WASHINGTON CRITIC

EVERY EVENING.
BY THE
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WASHINGTON, MAY 23, 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.

THE GRINDING OF ORGANS.

Patience encompasses the average Washingtonian like a mantle, else he would certainly keep either a bull dog, a shot gun, or both, for the reception of organ-grinders. The organ-grinder is becoming only less of a nuisance than the more direct beggar, and he is not a person to be encouraged, yet he is endured and presumably wins, during his day of ear-offending, certain pennies, else he would not be here. It is deeply to be regretted that there are people who will thus assist in keeping life in his body. They are injuring such of their fellow-citizens as have an ear for music or a taste for quiet.

Some learned physician has announced that there is distinctly what is known as "the Washington ear," an ear which has become so filled with asphalt dust that it does not perform its original functions. It cannot distinguish slight differences in sound. It may be that in this circumstance lies cause for the immunity of the organ-grinder here. He is fortunate in his town. He is as much at home here as he was among his fellow-lazzaroni under other skies. His monk capers about as friskily as in his native forests. What between the asphaltum dust in ears and the tenderness of the police, the organ-grinding continues, and the very birds in the trees want to fly away.

CLEVELAND IN 1892.

Our esteemed and panomphean contemporary, the New York *Sun*, has summarily disposed of the case *in re* Grover Cleveland *vs.* the Democratic Convention of 1892. The *Sun* does this with its characteristic promptness and frankness in response to a direct question from THE CRITIC, and, as a tip to the friends and foes of Mr. Cleveland, we reprint from the *Sun* of to-day the conclusion at which it arrives with perfect satisfaction to itself. Under the heading: "It is Impossible" the *Sun* says:

Our acute contemporary, THE WASHINGTON CRITIC, who always views things with an independent eye, asks a plain question:

"Does the *Sun* assert positively that Cleveland will not be the candidate in 1892?"

The only positive assurance that can be made is that Mr. Cleveland by no possibility can be the candidate of the Democratic party. The Democracy is not for him, and he is not for the Democracy.

If he should ever appear as a contestant for the Presidency again it would be as the champion of free trade, and, if another nomination should be tendered to him by a National Democratic Convention, it would be because the free traders had obtained such an overwhelming control therein that the fundamental party sentiment had been suppressed, under the fanaticism of a faction unconcerned with the essential principles which have been the vital spirit of this country since it first drew its own breath. Such a ticket would neither represent the ideas nor command the strength of the Democratic party.

The Democracy's name may be stolen and its designs blocked, but its principles cannot be altered nor can its forces be controlled at the dictation of those to whom its triumph is not the first and unclouded purpose. The candidate in fact of the Democratic party must be a Democrat.

THE CRONIN MYSTERY.

It appears that Dr. Cronin of Chicago *was* murdered, and it appears more than likely, too, that his murder was the result of some feud between factions of the organizations formed in the Irish cause. Cronin claimed that money raised for the cause had been taken possession of by some of the Chicago leaders and diverted from its purpose and had threatened soon to make a revelation which would be startling. He was called from his home one evening by a man who represented himself as having been sent to secure the doctor's attendance on a sick person and was never again seen alive by his friends.

Dr. Cronin did not amount to a great deal. He was one of the noisy "patriots" who have assisted in making this country the theatre of plottings against a friendly Government, but his death is none the less a matter which should be made the subject of strictest inquiry. We have enough of the Irish question in this country without the addition of any Phœnix Park business.

THE CONSTRUCTION put upon the foreign contract labor law by Solicitor Hepburn of the Treasury is very nearly to effect compulsory naturalization. In that, it is eminently satisfactory, for every man who lives in this country should be a citizen, will he, nil he, but it hardly seems the fair thing when we have no compulsory naturalization laws, for an officer to say that a resident of this country, possibly for dozens of years, should not when he goes out of it, return again to his labors and his home. There is a flaw in the legislation which should be removed and a new piece put in.

AFTER THAT amateur circus in New York some one started a story that Washington society was going into the circus business also, and the newspapers all around have innocently been parading the fact before their readers without it once occurring to to them that the report was only a sarcastic and jocular allusion to the possible extra session of Congress in October. We hope our esteemed contemporaries will hasten to explain the Washington Amateur Circus Organization.

EDITOR HALSTEAD goes to Europe and leaves the editorial end of the *Commercial-Gazette* in the hands of Colonel F. D. Mussey. Now is the golden, glorious opportunity for the President to appoint an editor to something that will fill a long-felt want and guarantee satisfaction.

THIS IS ONE way of announcing a bridal tour—from the *Post* of this morning:

CHICAGO, May 22.—Mrs. Henry E. Perrine, mother of Mrs. Cleveland, left for the West to-night over the "Q" road with Mr. Perrine.

WE, THE JURY, find the defendant, Leslie Carter, not guilty. We, the jury, find the cross-defendant, Caroline Louise Carter, guilty of adultery, as charged in the cross-bill.

A just and proper verdict.

GERMANY is not backing down exactly in the settlement of the Samoan difficulties, but the United States is "hunching" up in an unusual and frisky manner.

CRITICULAR.

Major Stofah, who loves to talk a little himself, ran across a friend the other evening, who was just full enough to be disagreeably voluble. The Major stood it as long as he could.

"Here, Colonel," he said, at last, "let up on that talking. You are making a holy show of yourself."

The Colonel looked at the Major reproachfully for a full minute.

"I kno—know it," he stammered, thickly. "I—I know it, Major. Don't you see, it's be—because I—I'm drunk and I—I'll get over it; but you, Major, you are s—stuck fer l—life."

Ida Stevens is a 4-year-old kid and as cute as she can be. The other day she went with her mother to the Atlantic building to see Dr. Lawrence. It was her first experience with an elevator, and after her visit some one asked her if she had gone up stairs to see the Doctor.

"Oh, no," she replied, "we just went into a little room and took it up with us and called on him."

If the Senator who wrote the following poem were known as a poet he would never be elected again as long as he lives. He calls it—

ONLY A PIE.

Only a pie, lying there by a bunch
Of wood posies, a succulent part of the lunch
Of the picnickers, barrings of brown and of yellow;
A custard, deep, soft and enticing and mellow,

Only a pie.

Only a pie laid away from the ants;
[Please observe the young man in the dazzling white pants;]
Only a pie by the wood posies lying;
[What *is* the new waltz step the young man is trying?]

Only a pie.

Only a pie. [Ah, the young man is rash;
Great heavens! He's slipped, and come down with a crash.]
Only a pie. [Those wild cheerings are rousers.]
How custard shows up on the seat of white trousers!

Only a pie.

Johnnie's father is a Republican, and he is better posted on politics than he is on Sunday-schools, though he goes to Sunday-school. Last Sunday the teacher came around to him.

"How long were the children of Israel in the desert?" she asked.

"Four years," he answered, promptly.

"Four years?" repeated the teacher in inquiring surprise.

"Yes'm, four years; from 1885 to 1889."

THE WORLD'S WAY.

To-day is cold!
To-morrow's hot!
Go!
Darn
Whatever is
Or whatever's not.

Those New York doctors who dissected Mind-Reader Bishop were trance-gressors.

The bald-headed man should wear a mo' hair cap.

There must be some creeping before a policeman will move.

"RET."

There's musk on the glove; here's a strand of your hair,
A handkerchief reeking of Jockey Club, yet;
And the rosebud you gave as I knelt at your feet,
These, these are as real as sunlight and air,
But you're a lie and a fraud and a cheat, Ret,
A fraud and a lie and a cheat.

The vows that you made could not outlast the musk;
The handkerchief only last evening was wet,
And the rosebud, though faded, is tenderly sweet;
But you're shadow 'twixt twilight and dusk,
A horrible dream, a lie and a cheat, Ret;
A fraud and a lie and a cheat.

There are points in the sky when the day-god has set
That erstwhile were stars, but the stars are *non est;*
They have burned themselves out, and the story repeat
Of a string that is dead, like the love in your breast,
Which has left you a fraud and a lie and a cheat, Ret;
A fraud and a lie and a cheat.

The kisses you gave linger on my lips yet,
They burn like the forge when the coals are removed
And the fire-back holds to its cherry-red heat.
Oh, God! it is true, somebody has loved!
But you're a fraud and a lie and a cheat, Ret;
A fraud and a lie and a cheat.

—[N. J. W. Le Cato, in N. Y. Graphic.

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

The man upon whom rests the responsibility of placing the evidence against criminals before the juries is a youthful-looking lawyer, with melting brown eyes, a drooping, tawny moustache, and whose personal appearance generally is calculated to create an impression in his favor. He mixes fact and fancy, mathematics and metaphor, in agreeable proportions, and his addresses are always listened to with interest. He deals liberally in references to the classics, and embellishes his oratory with pithy allusions to various literary sources. It has been said that the only fault with Mr. Lipscomb as a prosecutor is his personal magnetism. The jurors are likely to forget to draw their own conclusions from the facts and rely upon the deductions of Mr. Lipscomb.

"I was glad to see that editorial on street beggars in THE CRITIC last night," said one of a group of gentlemen to a CRITIC man this morning, "for it touches upon a subject which needs attention. I don't know a beggar on the streets who is worthy, and I know many who are frauds and very little better than thieves. Coming up in an Avenue car the other day I saw an old woman and a child get on down by the Peace Monument. The woman paid the fares, and when they had ridden up to Eleventh or Twelfth street they got out and I saw the old woman take her place on the curbstone, bring forth a battered tin cup, reach around blindly for the child, place her in her lap, lift her pitiful face to the passers-by and upon this very distressing picture turn the weak and wailful strains of an organette which she had fished out from her capacious skirts. A clear case of fraud, unless in the society of Washington beggars it is bad form to walk when street car riding is so cheap."

"And not less fraudulent is a case I have to repeat," said another gentleman. "I was on my way through La Fayette Park not long ago when I saw a strong, healthy, looking darkey boy thumping and kicking a puny weak little fellow at a great rate. Of course I interfered, when the big boy ran off leaving the little one crying. I soothed him the best I could and gave him a quarter after hearing his story of how the big boys take advantage of his weakness to beat him and make life a burden to him, and I went on glad in the thought of having helped suffering humanity. Later, I saw the two boys together several times and wondered a little but let it pass. Some days afterwards I was in the park again and noticing a crowd I went to see what was the matter. It was my same two boys; only this time the big boy was held by a woman, while the rest of the crowd were chipping nickels into the puny boy's hat. I told my story of how the little beggars were working the community, but all I got was a blast from the woman who called me a "cruel-hearted man." Then I went on my way, and an hour or two later I saw the boys dividing their swag. Lately, I have not seen them and I presume they have gone to some other quarter of the town."

Last night in the saloon adjoining the American House a curious crowd gathered about a most interesting relic of the old duelling days. On the counter stood a battered and mildewed case of pistols and their accoutrements, and a card tacked to the mahogany box explained that it was with these pistols, or rather with one of them, that Representative Graves killed Representative Cilley at Bladensburg in 1838. The set is one of the most complete and perfect ever manufactured, and consists of about a dozen pieces, including bullet moulds, tiny balances with which the seconds used to weigh the lead, and measures for the powder. The pistols are about sixteen inches in length, have flint locks and carry a 32-calibre ball. It cost when new about $100, but would no doubt bring more now, as a relic, if the owner would part with them, but this he will not do. Mr. Leannarda, the proprietor of the hotel, came by these interesting mementos of ante-bellum political life some time ago, and they will no doubt find their way one of these days into some museum.

Police Headquarters becomes a sort of catch-all for complaints of various kinds. People come in and tell Inspector Swindells about everything that annoys them, from a wife's faithlessness to the depredations of the neighbor's chickens and expect the police to turn out en masse to furnish instant relief. Usually a good deal of their ardor vanishes after they have got their story told: the mere telling of it to somebody who is in authority. It is remarkable how many people there are who want to have somebody arrested. At almost any hour of the day there are two or three people in the office of the clerk of the Police Court clamoring for a warrant for the arrest of some person who has offended him.

LET HIM BEWARE.

THE CRITIC has received a communication from Mrs. S. A. U. Kelley, "the coming national poet of the United States," a portion of which is here given. It appears that Mrs. Kelley has a claim of $300,000 or so against the Government, which the Pension Commissioner will not allow without what Mrs. Kelley considers the preposterous preliminary of "swearing" a lot of people. Lack of space prevents the printing of the poetical part of Mrs. Kelley's communication in full:

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Editor Critic:* Compliments of Mrs. S. A. U. Kelley, the coming national poet from Honesdale, Pa. Kind Editor: I am too ill to call upon you, but I greet you with a poem. Am very grateful, indeed, for past favors, and hope it will be your pleasure to kindly publish the enclosed descriptive poem, which comprises a very great grievance with the new Pension Commissioner and others:

POET-LAUREATE'S PLAINT.

In this world, robbed of home,
Many kinsmen I bemoan;
They died that "the Union" might live.
No pension yet greets this bard,
For persecutions very hard
The examining clerk this bard did give.

He's insulted even me,
As Christian lady ne'er should be,
And for spite, 'cause he could not obtain
His desires of this rising bard,
He's sworn several characters hard
At Scranton to defeat my just claim.

I'll not wear winter bonnet in spring,
Two years old-fashioned, a mean thing
Indeed for Pension Office to let me do,
The Washington *Post* did kindly say,
"It becomes her sweet face," anyway;
Sweet as I am this thing I'll not longer do.

Pension Commissioner's going to be fired
Unless I'm soon much better attired,
Whose hero-husband was a Mason, too,
At the city of Scranton, Pa.,
And the Masons of Honesdale, Pa.,
And the President won't allow Corporal Tanner thus to do.

MRS. S. A. U. KELLEY,

the coming national poet of the United States, so nominated by an overwhelming majority of editors in all the larger cities, including James Gordon Bennett, the city editor and owner of the New York *Herald* and New York *Evening Telegram*, whose income from the two papers is over a million dollars a year, and whose biographer, Mr. Felix G. De Fontain, justly said of the very distinguished hero, Mr. Bennett, in the Scranton *Truth* February 26, 1889, as follows: "The man who may praise, condemn or defy, with none to say him nay."

Corn and flour merchants of Baltimore have asked the Northern Central Railroad to erect an oats elevator and hay storage accommodations.

MATTER WORTH READING.

I met at the New York Yacht Club yesterday E. M. Padelford, the handsome young gentleman who, together with his brother, is credited with possessing the requisites for as happy a life as is vouchsafed to any young man of his age. The chief element in this requisite is an annual income of something like $150,000 a year, which he and his brother derive from business and residential property in the heart of the city of Baltimore. Both the brothers are married. Mrs. E. M. Padelford is quite as great a favorite in New York society as her husband. Mrs. Arthur Padelford was formerly Miss Bettie Ordway, a belle of Washington only a few years ago. Possessed of a good voice and an attractive presence, she became enamored of a passion for the stage, and was prominent in private theatricals at the Capital. When she became Mrs. Padelford she apparently banished all thoughts of the stage for a time, but the old love was not forgotten, and she is now singing in opera out West, while her wealthy husband is sojourning with his mother and sister among the pine forests of Arcachon. Mr. E. M. Padelford is expending a great deal of money fitting up his brother's yacht, "The Eileen," for the season.

One Hundred Years Ago.

Fortunately there were no sewing machines then, except the busy fingers of ladies, who gave less time to personal adornment than now. The earliest invention to facilitate the process of sewing was that of Weisenthall in 1755. In his machine the needle was pointed at both ends and had an eye in the middle, so that it could be passed through the cloth both ways. Alsop's machine came next, in 1770, in which the shuttle was used; then followed the loop machine of Duncan, in 1804. In the United States Granotgh, in 1842, took out a patent for a "machine to sew a straight seam," but Howe's, in 1846, was the first practical machine. The feature of Howe's machine was the needle with the eye in the point and the interlocking the threads by means of a shuttle. But the inventor could not have filled an order for a dozen of his machines for $500 a-piece. It is doubtful if the sewing machine has become a labor-saving machine, for instead of using it to save time it has increased the amount of sewing done a thousand fold. While the sewing maching was introduced only about forty years ago, the sale of them now is nearly, if not quite, 750,000 a year, and more than thirty companies are engaged in their manufacture. Their cost has been greatly reduced since the expiration of the patents covering them. During the life of these patents a machine costing the manufacturer from $15 to $17 sold for from $90 to $100, and now sells for from $40 to $50.—[Chicago News.

He Got Even.

An Albany lawyer, who in his early days was fond of trout fishing, says the *Journal*, was having good luck at a stream when a horny-handed son of toil came upon the scene. He was the owner of the property. "Don't yer see that sign?" said he, pointing to one of several with the same lettered inscription: "No fishing allowed here." The lawyer answered in the affirmative by a nod of the head, at the same time landing a beauty. "Perhaps you know the law on the subject?" again put in the farmer. "Well, yes, I do. Would you like to hear it?" The farmer then listened to an able interpretation of the law, and at its close ordered the angler to skip, as he was clearly by his own words a transgressor. He continued fishing, however, secured a good string, and when he had returned to Albany he began suit against the granger for $10 for counsel fees. And he won his suit, too.

A Mad Buzzard Attacks a Mule.

Owen Woolfolk, employed as engineer on the ferryboat V. Owen, running between Paducah, Ky., and Brooklyn, Ill., relates a story of his desperate encounter with a mad buzzard a few days ago. Mr. Woolfolk says he was accompanied by Squire Sidener, and was driving along the road on the Illinois side of the river, between Stringtown and the ferry landing, in the afternoon, when a mad buzzard made a violent attack upon the mule which was drawing the buggy. The animal plunged and kicked, and it was with difficulty that they restrained the animal from running away. After leaving the mule the bird turned its attention to the occupants of the buggy and made repeated assaults, and it was only by vigorous application of the whip and an old sack which happened to be in the buggy that they were enabled to defend themselves and finally kill the mad bird. There have been quite a number of rabid dogs killed in that vicinity recently, and it is supposed that the bird received hydrophobia by partaking of the carcasses of the deceased animals. Mr. Owen says it was the most desperate battle he ever engaged in, and that he does not care to repeat it.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Stopped the Shooting.

Just before the fight at Williamsburg my company was on picket at the front. The man on the left of me, as I went on guard at 10 o'clock one night, was a Dutchman named Jake Klein. He was a good-natured, obedient fellow, and not easily put out, but that night he was out of sorts and as the rebel pickets were constantly firing in our direction Jake finally got his dander up. It was against orders to leave his post but after awhile he came lumbering through the bushes like an ox team and growled out:

"Vhell, shall we do sometings?"

"What can we do?" I asked in return.

"Take 'em some prisoner, eh?"

"You'd better go back and keep quiet."

"But dose rebels vhas shooting all der vhile. Dot vhasn't fair play. I pelief I go oafer und shtop him."

"Well, hurry up," I replied, with a laugh; and to my surprise and consternation he started off in the direction of a rebel picket post. I called to him, but he answered back through the darkness:

"It vhas all right. I make dot feller behave herself or pring him in some prisoner!"

He was gone half an hour before I heard anything. Then there was a crashing in the bushes, some swearing and growling, and Jake appeared with a full-rigged Confederate infantryman, having a firm clutch on his collar.

"Here vhas dose feller," he announced, as they came to a halt. "He doan promise to keep shtill, und so I pring him along."

"Drat the odery Dutchman," growled the Johnny. "He stole up behind me and jumped onto me like a mountain before I heard him."

"Who vhas some Dutchmans?" said Jake.

"You was."

"Look oudt a leedle, ole feller, or I knock off your head! I vhas only Dutch in my mouth; all der rest vhas Union. Come along und behave herself, or I make you dead as crowbars!"

Jake had actually captured a picket on his post and brought him off a prisoner, and he did it as coolly as any of the rest of us would go out to drill. The reb was so mad he cried, but he was turned over to headquarters, and Private Jake Klein had "corporal" as a handle to his name after a few days.—[New York Sun.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

More than ordinary interest was centered in the opening match of the season for first-class yachts yesterday in England from the fact that the new cutter Valkyrie, which has been expressly built to contend for the America's cup, was one of the competitors. The Earl of Dunraven's boat came in first, but just missed taking third prize, the Deerhound, another new cutter, that was launched last Thursday, being first by time allowance. From a yachtsman's point of view the weather was unfavorable, there being an absence of wind, and it was in consequence of this that the officers of the day decided to shorten the course to about thirty-six miles. It was a grand struggle between the Yarana and the Valkyrie. All the way out and half way on the run home the cutters were dead level. The Valkyrie then drew away and came in first by nearly five minutes. The Irex made a poor show, but the Deerhound took first prize and was only ten minutes behind the leader. The competitors were Mohawk, Vreda, Yarana, Dis, Deerhound, Foxhound, Valkyrie, Irex. The official times were: Valkyrie, 4.37.35; Yarana, 4.42.21; Deerhound, 4.57.42; Irex, 5.00.09; Vreda, 5.04.24.

Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell, the last being accompanied by his wife, left Easton Station, London, yesterday morning en route for Liverpool, whence they sail on board the Adriatic for New York. Kilrain, who has been taking great care of himself lately, looked wonderfully well, and should John L. Sullivan face him in the ring he has every confidende that he will retain the championship and the belt, which he is bound in honor to defend against all comers. Jake in wishing good-bye to many friends who assembled at the station to see him off, said: "All I want is fair play in my match with Sullivan, and I have no doubt as to the result."

The rain of the past few days left few of the grounds fit for playing, but notwithstanding this most of the games scheduled were played. Philadelphia, by the aid of Indianapolis, is now on top of the heap again, with New York not far behind. Indianapolis passed Pittsburg yesterday. Washington is by no means out of the race, only four games behind Indianapolis, three behind Pittsburg and six behind Cleveland. St. Louis kept up their end again against the Athletic, and Brooklyn is now second, having defeated Kansas City yesterday. Baltimore is pushing the Athletics hard for fifth place and the games between these two clubs this week will be interesting.

Yesterday's games resulted as follows: Philadelphia 4, Cleveland 3 (7 innings); New York 11, Chicago 4; Indianapolis 5, Boston 4; St. Louis 9, Athletic 5; Brooklyn 13, Kansas City 7; Baltimore 11, Louisville 2.

Proctor Knott went to the Latonia track with the rest of Sam Bryant's horses. The great horse is still quite ill.——William Lakeland is not inclined to accept Mr. Belmont's offer to match Prince Royal against Exile, weight for age, at a mile, for $5,000 a side, his excuse being that the distance is too short.——The best excuse that has been given for Hanover's defeat in the big handicap was that his "nerved leg pained him."——John Campbell of the Beverwick stable has purchased from Sam Harper Valuable, Lotion and Lee Christy for $18,000. Only the running qualities of Valuable and Christy were sold.——The girls who raced on bicycles at Madison Square Garden, New York, last week have received their money. Oakes got $418; Brown, $253; Baldwin, $190; Armaindo, $130; Lewis, $114; Stanley, $87; Woods, $50; McShane, $25. Manager O'Brien deducted $300 salaries for scorers.——Dunboyne is not yet quite fit. He will win a good race yet, though, and that before long.——The 2-year-olds in the Scott stable are above the average this season.——Dave Gideon's colt, French Park, has thrown out a splint. It will probably prevent him running in the Withers at Jerome Park.——The book programmes of the Jerome Park meeting are out. The meeting begins on Decoration Day, on which occasion there will be seven races.——The Emerson Institute nine of this city defeated the Episcopal High School nine of Alexandria yesterday by the score of 9 to 6.

Dr. Cronin's Body Found.

The body of Dr. P. H. Cronin, who strangely disappeared from his home recently, was found last evening some distance north of Chicago in a sewer on Evanston avenue. A bloody towel was wrapped about the head. The rest of the body was stark naked. A Catholic emblem which the Doctor always wore next his skin and suspended about his neck was untouched. On the dead man's head were a dozen deep cuts which had severed the scalp and indented the skull. It is the opinion of the police that Cronin was foully murdered, and by a person who could not bring himself to disturb a Catholic emblem. Wholly accidental circumstances brought the corpse to light. A gang of laborers in the employ of the Lake View suburban Government had been cleaning the ditches along Evanston avenue during the week. Yesterday Foreman Roesch and two men were working north on the east side of Evanston avenue toward Fifty-ninth street. As they neared the catch-basin at the corner they noticed a strong smell of putrifying flesh, and Roesch pried off the top of the catch-basin and uncovered the body of Dr. Cronin.

One Wife Too Many for Him.

A policeman was standing under the Baltimore and Ohio trestle at Carey street, Baltimore, yesterday, when he noticed an aged man sitting above him on the edge, and should he lose his balance death would be certain. The policeman got on the trestle, and slipping up behind, caught the old man just as he was about to swallow "Rough on Rats," it being his intention to jump after taking the poison. When brought to the station-house he said his name was J. W. Rondoll, and that he had married and buried four wives, and now his fifth wife, after getting in a religious discussion, had knocked him down with a tin pan and told him that his second cousin John was dearer to her than he, and overcome at the reflection he resolved on suicide. He was locked up for safe keeping.

The Ticket Brokers.

The Ticket Brokers' Association opened its annual convention in New York yesterday. The report of the executive committee, which was adopted, said in part: "It is impossible to realize the enormous amount of persecution the association has successfully withstood. Persecuted openly and in secret, in the names of great and powerful monopolies, in the halls of legislation, through the Interstate Commission in print and in speech, in anonymous screeds, in word and in action. The occupation has been maligned, scandalized and misrepresented—charged with conspiracy, with crime, with fraud and with all that is evil. But the public has been our ally, and truth and honest dealing our only weapons, and we stand to-day victors upon hard-fought fields."

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.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Emily Viele of this city and Mr. Thomas Nelson Strothers of Baltimore were quietly married in the presence of a few friends and relatives at St. Paul's P. E. Church yesterday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Strothers, upon their return from the wedding trip, will make their home in Baltimore.——The trip to Mount Vernon, to be given in honor of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister, which was postponed on account of the death of Minister Rice, will take place to-morrow. The Despatch will leave about 10 o'clock. Besides the Cabinet and their families, all the foreign Ministers will go.——An effort is being made by a number of prominent society men of this city to get up an entertainment similar to the Waterbury circus in New York.——Mme. Pedroso has returned from the North. She has not yet entirely recovered from her recent severe illness. As soon as she is able to travel the family will sail for Europe.——General Brown has been called West by the serious illness of Miss Lillian, his youngest daughter.

Mrs. Horace Hillyer, whose husband was for many years an attache of the English Legation here, will visit this city next season.——Justice Field is preparing to go upon his annual circuit, which embraces California, Nevada and Oregon. He travels 7,000 miles every year.——Mrs. Samuel G. Ward will spend the heated term at Lenox, Mass.——Dr. McKim of the Church of the Epiphany sailed for Europe yesterday. His son is very ill at Vienna.——Miss Mitchell, the daughter of Senator Mitchell of Oregon, will remain in Paris some months before returning to this country.——Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague will not leave Washington for some time yet. At present she is considering the offer of a wealthy syndicate for the sale of "Edgewood."——Mrs. General Sheridan and family will go to Sorrento early in June. Colonel and Mrs. Sheridan will be her guests for part of the summer.——Mrs. William M. Galt will move into her new residence on Massachusetts avenue in a few weeks.——The German Minister and his sister have abandoned the idea of spending the summer in Europe, and will make a tour of the watering places.——Bishop Keene will go to his old home in Richmond next week.

Mr. Herndon Morsell, the well-known tenor, was a guess at the White House last night and sang a new lullaby of his own composition dedicated to Baby McKee. He sang several other selections and repeated the lullaby by unanimous request.——W. E. Vigus, general Western manager of the Press News Association, is in the city on his return to Chicago from New York. A meeting of the directors of the Press News Association occurs in Chicago next month.——Thomas H. Sherman, the newly-appointed Consul-General to Liverpool, will spend several weeks before his departure with his family at the Bluffs, Mount Desert Ferry, Me.

Only One Way to be Satisfied.

The Washington correspondent of the Atlanta *Constitution* telegraphs: "There is only one way to get satisfaction out of a public office," said President Harrison to a friend not long ago, "and that is to please yourself while you are in it. You cannot possibly give satisfaction to the rest of the people, no matter how you try, and the more you try the less success you will have. The best President that is possible for the country to have is always sure to go out of office with enough enemies to make him uncomfortable if he is a very sensitive man, and the worst possible President when retiring from office is sure to have enough friends to make life agreeable to himself if he has sense enough to care for himself. The one thing that I will try to do as President will be to act so that when my term of office has expired I can say with truth: 'Thank God, I have satisfied myself.' It is the only satisfaction that a man can be certain of."

No Trouble in the Cabinet.

When Private Secretary Halford was shown the story alleging that there was trouble in the Cabinet he laughed very heartily and remarked: "The President has always taken the ground that he cannot undertake to deny newspaper publications and I am quite sure that he will not deviate from that rule." While Mr. Halford was being interviewed efforts were being made to obtain statements from the Secretaries mentioned in the article, namely: Messrs. Proctor, Blaine and Windom. At the Arlington Hotel it was learned that Secretary Proctor left there on Saturday last to go to his home in Vermont. He has not been in the city since that day and was not at the Cabinet meeting yesterday. Secretary Blaine was not at home last evening when a reporter called. Secretary Windom pronounced the story ridiculous.

Two Girls Fight a Duel.

Two young women, Miss Bettie Kyle and Miss Rucker, engaged in a terrific fight near Athalia, Ohio, on Sunday evening. Both combatants were badly hurt. The girls were on their way home from church, and the trouble originated in a dispute as to which should have the exclusive company of a young man. Both girls had penknives, and they began to cut and slash at each other despite the efforts of their friends to interfere. Finally Miss Kyle fell, and while down, Miss Rucker drew the keen edge of her knife across her back, inflicting a cut which extended from the spine to the left armpit. Miss Kyle fainted and the fight was over. Miss Rucker was arrested, but Justice Bowen discharged her from custody.

Off for Nicaragua.

Mr. John R. Green of West Washington left this morning for New York to join the surveying party which the Nicaragua Canal Company is sending to Nicaragua to commence work on the canal. A large party of friends and relatives assembled at the B. & P. Depot this morning to see Mr. Green off and wish him bon voyage. He will sail from New York for Greytown on Saturday by steamer Alvena. The surveying party, which will be gone four or five years, is in charge of Chief Engineer Menocal, U. S. N. Among the young men who go from Washington are Messrs. Kenyon, Delaplaine, Nicholson, Johnson, Davis, Bradley and Hill.

New Congressmen Elected.

General Harrison Kelly, Republican, has been elected Congressman from the Fourth Congressional District of Kansas, to succeed Hon. Thomas Ryan, the new Minister to Mexico. Election returns indicate the choice of J. R. Williams, Democrat, as the successor of Congressman Townshend, of the Nineteenth Illinois District.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and it is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

Faster Trains to New York.

The B. & O. has put in service an additional train to New York and shortened up the time on all the old ones from five to twenty-five minutes. The average time from Washington to New York via B. & O. is faster than via any other line. Pullman's Buffet Parlor Cars on all day trains and Sleepers on night trains.

Washington Safe Deposit Co., 916 Pa. ave. Storage Department all above ground.

NOTHING BUT A SHADOW.

I saw Miss Lina Somerville on Broadway Saturday morning. She had grown to be such a shadow of her former massive self that I scarcely knew her. Not that she is now by any means a veritable shadow, except by way of comparison, for a better-formed woman could scarcely be met in a day's promenade than she whose graceful ponderosity used so to excite the laughter of the thousands who flocked to see and hear her "Merry Little Mountain Maid" in the earlier days of Dixey and Adonis. I ventured to inquire how she discovered the secret of causing the too solid flesh to melt, and learned that it was neither anti-fat nor worry that had wrought the metamorphosis, but a close attention to walking six miles vigorously every day and a judicious use of Hunyadi water.—[New York Graphic.

The Nation's Pensioners.

The *National Tribune* has made a careful study of the report of the Commissioner of Pensions, the results of which are known in the following analysis of the 326,835 disabled men on the pension roll:

283 get $1 a month, or 3 cents a day.	
2 get $1.87 a month, or 6 cents a day.	
31,722 get $2 a month, or 6¾ cents a day.	
3 get $2.12½ a month, or 7 cents a day.	
4 get $2.25 a month, or 7½ cents a day.	
3 get $2.50 a month, or 8¼ cents a day.	
7 get $2.66 a month, or 8¾ cents a day.	
38 get $2.66⅔ cents a month.	
1,935 get $3 a month, or 10 cents a day.	
1 gets $3.12 a month, or 10½ cents a day.	
348 get $3.75 a month, or 12½ cents a day.	
69,210 get $4 a month, or 13⅓ cents a day.	
420 get $4.25 a month, or 14 cents a day.	
1,462 get $5 a month, or 16⅔ cents a day.	
2 get $5.25 a month, or 17½ cents a day.	
13 get $5.33 a month, or 17¾ cents a day.	
35 get $5.33⅓ a month.	
66 get $5.66⅔ a month, or 18⅞ cents a day.	
16 get $5.75 a month, or 19 cents a day.	
47,661 get $6 a month, or 20 cents a day.	
76 get $6.25 a month, or 21 cents a day.	
2 get $7.37 a month, or 21 cents a day.	
2 get $6.37½ a month.	
2 get $6.66⅔ a month, or 22 1-3 cents a day.	
3 get $6.75 a month, or 22½ cents a day.	
213 get $7 a month, or 23 cents a day.	
14 get $7.25 a month, or 24 cents a day.	
925 get $7.50 a month, or 25 cents a day.	
1 gets $7.66⅔ a month or 25½ cents a day.	
21 get $7.75 a month.	
63,142 get $8 a month, or 26⅔ cents a day.	

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BRINKLEY & OSBORN, Cor. D and N. Cap. st.
FRED. HERRMANN, 740 10th s. e.
J. D. O'MEARA, 711 H st. n. e.
GEO. OTTO, 618 Mass. ave. n. e.
H. L. BLOUT, 719 4½ st. s. w.

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(Spring Leaf),
At 50c. a Pound.
This is the season for testing its peculiar property of making the best
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Advertisements under this head, four lines or less, 25 cents for three insertions; 50 cents for six.

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