MEDICAL.

DYSPEPSIA

is a dangerous as well as disagreeable complaint. If neglected it results in imparting nutrition and depressing the tone of the system, to prepare the way for Fatal Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. Quality not Quantity. Six Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

THE BEST TONIC

Quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia in all its forms, Heartburn, Belching, Feeling like Food, etc. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and aids the assimilation of food. Rev. J. T. Rossiter, D.D., formerly pastor of the First Reformed Church, Baltimore, Md., says: "Having used Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia and Indigestion I take great pleasure in recommending it highly. Also consider it a splendid tonic and invigorator, and very strengthening."

Hon. Robert C. Orr, Judge of Circuit Court, Clinton Co., Ind., says: "I bear most cheerful testimony to the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia, and as a tonic."

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

ECZEMA!

For the benefit of suffering humanity, I deem it only my duty to give this unsolicited testimony in favor of Swift's Specific. My wife has been afflicted with Eczema from infancy. We tried every known remedy, but to no avail. She was also afflicted with a periodical nervous headache, sometimes followed by an intermittent fever, so that her life became a burden to her. Finally I determined to try Swift's Specific. She commenced seven weeks ago. After taking the first large bottle the disease seemed to increase; the burning, itching and inflammation became unbearable. She, however, persevered in the use of the medicine. After taking the second bottle the inflammation began to subside. After the third bottle the inflammation disappeared, and the sore spots dried up and turned white and scaly, and finally she brushed them off in an impalpable white powder resembling pure salt. She is now taking the sixth bottle; every appearance of the disease is gone, and her flesh is soft and white as a child's. Her headaches have disappeared and she enjoys the only good health she has known in 10 years. No wonder she deems every bottle of S. S. S. is worth a thousand times its weight in gold.

Any further information concerning her case will be cheerfully given by herself at her residence, 135 Mullett street, or by me.

JOHN F. BRADLEY, 44 Griswold st.

Detroit, Mich., May 16, 1885.

For sale by all druggists.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., N.Y., 157 W. 23d st. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga

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 — ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD. ROSE-COLD. HAY-FEVER. PENETRATES. HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A. HAY-FEVER

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

HUMANITY DUPE.—A victim of youthful indiscretion 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. A physician's, sure cure. SYMPTOMS are Moisture, Itching, worse by scratching; Scaly as of skin-worms critical. PRURITUS, OR ITCHING PILES.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

NASALINE!

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

10c. Royal Glue mends everything solid as rock. Wood, Glass, China, Leather, Ornaments, Furniture and everything else with everlasting inseparable tenacity. Druggists and grocers.

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PRICES LOW.

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420 NINTH STREET NORTHWEST.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Literary Side of Washington's Social Outlook.

MISS CLEVELAND'S EXAMPLE

Judge Cresswell's Gossip About Conkling and Grant.

AN EX-SENATOR'S SORROW.

The Sculpter at Work on Grant's Bust for the War Department.

"I never speak at fairs now," said Senator Cullom to a Chicago *Tribune* reporter. "A man with a speech has no show against a horse race or a fat cow. The last time I tried to make a speech at a fair was at Lincoln—right down near me, you know. There were two rings near the stand. One was for cattle and the other for the horses before the races. I had got fairly started when some fellow led a couple of horses into the ring. The crowd began to leave me, and in five minutes every soul in the crowd except the man who presided had left me. He looked as if he wanted to go too, so we followed the crowd over to the ring. The remainder of that speech is still undelivered. No, a Governor, a Senator, or even a President, is out of place making a speech at a fair. They are much better appreciated if they tie on the blue ribbons, and that is what I have been doing at the State fair. When I hear of friends who have not learned this great lesson I always pity them, for I know the fate of their oratorical efforts, however brilliant they may be."

***

Says a Clearfield, Pa., correspondent of the Pittsburg *Commercial*: "Hon. William A. Wallace, whose son died on Monday morning from the effects of a fall a few days previous, is indeed an unfortunate man. A man of high literary attainments and one of the most eminent attorneys in the State, he has amassed a fortune of $1,000,000, and is possessed of one of the most complete and beautiful homes in Clearfield County, yet the iron hand of domestic misfortune seems to be tightening its grasp upon him, gradually robbing him of prizes for which all his wealth cannot recompense. Six years ago Mrs. Wallace, who had always been the gayest of the gay and leader of fashionable society in aristocratic old Clearfield, suddenly became demented and was placed in a private asylum at Media, Pa., for treatment. Since then all recollection of her past happy life has vanished and she recognizes none of her old friends, not even her husband. In another asylum in the same town is confined a son, aged about 30 years, whose life has been blighted through the carelessness of a nurse, who allowed him to fall from her arms when a babe. And now Mr. Wallace is called upon to mourn the loss of his promising son Bishop, a young man of fine education and rare business qualifications. On last Saturday he fell from the steps of his father's office, striking his head on the curbstone, from the effects of which he died as above stated. At the time of his death the young man was cashier in a bank in Clearfield.

A reporter of the Chicago *News* was the other day in Howard Kretschmar's studio watching the sculptor at work on the clay model of General Grant for the War Department. "I have endeavored," said Mr. Kretschmar to the reporter, "to separate the relationship of the subject to the object. Step back there and look at the eyes. They wear the expression of the physical eye. He is looking at a rock or a tree or some commonplace object, but his mind is on the battle. He is thinking of the force he has or his enemies have, of the map he made yesterday and of the lay of the land. He is gazing steadfastly at one of those commonplace objects that intrude themselves on one's notice even at the most critical or moving moments. You will see I have treated the subject heroically. The size is heroic. There are my photographs," he continued, pointing to a number of pictures arranged on an easel near by, "but I have not followed all the characteristics shown in any one of those portraits. I have used such as I chose to, and combined them in a heroic whole." Just then General Sheridan and his aid entered. The General was on his way West, and called in by appointment to inspect the model. On catching sight of the counterfeit of his old commander, the little warrior doffed his hat and stood for a moment without speaking, gazing with reverence and admiration at the copy of the well-known features. The artist pushed back the red Turkish fez which adorned his head and waited for the general's criticism. "You see, general," he said, "I had nothing but these to go by," and he pointed to the photographs. The general waved his hand impressively. "If you want my advice," he said, "don't lay another finger on it. It is perfectly satisfactory." Then he put on his hat and left. This bust, when finished, is to be placed with that of Sheridan, also modeled by Mr. Kretschmar, in the War Department at Washington. The artist has an appointment with General Sherman in November for twelve sittings. This is also an order from the Government.

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The Assistant Secretary of the Interior has a cabinet of curiosities in his room. One of the articles is a boot of rather rude but strong construction. There is attached a label on which is written in a full round hand: "Boot made by one of the Indian boys at the school at Carlisle. Boy's age not quite 12 years. An outward visible sign of the inward spiritual grace of civilization in the red man out of reach of the cowboy." Cattlemen who see a revelation of this Administration's Indian policy in the writing on the boot will probably not deceive themselves.

***

There is no end of discussion and much diversity of opinion as to the probable character and tendencies of the society which the Cleveland Administration will give. Those who look for a strong literary flavor are not few, says the *Globe-Democrat* correspondent and there is going on in many a West End mansion the acquisition of culture through a process vulgarly called cramming. The prospect is that more additions will be made to the list of Washington authors this year than can be counted in the five preceding years. So much for having a first lady who writes critical essays. No less than four ladies, who have hitherto been social leaders here, are now avowedly engaged upon their maiden works in letters, while probably ten times that number are laying plans in secret, or with the knowledge of a limited few, which plans have not yet been sufficiently matured to be made public. The influence of Miss Cleveland's example is apparent in the direction which these literary ventures are taking. One lady, hitherto a butterfly of fashion, presents to the world her views on the "Lack of Dramatic Force in George Eliot's Writings." Another has got beyond her title page which reads, "Flowers and Thorns in Our Garden; A Social Satire on Washington and New York." There is a suggestion of some revelations both timely and taking in "The Servility of Some Office-Seekers." "After-Dinner Speeches" is anything but a compilation; it affords a cover simply for men and things.

***

One of the great events of the coming year at Washington will be the memorial services which Congress will hold in honor of General Grant, and if, as has been suggested, Roscoe Conkling should be chosen to pronounce the eulogy, his speech will probably go down to posterity as one of the great specimens of American eloquence. "Carp" of the *Leader* talked with ex-Postmaster-General Cresswell about Conkling at Mount MacGregor while Grant was lying in his coffin not a stone's throw away from where they were speaking. Said he: "I consider Roscoe Conkling the greatest debater on earth. His command of language surpasses that of any public man I know. He uses many uncommon words, and in such a way that his shade of meaning is expressed in the shortest and most forcible manner. His speech nominating Grant at Chicago was one of the greatest orations of our history. Do you remember the verse with which he began it?" "Yes," said I, "it was something like this:"

"If you ask me whence my candidate,
My sole reply shall be,
He comes from Appomattox
And its famous apple tree."

"Well," continued the General, "I can tell you where Conkling got that verse. It was not original with him, but was the work of a friend. Some time before the convention he and this friend were out riding together and the friend read to Mr. Conkling a poem which he had been writing about Grant. The above was one of the verses of the poem. When it was read Conkling said: "That is a good thing, and I may have occasion to use it." He then made the poet read it over several times until he had it thoroughly commited to memory. The steady applause of full fifteen minutes which followed it when he uttered it at Chicago showed that he was not mistaken in its value. "Do you think Conkling has any political future?" I asked. "He may have," was the reply, "but it seems to me only in one emergency. If a mighty issue should come before the country and the people should become involved in it to such an extent that the issue overshadowed the men who represented it, Conkling might come to the front as one of the great orators of a party and as such regain his old foothold. At such times leaders become heroes in the people's eyes, and such an occasion may yet remake Roscoe Conkling. The great mistake of Conkling's life was in his attempt to go back to the Senate. He made the attempt against his better judgment, and I don't believe he intended to make it when he tendered his resignation."

SOUTH WASHINGTON.

Mr. William B. Browne, whose serious illness was mentioned in THE CRITIC yesterday, died last night shortly after 12 o'clock at his late residence, No. 500 Sixth street southwest. The disease, which resulted in his death, was a complication of kidney and heart trouble from which he had long suffered, and which he bore with patience and devout christian fortitude. He was in the 55th year of his age, and leaves a young wife and three small children. He was secretary of the South Washington Endowment Relief Association, formerly secretary of the St. Dominic's Building Association, a member of the Catholic Beneficial Society, and was, at the time of his death, a clerk in the Navy Department. He was universally known throughout this section, and his genial wholesomel disposition had drawn around him a large circle of friends. His funeral will take place from St. Dominic's Church, where requiem mass will be celebrated on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. A special meeting of the board of directors of the South Washington Endowment Relief Association has been called for to-night when appropriate resolutions will be adopted, and action taken for attending the funeral.

Mrs. Laura Sheckelford, residing at No. 468 C street southwest, reported to the police this morning that during a temporary absence from her house yesterday afternoon her bedroom was entered and the bureau drawer rifled of $95 in gold and paper money.

Rapid progress is being made on the excavation for the foundation of the new Army Medical Museum, which is to be constructed in the southeast corner of the Smithsonian grounds. An extra force of laborers has been placed on the work, that the foundation may be laid before cold weather sets in. Some of the property owners on B street facing the grounds are displeased at the building being constructed on the site, as they say the park, with its tall shaded trees, was by far preferable, and that the building will not enhance the value of property in the vicinity.

EAST WASHINGTON.

The silver-laden ships Swatara and Yantic are expected at the Navy-Yard to-morrow morning. The vessels are conveying $10,500,000 in standard silver dollars from New Orleans to Washington. They have been unexpectedly long in making the voyage owing to unfavorable weather.

Mrs. Celia Choppell is about to build one two-story brick house on Ninth street, near H northeast, which will cost $5,500.

The following programme will be given at the Marine Barracks at 4:30 this afternoon: Selection, "Carmen," Bizet; potpourri, "Aida," Verdi; serenade, "Good Night, Beloved," Balfe; song, "Farewell," Graham; valse, "Dream Faces," Meleser; collocation, "Princess Zoto," Clay; gallop, "Champagne," Lumbye.

The many friends of Mr. Charles C. Thacker will be grieved to hear of the death of his father, Mr. Nelson Thacker, who died yesterday at Woodbine, Pa., aged 80 years.

Oystermen in Trouble.

Captain Corfetts of an oyster barge belonging to A. Booth & Co., oyster-packers of Baltimore, was arrested by the State fishery force at Piney Point, on the Potomac, on the 8th inst., for carrying oysters without a license. He was released on $200 bail. Isaac Sterling & Brother, oyster-buyers at that place, becoming his security. Last Thursday Sterling was arrested for buying oysters, also Samuel Bond, captain of the barge Filipe, and his barge loaded with 1,100 bushels of oysters for Booth & Co., was taken into custody. Bond and Sterling refused to give security, and were placed in charge of a county constable. Sterling escaped to Baltimore and reported the state of affairs to his employers. A counsel for Booth & Bro. was immediately sent to Leonardtown, and secured the discharge of all the parties and the barge by the Circuit Court of St. Mary's County, which was in session. A recognizance of $200 was taken for the whole party, the barge included, that they should appear if required during the term of the court. An order to cease arrests from Captain Waddle was also delivered by the counsel. The cargo of the barge was spoiled, and had to be thrown overboard. Booth & Bro. contemplate entering suit against the county for damages.

Remember.

That Eiseman Bros., cor. 7th & E, are the manufacturers of all the clothing they sell.

THREE LITTLE FISHERS.

Three little fishers trudged over the hill,
Over the hill, in the sun's broad glare,
With rods and crook'd pins, to the brook by the mill,
While three fond mothers sought for them everywhere!
For boys will go fishing, though mothers deny;
Watching their chance they sneak off on the sly,
To come safely back in the gloaming.

Three mothers waited outside of the gate;
Three little fishers, tired, sunburnt, and worn,
Came into sight as the evening grew late,
Their chubby feet bleeding, their clothes all torn;
For "boys will be boys"—have a keen eye for fun,
While mothers fret, fume, scold and sometimes scum,
And welcome them home in the gloaming!

Three little fishers were called to explain—
Each stood condemn'd, with a thumb in his eye,
They promised never to do so again,
And were hung up in the pantry to dry!
Three mothers heaved great sighs of relief,
An end had been put to their manifold grief,
When the boys came home in the gloaming.

MISS JOCELYN'S AMBITION.

Altogether she was perhaps the homeliest woman you ever saw. Her nose and chin receded as if by mutual agreement, leaving to her curved and beak-like nose the duty of making first acquaintance with any opposing object; her round, pale eyes had a dull glare that reminded unpleasantly of the fish-stalls in the market, and her complexion was a wreck. Whether it had ever been anything else was a problem, for whose solution no visible data appeared. All these drawbacks, however, did not prevent her from entertaining sentimental illusions in regard to herself. It was not to be denied that she had a fine suit of hair, black and glossy, and inclined to curl. Her figure, too, was one of which much could be made by judicious manipulation, and her hands were objects of undisguised admiration to at least one person.

"At least no fault can be found with my hands," she was wont to say complacently when points of personal beauty formed the topic of conversation.

The position of dressmaker in a seminary town, where the boarders are mainly from the farming districts, is one that possesses obvious advantages, especially if, as in the case of Miss Jocelyn, the dressmaker, is so fortunate as to gain the confidence of the faculty. Miss Jocelyn sedulously cultivated the good opinion of the faculty. She attended the church which extended its patronage over the institution, with unflinching punctuality, always timing her arrival so as to trip briskly up the aisle just in advance of the procession from the seminary, and take her seat in one of the side pews with an impressive air of earnest devotion to duty that could not fail to attract attention. Furthermore, she made the dresses of the lady principal at something like a reasonable rate, and was particularly careful to make no mention in her bill of such small items as binding, hooks and eyes, button-hole twist and the like, well knowing the invincible aversion of great minds to trifles of that sort. Thus it was that Miss Jocelyn had come to be considered almost in the light of official costumer to the "Fem. Sem.," and not to possess at least one Jocelyn gown was to be hopelessly out of style in that small community.

For the most part Miss Jocelyn bore herself toward her youthful customers with just the proper blending of dignity and affability, but on certain occasions, and with certain persons, she relaxed a little from the severe limits she usually imposed upon herself, and then it was that a glimpse was obtained of the wrecked hopes of her maiden heart.

It was generally in spring time, when graduation robes were in contemplation, that a sudden access of sentimental reminiscence seized upon Miss Jocelyn and impelled her, like an ancient mariner in petticoats, to fasten upon some helpless victim, straightly pinned in a formless jacket of shiny Silesia, and disagreeably conscious of prominence of her shoulder-blades and the uncompromising quality of her waist, and thus unbosom herself:

"Ah me! it's lovely to be young and to graduate, isn't it?" I do think it's so sweet to see a class of young girls, all in white, stepping from the school-room into active life, armed for any fate. So affecting. I always make a point of going, but it makes me sad, too, for that happiness was never mine, and what I have suffered and lost through not having had it nobody knows but myself and my Maker."

Here a great sigh which only long practice could have rendered it safe to indulge in with all those pins in her mouth, and a brief silence devoted on her part to unpinning and readjusting the silesia jacket, while the victim vaguely wondered whether Miss Jocelyn claimed to have a special Maker, and how she could be so confident of this community of knowledge.

"Not but what I went to school," Miss Jocelyn would resume. "Of course anybody can see at a glance that I am not an ignorant person, but what I lack is finish. Raise your arm, please. Yes, it's finish I lack. Education is like dresses—no matter how good and serviceable they are, if they lack finish they do nobody any credit. That's what I always tell my girls, and if I had only had that finish somebody else would be making my dresses at this minute instead of me shaving night and day to set off other people. This neck is a shade too high," and the shining scissors, snipping angrily, seemed to threaten to avenge the wrongs of fate by cutting the throat of the unoffending victim.

"Why, Miss Jocelyn, how was that?" asked the victim, divided between curiosity and anxiety concerning the reckless snipping of the scissors.

"Ah! a strange, sad story. Of course you must have remarked yourself that I am no ordinary person. Anybody can see with half an eye that I have a history. You see me as I am now," folding her arms upon her all too voluptuous bosom and swinging slowly about in order to exhibit all the advantages of her figure. "Imagine what I must have been at seventeen, with a complexion of rose-leaves and my hair done in curls that reached to my waist, innocent and lovely, with all my fair girl dreams about me. You can easily see that I was formed to captivate. I had scores of lovers, scores of them; but my heart was inaccessible. I was ambitious. Often and often had I heard teachers and school trustees exhort the boys to ambition, pointing out to them that any one of them might be President of these United States. If a boy might aspire to be President, why should not a girl aspire to be a President's wife? I resolved that I would be. Yes, I dared to lift my eyes so high, and I have never regretted it. A high aim ennobles even if it be not attained. I determined that I never would marry until I found a man whose ambition equaled my own. I waited patiently. At last he came. I knew the moment I saw him that we were kindred souls, and I deliberately set myself to charm him. I succeeded, of course. He loved me—oh! how he loved me. He would sit at my feet by the hour, clasping my hands and covering them with kisses, while he recited pages and pages from Byron and Moore, expressive of his idolatrous love. But all too soon the end came.

One day he said to me in the tenderest tone, "Araminta" (my name is Araminta), "can you do geometry?"

I shook my head ashamed; I had never learned it. He turned pale, but he said quite cheerfully:

"Well, that's not of so much consequence, but you know chemistry and botany, of course, and natural philosophy and astronomy?"

It was agony to confess it. I knew nothing of those things. I knew full well the object of all this questioning. He was ambitious as I, but he knew better than I had known what was needed in the race of life. He knew that his wife must be his equal in education, able to keep step with him in his glorious march, to aid him, and cheer him on. He looked at me with anguish in his face.

"Araminta," he said, solemnly. "Alas! my love, why have you not learned these things? Know you not that they are essential to success in life? How can you ever expect to reign as mistress of the White House if you are ignorant of these great themes?"

Then he murmured something in a language I did not understand.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"*Ongee ewo knee manlee pongs*," he repeated, looking sternly at me.

"Oh, what do you mean," I cried. "Is it something terrible?"

"Terrible indeed," he said. "You do not even know French. How would you ever talk to the foreign ambassadors?"

In vain I clung to him, promising to study night and day until even he should be satisfied with me.

"It is too late," he said, throwing me off. "You should have thought of that before. There is no time to waste in making your armor when the battle is about to begin. This parting wrings my heart, but it must be. I have devoted myself to one noble purpose. Since the time I swung my bare feet under a bench in the old log schoolhouse on the county road, and heard the teacher point out the Presidential chair as the goal any American boy might win, I have had but one thought. I shall sit there or perish in the attempt. Farewell, my one love, farewell!"

"He pressed me wildly to his heart, and rushed from the room. I fainted dead away, and for three long months I lay at the point of death. When I recovered he had gone, none knew whither. But soon the country began to ring with his name. We never met again. Alone and obscure, a blighted, heartbroken woman, I watched his brilliant career until it culminated at the dizzy height upon which he had fixed his eyes from the first, then by a trusty messenger I sent him a little memento I knew he would recognize, and a single line congratulating him upon his success. My messenger said that for a moment he covered his face with his hands and gave way to his emotion, then bracing himself against his weakness, he said:

"'Tis well. Tell her that I thank her. I have won the fight, but I am grievously wounded.'

"I alone knew what those words meant. He had not forgotten me; he never forgot me."

"Oh, Miss Jocelyn! how romantic! but which President was it?"

"Do not ask me. I have already told you too much. I don't know why I should speak to you of this. Something about you draws me to confide in you. I seem to feel that you will know how to appreciate a sorrow like mine. Of course I had other offers, but who could replace to me the noble heart that had been mine? It is better to suffer with dignity than to stoop to an ignoble consolation. So I live alone and uncomforted. Day after to-morrow to try on, if you please. Good morning."

Pure fiction? Well probably; but what then? Why should not a poor little dressmaker as well embroider a bit of fanciful romance upon her own dull life, as to accept the fiction woven about other and less interesting women by professional romancers? To how many successive senior classes poor Miss Jocelyn's crude but daring invention furnished food for surreptitious midnight merriment, it is impossible to say, but now that the busy scissors snip no more, and "finish" or "lack of finish" are equally indifferent to her, there can be no harm in telling it to a wider audience.—[Felix Gray in the N. O. Times-Democrat.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

The New Institution of Higher Education for Women.

Bryn Mawr College, which is located about twelve miles from Philadelphia, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was formally inaugurated yesterday under most auspicious circumstances. The college was endowed by Dr. Joseph W. Taylor of Burlington, N. J., who proposed to found an institution of learning for the advanced education of women which should afford them all the advantages of a college education. The buildings were begun during the lifetime of the founder, who died in 1880. The plans adopted are largely based upon the Johns Hopkins University methods and the system of studies is practically the same. The exercises were opened with a reading from the Scriptures, followed by a fervent prayer by Dr. Thomas. Mr. Philip C. Garrett, in the absence of Mr. Francis T. King of Baltimore, the president of the board of trustees, presided over the meeting.

Mr. Garrett then introduced President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University as one of the most enlightened educators of the day, whose counsel had been sought and acted upon in devising the plans for the college. He showed the similarity in the system proposed at Bryn Mawr to that in vogue at Johns Hopkins.

President Thomas Chase of Haverford College, which is but one mile distant from Bryn Mawr, was then introduced. He dwelt upon the importance of Greek for the training it gives, and contended that from the best scheme it could never be excluded.

Ex-Minister to England James Russell Lowell made a brilliant extempore address. Forty years ago, he said, he had been brought in contact with the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, and was much impressed with their simplicity, goodness, unadorned beauty. "A part of the blood in my veins came from ancestors who had persecuted theirs. The independent drops of blood, I think, led me to sympathize with them."

Remember.

Eiseman Bros., cor. 7th & E, are the most popular clothiers and tailors of Washington.

How Phil Warmed His Coffee.

"Why, Mr. Philbrick, what are you putting that pepper sauce in your coffee for?" asked Mrs. Jarby, as Phil very coolly squirted about a teaspoonful into his coffee. "Just warming the coffee up a little, that's all." Mrs. Jarby laughed a soft laugh and told the other boarders when Phil went out that he was the funniest boarder she ever had. But she went out into the kitchen and kicked the cat all the same.—[Brooklyn Times.

GOVERNMENT CLERKS stick close to your desks and it will save your bacon; but you can call as late as 9 o'clock every evening at Breitbarth's mammoth furniture establishment, Odd-Fellows' Hall, to make your purchases.

"Alderney Dairy Wagons."

Fresh Alderney butter, churned every morning and delivered in ¼ lb. "Ward" prints, 35c. per lb. Also cottage cheese, buttermilk and sweet milk, 5c. per qt. Cream, 20c. per pint.

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 the upper floors of a large Senecastone 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 oads 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 3 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 6 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 elevated and commands an extensive view 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 erectedby 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 inaugural 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 $17,900, erected by the Government.

FRANKLIN SQUARE

is between Thirteenth and Fourteenth and I and K streets northwest. This square was purchased by the Government in 1809 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 $30,000.

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 $30,000. 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 $30,000, 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 sub-basement, 468 feet in length and 234 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 5 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 herdics. 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. Arsen