The Sun.

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HOLLAND'S YOUNG QUEEN.

PREPARATIONS FOR WILHELMINA'S APPROACHING CORONATION.

She Will Come of Age Next August, and a Few Days Later Will Receive the Crown—Ceremonies and Public Demonstrations—Prince Henry of Prussia in the East.

LONDON, May 6.—Amid the angry noise of war which now dins in the ears of the Old World and the New, there comes from Holland a peaceful, happy note. The whole of the prosperous little kingdom is busy getting ready for the last day of August. Then the young Queen Wilhelmina comes of age, and a few days later she will be installed with every circumstance of regal pomp and ceremony as sovereign of the Netherlands.

Only a year ago London was in a fever of preparation for the historic pageant of June 22. To-day Amsterdam is making similar efforts. Of course there is a difference. The population of London is equal to that of the whole kingdom of which Amsterdam is the capital; the celebrations in London were putting the final touch of honor to the long, long reign of an aged Queen, while Amsterdam is going to bid welcome to a bright young girl; and, greatest difference of all, London lost its head in its period of preparation, the speculator was the most prominent man of the day, and the public got frightened lest, after all, in the vast concourse of people, no one would be able to see the brave doings. However, all was well in the end; the speculator burned his fingers and all the world and his wife saw the show.

In Holland they are behaving differently. The Dutchman retains his calm. He is very busy; he has much to do, and he is doing it steadily; he knows that when the day comes he will have everything in its place, and he will be there himself. Still he takes due precautions. He is already paying from $200 to $400 for two-windowed rooms in the best places from which to see the State procession. But this is the wealthy Dutchman; the poor one is not forgotten, for grand stands at nominal prices will be erected for him, not by rapacious speculators, but by the local authorities.

The Dutchman is also going to avoid another error. His street decorations are to be no patchwork affair; he is going to spend some $150,000 in decorating his streets in a uniform and harmonious fashion. At the very outset, it is true, he was met by a great difficulty. It was more than great—it was insurmountable; so, like a true, good Dutchman, he looked it bravely in the face and—passed on. No one can put a quart into a pint pot. In Amsterdam there are only some half dozen hotels of the first class, so where find room for the heads and representatives of other countries who might come as guests for the great occasion? There is not fit accommodation for all; to draw distinctions would be invidious; so the way out of it was plain: "Ask none of them." And none has been asked.

For four days, each of which, needless to say, will be a national holiday, will the functions and festivities last. First there is the birthday, when the young Queen reaches her eighteenth year. Less exalted mortals in Holland have to wait till their twenty-third year before their legal infancy is over. Then there is the coronation. It is a curious point that, although every one in the Netherlands is eagerly discussing the impending coronation, the young Queen has reigned nominally ever since the death of her father in 1890, being a sovereign in her own right.

But such details and distinctions matter nothing. It is enough for the loyal Dutchman that whatever the precise nature and significance of next September's ceremony, he will have a welcome opportunity of honoring his youthful sovereign and showing his deep-seated reverence for the descendant of William the Silent. At the present moment the shop windows of Amsterdam are filled with portraits of the sweet-faced Queen. There she is as a baby in the arms of her mother; as a little girl playing with her dog or fondling her pony; while more regal, and eagerly bought, is the picture of her majesty in robes of ermine and rich velvet, with the Crown jewels adorning her. Thus, in all likelihood, she will appear on the day that sees her installed in the Nieuwe Kerk.

Here, on Sept. 6, the Queen will sit upon a dais, surrounded by the members of the Government and the high court officials. Close by are the pews which will be occupied by the Queen Regent, with her maids of honor, the members of the Queen's court, and the Mayor and civic authorities. Escorted by the highest dignitaries of State, and preceded by the officials to whom falls the honor of carrying the crown, the sceptre, the cross-surmounted golden ball, and the other glittering symbols of authority, her Majesty, entering by the doors reached from the Nieuwezigds Voorburgwal, will walk up the centre of the fane, and then take her place on the dais. Here, after a sermon has been preached, probably by the oldest of the four ministers attached to the kerk, Queen Wilhelmina will take the oath in the words prescribed by custom, swearing "to defend and preserve with all her power the independence and territory of the kingdom, to protect the general and individual liberties of her subjects, and to employ all the means placed within her power by the Constitution to maintain and promote the welfare of her people." This and other formalities over, the first King-at-Arms will duly proclaim Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Maria to be Queen of the Netherlands, and a flourish of trumpets, a roll of military drums, and the clanging of church bells will announce to the inhabitants of the city that the great and eventful ceremony has reached its close.

Next will follow a grand reception in Het Paleis (Royal Palace). In the reception hall the Queen will receive her faithful Ministers, the Admirals of the fleet, Generals and other high officers of the army, the members of the Corps Diplomatique, the Mayors of the various municipalities in the kingdom, the Governors of the provinces, and last, though by no means least, the representatives of those colonial possessions in the East and West Indies of which Dutchmen are so justly proud.

This reception hall, which adjoins the throne room, is a magnificent apartment, and one that lends itself admirably to an elaborate court function. Its walls, formed entirely of Carrara marble, are dazzling in their whiteness; the silken hangings, of orange, crimson, and terra cotta, fall gratefully on the eye; the chandeliers, of finely cut crystal, are beautifully designed and wrought, and the room boasts a notable array of flags and trophies taken in wars with the Spaniards and the Indians.

Not Amsterdam alone, but every town and village in Holland, will hold high festival during the days of commemoration. Of the many suggestions which have been made as to how expression is to be given to public feelings, one is certainly worthy of particular note. To Amsterdam are to be brought upon the day that witnesses the ceremony of installation no fewer than 6,000 homing pigeons, collected from every portion of the Low Countries, and "packed" in baskets. These are to be deposited in the public square at the rear of the famous Ryx Museum, and at a prearranged moment, when the young sovereign drives into the square to be acclaimed by her loving subjects, the birds will receive their freedom, and will carry to every part of Holland the tidings that the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina is an accomplished fact. Assuredly there is an element of poetry in the notion of these 6,000 pretty messengers winging their flight simultaneously to the different parts of the Queen's realm, and carrying an unwritten message of peace and goodwill to all her people. Another happy thought is that there will be moored in the harbor and brought to the canals of the quaint old city a number of craft symbolical of the great sea and shipping interests and industries of the country, and more especially the different varieties of boats—such, for example, as botters, tjalken, and poonen—employed in the fishing industry in Dutch waters.

According to present arrangements, the Queen and her mother are to leave The Hague, after the birthday celebrations, on Sept. 5. Arriving at Amsterdam, they will be met by the leading citizens and representatives of the Government, and, escorted by hussars, will drive through the city to the palace.

Between the hours of 7 and 8 on the following morning trumpeters will rouse the citizens from sleep with sacred music from the steeples of the various churches. Then will come, at 11 o'clock, the installation in the Nieuwe Kerk. In the afternoon the Queen will again drive through the city, visiting the Jordan, the ghetto of Amsterdam, where some 70,000 Jews reside. At night the city will be brilliantly illuminated, and again the Queen will drive out to see and to be seen.

A sacred réveille will usher in the next day, on which the Queen will be serenaded by the Netherlands Choral Society. In the afternoon she will witness an allegorical and historical procession illustrating in picturesque fashion the chief episodes and stirring events in the nation's history from the time of the eighty years' war down to the nineteenth century.

Besides all this she is to witness a water carnival, and on the next day, Sept. 8, go over the House of Orange section of the Ryx Museum, attend a "matinée musicale" and a gala performance in the theatre. Then on the morning of the 9th the Queen and the Queen's mother will take their departure.

Can it be that Prince Henry of Prussia is going to wipe away the impression made on English minds by his very imperial brother's deeds, words, and telegrams? Anyway "The Mailyphist," as Prince Henry has been called since *Punch* so christened him, seems to be endearing himself to Britishers in the far East. Writing from Canton on March 22 to a London paper, a correspondent says:

"Prince Henry has produced the most happy impression here. His own countrymen acclaim him as a typical German prince, while Englishmen recognize in him qualities which they are proud to believe essentially British. Certainly so far as an entire absence of starch goes, preconceived, and doubtless prejudiced, notions of Teutonic court manners have been entirely at fault. Nothing could have been simpler or more genial than the tone of both Prince and suite, and as to British ideas absence of empty forms is the best of form, the avoidance of mannerism the truest good manners, ceremony well replaceable by courtesy, and antechamber punctilio by the politeness of gentlemen—it is easy to understand his popularity.

"The Prince, above all, makes the impression of thorough wholesomeness. His six feet of well-set-up manhood, his bright beard, and clear, tanned skin, seem the outward and visible signs of a thoroughly clean, sound mind. One is sure, on a mere look at him, that nothing dishonorable, morbid, or hysterical could enter his head. Sound common sense, frankness, fearlessness, dignity, and kindness are written in every feature. The easy movements of an athletic body in the pink of condition are evidently allied to the smooth serenity of a mind confident in itself, but modest with the humility of knowledge.

"And the Prince seems to reciprocate our liking for him. On his way out his one advice to his countrymen was to be friends with the British. In Hong Kong he appears to mix by preference with Englishmen. He uses the Hong Kong Club almost exclusively, finding there, perhaps—or Englishmen flatter themselves so—that cream of hospitality which treats even a royal guest as a habitué, and neither stares him out of countenance nor bores him to death with deference. With what would seem the truest courtesy, he is allowed to come and go unnoticed. The Prince seems very much to appreciate this, and shows it by making himself thoroughly at home. The other day he entered the club bar and called for a whiskey and soda. The boy poured out the usual modicum and was about to add the soda, when the Prince inquired:

"'What do you call that, boy?'

"'Whiskey, sir.'

"'Well, what do you stop for, then? Don't be afraid of it. Go on till I say "when."'

"And the Prince put down a 'three-finger' nip with all the gusto of a genuinely thirsty man.

"At some sports Prince Henry rode to victory in one bicycle race, and was well ahead in another—an obstacle race—when he came a most imperial 'crowner,' smashing up his machine, but fortunately not being himself seriously hurt. An English Captain of Royal Artillery, who was next, dismounted and asked:

"'I hope you are not hurt, sir?'

"'No, no,' was the reply; 'not a bit. Get on with you. Don't stay for me'—reminding one faintly of the great Friedrich's 'Er sammle fuyards.' So the Captain went on and won.

"At the reception at the German Club Concordia the Prince was asked to make a speech, but in polite language replied that he'd see them all at Jericho first.

"'Once only in my life,' said he, 'did I make a speech, and I shall never hear the end of that!'

"Apropos of the Kiel speech, the Prince, who speaks idiomatic English, also remarked to some Englishmen the other day: 'By the way, don't you think your newspapers have roasted us about enough?' Talking of newspapers, much indignation was excited in Hong Kong by the publishing, just after the Prince's arrival, of some satirical verses. Not only was it felt to be a breach of hospitality, but all good men and true thought it a shame to rub it in to a visitor who proved on acquaintance such an A1 good fellow.

"As to the political aspect of the Prince's visit, his trip to Canton, at least, cannot but have the result which his Royal Highness, in his P. P. C. message delivered by the Consul after his departure, expressed the hope of. He had not come, he said, solely to give countenance to his countrymen, but with the intention of increasing the prestige of all foreigners. This result, as remarked, cannot but have been attained. The one fact of the passage, with full honors, through the heart of the Canton city of a foreign devil sitting in a chair of imperial yellow and borne by eight bearers—a number no Viceroy would dare use—will do more to bring home to the truculent the very real existence of Western power than any other one thing. And if the dress and bearing of the Prince did not exactly represent Chinese ideas of what is seemly, yet their very similarity to those of the 'common or garden' foreigner must raise the prestige of the latter—an object lesson having for a moral that gold may be gold even though it does not glitter." H. R. C.

WILLIAM WITTE'S WILL.

Declared That He Always Believed in Charity, but Never in Church.

The will of William Witte, who died in Brooklyn on April 26, has been offered for probate. The estate, valued at $1,600, is left to Mrs. Mary Witte, the sister-in-law of the testator. Mr. Witte made this provision for his funeral and the disposition of his remains: "I wish no minister to officiate, as I always believed in charity, but never in church, the President of the Germania, or any one who has known me for years, to say a few words. I wish to be cremated, being a member of the Cremation Society, as per inclosed certificate, proving my membership. My ashes I leave to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Witte, either to keep or to throw to the four winds."

The Monocal Court-Martial.

Patrick H. McGihan, a leveller, was the only witness at the court-martial of Civil Engineer Menocal at the navy yard yesterday. His testimony referred to the repairs on dry dock No. 3, on which he was for some time foreman under Naval Constructor Bowles. His reports showed that some of the piles had not been driven straight prior to 1895.

WAR SPIRIT IN THE WEST.

THE WAY ONE SMALL TOWN ACTED WHEN THE NEWS CAME.

All the Population Brought Into the Streets by a Demon Signal—Enthusiastic Welcome for the Troops—The Send-Off of the Local Militia Company—The Hard-Worked Band.

The large cities probably flatter themselves that they are the storm centres of excitement during the present crisis, and perhaps they are right about it. But it does not follow that they have a monopoly of all the enthusiasm. A SUN reporter happened to be in a Western town during the movement of the regular troops and the departure of the local militia, and he had plenty of those nice cold shivers that go with any flood-tide of feeling.

One afternoon, when the population of the town was going on in its ordinary sleepy way, with apparently no thought of anything more exciting than country traders and spring house-cleaning, there was a sudden wild shriek of about a million lung power. It soared and fell and swelled and died away and performed altogether in a manner calculated to freeze the blood in a person's veins. Apparently, however, it had quite the opposite effect. In less time than it takes to tell it the streets swarmed with people. Small boys tore frantically by. Women came running from the houses, fastening their wraps as they came. Inside of five minutes the blare of a brass band mingled with the wild shrieks of the demons.

But it wasn't a demon. It was only the siren whistle of the water works playing a duet with the whistle of the soap factory, and every man, woman, and child in the town knew that the song those whistles were shrieking was "War! War! War!" This is the way they do things in a small town out in the West. The night before the daily paper had announced that as soon as war was declared—at least, as soon as a despatch to that effect was received—"the water works whistle will be blown."

"I'll be blowed if we go to war!" said the water works whistle to itself. And it was.

It was the middle of the afternoon when that shriek was let loose upon the drowsy community. Half an hour later the town band was slaughtering every patriotic air it had ever heard. The horrors of war had begun. The band played in front of the office of the daily paper, then at the door of the tri-weekly paper, and finally beneath the windows of the weekly paper. Then it tooted at the City Hall and boomed in front of the G. A. R. headquarters and, musically, hung Jeff Davis from a sour apple tree in front of the Mayor's.

Wherever it went the multitude followed. The children had bought penny flags at the candy kitchen and were beating time to the musical murders of the band. One young woman was shedding tears, and it was soon whispered to the very outskirts of the throng: "Minnie Morrison's crying! She goes with Joe Kimball, you know, and he's in Company E." Then several dozens of people edged with elaborate carelessness, through the crowd and past Minnie Morrison. When they had watched her cry for a little while they went off to tell about it.

It so happened that the troops from Fort Robinson, Nebraska, were to pass through the town that very day. They were expected at 5 o'clock, and when the band had quite lost its breath and was taking a recess the crowd streamed off to the station. Some ultra-enthusiasts took lunch boxes with them. They picked out points of vantage and settled down to wait. It was a cold, windy day and the crowd shivered. But it showed no sign of flunking until the agent finally announced that the trains had been delayed and the soldiers would not arrive until about 7 o'clock.

With the exception of the lunch-box contingent the populace skurried home for a hasty supper, stopping on the way to buy flags, red, white and blue ribbon, or anything else in the patriotic line that could be supplied. Digestions suffered in the cause of Cuba that night. There was no telling how much time the special trains might make up, so the return charge on the station began almost before the slow goers had fairly reached home.

The band, having got its second wind, was again on hand, this time with torches and small flags of its own and with a deadly determination to give its last breath, if need be, in its country's service. Baggage trucks were crowded with laughing, jostling groups of young people. Idle box cars were hung, as to their roofs, with fringes of swinging legs and feet, principally of the small boy size. Switch engines crawled carefully through the crowd, the trainmen leaning from the windows and snatching the flags which the people waved at them.

Half-past 7 came and then 8 o'clock. The band was almost tuckered out, but showed a determination to fight it out on that line if it took all summer. From time to time it was noised about that Mrs. So-and-So was crying or that Mrs. Somebody-Else had fainted. Each of them had a son in Company E. It was whispered, and without a laugh, that Joe Kimball was sitting with Minnie Morrison on a box by the baggage room and that he had his arm around her waist.

Finally the glare of a headlight appeared down the tracks, and people began saying: "There they come! There they come!" The train ran up slowly, drove into the crowd like a wedge, and pushed its way through. At first they thought it was a cattle train. Then they exclaimed that it carried horses of the Ninth Cavalry. When at the end of the train, there came cars loaded with ambulances and enormous wheels and all kinds of grim, giant paraphernalia, the crowd gave a hoarse, inarticulate shout. It was the first thing really to speak to their senses of war. They might have read for months of the movement of troops, even of battles themselves, but that glimpse of the dismembered army wagons, of the red cross on the side of the ambulance, and of the soldiers standing guard on the steps of the coach at the end of the train was more real than much reading.

Soon after this train had passed the one carrying the men themselves pulled in. The engine was changed there, so the crowd had a chance to satisfy their interest a little. They bore down the guards on the platforms and swarmed into the cars. The girls, their fresh young faces glowing with excitement, regarded the soldiers with such unmuzzled admiration that it was no wonder the boys fell into a state bordering on lunacy. They cut the buttons from their coats and traded them for souvenirs of any kind they could wheedle from their visitors. They didn't have to do much wheedling, however. The girls gave away trinkets with a freedom which might have been somewhat curtailed if they had known that those trinkets would doubtless go to the girls at the next station.

One soldier lost his cap in his eagerness to lean out of the window. It fell among the crowd, and a boy picked it up and ran off with it. Later he sold it for the sum of $2.50, with which he probably celebrated in royal style.

The soldiers opened boxes of hard tack, and all who came dipped freely into Uncle Sam's provender. Some ate the stuff with an air as if they were chewing dynamite bombs. Others put it away as a relic of the war.

That very evening the soap factory and the waterworks broke loose once more. The paper had again prepared the inhabitants, and this time people said, half under their breath:

"They've sent for Company E!"

The next morning the whole town turned out as one man to see the boys off. Talk of pathos! It was just before 9 o'clock, and there was the tramp, tramp, tramp of people hurrying along the board sidewalks on their way to the station. In front of one of the schoolhouses was a group of the most dejected-looking small boys ever seen outside of a Sunday school picture book. With every fibre of their beings they longed to set off for the station with a whoop, but the schoolhouse was so big and so near that they could not forget it. A young woman came hurrying by and saw the little wretches. They looked at her with their souls in their eyes.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, suddenly turning upon them.

"W—waiting for school," very miserably.

"School!" she ejaculated. "Get right out of here! You get down to that station as fast as your legs can carry you, and don't stand mumbling here when there are soldiers going to war!"

They scarcely waited for her to finish, but were off at a gallop like a lot of colts. It was lucky they went, for the entire school force from superintendent to janitors had already rushed off to the train.

The company wasn't a full one. There didn't seem to be more than thirty or forty fellows, most of them so young that they were mere boys. They looked pretty serious, and some of them were pale. All of them were chewing gum—chewing as if their lives depended on it. Perhaps a shrewd officer had furnished the gum as a precaution against signs of emotion. Lips may not be so likely to tremble if there is a chance of gritting one's teeth on something tangible.

Nevertheless some of the boys—they were only boys; some of them under age; a few of them high-school pupils—had tears in their eyes as they broke ranks to say good-by to the mothers who were waiting on the platform. As for the mothers, there was only one that fainted, or, as the bystanders remarked, carried on. The rest were plucky in spite of red eyes and trembling lips. Some one should have provided gum for the mothers.

As an escort for the soldier boys there came a squad of G. A. R. veterans. The militiamen carried guns; the veterans carried flags in a broken-down martial manner. They looked like self-conscious fathers at a christening. They drew up in line and gave a cracked cheer, which the crowd took up and prolonged into a hoarse roar. The people crowded in upon the boys until they were fairly forced up the steps into their car. Then the band broke loose again. It climbed up on top of the car, followed by a swarm of men and boys, who utterly refused to be shaken off until the train had steamed slowly away from the crowd and quite out of the town.

Then the civilians reluctantly dropped off and ran panting back to the main street to give the last particulars. The town gradually settled down, but there was scarcely a human being that did not wear the red, white and blue in some shape, and the whole place seemed to sleep with one ear open. Eternal vigilance was not necessary in order to hear the duet of announcement from the soap factory and the water works, but the sooner one heard it, the sooner one could get to Main street and become an imparter of information to more tardy arrivals.

NOT ALL WAR SUPPLIES DUTY FREE.

Congress Didn't Pass the Act to Enhance Profits of Importers.

The application of a local firm to have the act of April 1, 1898, providing for the free admission of naval and military supplies applied to a consignment of goods furnished under a contract with the Government made prior to the passage of the act, has been refused by W. B. Howell, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The goods are fourteen packages of flax canvas, which arrived last month on the steamship Ethiopia from Glasgow, consigned to O. Jaffe & Pinkus of this city. They were sold to the United States under a contract with the Navy Department made on March 12 last, and were delivered to the commandant of the navy yard in Brooklyn. The firm asked for the liquidation of the entry in accordance with a joint resolution of Congress providing for temporary admission free of duty of naval and military supplies procured abroad. The decision of Assistant Secretary Howell, which reached Collector Tidewell yesterday, and is understood to apply to many similar consignments, is in the form of a letter to the firm. It quotes the joint resolution as stating:

"That such guns, ammunition, and other naval and military supplies as may be purchased abroad by this Government for the national defence prior to Jan. 1, 1899, shall be admitted at any port of entry in the United States free of duty."

Continuing, the decision says:

"It is manifest from the language of the act that the Congress intended that the benefits conferred by the resolution should inure to the Government as a result of the contingencies of war, and not to importers engaged in the sale of such supplies to the Government in the regular course of trade, under contract or otherwise.

"The words 'purchased abroad by this Government' are construed to mean purchases made by the Government for its use, through its duly constituted representatives abroad or through other duly authorized agents, and for this purpose regular dealers in this country may be authorized by the Government to act as agents in its behalf for the purchase abroad of such supplies, but in the latter case the agent so purchasing must submit evidence of his authority to act for the Government. It follows, therefore, that an importer, being a dealer or vendor acting for himself and making a sale of such supplies to the Government in the regular course of trade, cannot claim the benefits conferred by the act.

"As it appears that you were not acting as the agent of the Government, but that the transaction in question was a contract of sale for future delivery, such contract and purchase of the goods abroad in pursuance thereof being made prior to the passage of the act, it is a reasonable presumption that the contract price to the Government included the amount of duty."

NAMES PUZZLED THE MAGISTRATE.

Miss Asbesta Jones Fails to Substantiate Her Charge Against E. Clifton Thompson.

E. Clifton Thompson, a negro, of 328 West Thirty-seventh street, was arraigned in the West Side Court yesterday on the complaint of Miss Asbesta Jones, of the same address, who accused him of stealing a suit of clothes belonging to her brother.

"What is your name?" asked Magistrate Brann of the prisoner.

"E. Clifton Thompson, your Honor, a man who never steals."

"I know; that's the name on the warrant, but what does that E stand for?"

"He won't tell you, Judge. He's 'shamed of it," interrupted the complainant. "That stands for Ebenezer. He toted clam cakes and green corn in a shore resort joint befoh de war, and learned that plain E business from the names on the hotel register."

"Ah," said the Magistrate. "But that name of yours, Miss Jones, is something brand new to me. Who had the nerve to call you Asbesta?"

"My father named me that way, Judge. He worked for a roofer when I was born."

The examination of the case was then taken up, and resulted in the vindication of the prisoner. Miss Jones put in evidence a sample of cloth, which she said matched her brother's clothes. Mr. Thompson offered in rebuttal the suit alleged to have been stolen.

"Why, Asbesta, you must be color blind," exclaimed the Magistrate. "They don't match at all. "You've got a yellow sample with pinkish stripes, and that suit is a quiet, modest, baked-bean brown."

"Don't you think he might have dyed 'em over night?" persisted the complainant.

"Never, Asbesta, never. It would take a week to remove that pink stripe."

"Well, Judge, I hate to give up," said Miss Jones. "If you'll let me put my hand in the pockets of them clothes I'll show you something. My brother always put salt in new clothes for luck."

This motion was denied and the prisoner was discharged.

OUR FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Large Increase of Exports and a Decrease of Imports.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—The exports of merchandise for the month of April aggregated $99,426,460, an increase of $21,777,674 as compared with the same month last year, and for the ten months ended April 30 $1,025,426,681, an increase of $125,497,435 compared with a similar period of 1897.

The imports of merchandise for April were $55,923,658, a decrease of $45,398,748 compared with April of last year, and for the ten months ended April 30 $511,181,186, a decrease of $89,008,058 compared with the same period of 1897.

Haas Brothers

will now offer the remainder of their

Imported Gowns, MILLINERY and Lace Novelties

at half their original prices.

25, 27, 29 West 31st St.

VIOLETTES D'ALGERIE

(Algerian Violets), the best, finest, truest, and most lasting odor of fresh violets, to-morrow, 87c. bottle, worth $1.50; Pears' Soap, 5c.; Cuticura Soap, 7c. Great special sale of Jewelry, military sets, patriotic emblems, handkerchiefs, corsets, and shirt waists. French perfumes are best and Libert's are the best of all. We are offering Libert's Cologne at 19c. Libert's Bay Rum, full pint bottle, at 19c. All Libert's other goods in proportion.

A. F. JAMMES,

909 BROADWAY. 4 WEST 28TH ST.

"Buy China and Glass Right."

HIGGINS & SEITER:

FINE CHINA RICH CUT GLASS.

"Proof that Proves"

Everything seems to conspire to make dull trade,—War, Weather, and "Whatnot," and yet our business shows a most satisfactory increase over previous years. This to us is "Proof-that-Proves" that our goods, prices, and manner of conducting our business are becoming better appreciated as they become better known. It is a satisfaction to make selections from the finest and largest assortment of High Class China and Rich Cut Glass in all this land, and at an average saving of 25 per cent. An event of unusual interest, commencing Monday, May 16, will be

A Sale of China in Gold Chrysanthemum Decoration.

This is a special offering made possible by circumstances that do not happen once in a dozen years, an instance in which our price is not only ¼ but ½ less than elsewhere." Exceptional decoration, clouded gold edges, chrysanthemums in gold, etc. This china will be found specially desirable for brightening up the dinner, breakfast, tea table or boudoir. As will be noted by the list below, toilet requisites as well as staple articles can be had.

Dinner Plates	$6.00	Doz.
Soup "	6.00	"
Bkfst. "	6.00	"
Tea "	5.00	"
Tea C. & S.	6.00	"
A. D. Coffees	6.00	"
Choc. Cups, Empire Shape	6.00	"
Fish Platters	2.75	Each.
Open Edge Cake or Bread Plates	1.00	"
Ash or Pin Trays, turned over edge	85	"
Hair Receivers	1.25	"
Paper and Envelope Holder, 3 Com.	4.00	"
Paper and Envelope Holder, 8 Com.	5.00	"
Covered Match Box	1.00	"
Covered Horse Radish Dish	1.25	"
Stamp Box, 3 Compartments	1.50	"
Calendar Stand	1.75	"
Footed Bon Bons	1.00	"
Pen Tray with Ink, well combined	1.75	"
Whisk Broom Holder	1.50	"
Table Bells	1.25	"
Candlestick, Hid	1.50	"
Card Box	1.50	"
Pen Rack	2.50	"
Covered Pomade or Salve Box	1.25	"
Ferneries	2.50	"

The above list gives a general idea of the articles to be had in this special line, although there are many that we cannot mention, such as Picture Frames, Blotters, Asparagus Plates, Chop Platters, etc., etc.

COTTAGE FURNISHINGS.

Anything in china or glass for furnishing country cottage or town house is here and in greater variety than elsewhere, and at prices which average "¼ less than elsewhere." We are selling a full size, nicely Decorated Toilet Set, several colors and patterns to select from, good ware, complete with Jar, at $3.45. Purchases can be made now and shipment made later if desired.

50-54 West 22d St.

WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY.

T. KELLY

263 6th Ave. and 104-106 W. 17th St.

If you have never visited our establishment it will pay you well to drop in and look over our immense stock of ready-made clothing for ladies and gentlemen.

SUITS.

Ladies' Blouse Suits in fine broadcloth and cheviots. Jackets lined throughout with heavy taffeta, new shape skirt lined with fine percaline, velveteen binding; were $21.50... **12.75**

Ladies' Dress Suits in fine cheviots and fancy mixtures, blouse fronts, elegantly trimmed with fancy silk and lace; worth $20.75... **13.98**

Ladies' Silk Waists, in plain and fancy taffetas and heavy satins; all the newest shades and designs... **3.98** up

CLOTHING.

Boys' and Children's Suits in all the newest and most stylish suitings, well made and perfect fitting... **2.00** up

CREDIT,

if you wish to take advantage of it. To the above department enter through the Furniture store.

FURNITURE AND CARPETS,

Matting, Bedding, Stoves, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Brass and Enamelled Beds, everything in the housekeeping line.

Open Saturday Evenings till 9:30.

Brooklyn Store, 470 Fulton St.

Eye Glass Certainty

here includes best glasses and best workmanship throughout. Moreover, they are certain to stay on if they have the Schmidt Clip—attached to any glasses, for 50 cents. Circular FREE.

Oculists' Prescriptions filled. Factory on premises. Quick repairing. OPEN EVENINGS. Phone 1968-38.

F. G. Schmidt,

Optician—16 East 42d St.—Bet. Madison and 5th Aves.

HEARN

West Fourteenth Street.

HOW ELOQUENT ARE PROPER PRICES AT PROPER TIME.

Now, when season is pronounced, When Styles are determined, SELECTION is easy if prices be right.

These offerings are all *New* Goods; they have been bought right, and will be sold at prices that will make them quickly disappear.

Wash Dress Fabrics — Everything New in the Following:

Ginghams, Chambrays, Madras, Organdies, Percales and Lawns, at prices so popular that the trouble is not in finding customers for goods, but in supplying goods quick enough for customers.

Better Values never offered.

French Silk Barred Ginghams—beautiful colorings—this season's novelty...	.32
Bayadere Stripe Bedford Cord Ginghams—latest importation—32 inches wide.....	.29
French Pineapple Cloth—mixture of Silk and Linen—beautiful sheer goods—48 inches wide—extraordinary offering.	.29
Fine French Ginghams—Corded stripes and checks—also Shepherd checks.....	.24
Fancy Plaid and Striped Scotch Ginghams—also variety of Madras Cloth....	.18
Very finest American Zephyrs—32 inch—plain and fancy—great assortment—Rivals of the French and Scotch.....	.15
Best American Madras Cloth—32 inch—neat designs for Ladies' Waists, Shirtings and Children's Dresses.....	8¾
Bicycle and Golf Suitings—large variety—all this season's newest shades—exact copies of All Wool Goods sold at 1.50..	.12½
Extra Fine Zephyr Ginghams—Stripes, Checks, Plaids and Plain Colors—best value ever offered.....	6¼
Best American Novelty Ginghams—over 150 styles—most durable fabric...	5¾
French Organdies—finest Imported—none better at any price.....	.27
French Organdies—Imported Cloth printed in America—excellent quality—most beautiful styles and colors.....	.15
French Batistes, Dotted Mulls and finest Scotch Dimities—our own designs—cannot be duplicated elsewhere.....	.12½
36-inch Batistes—extra fine Cloth—large assortment of neat stripes and checks..	6¾

Home Furnishings — Many Opportunities for good investments to those who need refurnishings of any kind!

500 Pair Irish Point Lace Curtains—White and Ecru—scroll and detached figured centres—wide and showy borders—20 to 30 styles.....1.79 to	3.98
Lowest Prices ever offered for these Qualities.	
Fig'd and Striped Ruffled Curtains—3 yds long—40 inches wide—pair.....	.74
Best Scotch Lace Curtains—copies of real lace—30 styles.....	1.98
Fancy Snowflake Cross Striped Curtains—all colors.....pair	1.24
Reversible Derby Tapestry Curtains—50 inch—fringe top and bottom.....pr.	1.98
About 200 Pair Fine Portieres—Brocaded Tapestry, Silk Frou Frou, Silk Damask, Armure and Oriental—best designs and colorings—fringed—not more than three pair of a style.....	4.98
All Far Below Regular Value.	
Belgium and Vienna Tapestry Covers 2 yds. sq.——1.98, 2½ yds. long.....	2.79
French Velour Table Covers 1½ yds. sq.——3.98, 2 yds. sq.....	7.98
Chenille Table Covers 1½ yds. sq.——.79, 2 yds. sq.....	1.29

Flannels and Linings — Short Stories—Few Words—Big Values!

Domet Skirt Patterns—full sizes.....	.34
Silk Striped Flannels for Negligee and Bicycle Shirts.....	.34
White Wool Flannels—also Fine Wool Shaker Flannels.....	.25
Extra Quality Navy Twilled Flannels....	.25
Unbleached Cantons—short lengths.....	3½
Fancy Black Back Silesias—36 inches wide—various patterns.....	8
Best quality Black Linen Canvas—36 inches wide—extra value.....	.15
36 inch Roman Stripe Skirtings.....	.11½
Changeable Lining Silks—All most desirable Shades.....	.16
Fine quality Black Silesias—regular Shilling grade.....	.6¾
New Reversible Lining—large assortment of changeable effects.....	.17
Fast Black Silk Finish Percalines.....	8

PILLOW CASES

Extra Heavy — Best Quality

A Great Purchase at Great Concession enables us to Offer:

42 x 36 at 9 cents — 50 x 36 at 11 cents
45 x 36 at 10 cents — 54 x 36 at 11 cents

These are the Very Best and The Prices very Exceptional

See if you can buy this quality In 50 and 54 in. at less than 17 cents.

ALSO, IN SAME DEPARTMENT

Awning Stripes—fast colors.....	.12½
Special purchase of Decorative Bunting Red only—therefore the price is.....	3½

Dress and Evening Silks — If you Want Silks of any kind come this week—'Twill pay!

Fancy Striped Taffetas—with Polka Dots—light and dark colors.....	.59
All Silk Black Satin Duchesse also 24 inch Brocaded Gros Grains.....	.59
Black Brocaded Grenadines—double width—large and small designs.....	.59
36 inch Washable White Habutais.....	.49
24 inch White and Cream Brocaded Indias	.49
Fancy Striped, Plaid, Checked and Plain Taffetas.....	.79
24 inch Black Satin Duchesse.....	.79
27 inch Figured Foulards—new designs..	.75
23 inch Figured Indias—also Fancy corded Wash Silks.....	.39
Black Brocaded Indias—24 inch.....	.59
Fancy Roman Striped Taffetas.....	.49

New Parasols and Umbrellas — Samples from a host of values.

Parasols—Plain, Ruffled, and lace trim—also Fancy Novelty Coachings.....	1.98
Parasols—White and Black Chiffon—Ruffled also Fancy Striped Taffeta Coachings..	2.49
24 inch all silk Sun Umbrellas—close rolled—Steel Rods—Case to match.....	2.98
24 inch Sun Umbrellas—Union Taffeta Black and Colored—Case to match.....	1.69
26 inch Rain Umbrellas—Union Taffeta Dresden and Sterling mounts.....	1.97
Taffeta Sun Umbrellas—24 inch—close roll—Fancy Dresden mounts.....	1.49
Children's Fancy Parasols—all colors....	.69

Ladies' Washable Shirt Waists — Never more Fashionable!

Never more beautiful! Never more reasonable!

Fancy Scotch Ginghams, French Chambrays, and fine Madras Shirt Waists—with tucked or plain Blouse front.....	1.79
Ladies' Shirt Waists—Madras and Corded Gingham—stripes and plaids...	1.25
Ladies' Percale Shirt Waists—blouse front—laundered collar and cuffs.....	.89
Finer Percale Shirt Waists—French yoke—new modern sleeve.....	.69
Gingham and Lawn Shirt Waists stripes, plaids and checks—best styles..	.98

Linens and White Goods — Come and see how far a little money goes!

72 inch Heavy Cream Damasks.....	.35
All Linen Bleached Damasks—70 inch...	.49
All Linen Russia Crash.....	7½
Best Turkey Red Damasks—58 inch.....	.19
All Linen Lunch Cloths—2 yds square...	.69
Best Turkey Red Cloths—2 yds long.....	.45
Union Table Cloths—slight imperfections eight, ten and twelve qu