WASHINGTON CRITIC

EVERY EVENING,
BY THE
WASHINGTON CRITIC COMPANY,
HALLET KILBOURN, PRESIDENT.

OFFICE: 943 D STREET N. W.,
POST BUILDING,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TERMS:

Single Copy	2 Cents
By Carrier, per month	35 Cents
By Mail, postage paid, one year	$5.00
By Mail, postage paid, six months	3.00
By Mail, postage paid, per month	50 Cents

Mail subscriptions invariably in advance.
Address
THE WASHINGTON CRITIC,
Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, MAY 22, 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 11 until 12.

Persons not members of Congress having business with the President will be received from 12 to 12:30 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 BLOT ON WASHINGTON.

This is the Capital of the Nation. It is supposed that its affairs are regulated with a due regard for the dignity appertaining to such a place. It is a beautiful city. It has broad, well-shaded thoroughfares, magnificent buildings and well-kept parks and drives. It is a city of which not only Washingtonians but the Nation at large may be proud. Yet it is marred by one offensive and annoying spectacle—that of the beggars upon its streets.

There are charities in Washington where the worthy poor may obtain relief. The worthy poor they do relieve. The professional beggars scorn these charities. They can do better. They have a thousand tricks for deceiving the tender-hearted. They are making money. They are offensive objects upon the streets. They are a public nuisance. They are undeserving, but they are allowed.

It is doubtful if there can be found one American beggar in the city. Those who make a business of living upon the public are imported leeches. They beg, not because they are in need, but because they find it a profitable occupation. They endeavor to make of themselves as pitiable objects as possible. They shock the sensibilities of delicate people and are pests to the stronger-minded.

The beggars of Washington are not merely an annoyance and an expense, but they are a thousand-fold more injurious to the city in another way. They detract from the attractiveness of the town, and are among the few things which prevent visitors from becoming permanent residents. This is not putting the case too strongly.

A public beggar—and this includes the halt and the blind and the grinders of organs—should not be tolerated in this city. They are professionals, they are frauds, they are a nuisance and their presence here is not in keeping with what the Capital of the prosperous United States should be. Are some half hundred worthless characters to accomplish so much harm? Sweep them away.

FOREIGN CONTRACT LABOR.

At the supper given to Bishop Keane last night by the Catholic clergy of Washington the Bishop spoke upon the subject of the new university and his labors in securing a corps of professors for the educational work of the institution. In the course of his remarks he said:

Of course, it is desirable to obtain American professors for an American college, and as soon as this is possible it will be done. As a matter of course, however, the Old World has men of deeper learning, and it was among the colleges of the Old World that I sought for the men I wished. Again the search met with the Divine approval and I was enabled to secure a corps of professors who are comparatively young men, and who have the greatest sympathy, love and veneration for American institutions, and desire to live in an American atmosphere.

Now, however, comes the man with an objection, and he asks how the Bishop is going to get his professors into this country, so long as we have a law prohibiting the importation of contract labor. The ruling by Judge Wallace in the New York courts in the case of Rev. Mr. Warren, who was brought over from London to preach in that town, fixes the law in its application to this case, although the exact wording of the law does not include college professors. The New York *Herald* of today takes the question up as based upon the Bishop's remarks in New York when he first returned, but does not suggest any way for the university to get its imported faculty on to the field of its labor, except by repealing the law or amending it so that its provisions will not be capable of such divine interpretations. In the meantime the law stands, and the only recourse left the university is to try what it can do with American professors, who may possibly have more ability than the reverend gentleman places to their credit.

THE WEST VIRGINIA Gubernatorial combat is once more being injected into the columns of the newspapers, and at last accounts General Goff was ahead. West Virginia, with three Governors on the string, ought to wait a very short time before one Governor says something to another Governor.

GOVERNOR FORAKER of Ohio is going in for a third term. The Governor has hopes of becoming a Senator from that State. So also have several other gentlemen, including a Democrat or two or three, and Ohio nearly always has one Democrat in the United States Senate.

AN INDIANIAN named R. P. Porter is of the opinion that the President got the wrong man for Superintendent of the Census, and that he should have the place. Several able citizens, not named Porter, think pretty much the same way that the Indianian does.

MR. CHRIS. MAGEE of Pittsburg and Senator M. S. Quay of the State of Pennsylvania are undecided as to which comprises, includes and circumscribes the other "Magee." By the way, where was Mr. Magee born.

WILL Mr. William Walter Phelps of New Jersey be kind enough to hang that sausage on the handle of his beer glass while he steps up to receive his commission as Minister, etc., to Germany?

COLONEL ELLIOT F. SHEPARD has not yet been appointed Minister to Russia. This is not printed in the nature of news. It is a gentle hint to the President.

MR. CLEVELAND is already beginning to loom for 1892. He will boom later.

CRITICULAR.

An admirer of General Mahone of Virginia sends in the following:

He is a little slender chap,
Not quite unknown to fame;
And though they try to knock him out
He gets there all the same.

He wears a broad brim, slouch white hat,
The Nation knows his name;
And when his foes conclude he's left,
He's right there just the same.

He plays a very quiet hand,
Nor does he tell his game;
And when the others think they've won,
He's got it all the same.

He isn't loved, perhaps, as well
As some less hard to tame;
But while the loved ones lose the race,
He gets there just the same.

He doesn't talk so much, as work,
And though they tread his name
Deep into Old Virginia's mud,
He gets there just the same.

A man who is lawn-less has no need for a lawn mower.

Before the shop window:
She: What a dear little bonnet.
He: What a sweet little bonnet you mean.
She (pettishly): What's the difference between a sweet little bonnet and a dear little bonnet?
He (snappishly): Well, it varies, but the difference is anywhere from $20 up.

In Paris:
Frenchman: L'Amerique est un grand pays!
American: Pays? You bet it pays more than any d— country on this side of the water and you fellows are getting rich out of it, too.

The car driver has no walk in life.

Will some clergyman please explain what right charity has to cover a multitude of sins?

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

Now the sun begins to shine
And the rusty fishing line
Is rigged up with a fancy hook and fly;
And the Christian goes to work
With a persevering jerk—
And comes home in the evening with a lie.

THE NEW DICTIONARY.

Affection—The mercury in a thermometer.
Genius—An admirable crank.
Vices—The moral weaknesses of the poor.
Hero—The fellow who came up at the right time.
Seance medium—One who raises spirits.
Circulating medium—That which raises the spirits.

SHAKESPEAREAN DOSES.

For a "masher"—"King Lear."
For a grocer—"Measure for Measure."
For a pork-packer—"Hamlet."
For a pawnbroker—"Jewlius Seizer."
For a drug clerk—"The Comedy of Errors."
For an ice man—"Winter's Stale."
For a bar keeper—"As You Like It."
For a belated husband—"The Tempest."
For a policeman—"A Midsummer Night's Dream."—[America.

On the Promenade Deck.

Mrs. Le Grand Tower—What would you do, Tom, if I should fall overboard?

Mr. Le Grand Tower—I should first note the time, then inform the captain, and he would order the vessel stopped. They would then lower a boat and we would row back to where you sank, which we could easily do, knowing the time that had passed and the speed and direction of our course. If you were still floating it would be all right; if not, we would watch for bubbles, and—

Mrs. Tower—Oh, you horrid thing. I'm not going to do it, anyhow. (But she told her mother afterward that Tom was a man of splendid judgment, and would make his fortune without a doubt.—[Puck.

From the Dead.

A gentleman who was in the Riggs House, Washington, Friday morning, in company with Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Census, relates a curious incident. Mr. Porter had just arrived in Washington from New York. Stepping up to the clerk he inquired for letters to his address. He was handed a single dispatch as follows:

"NEW YORK, May 11.

"Can you meet me in Washington on Monday? ALLEN THORNDYKE RICE."

"That is a message from the dead," said Mr. Porter, solemnly.—N. Y. Graphic.

Sure of the Job Sooner or Later.

A Springfield woman with an invalid husband, who was not expected to live, thought she would take time by the forelock, and engaged a dressmaker several weeks ago to make a full suit of mourning for her. This week the dressmaker received a letter stating that the looked-for event had not yet taken place and the wife had decided to wait until the death of her husband, as she wished her suit made in the latest style. This cheerful postscript was added to the letter: "Please do not get discouraged about it. You will be sure of the job soonor or later."—[Springfield Homestead.

Personal Politics.

A $1,200 clerkship in the Treasury Department has been given to Jacob S. Fitzhenry.

Fitzhenry—Henry's son.
Henry's son—the son of Henry.
The son of Henry—the son of Harry.
The son of Harry—Harry's son.
Harry's son—Harryson—Harrison.

This appointing of the President's relatives to office must be stopped.—[New York Herald.

WANTED—ROOMS FOR NEW ... FURNISHED.

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

There is a place in the hordic which man with his selfish, ungallant nature has selected, and for which he makes as soon as he gets into the coach. It is the seat nearest the driver opposite the fare-box. If he takes the seat on either side of the door he is obliged to get up to give his seat to a lady or endure the indignant glare of numerous feminine eyes. To a man with the rheumatism or a touch of the gout the alternative is anything but satisfactory. Anywhere along the bench he is liable to ejection at any time, and in the corner next to the fare-box he has the pleasure of playing conductor. But in the corner just opposite he finds a retreat. The fares pass him unheeded in their rush for the fare-box; the car fills with standing passengers—men who have been evicted—and completely shuts him up from the sight of ladies, who insist on going into the hordic when it is crowded.

Away up in the fourth floor of the District building, in a big square room fronting First street, will be found one of the queerest collections of books ever brought together. There are also newspaper files arranged about the walls and a washstand with a towel hanging on the rack occupies a corner behind the door. A desk stands near the centre of the room and at it all day long, except when he is at luncheon, sits the librarian. People rarely enter the apartment, it is no small task to climb the four long flights of stairs, and a quiet, languous stillness pervades the place that predisposes one to slumber. Now and then a messenger comes in for a file of papers, gets them and departs, and quietness reigns again. It is a unique collection, this. Old reports covering a period of fifty years, newspapers dated back in the days when Jefferson was President, reports of other city governments, and a mass of documents of no particular interest. Everything is fragmentary, nothing is complete, and where there are twenty duplicate copies of one report, there are others that cannot be found.

A man, who lives on the street, not because he has no home, but because he doesn't call it living to be anywhere else, is going to assay the part of Colonel Mulbery Sellers in a practical way. This is what he says: "They are getting this electricity business down finer every day. As soon as they get it a little more perfect my scheme is to have the hansoms and cabs run by storage batteries concealed under the seats. No horse, driver, nor anything. Just the electricity will do the business. We will have twenty or thirty men to go about the city and gather up the cabs and take them to the stable after the batteries have been used out and have them recharged. Only, of course, it won't be called a stable. The cabs will be charged with electricity enough to run them ten miles, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour for one passenger. Won't have any driver at all. Have a thing like the handles on a tricycle to steer it by and a thing to turn the current on and start it or turn it off and stop it. See? In the corner have a drop-a-quarter-in-the-slot business. When you drop in a quarter it turns on the current and the cab will go a mile. Then it'll stop. Drop in another quarter and it'll go another mile. See? It will do this for ten miles. Then it stops automatically and can't be started until one of the employes that knows the combination gets in. Cab charged with electricity enough to go twenty miles. The public can't make it go but ten. See? Always enough electricity to take it back to the stable. When you get in the cab you have got to keep going. If you stop you have to put in another quarter if you want to go on. See? Each cab makes about $8 a day. All clear profit. Electricity don't cost much. Ledies be dead stuck on 'em. No drunken driver.

PRETTY ALICE CARLE.

One of the most vivacious and fascinating actresses who has visited Washington is the mezzo soprano, Miss Alice Carle of the Lamont Opera Company, now playing an engagement at Albaugh's Grand Opera House. Added to a shapely figure somewhat above the medium height Miss Carle possesses an attractive face of the brunette type, and her dark eyes flash mischievously out from a frame formed by her raven tresses. Ever since her first appearance in this city a few weeks ago as *Mad Margaret* in "Ruddygore" Miss Carle has been deservedly a favorite with patrons of the summer opera season at Albaugh's, not only for her pretty face and figure, but for her ability as an actress and a singer. Sitting in her cosy parlor at the Randall yesterday afternoon Miss Carle told a Critic representative something of her past history and her ambition for the future.

"I am not a novice on the boards," she remarked, at the same time showing two rows of pearly teeth, "having for several years been a member of the Stetson Opera Company, which played the New England and Canada circuit. It was at the Boston Museum that I made my first appearance, and I attracted the attention of Miss Ober of the famous Boston Ideals and Miss Adelaide Phillips. Subsequently I became a member of the Ideals, and I will always look back upon my experiences in that company as being the pleasantest in my stage career."

"Is this your first visit to the Capital?"

"After many days of waiting I secured an engagement which enabled me to visit Washington and I must say it is pretty hard for me to decide which I like best, Boston or Washington. It may appear strange, but the first night that I appeared in this city I had an unmistakable attack of stage fright. I was anxious to do my best when I came out to sing the song of *Mad Margaret* in the first act, but to my dismay my knees began to knock together and I was so nervous I scarcely knew what to do. With an effort I steadied myself, and I must have succeeded in pleasing the audience for a welcome encore sent the blood surging quicker through my veins and all my fears vanished."

"How will Washington audiences compare with those of the other Eastern cities you have visited."

"I have never seen before more appreciative people than there are in Washington and it is a real pleasure to come out on the stage and face such encouraging people as those who have packed the Opera House every evening during our engagement."

"What are your favorite roles?"

"That is a pretty hard question to answer, but if I had my choice I think I would prefer male characters; for instance, the part for which I am cast in 'Amorita,' is that of lover to Miss Lamont. It is a hard matter to make up and play old women characters, which are usually allotted to contralto and mezzo-soprano singers."

In conversation Miss Carle is piquant and captivating, and in private life even more fascinating than when skipping about the stage, the envy of the occupants of the bald-head row.

The Cars to Ride In.

Persons accustomed to long distances on the New York elevated roads get to having peculiar notions about some particular car of the train, and are called cranks for it by casual travelers. The regulars have good reason for their notions, however. They usually make for either the first or the last car of the train, and the reason for that choice is that those cars are much more comfortable than any of the others. During the stops at stations the doors are opened at only one end of those cars and there is no draught through them. Besides that, the fact that people can enter and leave them by only one door, reduces by one-half the chances of having the feet trodden upon by persons going out or coming in. Then, there is generally more room in the first and last car than in the others, because the ordinary traveler, entering the platform at the centre, goes straight for the car nearest to him, which will always be one of the middle cars of the train. The absence of draughts is in winter the great thing in favor of the first and last cars, and no one who has not tried it can imagine how much difference it makes in comfort.

A TYPO INHERITS A FORTUNE.

In one of the city's composing rooms a printer lingered for some time recently for the purpose of getting work, says the Chicago *Mail*. He was a "sub." The "sub" has to stand around and wait till one of the typesetters regularly employed takes a notion that he doesn't want to work for a day or two and asks him to take his place. The "sub" is debarred from asking for work by the etiquette of the profession. He may be run down at the heel, frowzy, ragged and hungry, but he must say nothing; he may only appeal mutely for somebody to take pity on him and give him a chance to earn a few dollars.

This printer had waited for two weeks without getting a day's work. He appeared regularly at the proper hour, and stood first on one foot and then on the other at a central point where everybody could see him. He might as well have been climbing the Matterhorn. The printers all around never noticed him. They went from the "standing galley" to "the stone" and thence to their "cases" and back again, passing the starved and ragged sub dozens of times every afternoon, but nobody said anything to him, says the Chicago *Mail*.

Finally, on the last day of the second week, as he stood disconsolately leaning against "the dump," one of the "regulars" who had been "working a stretch," and had finished it, approached and said:

"Been subbin' here some time, haven't you?"

"Two weeks," mournfully.

"Worked any?"

The "sub" looked at the "regular" as though he felt a great notion to work off a little of a great load of bitterness which had been gathering in his soul; but he repressed the inclination and said huskily:

"No; not yet."

"You don't look as if you had much margin for living expenses. How have you lived?"

The "sub" looked at his questioner again. The questions were cruel and he felt like hitting back, but they were also sympathetic, and it was strangely sweet to be sympathized with.

"I haven't lived," he said; "I have starved."

"Have you had a place to sleep?"

"I have slept in chairs in saloons when they would let me, and on benches on the lake front. Other times I've 'carried the banner.'"

"Carrying the banner" means walking about all night in the streets for lack of a place to sleep.

"Your'e in pretty tough luck," said the regular, "and you can work for me to-night if you want to."

"I've been in just as tough luck for two weeks as at present," said the sub, "and you never thought of it before, though you've seen me every day."

"Well, may be I have; but I didn't finish my stretch till last night. Want to work to-night?"

The "sub" straightened up and looked at the "regular" steadily for a minute. The resentment in his heart was gaining the upper hand. He thought of his own days and nights of misery and hunger and wretched loneliness and his heart grew hot with rebellion. Then he said, very calmly and quietly:

"No-o-o, I guess not. It isn't that you care whether I live or die that makes you ask me to work. You've stuck to your case for three months and you're worn out; that's why you want to loaf. It's straight out selfishness with you—nothing generous about it. Besides"—and here the "sub" smiled with a strange sense of humor—"if I went to work the proprietors of the Grand Pacific, where I am stopping, might present their bill. So might my tailor and hatter and bootmaker. If I don't work at all they know its no use. See!" and the "sub" smiled again in his queer way and walked down the six flights of narrow, dark stairs.

About a week later the "sub" came up in the elevator and walked into the composing room through the editorial quarters. He wasn't the same person at all. He was a richly dressed, clean shaven, natty young man, as unlike the resentful "sub" as two persons could well be. All that the barber, and the Turkish bath man, and tailor, and gentleman's furnisher could do for him had been done. The jeweler had been visited, too. A fine gold chain had an elegant gold watch as a vest pocket "sinker," and a diamond blazed on his necktie and another in a ring on his left hand.

He walked in among the printers at the hour when he knew they would be about ready to quit distributing and go to supper before beginning the night's work. He selected this time because everybody would be there. He took his old stand by "the dump," and when the opportunity offered he attracted the attention of the entire office by rapping very noisily on the "galley" with a sidestick, the same as a chairman pounds with his gavel. Then he said:

"Gentlemen, I want to introduce myself. I'm the poor, starved 'sub' who stood around here in rags for two weeks, hoping from day to day that I might get work. I was ragged, dirty and grizzled, because I couldn't be anything else. I had no place to eat or sleep, but nobody noticed me. I want to tell you all that I fell heir to something over $100,000 the other day, and that I am going abroad for a tour of recreation. I'll take in the Paris Exposition and all the other places of interest, and I'll be pleased to think of you while I'm doing it. I'll be glad to remember that you're all industriously poking your noses into your 'e' boxes and sweating out a living."

The "sub" paused, and the printers who had gathered around looked on in amazement. Then he continued:

"There's one other little thing I want to mention. I'm going down stairs now to take a drink—alone. I won't ask any of you gentlemen to join me, because I know you are too busy. Goodby! I'll think of you when I reach Paris," and he walked out.

The printers were glum all that night and the foreman had to exhort them to "pull out or the paper'll be stuck" five different times.

A Summer Trip for the President.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., May 22.—United States Treasurer James N. Huston spent Sunday on his farm near Greencastle, in this county. He was born on the farm, and has not visited it for a number of years. Mr. Huston announced that President Harrison will visit Franklin County this summer. The President is anxious to visit the birthplace of his mother, about nine miles from Chambersburg. His mother's name was Elizabeth Irwin, daughter of Archibald Irwin, and the stone house in which she was born is still standing. It is situated in a very beautiful part of the valley. Not far from it is Buchanan's birthplace, and many other interesting points which the President will likely inspect during his trip here. During the last campaign the citizens of Mercersburg invited General Harrison to visit this county and inspect the home of his maternal ancestors, and he replied that if he would come East at all he would certainly stop here. If the trip is made at all it will likely last several days, and the citizens of that section of the county are already discussing plans for the President's entertainment.

Burial Permits Issued.

Burial permits have been issued by the Health Officer for the past twenty-four hours as follows: Robert T. Smith, 39 years; Rachael E. Leapley, 60 years; Bernard J. Vandoren, 30 years; and the following colored: Mary Mahoney, 20 years; Sarah A. Wright, 70 years; Fenia Triplet, 70 years; James Nelson, 2 years; Rose Henderson, 2 years; Richard Bush, 73 years.

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.]

A Nuisance.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—*Editor Critic:* Knowing the fact that your esteemed journal's columns are always open for the good of the public, I wish to complain of a nuisance that has been allowed by the proper authorities for the last three days. A man has been under the influence of liquor during that time, annoying business men generally between Tenth and Eleventh streets northwest, south side. He has been insulting people generally and business men in particular. I understand from good authority that your business office was invaded the other day by this same drunken fellow, and an officer was sent for to take him out. What I want to know is, why this man's annoyances and insolence are tolerated so long. Where is the remedy? J. G.

Clear the Sidewalks.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—*Editor Critic:* The way local auctioneers are allowed to blockade the sidewalks of our city is a shame and a disgrace, and would not be permitted in any town of 500 inhabitants in this country. When a sale is in full blast you cannot pass by without elbowing your way through a mob of loud-smelling negroes and unwashed whites. If three or four men congregate upon a corner they are told to "move on" by the police, and if they do not hurry themselves they are "run in" and charged with disorderly assembly. Where is the justice or consistency of this thing? A. B.

Why Should it Be?

WASHINGTON, May 22—*Editor Critic:* Why is it that slop wagons are permitted to go about the streets at all hours of the day permeating every crevice and filling the air with disease breeding smells and causing a nauseating sensation to agitate the entire system of every one who possesses a decent nose? J.

DISPERSING A TRAMP.

I was eating dinner at a farm house in Indiana when one of the children came in and announced that a highway tramp had called at the kitchen door and asked for a bite to eat. The farmer was a very fat, very short and very bald-headed man, and he was postmaster at the Corners and Justice of the Peace in and for the county. He had a son called James, another called Moses, and a hired man who was addressed as Towser. He sent out word for the tramp to sit down and rest, and as a laugh went round the table he explained.

"After dinner I shall be pleased to show you how we encourage tramps in this section. This is evidently a new man to this part of the State or he would never have called here."

After dinner we went out. The tramp was sitting under a cherry tree, looking as comfortable as you please, and evidently unsuspicious that anything except dinner was in store for him. He looked to me like a bad man to fool with, but the farmer didn't seem to read him that way.

"Now, then," he said, as he rubbed his fat hands together, "you will stand up."

"What fur?" asked the tramp.

"To be kicked! I am going to boost you from this spot down to that silvered telephone pole."

"But I object."

"Can't help that. As a fourth-class postmaster of the United States of America I command you to arise."

"As one of the justices of peace in and for this country I command you to disperse," said the farmer, as he turned the tramp toward the gate and administered a kick.

Next instant he received a left-hander on the nose which knocked him into a confused heap on the grass and the tramp got out of his old coat and prepared for business.

"Towser, pulverize him!" shouted the farmer as he struggled to his knees. "In the name of the United States I command you to knock him down!"

Towser advanced, his big fists doubled up, but the tramp danced to the right and the left, and then sent in one on the hired man's commissary department which doubled him up and laid him among the hollyhocks.

"James, Moses, make him prisoner!" yelled the old man, as he plucked a handful of grass and held it to his bleeding nose.

The tramp chuckled. There was fun ahead.

The two boys were strapping young fellows, strong enough to knock down an ox, and they were willing to go in. As they stripped off the tramp backed up between two current bushes, where they could not flank him, and as they advanced upon him he grinned all over. He played with them for a minute or two, and then drew a long breath, made two or three feints, and piled them on the grass together. Neither moved to get up for full two minutes. Meanwhile the tramp rested and looked over to me and queried:

"You ain't one of the crowd?"

"No."

"And don't want me to disperse?"

"Not particularly."

"All right. I don't think the United States and his gang want anything more of me just now, and as I have an engagement down the road, I'll move on. When they get washed up and the bandages on, tell 'em I used to scrap with the boys in Chicago in days gone by and that I held myself in and let 'em off very mild. Good-by, stranger. Ta, ta, old fatty!"

And he had been gone ten minutes before the postmaster came over to me and whispered:

"Did you ever!"—[N. Y. Sun.

All Three Involved.

A man at Somerset, Pa., was walking with a sack of flour on his shoulder and a large dog behind him. Both were unaware that a train was approaching from the rear, and were crossing a creek upon the railroad track when the man was suddenly hit by the dog's body hurled at him by the engine, and man, dog and flour were knocked into the water. The dog and flour perished. The man is all right.—[Chicago Herald.

Mrs. Johnson Goes Home.

Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson of Baltimore, the favorite niece of President James Buchanan, returned home to Baltimore yesterday. She has spent the winter here, residing in Hon. A. Lee Knott's residence on K street. During her stay here Mrs. Johnson was the recipient of especial attentions. Both Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Harrison received her with much courtesy, and from all other quarters invitations have been showered upon her. Mr. and Mrs. Knott will now resume possession of their old home.

Editor Halstead's Visit.

Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, arrived in Washington on Monday. He left last night for New York, whence he sails for Europe on the Augusta Victoria on Thursday to join Mrs. Halstead and his children in Germany.

B. & O. Trains to New York.

The handsomest Buffet Parlor Cars ever built by the Pullman Company are in service on the B. & O. trains between Washington, Philadelphia and New York. The coach equipment is excellent and the average time faster than via any other line.

Criterions on Dress

pronounce our suits to order at $20, and our pants to order, $5, perfect in every detail. EISEMAN BROS., 7th and E, tailoring department.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. Russell Selfridge writes from Europe that she will spend the greater portion of the summer in Paris, and will return to Washington next winter.——Mrs. Senator Dolph is making preparations to leave the city for her home in Portland, Ore., where she will remain all summer.——Count Sala of the French Legation will return from Europe early in June, and M. Roustan, the Minister, contemplates a short visit to France.——Senator McPherson sails from Liverpool for this country early in June. Mrs. McPherson will remain on the Continent.——Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Tuckerman will spend the heated term in the Berkshire hills. Miss Tuckerman will go to Newport.——The Countess d'Esterhazy and her mother, Mrs. Carroll, will visit the Northern watering places next month, accompanied by General Sprigg Carroll.——Senor Antonio Flores, President of Ecuador, will visit Washington in October. He is well known here, having at one time been an attache of the Legation here.——Hon. Horace F. Page and Mrs. Page will pass the summer at their country place in Montgomery County, Md.——Pay Director John S. Cunningham, U. S. N., is at the National Hotel, New York.——Judge John Blair Hoge and Miss Hoge will go to their old home near Martinsburg, W. Va., in July.——It is said that the Russian Minister, M. de Struve will not return to his post here, in which event Baron Rosen will probably succeed him.——Ex-Secretary Bayard left for his home in Wilmington yesterday. He will remain there all summer.——Ex-Senator Saunders, accompanied by his wife and daughter, has gone to his home in Omaha for a fortnight's stay.——It is said that Russell Harrison is seriously considering the idea of making his permanent residence in New York.——The Misses Henry, daughters of the late Professor Henry, accompanied Minister and Mrs. Lincoln abroad, and intend making a long stay on the continent.——Colonel John Hay and his family will remain abroad for three months.——Miss Nellie Biddle will spend the summer with friends in Detroit.——Mr. and Mrs. Roberdrau Buchanan will spend the heated term at Bethlehem, Pa.——Mrs. Jesse Petris is very ill at her residence in Georgetown.——Assistant Secretary Batcheller was called unexpectedly to Albany on Monday by the sudden death of his son.

The Woman's National Press Association gave a reception last evening to Olive Logan Sikes at Willard's Hotel, followed by a banquet. After an hour in the parlors greeting guests the company assembled in the tea room, and the long tables were filled by a delightful party. Mrs. M. D. Lincoln at the head of the table and Olive Logan at her right, a graceful speech of welcome from Mrs. Lincoln preceded the banquet. Mrs. M. S. Lockwood charmingly responded to the toast, "Our Guest;" Olive Logan, to "Women Journalists," in a brilliant and valuable paper full of suggestions, and referring to the honor paid her at foreign courts, said the tribute paid her by her sisters of the craft made her proud and happy. Mrs. Mohl responded to the toast, "Ourselves," in an entertaining style; Mrs. G. L. Sherwood to "The Ladies of the White House" very gracefully; Miss Clara Barton to "The Red Cross;" Mrs. W. Marble, "Women at the Centennial;" Mrs. Mary A. Kail, a poem, "Martha Washington," read by Miss Harrison. Commissioner Tanner made an eloquent speech, followed by Hon. Mr. Willetts of the Agricultural Bureau. Major William M. King, Hon. J. L. McCreery and Professor H. C. Kirk all contributed apt and fitting after-dinner speeches. Mrs. General Pickett, chairman of the reception committee, did the honors very charmingly. Among the guests were Commissioner and Mrs. Tanner, Hon. Mr. Willetts and wife, Mr. Pickett, Mr. H. M. Lincoln, J. D. Lincoln, the Misses Sweet, Mr. Clark of Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, Miss L. C. Brown and many others. Letters of regret were read from Secretary Halford, Professor J. W. Powell, M. Louise Thomas and Mary Frost Ormsby of New York City.

Mrs. William Morris Hunt and the Misses Hunt will spend the summer at Bar Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Addison Mann leave June 13 for their summer home at Jamestown, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCauley will go to Bar Harbor early in June, where they have a handsome cottage.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Seaton Schroeder will live at their cottage home in Jamestown during the summer.

The Late James Ward.

At a recent meeting of the Association of the Veteran Firemen glowing tributes were paid to the memory of the late James Ward by several of its members, giving testimony of his superb character, his sterling manhood and Christian virtues. There is no doubt that in these prerequisites he maintained a high standard, but it was in the circle of his own family where these qualities excelled the most, and were resplendent with all their lustre in their pure and dazzling brightness. This noble devotion to his family was a fundamental trait in his character, and this principle he regarded as paramount to all other exactions of duty. Although a Catholic in belief, and was buried in accordance with his creed, he always exhibited the greatest tolerance for the opinions of those of all denominations. As the president of the Veteran Firemen's Association, especially of the Old Northern Liberty Fire Company, of which he was so long its president, his true worth was fully recognized. His wise councils, his familiarity with Parliamentary expedients, his executive ability, coupled with his commanding appearance and his courteous and gentlemanly bearing, has left upon his former comrades an impression which time will be difficult to efface. But he has left behind an imperishable memory, a priceless legacy to his family, and to his comrades, the Veteran Firemen, a record of work well and faithfully performed.

A Duck Vest

is the thing for hot weather. We have them in endless variety, in white and fancy colors, double and single breasted, from 75c. up. EISEMAN BROS., 7th and E, manufacturing clothiers and tailors.

Marriage licenses were issued to-day to Henry Steward and Annie Jackson; Wm. F. Bloom and Bertie Conwell.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won Merit Wins for Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA

General Jubal A. Early will be in Winchester, Va., Confederate Memorial day, June 6.——The anti-Mahone Republicans are not pleased with the President's decision to delay the Virginia appointments until the dissensions in the party are healed.——In the West Virginia gubernatorial contest case the count in four counties shows a clear gain of two votes for Goff, Republican.——The Petersburg musical festival opened last evening with the performance of Haydn's oratio, "The Creation."——Joshua F. Ross, who was awaiting a second trial for shooting his uncle, George Hughes, shot himself through the head at Gloucester Court House, and at last accounts was in a dying condition.——Norfolk and adjacent section was visited by another destructive hailstorm——Changes have been made in the name and conditions of admission to the Jacob Tome School at Port Deposit, Md.——In the trial at Westminster of Thomas Hyam for killing Joshua Evans, in Baltimore, all the evidence was taken yesterday and the case will be argued to-day.——The Anne Arundel County tax rate is sixty-nine cents on the $100 for the first, second, third, fourth and eighth districts; eighty-three cents for the fifth and fifty-four cents for the sixth (Annapolis).——Another national bank is to be established in Cambridge.——Monday's rain was very heavy in the western part of Wicomico County.——Salisbury is to have better telegraph facilities and a centrally located office.

The Census Bureau and Office-Seekers.

Mr. Porter, the superintendent of the new Pension Bureau, is almost overrun with applicants for office. As a matter of fact, he has no offices to fill at present. "There are 1,500 clerks and assistants to appoint," he said yesterday, "but I cannot appoint them before the fall of 1890, or even 1891. There are at present only a few experts to be appointed, and all of those have already been chosen. The blanks sent out will not be returned for at least a year, and it is not until then that we will be able to employ the clerical force. There were scarcely any appointments at the last census before the fall of 1880. A young lady was in my office and wanted employment. She had worked on the last census. 'When were you appointed the last time?' I asked. 'On August 17, 1880,' she answered. 'Very well,' I said; 'spare me until August 17, 1890, and you shall be appointed.' There will be practically no appointments by me until after the fall of 1890, and the Civil Service Bureau may have gotten hold of the bureau by that time."—[Baltimore American.

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

DIED.

BATES.—On May 20, 1889, at 4:15 o'clock p. m., Frederick Bates, in the 73d year of his age.

Funeral from his late residence, 614 H street northwest, on Thursday, the 23d instant, at 5 o'clock p. m. Interment at Glenwood Cemetery.

BRESNAHAN.—On May 21, 1889, Margaret Bresnahan, wife of the late Patrick Bresnahan, 64 years of age of County Kerry, Ireland.

Funeral will take place from her late residence, in rear of 922 First street northwest, on Thursday, May 23, at 3 p. m. Relatives and friends invited to attend.

GRAY.—On May 17, 1889, at the residence of her brother-in-law, John J. Watson, in Bedford County, Va., after an illness of four weeks, Anna Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Robert H. and Jane T. Gray of Lynchburg, Va.

Interment at Lynchburg

UNDERTAKERS.

J. WILLIAM LEE
(Successor to Henry Lee's Sons),
—UNDERTAKER—
332 PENN. AVENUE N. W.,
South Side.
Branch office, 498 Maryland ave. s. w.

AUGUST BURGDORF,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
316 Penn. ave. n. w., between 3d and 4½ sts
Everything first class.

Burchell's Family Tea,
(Spring Leaf),
At 50c. a Pound.
This is the season for testing its peculiar property of making the best COLD TEA.
In this respect you will find it to be unrivalled.
Sold only in ½ lb. packages at
1325 F St. N. W.

EDDY Refrigerators,
Lorillard Refrigerators,
WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZERS,
All First-Class. None Better.
M.