WASHINGTON CRITIC

WASHINGTON, JULY 16, 1887.

AN INVITATION.

See then—the clouds are broken. Even now
The woodland ways are greening, and new boys,
Perched on each lifting blade, fills all the air
With voiceless murmurs, speaking to the soul.

Come, O sad hearts—a little turn away,
A little from life's killing care be tempted,
It is not far to heaven, when spring is near;
Elysium, now, is just outside the city,
And Paradise awaits you in the fields.
Come while you may, for life is not forever.

A little only, and then comes the end,
And will ye toil on, making mock of life,
Stifling the hungering spirit's cry within you,
Scorning to rest—until, unhindered, Death
Makes bold to lay you even with the clay?
Then shall the sod bloom, and ye will not know;
The branch shall blossom, but ye will not see;
The soft winds woo—but ye shall rise no more!

Come then! O turn to day!—a little turn
From toil and care, while yet the heart hath feeling;
Turn to the woodlands and the springing fields.
The spice-wood buds; the robin hath returned.
Believe me, O believe me! nothing stays
Of all we gather at the spirit's cost.
Gold for the sake of gold—alas! the days
Spent in such seeking are so much life lost.

—[Robert Burns Wilson.

TO WIN HIS WAY.

It was a hot day in early June. Annie Brown had been working since early dawn, directing envelopes in her cool little room for some dingy office down town, and how thankful she felt when she took her work home, that she was not obliged to write there all day.

Twenty seven hundred, at $8 per thousand—$8.10. "Wait a minute, I want you to sign a receipt, and I will give you the money," said the gentlemanly clerk at the desk.

"I think you have made a mistake, sir," said the low, sweet voice of the girl. "Here is the bill as I have made it. I was to receive $2.50 per thousand, and the whole amount is $6.75."

She gave him a neatly written bit of paper as she spoke, and the man for the first time looked up and saw to whom he was talking.

"Annie Brown—little friend—little playmate—Is it possible that I see you here?" he asked, reaching out an eager hand to clasp the thin fingers holding the paper slip. But the girl drew back out of his reach and laid the bill on the desk. She had recognized her old time lover, her heart's idol and hero, Greg McLeod, before he saw her, and only her terrible necessity for the money at stake kept her from dropping the papers and rushing out into the street.

Her action reminded him of the last meeting and parting, far away among the green hills of Hampton, when bitter words were spoken on both sides that sundered their lives, as they both thought, forever.

He had accused her of flirting, because he caught her talking in earnest whispers with Jason Morrill more than once, and when veiling his indignant curiosity with a light laugh, he asked: "What is up here?" Jason walked away with an angry frown, while Annie, forcing a merriment as unreal as his own, answered:

"Oh, it is a secret! Never mind now."

But he did mind, then and afterward. Only a few days later he saw them parting at her father's gate, heard the young man say anxiously: "You will be sure to come?" and the girl answered, gently: "I will, Jason, only be patient and say nothing."

Then his pent-up wrath bubbled over, and, striding up to the quiet girl, who, with bent head and thoughtful manner, was walking up the path to her own door, he broke out with:

"What was that fellow saying to you?"

"He was talking—of his own affairs," she answered, in her slow, resolute way.

"In which you are mutually interested, I presume," sneered McLeod.

"Not—altogether," she hesitated yet, as if uncertain how much to tell.

"You are a flirt," said the man, fiercely. "You deceive me with the pretense of caring for my society, and as soon as I am out of sight you allow another man to make love to you on the sly."

"I do not," she broke out with one angry gust of denial; then gathering her resolute self-control about her like a garment, she shut her teeth firmly together, gave him one steady, half-scornful look, then walked on to the house and disappeared.

The rage in the heart of that proud young Scot was something terrible.

To be trifled with by the girl he had chosen from all the world as his favorite (ah, how small that "world" was then), and worse, to see her talking with another fellow and not know what she was talking about—to be openly defied when he demanded an explanation—that was too much for human nature. "However," with a strong magnanimity of purpose, "he would give her one more chance to do what was right by him."

So he hurried home and wrote a brief letter that he considered dignified, though it was really surly:

Miss Brown: I have twice asked you to explain your conduct and you have not done so. I give you one more opportunity, but if I do not hear from you within twenty-four hours I shall go away from here forever. You know very well what I mean.

GREGORY MCLEOD.

Of course, he received no reply to this fierce note, and so, true to his word, he left Hampton the next day to lose himself in the wilds of Boston, and forget the terrible perfidy of the only woman in the world worth loving.

Two years passed before he went home again. His mother lived a couple of miles out from the village, and knew little of the young people and their movements. She was sick, too, dying with consumption, but as she walked in the garden one day, leaning on Greg's arm, he asked with some constraint:

"Is Jason Morrill at home now?"

"Jason? Oh, no!" was the reply. "He left home long ago—soon after you did. He was married against his folks' wishes—ran away, I believe, though they do say he has done tol'rably well since. Owns a mill, I have heard, som'eres near Boston."

A severe fit of coughing broke the thread of the invalid's rambling talk, and it was never resumed.

She died in a few days more, and Greg, settling the simple details of business there, went away with no thought of return forever.

And now, only a year later, into his office in the great whirlpool of New York, drifted this stray blossom from the Hampton Hills, not pale and wan, like a deserted wife, but fresh and rosy, and resolute still, like the only girl he ever loved.

He smiled when he saw the persistent dignity with which she ignored him, and, returning to business, asked:

"Who told you the price for writing envelopes was $2.50?"

"Mr. Carson, the man who gave them to me. He came to my room for them last night, and seemed so much vexed because they were not done that I thought I would bring them here to-day."

"Yes, that is his little game to make a few dollars. We always pay $3 per 1,000 for this class of work. Here is your money. And now, have you any more to do?"

"No, sir."

"And would you like some?"

"Yes, sir; if those are satisfactory."

"They are. I will send you another box by boy this afternoon."

"Oh, no; if you please, I had rather take them."

"They are awkward to carry."

"But I do not mind, and it will save time."

"Very well; they are not heavy."

Their eyes met as she took the parcel, hers wistful, but determined; his happy with an unspoken joy.

He laughed out as she left the office.

"She thinks I cannot learn her address," he said, "but I'll make Carson tell me or I'll wring his contemptible neck. Evidently she never married Jason, for if he was well settled a year ago she would not be here earning her living now. No, no; she never married anybody. She is my Annie yet. Hooray! Jason's was a runaway match. Of course, she was helping his girl. I was such a dolt I never thought of it. But I'll win my way to her heart yet."

And so we leave him, trusting to his honest faith and courage to win his way.—[Chicago Mail.

LOVELY SUBURBAN HOMESTEADS

Rest and Comfort in Easy Reach—Homesteads at Reasonable Prices—A Charming Spot.

Until very recently it has been a notable fact that while every other city in the Union of any considerable size has its delightful suburban resorts, the surroundings of the Capital of the Nation had not been improved by private enterprise. But this is rapidly being changed, and the suburbs of Washington, than which nothing in nature can be more lovely, are being beautified under the touches of art, until, like the Capital itself, they will compare favorably with those of any city in America. The drives out of Washington, in every direction, lead to scenes of enchanting beauty, and handsome suburban residences dot the landscape at every turn.

And why should not the suburbs of such a city as Washington be beautified and sought for residences? Washington—confessedly the most beautiful city in America to-day—deserves to have her suburbs improved, and her charming resorts will be more and more sought for, and country homes will be secured by the masses when it is fully understood that not only on sanitary grounds such settlements are possible.

Just now there seems to be a special interest in suburban property, which, while it may continue not uninterrupted in the intensity which now characterizes it, will be sufficiently strong to draw attention to the rest, comfort and health which cannot be found in the crowded city, and then it will settle into a steady, quiet and, possibly, more healthful tendency to exchange the town for the country, at least during the summer months of the year. The fact that health, comfort and happiness may be obtained at less cost than is necessary to maintain a city residence, materially strengthens the belief in the future of the suburbs of Washington.

The writer accepted the invitation of an admirer of one of the most beautiful of Washington's suburbs, and one afternoon this week visited and explored

TAKOMA PARK.

The eloquence of Takoma's champion had prepared the way for a scene of loveliness, but hours were passed in walking and riding over the eight miles of graded, graveled streets and avenues, in inspecting the sixty or more fine residences, in inhaling the odor from the pines, in enjoying the luxurious shade of poplars, chestnuts, maples and oaks which abound, in listening to the carols of the birds, in following for a mile or two the course of the rippling stream, which winds its way, tossing and plunging over rocks and crags in its arbor-crowned or forest-arched passage to the sea.

"At first resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling;
Later * * * * * * *
Out of the forest, dark and dread,
It fled
Like one pursued and haunted."

All this, which had been portrayed in language so emphatic that there seemed to be no room for doubt, became impressive as it was realized; for personal observation of scenes so charming arouses enthusiasm in the hearts of the beholders that no description however vivid can incite. There was a grandeur about the surroundings that beggars description, and it was with reluctance that the scene of loveliness was left for a return to the brick walls and heated pavements of the busy town.

But as Takoma Park has never been advertised in the newspapers, and as its beauties and facilities are comparatively unknown to the vast majority of our citizens, a few words, by way of description, may not be inappropriate.

WHERE IS TAKOMA PARK?

Takoma Park is situated a little over five miles north of the city, upon the Metropolitan Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It lies on both sides of the railroad, a portion of it being in Maryland (Montgomery County), and the remainder in the District of Columbia. It lies 350 feet above the level of Washington city, while the elevation of the surrounding country gives to it a complete and natural drainage.

PURE WATER.

The first thing our host did, on reaching Takoma Park, was to invite us to take a glass of spring water. This water is crystal-like in its clearness, and, while it is not claimed that it has medicinal qualities, it is a fact that many invalids have been greatly benefited by its use. It is simply *pure*. In digging wells at Takoma Park, after penetrating the surface some feet, a stratum of fine terra-cotta clay is met; immediately under this is a layer of white gravel, which becomes finer as the well is deepened, until it results in a white sand, where water is obtained in inexhaustible quantity. The stratum of clay renders it impossible for any surface water to penetrate to the fountain of the well. Wells have been sunk in all parts of Takoma Park, with the most satisfactory results.

IMPROVEMENTS AT TAKOMA PARK.

The improvements that have been made at Takoma Park within the past year or two have been marvelous. The territory was subdivided into spacious lots, with convenient streets and avenues between. The lots have a frontage of fifty feet and a depth of two hundred to three hundred feet. The streets and avenues are forty to fifty feet in width, with a space on either side of twelve feet for parking and walks. Then, too, the building regulations provides that each house shall stand back forty feet from the line of the sidewalk—having, consequently, all told, a space of one hundred and twenty feet between the building lines. The visitor is struck with the finished appearance of the streets, gangs of men being kept constantly at work in rolling and keeping them in order. The buildings are all substantial and many of them beautiful. Several houses will be erected during the present season. Those already there take pride in beautifying their surroundings by well-kept lawns, flower-beds, setting out hedges and making vegetable gardens, a sort of rivalry existing on this subject.

A COOL SPOT.

The difference in temperature between Takoma Park and the city is marked. The abundant shade makes noon-day endurable, while, as sunset approaches, the air is delightfully cool. Hot nights are unknown, and this fact alone is a strong inducement for the man of business, the lawyer, merchant or clerk, whose close application during the day renders it desirable that he enjoy refreshing sleep that he may prepare for the duties of the following day.

The shade referred to demands more than passing notice. While the growth of the timber is not large, it is of sufficient size to produce abundant protection from the sun's rays, and is one of the principal charms of the Park. No one viewing the grand forest trees extending as far as the eye can reach would imagine himself so near a populous city, and those beautiful lines of Bryant come instinctively to the mind:

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

Fitting it is that in one of the most beautiful of these groves with which Takoma Park abounds a pavilion for divine service has been erected, in which, surrounded by Nature, communion may be held with Nature's God.

RAILROAD FACILITIES.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has established a low rate of fares to Takoma Park, with concessions to season passengers. This, with frequent and rapid trains (express trains run out in ten minutes), will do much to induce those seeking for country homes to locate at Takoma Park. Nor is Takoma Park desirable only as a summer residence. Those who passed last winter there and came daily to their business in the city are enthusiastic in its praises as a winter home.

Among the concessions made by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to builders and residents at Takoma Park are:

The transportation over its road of household effects and building material at one-half current freight rates, according to classification.

The transportation of workmen employed in making improvements at one-half the regular rates during the time employed.

Free care and transportation on passenger trains of marketing and other household supplies, not too bulky in character, to holders of commutation tickets.

A FINE DRIVE TO TAKOMA PARK.

Takoma Park is located but a short distance north of Soldiers' Home, and all the fashionable and popular drives which lead to the latter are also available in reaching Takoma Park.

THE PROPOSED HOTEL.

A commanding site has been selected and steps taken looking to the erection (in season for business next year) of a magnificent hotel, which will undoubtedly be largely patronized by regular summer boarders, and a favorite resort for ladies and gentlemen who would like to dine while taking their evening drives. It is not improbable that a four horse Tally-Ho coach may be run out each afternoon, leaving one of our city hotels with its pleasure-seeking passengers, the objective point being the Takoma Park Hotel, in search for a *recherche* dinner.

CONCLUSIONS.

In view of what has been said of Takoma Park there can be but one conclusion, viz.: if it is all that has been claimed for it, it is a most desirable place of residence. There can be found that which all are seeking.

"Some seek bread—no more—life's mere subsistence,
And some seek wealth and ease—the common quest;
And some seek fame, that hovers in the distance,
But all are seeking rest."

It is a relief, after the day's toil in the city, to return to the cool, quiet, health-giving surroundings of such a spot as Takoma Park, and none are more eloquent in its praise than those who have enjoyed its advantages. The future of Takoma Park will unquestionably be bright. It possesses in an extraordinary degree the elements of success. There are to be found in profusion just what there is the greatest demand for, while its advantages may be secured at prices within the reach of all. Truly, if he who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before is a public benefactor, what shall be said in favor of the man who is making it possible for those of even ordinary means to secure residences in such a lovely, healthful locality as Takoma Park, combining as it does everything to be desired in the establishment of a comfortable, quiet home within easy access of the great city?

ENERGY AND THRIFT.

The Leading Business Houses of the National Capital.

Mme. Washington.

the modiste, of 907 Pennsylvania avenue, is a native of Virginia and received her education in the Georgetown Convent. For over thirty years she has been in business in the city and keeps pace with the latest styles, visiting New York every few weeks for this purpose. Among the better class of trade in this city she has an established reputation for artistic cutting and elegant fitting which is second to none. In addition to her extensive business in the above line, she manufactures an article which is rapidly acquiring a reputation destined to place her in a position of wealth and eminence. R. Washington's Magic Cream, or Instantaneous Cure, for the removal of tan, sunburn or any facial eruption, skin diseases, etc., is guaranteed to do all claimed for it, and thousands of testimonials bear witness to its efficacy. A prominent firm of New York have offered to invest $30,000 in advertising and give her half the profits if she would give them its exclusive sale. Mme. Washington will furnish the remedy free of charge to those who are not able to purchase, feeling that where she can benefit suffering humanity she should do so. Her parlors at 907 Pennsylvania avenue are handsomely fitted up and trimmed, many of the designs being contributed by her daughter. No worthy charitable object is turned empty-handed from her door, and in many ways she has a strong hold upon the community.

John A. Berger.

practical watchmaker, jeweler and optician, established his business in 1870, and is located at No. 38 H street northwest. He has a large stock of as fine and reliable goods as any similar dealer in the city, besides watches of both American and European manufacture. He makes a specialty of repairing. His show-cases are filled with a dazzling display of elaborate jewelry, comprising elegant gold pins, rings, bracelets, collar, cuff and sleeve buttons, necklaces, charms, etc., as well as rare and precious stones; also a large assortment of solid silver, gold and plated ware. He deals in watches of any reputable make, and has lately enlarged his stock of optical goods; so at present he is prepared to furnish spectacles to suit all sights and at the most reasonable prices. Mr. Berger was born in Germany, where he learned the watchmaker's trade, in which he has had an experience of thirty years, and has resided in Washington since 1866.

A. J. Collier.

The subject of this notice is a native of Pennsylvania, born in Philadelphia in 1842 and came to this city in 1843. Mr. Collier learned the painting and graining business in early life, and his artistic skill is attested by the work executed by himself in the White House and other prominent buildings, and he is among the few who can complete a contract without having to employ a specialist. Brick front repairing, glazing and wall painting a specialty. None but skilled union men employed. He has been engaged in business at his present location for the last fifteen years.

J. W. Considine.

Prominent among the young business men of the city is the gentleman whose name heads this article. He is a native of the District, born in 1855. Mr. Considine acquired a knowledge of the stove business in early life, and is now established at 1235 Seventh street northwest, where he keeps a full line of all kinds of heating apparatus, making the Royal Hot Air Furnace a specialty. Orders for tinning in all its branches promptly executed in the most workman-like manner in any part of the city. Mr. C.'s practical knowledge of the business gives him advantages over those not thus favored.

As True as Shakespeare.

"Yes, children," said Mr. DeBaggs, addressing a Sunday school, "yes, children," wrong doing is always punished, either to this world or in the next. Retribution may be long in coming, but it is sure to come at last. You, yourselves, when you grow older in years and experience, will learn how true the lines of Shakespeare are:

The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they get there just the same.

"Alderney Dairy Wagons.

Fresh Alderney butter, churned every morning and delivered in ½ lb "Ward" prints, 40c per lb. Also cottage cheese, buttermilk and sweet milk, 5c per qt. Cream, 10c per pt.

INVITED TO DAKOTA.

Don't prate about our cyclones, our blizzards, and our storms; don't weary us with chestnuts on the way our wind performs; these yarns were long ago called in—it's time we had our due—it's time to drop these fairy tales and give us something new.

Come out and get acquainted; don't stay at home and pout; we only ask inspection to remove all honest doubt; we have cattle by the thousand and corn and hay galore; we could feed the half of Europe and still have plenty more.

Just come and see our wheat crop, our No. 1 hard red; of all the favored Western States its place is at the head—our famous cattle ranches, too, the highest praise command, and nowhere on this continent is better grazing land.

With building stone for churches, for schools and business blocks; with mines of gold and gypsum and silver-bearing rocks; with growing, thriving cities, that are marvels of the plain; with sturdy Western rustlers full of muscle, grit and pain.

To our educational system we can point with honest pride; graded schools and college buildings meet the eye on every side; churches rise as if by magic, and cultured homes appear, where once the humble shanty housed the sturdy pioneer.

—[Dakota Bell.

The Rich Men of Gotham.

Who is the richest man in New York? is a question often asked.

John Jacob Astor undoubtedly, says the Brooklyn *Times*. His fortune is placed at $200,000,000. A tidy sum indeed, but Jay Gould is pushing him pretty hard, and the Vanderbilt boys are close behind the king of Wall street. Here is a list made up by a Wall-street broker that is as nearly accurate as any such estimate can be: Cornelius Vanderbilt, $100,000,000; W. K. Vanderbilt, $90,000,000; Russell Sage, $60,000,000; Winslow, Lanier & Co., $50,000,000; D. O. Mills, Whitelaw Reid's father-in-law, $20,000,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, $18,000,000; Bob Garrett, $20,000,000; Fred Vanderbilt, $15,000,000; Sidney Dillon, $10,000,000; Addison Cammack, $8,000,000; John Rockefeller, the Standard oil man, $10,000,000; H. Rockefeller, his brother, $8,000,000; August Belmont, $20,000,000; Cyrus W. Field, $10,000,000; Deacon S. V. White, member-elect of the new Congress, $7,000,000; R. P. Flower, $6,000,000; Washington Conour, Jay Gould's old broker, who has just married the divorced wife of the ex-lottery king, Simmons, $3,000,000; Victor Newcomb, $4,000,000; Henry Hart, who is manipulating Pacific Mail, $19,000,000; Oswald Ottendorfer, editor of the *Staats-Zeitung*, $5,000,000; James Gordon Bennett, $10,000,000; Austin Corbin, $30,000,000; Erastus Wiman, $3,000,000; and there are a score of others who are worth from $1,000,000 to $10,000,000 each. But why go on? Jay Gould is likely to make $50,000,000 more in five years, and the men named above will all add to their vast wealth if they live a few years. A plain, ordinary, everyday sort of a millionaire counts for nothing here. You can stand in Trinity steeple and throw a stone in any direction and hit a millionaire. They are very common and are really considered of no account.

Agreeing With His Doctor.

Patient—Doctor, how do you think I am to-day?

Physician—Oh, you're better, much better.

Patient—Well, I'm feeling better.

Physician—And yet there are some symptoms about your case that I don't like.

Patient—Well, on the whole, I don't believe I feel so very well, after all.—[Tid Bits.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Petroleum.

B. K. Plain & Co., St. Cloud Building, furnish the following Oil quotations: Closed yesterday, 60; opened to-day, 60; highest, 60⅞; lowest, 60; closed, 60⅞.

New York Stock Market.

The following have been furnished by A. Macgill & Co., bankers and brokers, 515 Seventh street northwest:

NAME.	O.	2 45	NAME.	O.	2 45
N Y Cen	109	109⅛	Reading	50⅞	50⅞
L Shore	94⅛	94⅛	L & N	61⅞	62⅛
C S	56⅛	56⅛	N P	34⅛	34⅛
W U	70⅞	70⅞	N P pref'd	60	60⅛
Mo Pa	102	102⅛	P M	43⅛	43⅛
U Pa	55⅛	55⅛	Erie 2d		
Tex	29⅞	30	O T	29⅛	29⅛
Man	119	119⅛	N Pf	47	47⅛
K T	28⅛	28⅛	Ca Pf		
St P	87	87⅛	Omaha		
R I			" p'f'd		
N W	116⅛	116⅛	R T	31	31⅛
C B & Q			W L	47⅛	46⅞
Wab p'f'd			H V	28⅛	28⅛
D L & W	131⅛	132⅛	F & D		
Erie	31⅛	31⅛	N E	50⅛	49⅞
J C	77⅞	77⅞	Oil	60⅛	60⅞
D & H					

Chicago Markets.

The following summary is by B. K. Plain & Co., St. Cloud Building, Ninth & F streets:

	O.	H.	L.	C.
Wheat—Aug	70⅛	70⅛	70⅛	70⅛
Sept	72⅞	72⅞	72⅛	72⅛
Oct	74⅛	74⅞	73⅞	73⅞
Corn—Aug	37⅛	37⅛	37	37⅛
Sept	37⅛	38	37⅛	37⅞
Oct	38⅛	38⅛	38	38⅛
Oats—Aug	26	26	25⅞	25⅞
Sept	26⅛	26⅛	26⅛	26⅛
Oct				
Pork—Aug				
Sept				
Oct				
Lard—Aug	6 70	6 70	6 67½	6 70
Sept	6 82½	6 82½	6 77½	6 80
Oct	6 90	6 90	6 85	6 87½

Washington Stock Exchange.

The following were the quotations on the regular call at the Stock Exchange to-day. All quotations are for securities to the amount of $1,000 or 100 shares of stock.

	Bid.
Washington & Georgetown Bonds	112
Masonic Hall Bonds	102½
Washington Market Co. Bonds	115
Washington Light Infantry, 1st m'ge	80
Bank of Washington	305
National Bank of the Republic	154
National Met. Bank	170
Second National Bank	125
Farmers' & Mechanics' National Bank	
Bank of Georgetown	164
Columbia National Bank	112½
Washington & Georgetown Stock	215
Metropolitan Stock	102½
Columbia	45
Firemen's Insurance Co	39
Franklin Insurance Co	40
National Met. Insurance Co	71
National Union Insurance Co	18
Arlington Insurance Co	160
Corcoran Insurance Co	55
German-American Insurance Co	155
Potomac Insurance Co	68
Riggs Insurance Co	81
Washington City Gaslight Co	40½
Georgetown " "	43
Chesapeake & Potomac Tel. Co	81½
Washington Market Co. Stock	19
Washington Brick Machine Co	180
Great Falls Ice Co	125
Real Estate Title Insurance Co	150
Columbia Title	51
National Safe Deposit Co	104

G·M·D

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, strength and health will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, Chronic Nasal Catarrh and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25 cts. a vial, by druggists.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall st., N.Y.

DIED.

MORRISON.—On July 16, 1887, David L. Morrison, in the sixty-second year of his age.

Funeral from his late residence, No. 1015 I street northwest, on Tuesday next at 10½ a. m. Friends and relatives are cordially invited to attend.

BENTON.—On Thursday evening, July 14, 1887, at 10½ o'clock, Emma E. Benton, infant daughter of James and Tillie Benton.

Funeral will take place from her parents' residence, No. 1345 Ninth street northwest, on Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m.

BROWN.—On July 14, 1887, Mary A. L. Brown, aged 88 years, widow of Wm. Brown and daughter of Captain Wm. Paul, all of Philadelphia, Pa.

Funeral from the residence of her son, George Brown, No. 419 Seventh street southwest, on Sunday, July 17, at 4 o'clock. Temporary interment at Congressional Cemetery. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

[Philadelphia, Pa., papers please copy.]

BROWN.—On July 14, 1887, at 8:45 a. m., James K., the beloved son of Wm. T. and Mildred Brown, aged 19 years, 3 months and 19 days.

His funeral will take place Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m. from Nineteenth street Baptist Church. Friends and relatives are invited.

[Fredericksburg papers please copy.]

HUNN.—On July 15, 1887, Clarence Joseph, youngest son of William and Nellie Hunn, aged 8 months and 2 weeks.

Our little one to Heaven has flown,
Asleep in Jesus' arms he lies.
His tender memory still we own,
Our baby sale in Paradise.

—[Penn Tre Monitor.

Funeral will take place from his parents' residence, 2261 Cleveland avenue northwest, Sunday, July 17, at 3 o'clock.

KIRBY.—Beloved wife of James Kirby, aged 67 years.

Funeral will take place from her late residence, No. 48 Jackson street northeast, on Sunday, July 17, at 3 p. m.

[Chicago papers please copy.]

MYERS.—On July 13, 1887, after a brief illness, Christopher C., beloved husband of Mary Myers, aged 50 years.

Funeral will take place from his late residence, 3404 N street, West Washington, on Sunday, July 17, at 4 o'clock p. m. Interment at Oak Hill Cemetery. Friends and relatives are respectfully invited to attend.

May he rest in peace.

COOKE.—On Friday morning, July 15, at No. 1 Cooke Place, Georgetown, Jay Cooke, son of the late Henry D. Cooke.

Funeral services from St. John's Church, Georgetown, on Monday, at 5:30 o'clock.

MOULDEN.—This morning, at 8 o'clock, at her late residence, 931 T street, Mrs. Dennis Moulden.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

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AUCTION SALES.

CHANCERY SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, passed in equity cause No. 10,673, docket 26, wherein Maria G. Bradley is complainant and Powell M. Bradley et al. are defendants, I shall offer for sale to the highest bidder, in front of the premises, on Saturday, the 23d day of July, A. D. 1887, at 5 o'clock p. m., all that certain parcel of ground in the city of Georgetown in said District, known and described as the west thirty (30) feet of lot numbered one hundred and eight (108) in Beall's addition to said Georgetown, fronting thirty (30) feet on the north side of Beall street, between Montgomery and Monroe streets, and extending back with that width one hundred and twenty (120) feet to Poplar street. This lot has been subdivided into four smaller lots, each fifteen (15) feet front and sixty (60) feet deep, two of them fronting on Beall street and two on Poplar street. One of them will be offered for sale with the privilege of the four.

Terms of sale, as prescribed by the decree, are as follows: One-third of the purchase money in cash and the residue in three equal installments of respectively six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, or all in cash, at the purchaser's option.

A deposit of $25 will be required on each sub lot at the time of sale. All conveyancing and recording at the purchaser's cost.

If the terms of the sale are not complied with within twenty days after sale the property will be resold at the risk and cost of the defaulting purchaser.

REGINALD FENDALL, Trustee,
342 D st. n. w.
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" $1.50 Boys' Button and Laced Shoe.
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