MEDICAL

Frightful Case of a Colored Man.

I contracted a fearful case of blood poison in 1883. I was treated by some of the best physicians in Atlanta. They used the old remedies of Mercury and Potash, which brought on rheumatism and impaired my digestive organs. Every joint in me was swollen as if full of rats. When I was given up to die, my physicians thought it would be a good thing to test the virtue of Swift's Specific. When I commenced taking S. S. S. the physician said I could not live two weeks under the ordinary treatment. He commenced to give me the medicine strictly according to directions, which I continued for several months, taking nothing else, and commenced to improve from the very first. Soon the rheumatism left me, my appetite became all right, and the ulcers, which the doctor said were the most frightful he had ever seen, began to heal, and by the 1st of October, 1884, I was a well man again. I am stronger now than I ever was before, and weigh more. S. S. S. has saved me from an early grave.

LEM McCLENDON.

Lem McClendon has been in the employ of the Chess-Carley Company for some years, and I know the above statements to be true. At the time he began taking Swift's Specific he was in a horrible condition. I regard his cure almost miraculous.

W. B. CROSBY, Manager.
Chess-Carley Co., Atlanta Division.
Atlanta, Ga., April 18, 1885.

DR. HALE,

Editor of "Health and Home,"

Treats All

CHRONIC DISEASES

At His Office,

No. 723 Twelfth Street.

CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Office Hours, 10 to 4 and 6 to 8 p. m.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Hearing and Smell. A quick Relief. A Positive Cure.

CATARRH

CREAM BALM has gained an enviable reputation, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Manhood Restored

REMEDY FREE.—A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

PILES. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is a pleasant, sure cure. SYMPTOMS are Moisture, Itching, worse by scratching; excite as if pin-worms existed. PITCHING PILES.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

NASALINE!

Immediate relief for Cold in the Head, Sore Nose, Catarrh, &c. 10c. a box. For sale by all druggists.

SCHILLENGER

Artificial Stone Paving Co.

Office, 1418 New York Avenue.

Artistic and Fine Work in Cement a Specialty.

Our Skilled Workmen lay the following Pavements:

Schillenger's Patent, Best Granolithic.
Asphaltum, Artificial Stone.
Neufchatel, Mastic.

Kitchens, Sidewalks, Stables and Cellars laid with neatness and promptness.

Owners of property are notified that they will be held responsible for infringements of this patent. The United States Courts for the District of Columbia have recently enjoined H. L. Cranford and the Commissioners of the District of Columbia from laying this pavement. All artificial stone pavements other han that laid under the patent are worthless.

JOS. C. McKIBBIN,
Telephone Call 467-2. President.

TYPE WRITERS.

THE REMINGTON

STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,

SOLE AGENTS,

Washington Office, Cor. 8th and F Sts.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

THE BEST TONIC

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates.

It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*

MRS. ELIZABETH BAIRD, 74 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., says, under date of Dec. 20th, 1884:

"I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, and it has been more than a doctor to me, having cured me of the weakness ladies have in life. Also cured me of Liver Complaint, and now my complexion is clear and good. Has been beneficial to my children."

Genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

LADIES' HAND BOOK—useful and attractive, containing list of prizes for recipes, information about coins, etc., given away by all dealers in medicine, or mailed to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

SOME OF THE RICH WOMEN IN WASHINGTON AND ELSEWHERE.

MISS WILLARD'S ROMANCE.

EX-SENATOR THAYER'S OPINION OF SENATOR EVARTS.

LOCAL FASHION NOTES.

Many People Returning From the Summer Resorts.

It is stated, upon the authority of a gentleman of considerable local prominence, says the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin*, that Miss Frances Willard, the noted temperance speaker, has the following interesting love story connected with the history of her life: It is stated that at one time she was engaged to Bishop Fowler of the Methodist church, but that the engagement was broken off by her for reasons best known to herself. Bishop Fowler, then a young minister, afterward married another lady. As time passed on his wife died, and then, true to his first love, he proposed to Miss Willard again, but was again refused. The wheel of time revolved once more and Rev. Mr. Fowler married a second time, but the angel of death visited his home once more and he buried his second wife. Again, true to his first love, he returned to Miss Willard and renewed his solicitations for her hand in wedlock, but the lady would not relent, and with an asperity probably gained by age she rejected his overtures to embark on the matrimonial ship, and told him when she got ready to marry she would wed a man who had some brains. Time wrought a number of changes again, and the minister became the president of the Northwestern University at Evanston, and Miss Willard was then the preceptress of the ladies' department, when her whilom suitor had her removed from her position. Miss Willard is now one of the most noted of the lady temperance advocates, while the Rev. Mr. Fowler is a bishop in the Methodist Church, and is located on the Pacific slope. As was said before, these incidents in the lives of two rather noted persons are given on the authority of a reliable gentleman living in the city, who is acquainted with friends of Miss Willard.

***

"Carp" has written up almost every other subject, and now turning his attention to rich women, says: Here at Washington we have few rich widows. Mrs. Craig Wadsworth of New York has a fine home on Massachusetts avenue, and she is said to be worth a million. Mrs. Alexander Ray is the widow of a millionaire miller whose flour is well known over the United States, and Mrs. Myer, whose husband was chief of the Signal Service some time before he died, is worth at leats a million dollars. Mrs. Admiral Dahlgreen, who wrote the much criticised book on Washington society a year or so ago, has several fine houses in the fashionable part of Washington, and Mrs. John O. Evans, the widow of the late president of the Mutual Union Telegraph Company, owns a great deal of Washington real estate and has a good income. Philadelphia's wealthiest widow is Mrs. John Ray Barton, who is worth $7,000,000 which she inherited from her father, Dr. John Rush. Tom Scott's widow is worth $8,000,000 which her husband left her from his railroad speculations, and the widow of M. W. Baldwin, the locomotive builder, is estimated as owning $2,000,000 worth of this world's goods. Henry Diston, the saw manufacturer, left nearly a million dollars to his wife, and the Quaker City has a half dozen more rich widows whose bank books register accounts as large as the wealth of Croesus. Rich single women are numerous. Miss Jennie Riggs of Washington inherited a fortune from her father, the noted banker. * * * Many of our most prominent public men have gotten fortunes through marriage. Senator Palmer has a wife who is a millionaire, Whitelaw Reid's wife is worth a fortune from her being the daughter of D. O. Mills, and Abram S. Hewitt dates his prosperity from the time he was made tutor to Peter Cooper's daughter, whom he afterwards married. Senator Henry B. Payne married the daughter of a rich farmer of Cleveland, named Perry, and the old Perry farm is now in the most fashionable part of Euclid avenue. Secratary William C. Whitney in turn married Payne's daughter, and it is said that since then Payne's rich bachelor son, Oliver, has given Mrs. Whitney a million or so in presents. Congressman Tom Bayne of Pittsburg got a big fortune with his wife, who was the daughter of Smith, the partner of the Hostetter who made the "stomach bitters," and Hitt of Illinois brought about a million into his family by marrying an heiress. Senator Hale's wife inherited a fortune from Zach. Chandler's estate, and the wife of Frank Hiscock is very well off. Levi P. Morten's wife is worth $1,500,000 in her own right.

***

Says the same correspondent: "That section of society which finds the dress question an embarrassing one is a good deal gratified just now to find that the fashions for the coming season will permit them to work over their old dresses. Infinite variety, harmonious blendings of dark, rich, bright shades and a fancy for rough-faced fabrics, are the signs which she who runs may read. Looking closer, it is evident that the reign of velvet and lace is to endure, and that combination suits will, if possible, be even more fashionable than ever. Very few suits will be made entirely of one fabric. Of all the fancies shown each has its matching cloth, and tailor-made suits are of a subdued stripe, plaid or check, in sombre colors, with plain cloth matching one other of the checks or stripes. In Paris the passion is for stripes—plain stripes, fancy stripes, Pekin stripes, narrow stripes and broad stripes in every possible combination of color and material. The color of the hour is bronze, all the bronzes, indeed—brown, copper and green. There is a new sapphire, so-called, which is really the old gens d'armes, and this, in combination with a brilliant copper tint, forms some of the most striking brocades of the season. There is a noticeable falling off in the popularity of garnet. The new reds are, for the most part, vivid in tone with a dark or russet tint, like autumn leaves. Guilt is passe; still golden tinges are many, especially in shot effects, the bronze d'or, the beautiful golden bronze, still holds its own. The fashion of woolen is to be greater even than it was last year. The sample books of returning buyers show hundreds of new fancies in these, most of them charming and many of them novel. The newest idea is an outcome of the passion for lace.

***

Speaking about the opening of the schools the *Times-Star* correspondent says it is usually supposed that society people in Washington are not possessed of large families, but this is not true. Take the people who make up Washington society and you will find them with pretty large families, and very much interested in the schools. Many of them, of course, patronize private schools, but many do not, and whether the schools are public or private, they are beginning to make the absent families think of returning to their homes. The incoming trains are beginning to bring them, and word comes from the summer resorts that a good many will be here by the end of another week. Of course, little will be done here in a social way for some time yet, except to resume the out door sports which were running at full tilt when the hot weather drove society away. Lawn tennis has received a decided impetus by the interest taken at Newport this summer. Messrs. W. V. R. Berry and Henry W. Slocum, jr., of this city, were considered among the most expert players during the tourney just ended at this fashionable resort. Messrs. Shellabarger and Davidson, who are expert manipulators of the rackets, have given up tennis playing for a season, and are now roughing it on Cobb's Island. With the return of Washington's society people they will be afforded an opportunity to witness a trial of skill between the four gentlemen named at Kendall Green Court. At the Argentine Minister's the grounds have been newly arranged.

***

General John M. Thayer, ex-Senator from Nebraska, in one of his letters in the Omaha *Bee*, tells how President Grant put aside his strong dislike of William M. Evarts and appointed him counsel of the Geneva Council of Arbitration, and says: "From the time when Andrew Johnson abandoned the Republican party and joined hands with those against whom he had been uttering his maledictions, and declaring he would hang them and that those who were permitted to live must take back seats in the work of reconstruction, he was supported and advised by Wm. M. Evarts. During all that acrimonious and protracted controversy between the President and Congress, when the unmistakable purpose of the latter was to destroy the Republican party, which had made him Vice-President, and when the permanence of that party was in peril, he (Evarts) was an abettor of Johnson in its attempted overthrow. During the impeachment trial of the President Evarts was one of the lawyers who conducted his defense, and in reward for which he was made Attorney-General. Henry Stansberry of Ohio was Attorney-General under Johnson, but resigned that office in order to take part in the defense of his chief, which he could not with propriety do while holding that office. It was supposed he would, in case of the President's acquittal, be reappointed to the same office, but he had to stand aside in order that Evarts might be rewarded. It was thought advisable to make the reward of Evarts as conspicuous as possible, because he had left the Republican party to support Johnson in his betrayal of it. And now he poses as a stalwart of stalwarts; yes, last November when Blaine reviewed that great procession of the Republican hosts in New York, which passed before him, though in a drenching rain storm, he (Evarts) toddled along with the rest of the boys, up Fifth avenue in the mud and rain, shouting hosannahs to the party he had once labored to destroy. Possibly the United States Senatorship from New York, which was then looming up to view, may have had something to do with imparting to him the zeal and unction of a new convert. He now poses as a stalwart candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1888. For one, the writer, as an humble member of the party, prefers to support a candidate who has never been engaged in an effort to demolish that party to which the country is indebted for its preservation.

***

The New York correspondent of the *Pioneer-Press*, writes of the recent disastrous failure of Henry N. Smith, as follows: The history of Wall street is studded thick with milestones of "kings of the street"—men who wielded millions—losing their fortune and prestige. Smith came here from some town in the northern part of this State, where he had been a banker, and first came into prominence through his association with Jay Gould in the firm of Smith, Gould & Martin when the gold conspiracy which precipitated Black Friday was made by Fisk & Gould in 1869. Smith had become very wealthy, and when the firm was dissolved he continued to trade in stocks. In 1872 he built the steam yacht America, her lines being taken from those of the famous sailing yacht which won the Queen's cup so many years ago, and which is now owned by Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts. Mr. Smith's America was fitted up absolutely regardless of expense. She was probably the most luxurious craft afloat. But she was scarcely completed when the panic of 1873 swept away the bulk of her owner's fortune, and he was obliged to sell the America. She was bought by the Government, and under the name of the Despatch she now flies to and fro between the various navy-yards. Smith subsequently made a great deal of money again, and recently was thought to be worth a million. Until a few months ago he was very close to C. F. Woerishoffer, the great bear operator, and it is said that if he had taken the latter's advice he would not have been "twisted" in the July rise. Woerishoffer covered all his important outstanding lines of shorts, and when the bull squall struck him he was, so to speak, under close-reefed sails. It is about two years since Smith was nearly ruined by being long of certain stocks during the continued decline. This is a page of Wall street history that has never seen the light of print. Smith had a cottage near that of Woerishoffer at Long Branch, and one evening he called on the latter and told him how he stood. Woerishoffer used the influence of the "bear" clique, of which he was the leader, to save Smith. A fictitious boom was organized, and the stocks of which Smith was long were marked up until he had sold out. In other words, Smith was assisted to saddle his mistakes on the public.

Poor Woman.

Weak back; tremulous nerves; rheumatic muscles; dyspeptic stomach; torpid liver. Bad combination, isn't it? Well, vitalize your blood with Brown's Iron Bitters. Tone your nerves; banish rheumatism; drive out dyspepsia. Then you are a new woman. Mrs. W. A. Crawford, Tullahoma, Tenn., had nervousness and neuralgia. She derived great benefit from the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

Boys' school suits, Eisenman's, cor., 7th & E

Nervous Debilitated Men.

You are allowed a *free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt, Co., Marshall, Mich.

HER ANSWER.

We were strolling along,
On the sands,
She must surely have known
From my luck and my tone
What I wanted to say when I took in my own

Both her hands.

She seemed gracious and kind
As could be,
And encouraged to find
She was gently inclined,
I plead for the soft-whispered "Yes" that should bind
Her to me.

Thus we stood side by side
By the sea,
And to you I'll confide
A cold chill seemed to glide
Down the length of my spine as the sweet girl replied,
"No, sir-e-e-e!"
—[Somerville Journal.

MY FOX HUNT.

I am constantly accused of being a flirt. Unjustly, of course. Certainly I have had offers, and have refused them. Naturally, I liked certain men better at first than after I had time to know them really well. No man has the sense to understand his weak points and to hide them. They all persist in disillusionizing you, and then when you refuse to chain yourself up to them and their follies they call you "a coquet," "a heartless flirt," and all that. Under the circumstances I insist I should be almost as silly as they—if I married them.

Now take the case of that young Englishman I was said to have treated so badly and judge if I was to blame.

I met him at our tennis tournament. I had just won the last set, and was receiving the usual highly-sincere congratulations, when I saw Mrs. Fanshawe bearing down on me with a young Englishman, the latest addition to our club.

My heart sank as he came. He was so evidently a case of "not beautiful, but good (?)." He was hideous, but I reflected that perhaps he was like the noble beast, or fish, in his coat of arms, in which case it was distinguished ugliness, and I bore up. "Miss Tremaine," said Mrs. Fanshawe, allow me to present to your favorable notice Mr. Fox, who has come to study the manners, or the lack of 'em, and customs in America."

"Now, really," gasped Mr. Fox, as she cast this Parthian arrow, "she's too hard on me. By Jove! I assure you; Miss Tremaine, I find much more to admire on this side."

"This side of the lawn?"

"I meant this side of the ocean," he returned, pityingly. "But especially this lawn," he added, with a fascinating roll of his light goggle eyes; "I've been anxious to meet you for a long while, Miss Tremaine. You play tennis so awfully well—for—er—an American."

"Then," I retorted, "you think Americans cannot compare with the English?"

"Well, no; except in the matter of feminine beauty," he returned, driving out his heel and ducking his head, which pleasing performance I afterwards found signified a mental struggle with a compliment.

I at once promised myself the pleasure of taking several extensive "rises" out of the youth. He was so beautifully literal—so "English," you know.

"But our 'humor,' come now!" I said, with my best air of innocent good faith. "Surely you admit we are the only nation that has a distinct and characteristic wit?"

"Well, I dun'no. Suppose," he suggested dubiously, "suppose you were to give me a specimen?"

"Certainly," I responded cheerfully. "I'll take the first thing that comes in my head. Got it out of a western paper."

"Tom Sawyer was warned of the danger of smoking in a powder mill, but persisted. They collected one ear and a button. The funeral was a 'bang-up' affair!"

"There!" said I, triumphantly, "isn't that the quintessence of humor?"

"Yes, devilish good," he gasped.

There was a pause. I was falling back for another effort. He was eyeing me furtively, and I know, comparing me with "Daisy Miller" or some international horror by James.

"Are you any relation to Fox's Book of Martyrs?" I innocently questioned.

"Well, not exactly to the book," he replied, with a patronizing smile; "but we claim descent from the author.

"Oh!" I gushed, "I'm so glad I've met you; for, you know, I always thought his last name was Martyrs. Like Praise-God-Bare-Bones Alden, Up-Guards-and-at-'em Wellington, Don't-Give-up-the-Ship Lawrence and all the rest of those old Puritans."

My English friend's face was a study. His appealing nose asked of his retreating eyes: "Is this the bright American girl I have heard of?" It was rich. I do love to "take a rise" out of such idiots.

Papa says he does not see the sense of such jokes. I simply tell a lot of enormous lies to convince credulous foreigners I am a perfect fool—whereas I could do it more easily by just being natural. If papa wasn't so dyspeptic he would understand that it was delicious to see how much they would swallow.

However, I had no time to follow up my success that afternoon. Mamma came hustling up, all smiles, to tell Mr. Fox she knew his cousin, Lord Emched. How charmed she would be to have him call very soon, and a lot of gush. Mamma is more than a bit of an Anglomaniac. As I am not I left them, partly, also, I confess, because I saw my cousin Tom glaring awfully. Tom and I are engaged—secretly, because he is so poor that we have to wait a long time before we even tell papa and mamma.

Meantime we both flirt. That is so much better than telling and being shelved. Still, I have to be careful. Tom is so jealous, so afraid, poor boy, that I'll get tired of waiting and take a better party!

For fully a week I saw nothing of Mr. Fox. I think he was digesting some of my facts.

Englishmen require about that time to assimilate chaff. Then they call with a crushing repartee—in a note book!

Finally he dropped in one Sunday evening. Several men were there and we were having charades. We are apt to have a jolly time Sundays. Mamma is an Episcopalian and papa is a broker—so, you see, we don't have to be narrow minded.

Of course, being English, Mr. Fox misunderstood. He evidently thought we were Comanches, and adapted himself. Nature helped him; he would make a splendid Zulu. He sang in a hideous falsetto, he put everybody out, and then gayly, slapping Tom on the back, informed him that Americans never could sing choruses! Tom was wild. I had to squeeze his hand under a music book to pacify him.

In desperation we started more charades. There again the great Fox came to the front, assuming, unasked, the role of general director and nuisance. Everywhere at once he shouted us deaf, dumb and mad. He gave samples of what he couldn't do, in all sorts of parts, and finally ended by putting such realism into that of the bull in "Sandford & Merton" that he charged through mamma's grass screen, emerging covered with peacocks' feathers, blood and glory, to be led away by paps for repairs.

I was awfully angry. I knew perfectly well he simply acted so outrageously because he thought we "Americans" would be delighted with anything he did. "Noblesse oblige" is my motto, and if I ever go to England or Zululand I intend to behave quite as well as I do home.

When Mr. Fox returned, radiant and eager to take a hand in the next savage rite we performed, he found us quietly discussing horses mamma having vetoed anything more exciting than conversation and tea while he remained.

"He is a charming young man, my dears," she said. "Very like his dear cousin. But he is too volatile for my bric-a-brac.

"Ah!" Mr. Fox joined in affably, "you caught to see my hunters. Not that they'd do you much service. You haven't the game, you know."

"True, Mr. Fox," replied Tom, with great suavity. "Therefore, instead of sending us donkeys, you should supply us with foxes."

"Do we send you donkeys?" said the obtuse creature. "I didn't know it. Why, what use do you make of them?"

"We make game of them," said the audacious Tom.

"Oh, Mr. Fox, do you like plain riding?" I interrupted in terror.

"Why, that's my fad, Miss Tremaine," he cried. "I should say I did. At home they call me a Centaur, you know."

"Do they? What a shame. He only had one eye, while you have two," I said sympathetically, gazing at him with affected admiration.

Smiling a sickly smile, he "thought perhaps I meant Cyclops."

"Ah! Thanks. I did. How stupid you must think me! Centaur; why, certainly, he's the one who invented the liniment. I saw a picture of him on a rock in the Catskills—half man, half donkey."

I had the satisfaction of seeing him wilt.

My astounding ignorance knocked him out. He was silenced. The rest of us drifted into a discussion on the superiority of ancient over modern poetry, and when I backed up my side by translating some of Horace's odes I felt his goggle eyes fastened on me in a surprise. He was evidently trying to understand a little inconsistency he observed in me.

All the summer he became a sort of semi-detatched fixture of mine, always joining me at "hops," and tennis "frays" and spending every evening at our house. I am sure I gave him no encouragement, because Tom took it into his head to be violently jealous of him, and so I had to be very careful. Men are such geese. Now, when Tom said he loved me I believed him, and have never been in the least jealous since. But Tom had to get me out on the piazza twice a week to ask me "why if I loved him, I let that 'beastly cad' hang around me?" Was not he too absurd?

Finally the climax came. One cool afternoon Mr. Fox appeared with horses and proposed a ride. I appeal to you. Could I help myself? Of course not. I flew upstairs, got into my habit and descended to enjoy a lesson in the English style of riding from the "Centaur."

How shall I ever describe the absurd ride! It was too funny. Imagine, in the first place, my cavalier leaving the groom to enjoy the pleasure of putting me into my saddle, while he breathed in his horse's ears and nose—"to subdue the brute, you know."

Slightly surprised at this original beginning, I drew off to the other side to await developments, and in a moment saw the "Centaur" tearing up the road, knees out, head down on the horse's neck, yelling: "Whoa, mare! O! whoa! you beast."

"Away went Gilpin! Away went he; and, being quick to take a hint, I followed. The English style of riding seems a little eccentric, but promised to be exciting. I pursued him hotly half a mile or so, cheered on by the plaudits of my friends as they came from the 5 o'clock train, and caught him as he stopped to mop his heated brow under a tree.

I meekly suggested as I rode up that it would have less the air of a "Stop-thief! chase" if he were to keep within a quarter of a mile of me.

"Well, I dunno," he said, "if this brute of a horse will let me. I never saw such a fool of a horse; the tighter I hold him the faster he goes."

"If you didn't rub his mouth raw with the curb he'd be all right," I frankly said.

"I did not come to this side to learn how to ride," he haughtily observed, and doubtless I should have been quite crushed by his sarcasms if—"the bloody brute" had not shot off again with him.

"Oh!" said I, "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning," and off I went after.

Never before or since have I run after any man as I did after that Englishman. My excuse must be that it was the only hunt I ever joined where there was a real "Fox." It was a hard hunt. Two long miles I chased that unlucky man, and everywhere we commanded the most flattering attention. The crews flew out of the boathouse to swell our triumph, and passers-by stood petrified with admiration as we tore by. It was immense—just like being in a circus. My hat floated gayly over a hedge, my hair fell down and my side ached with laughing, but I determined to be in at the death. I knew my noble game must take to cover before long, as knees and elbows were evidently giving out.

Sure enough, by the kind interference of Providence—certainly he had nothing to do with it—he stopped at our stable door and fell, "a dem'd moist, unpleasant body," into the arms of our grinning groom; while I, disgraceful as it was, sat on a bundle of hay and shouted. I couldn't help it; he was such a funny mixture of dignity and misery, as he mopped his heated brow and tried to explain why and how it happened.

Now, after a performance like that, do you wonder that, when he formally tendered me his pad—I mean hand—I refused it?

What if he had followed me like a poodle all summer; had sent flowers and candy? I didn't ask him to. It wasn't my fault if he mistook my good-natured tolerance for love. Neither is it my fault that I have mischievous brown eyes which men admire. Besides, how in the name of common sense could I mean anything when I was engaged to Tom all the time—secretly?—[Philadelphia Herald.

Boys' shirt waists, Eisman's, cor., 7th & E

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, Can be Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Address,

GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,
185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

THE VISITORS' GUIDE.

Points of Interest in and About the National Capital.

Where They Are, When to See Them and How to Get There.

The Executive Mansion.

The residence of the President, known as the White House, is on Pennsylvania avenue, west of the Treasury building. It is reached by the Avenue street cars. The East room of the Mansion is open to visitors every day except Sundays. The grounds are tastefully laid out with walks, trees, shrubbery and fountains. Upon the lot immediately south a concert, open to the public is given every Saturday evening during the summer and early fall, from 5:30 to 7 o'clock, by the United States Marine Band.

The Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court of the United States occupies a room on the eastern side of the connecting building between the rotunda and north wing of the Capitol. It is very unostentatious in its furniture and of limited seating capacity. It was formerly used as the Senate Chamber.

Department of Justice.

The Department of Justice is open every day, except Sunday, from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m., and occupies thumper floors of a large Sencecastone building on Pennsylvania avenue, between Fifteenth and Fifteen-and-a-half streets northwest. The principal object of interest is the gallery of paintings of the Attorneys-General of the United States, which is in the Attorney-General's office.

The Aqueduct Bridge.

The Aqueduct Bridge crosses the Potomac from the foot of Bridge street, West Washington, and connecting with the roads to Arlington and Fort Meyer, on the Virginia bank.

Fort Meyer.

Fort Meyer is situated in Virginia, a short distance northwest of the Arlington House. It is now a station for instruction of officers and men in the Signal Service of the army.

Arlington.

The Arlington House and National Cemetery (open to visitors every day) are situated on the summit of a hill on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, affording an excellent view of Washington. It is about four miles from the Capitol across the Aqueduct bridge. The cemetery comprises about 200 acres and the bodies of nearly 16,000 soldiers from the battle fields of Virginia and the hospitals at the Capital here repose.

The Agricultural Department.

The Agricultural Department is between the Washington Monument and Smithsonian Institution, near Twelfth street, on the line of the Belt Line cars. It is open daily, except Sunday, from 9 a. m., to 5 p. m. It contains a museum, seed and specimen rooms, etc., and is surrounded by grounds containing rare horticultural collections.

The Botanical Gardens.

The Botanical Gardens are open daily from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. They are situated at the foot of Capitol Hill, facing Pennsylvania avenue. The object of the garden is experimental in floriculture, public information and the distribution of rare plants. The disposition of the collection is according to a geographical distribution. The strictly tropical plants occupy the central conservatory, and those of a semi-tropical nature are placed in the west range and wing, and all indigenous to countries lying toward the South Pole are in the east range and wing. During the summer the hardiest plants in boxes are ranged on either side of the main walk, and contribute materially to the beauty of the garden. In the centre of the lawn facing the conservatory is the Bartholdi fountain, which was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in 1876. The fountain, in full play, presents a beautiful effect, especially when reflecting the rays of the sun.

Mt. Vernon.

Mount Vernon is situated on the Potomac 15 miles below Washington. It can be reached daily except Sunday by the steamer W. W. Corcoran, which leaves Seventh street wharf at 10 o'clock a. m. sharp, returning at 3:30 p. m. The mansion is situated on an eminence overlooking the river and is open to visitors. Near the foot of the incline which leads to the house are the tombs of George Washington and his wife, Martha. Before reaching them the ruins of the old vault, which originally contained the remains of Washington, are pointed out by the guide. Meals can be obtained on the grounds.

Squares, Circles and Statues.

In addition to the grounds attached to the public buildings there are a number of beautiful squares and circles in the city.

LAFAYETTE SQUARE

faces the White House, on Pennsylvania avenue, between Fifteen-and-a-half and Sixteen-and-a-half streets northwest. In the centre of this square is Clark Mills' equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson. It is colossal and cost $50,000.

M'PHERSON SQUARE

is on Vermont avenue, between I and K streets northwest. The park is laid out in concrete walks, with shady trees and shrubbery. In the centre is the bronze statue of Major-General James B. McPherson, which cost $23,500, and was erected by the Army of the Tennessee.

FARRAGUT SQUARE

is on K street, at the intersection of Seventeenth street. The walks are beautifully laid out and shaded. In the centre is the colossal bronze statue of David G. Farragut, first Admiral of the United States Navy, executed by Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, Washington, D. C., 1880, by order of Congress, at a cost of $20,000.

JUDICIARY SQUARE,

which lies at the head of Four-and-half street, between Fourth and Fifth streets northwest, is one of the largest in the city. The south portion is occupied by the City Hall. The new Pension building, where the Democratic inauguration ball was held, is now in course of erection on the north side of this square.

RAWLINS SQUARE,

on New York avenue southwest of the State Department, is tastefully laid out with walks, shady trees, shrubbery and rustic fountains. In the centre is the bronze statue of General John A. Rawlings. It was erected in 1874 and cost $12,500.

SCOTT SQUARE,

at the intersection of Massachusetts and Rhode Island avenues, contains the bronze statue of General Winfield Scott. The General is represented in the full uniform of his rank, mounted on a war charger, at rest, and surveying the field of battle. The stones forming the pedestal are the largest ever quarried in this country. The total cost was $20,000.

LINCOLN SQUARE

on East Capitol street, one mile east of the Capitol, is prettily laid out. In the centre stands the bronze group entitled "Emancipation," representing Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, standing by a monolith and holding in his right hand the proclamation of freedom. A slave kneeling at his feet with manacles broken, is about to rise. The statue was erected by the Western Sanitary Commission of St. Louis, Mo., out of the funds contributed solely by emancipated citizens of the United States, declared free by the proclamation of January 1, 1863.

DUPONT CIRCLE

is situated at the intersection of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire avenues and Nineteenth and P streets northwest. In it is the statue of Rear-Admiral S. F. Dupont in heroic bronze. Its cost was $17,000, erected by the Government.

FRANKLIN SQUARE

s between Thirteenth and Fourteenth and I and K streets northwest. This square was purchased by the Government in 1839 in order to secure control of a fine spring, the water from which is still used for drinking purposes at the Executive Mansion. The square is planted with a pleasing variety of ornamental trees and shrubs.

GREENE SQUARE

at the intersection of Massachusetts and Maryland avenues northeast, contains the colossal bronze equestrian statue of Major-General Nathaniel Greene, which cost $50,000.

WASHINGTON CIRCLE,

at Twenty-third street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest, contains the equestrian statue of General George Washington by Clark Mills, erected at a cost of $50,000. The statue was cast out of guns donated by Congress.

LUTHER PLACE

is the small space to the south of the Memorial Lutheran Church, near the corner of Fourteenth street and Massachusetts avenue northwest. There is the statue of Martin Luther, erected by the Luther Statue Association, in commemoration of the 400th anniversay of his birth. It cost $5,000.

THOMAS CIRCLE

is at the intersection of Massachusetts and Vermont avenues and Fourteenth street. It contains the equestrian bronze statue of General George H. Thomas, erected by the Army of the Cumberland at a cost of $50,000.

PROFESSOR HENRY'S STATUE,

Situated about 200 feet north of the west wing of the Smithsonian Institution, facing south, is the bronze statue of Professor Joseph Henry, first secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The statue, which was unveiled in 1883, was erected by the Government at a cost of $15,000.

THE MARSHALL STATUE.

Near the foot of the Capitol building is the bronze statue of John Marshall, fourth Chief Justice of the United States. It cost $40,000, and represents the subject as seated in his gown and expounding the law.

THE PEACE MONUMENT.

Near the western entrance of the Capitol grounds is the Monument of Peace. It was designed by Admiral Porter and erected from subscription started by him in 1865. It commemorates the officers, seamen and marines who fell during the late war. It is in marble and it cost $21,000. The pedestal and platform, costing $20,000, were paid for out of an appropriation by Congress.

GREENOUGH'S WASHINGTON.

Greenough's statue of Washington, representing him in a Roman toga, is situated in the park at the east front of the Capitol. It cost $44,000, appropriated by Congress. In front of the City Hall, at the head of Four-and-a-half street, facing south, is the marble statue of Abraham Lincoln. It was erected in 1866 by Congress and cost $15,000.

Treasury Department.

The Treasury Department, on Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, is a three-story building of Grecian Ionic architecture, with basement and subbasement, 468 feet in length and 264 feet in width. It is open daily, except Sunday, from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

State, War and Navy.

The State Department building, which includes also the War and Navy Departments, is situated west of the White House and is open to the public daily from 9:30 a. m. to 2:30 p. m., excepting on Thursdays, when only members of the Diplomatic Corps are admitted, and Saturdays, when, during the session, Members of Congress only are thus privileged.

The Interior Department.

This building, better known from the purpose for which it was originally erected as the Patent Office, including also the Indian Office and General Land Office, lies between Seventh and Eighth and F and G streets northwest, and is open daily, except Sundays, from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

The General Postoffice.

The General Postoffice, standing directly opposite the Patent Office, between E and F streets, is open to the public daily from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. The building is of Corinthian architecture, and its erection was begun in 1839.

The Army Medical Museum.

The Army Medical Museum, originally a church and subsequently known as Ford's Theatre and made memorable by the assassination of President Lincoln, is situated on Tenth street, between E and F streets, and is occupied by the Surgeon-General. It is a place of great historic interest and open every day except Sunday from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. The house directly opposite, No. 516 Tenth street, is where Mr. Lincoln was taken after he was shot and where he died the next morning.

The Navy Yard.

The Navy Yard is situated on the Anacostia at the terminus of Eighth street southeast, and is reached by the cars of the Washington & Georgetown Railway; also by the hurdles. It is open every day except Sunday from 7 a. m. to sunset. Near the Navy Yard gate, on the east side of Eighth street southeast, and between G and I streets, are the Marine Barracks, open during the same hours.

The Smithsonian Institution.

The Smithsonian Institution and National Museum, objects of great interest to all strangers, are situated in the Smithsonian grounds which occupy 52½ acres, extending from Seventh to Twelfth streets, and from B street north to B street south. The Smithsonian grounds proper, on which the buildings are located, consist of 20 acres set apart in the southwest corner of the main reservation. They are open daily from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Washington Barracks.

The U. S. Barracks, formerly the U. S. Arsenal, open from sunrise to sunset, occupy a level tract of land bordering on the Potomac, tw