life, and while it tones and sustains the system it purifies and renovates the blood. We earnestly urge the large army of clerks, book-keepers, teachers, housewives, operatives and others who have been closely confined during the winter and who need

A Good Spring Medicine

to try Hood's Sarsaparilla *now*. Don't delay.

"Every spring for years I have made it a practice to take from three to five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because I know it purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system of all impurities. That languid feeling, sometimes called 'spring fever,' will never visit the system that has been properly cared for by this never-failing remedy." W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor Agricultural Epitomist, Indianapolis, Ind.

Pure Blood

"For years at irregular intervals in all seasons, I suffered the intolerable burning and itching of blood poisoning by ivy. It would break out on my legs, in my throat and eyes. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, as a blood purifier, with no thought of it as a special remedy for ivy poisoning, but it has effected a permanent and thorough cure." CALVIN T. SHUTE, Wentworth, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparila

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

[Communications on any matter of current interest will be cheerfully printed in THE CRITIC under this head. Letters should in all cases be as brief as possible.]

Wanted—Real French Coffee.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—*Editor Critic:* You would have been clearly impressed by thoughts that have since several weeks been striving to find voice through this pen had you but added to your enumeration of "people astir early in the morning on the streets" of this charming city transient visitors from rural districts, or that distant province, Louisiana, particularly accustomed to the the matutinal cup that solaces the soul of every Southron to the manner born who may be met roaming abroad, according to the dictum of Washingtonians, "at most ungodly hours," seeking, vainly, a cup of real French or Creole New Orleans Coffee. A number of places promising this delicious compound open about 7:30 a. m. Yet with all these there is a fortune in store in this city for the caterer who masters the true secret of evolving this fragrant decoction, and whose place opens at earlier hours in the morning.

ORLEANIAN.

A CURIOUS PETITION.

A Washington special to the St. Louis *Republic* says: "A remarkable petition has arrived here from Natchez, Miss. It was signed by over 100 of the leading citizens of Natchez, including Wm. G. Benbrook, the mayor; Allison S. Foster, clerk of the chancery court, and the leading merchants and politicians of both parties in the city. The petition prayed the President to appoint General Bernard G. Farrar sub-treasurer at St. Louis. General Farrar commanded the fort at Natchez some time during the civil war and administered his duty like a soldier and a gentleman. The people of Natchez, after 30 years, have not forgotten it.

Among other things the petition says: "We have never seen General Farrar since he left, but our respect and good wishes have and ever will attend him, and should he ever honor us with a visit we would tender to him an ovation that would prove that the friendship born for him here when our country was deluged in war, and he an enemy, has not abated nor lost its lustre or fervency. Many of our older citizens who favorably knew General Farrar and would cheerfully sign this petition have, in these long years that have passed, been gathered to their fathers and now sleep the sleep of death."

And so throughout the petition is evidently earnest and is a curious document, one which General Farrar should certainly prize.

A Field for American Enterprise.

Edmund W. P. Smith, for eight years United States Consul at Cartagena, Republic of Colombia, but for the past two years engaged in business there, is in the city. He says there is a great field for American enterprise in the Republic of Colombia. Electric lights, waterworks, railroads, and ice machines are particularly wanted. The Government is disposed to be liberal. Concessions will be given to bona fide capitalists for twenty-five years, and in the case of the waterworks the Government will guarantee 7 per cent. on the capital invested for twenty-five years. Emigration is particularly desired, and in order to infuse new blood into the Republic the Government will pay the passage of an emigrant, give him $6 a month, 250 acres of land, a cow, two pigs and a plow, and help him build his house, and transport him free from the seaport to the point where he desires to locate.

British Wills in 1889.

Of the £20,000,000 of personal property left by wills in the first quarter of 1889 in Great Britain the portion left to charity was but £368,805. The three largest estates were Mr. Ryland's, Manchester manufacturer and warehouse man, £2,574,922; Sir William Pearce's, Glasgow shipbuilder, £1,069,669, and W. J. Cookson's, chemical manufacturer, £585,000.

Tharp's Excellent Berkeley Tonic.

There is no dealer in liquor and wines who is better and more favorably known in the community than our fellow-townsman, Mr. James Tharp, at 818 F street, for the purity of the goods he handles, the excellence of his Old Rye Berkeley Whisky. As a tonic it has no superior.

It is both a preventive and a sure cure for malaria; it acts like a charm directly on the liver, which is the seat of all disorders of the system when in an unhealthy condition.

WASHINGTON SAFE DEPOSIT CO., 916 Pa. ave., rents safes as low as $5 per year.

DIED.

CONNOLLY.—Suddenly on the morning of May 12, 1889, at her residence, 1008 Thirty-first street, West Washington, Mrs. Mary A. Connolly, widow of the late John Connolly, in the 58th year of her age.

Funeral on Tuesday morning at 9 a. m. Requiem mass at 10 a. m., Trinity Church. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend.

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Everything first-class.

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This is the season for testing its peculiar property of making the best
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In this respect you will find it to be unrivalled.
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The Best Goods at the Lowest Prices.
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AMUSEMENTS.

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BEGINNING MONDAY, MAY 13.
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The Charming Comedienne,
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JARBEAU
In her Brilliant Musical Comedy,
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A COMPANY OF ACKNOWLEDGED COMEDY ARTISTS.
CATCHY SONGS! ORIGINAL MUSIC!
New Gavotte by Handsome Girls, Beautifully Costumed.
THAT'S ENOUGH, DON'T YOU THINK?

ALBAUGH'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
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Every Evening at 8:15. Matinee Saturday.
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