CITY AND DISTRICT.

INSPECTING THE TRAINS.

Experiences Among the Refugees from the Fever Stricken District.

Dr. Stratton, who has been inspecting Southern trains for the past few weeks, said to a STAR reporter yesterday that the number of persons arriving here from the South were increasing each day. Large numbers of persons, he said, had arrived from Hendersonville, N. C., and many of these passengers stated that they were leaving their homes on account of the yellow fever. Shortly after the fever broke out in Florida the residents of Hendersonville sent an open invitation to the people of Florida for them to come to Hendersonville. Large numbers of the poorer class of persons soon arrived, and the boarding houses were overcrowded. One of the refugees said the residents had expected the wealthier residents to accept their invitation and were disappointed with the class of persons who came, for they not only did not bring much wealth with them, but they brought the yellow fever. To-day, he said, Hendersonville was almost deserted; business was at a standstill, and most of the residents will be financially ruined. One gentleman, who arrived on a morning train, told Dr. Stratton that he was in business in Hendersonville. He said that he had thus put in his tail and winter stock, but that he had locked up his store and would not return until sometime after frost had appeared at his home, at which time he expected his stock of goods would be ruined.

Dr. Stratton also had a conversation with a physician from Florida, who spoke to him about the death of Prof. Proctor. When Prof. Proctor left Florida, the physician said, he was as well as he could possibly have been. He was suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys. He supposed that the usual yellow fever treatment, a sweat bath, was given him, which produced congestion of the kidneys and that he thought was no doubt the cause of death. Dr. Stratton said that while the fever was really spreading and a great many persons were dying, he thought the number of cases and deaths reported from the fever were exaggerated. He did not mean to say that false reports of the disease were made, but he thought that every person who had a pain or an ache imagined that it was the result of the fever, and was treated for the fever. In many of these cases the doctor thought the patient might not have the fever, and the usual treatment for it might cause death; or death might be caused by their real complaint. In making the inspection Dr. Stratton says that he comes across many peculiar persons. Many of the passengers act suspiciously, and some refuse to tell their name or where they are stopping. Such persons are watched more carefully than others. Some times it is found that these persons have purchased tickets from point to point so as to throw persons off the track. One man who arrived Saturday pretended that he was intoxicated, and refused to give the doctor any information. He was shadowed to a saloon on 7th street, and when a policeman put him through a cross-examination he became frightened and gave the desired information.

Outlucked.

THE SENATORS DEFEATED IN CHICAGO ON SATURDAY—OTHER GAMES.

The Senators lost a game to Chicago on Saturday through sheer hard luck. The score was 3 to 2. The infield work of the Statesmen was magnificent, O'Brien putting out 21 men. Fuller put out 2 and made 10 assists. The batteries were Daily and Mack, and Van Haltren and Darling. The home club won by lucky batting. Williamson and O'Brien each made a home run. There was but one ball, beside the safe hits, that went outside of the diamond, and that was captured by Shoch. Washington had 3 hits and 0 errors, and Chicago 4 hits and 2 errors.

Philadelphia won from Indianapolis 6 to 5, by scoring twice to the Hoosiers once in the eleventh inning. The batteries were Henderson and Delany, and Sanders and Clements. The Phillies made 9 hits and 7 errors, and Indianapolis 11 hits and 5 errors.

Detroit won from New York 6 to 3. Gruber and Bennett, and Welch and O'Rourke were the batteries. The champions made 9 hits and 0 errors, and the Giants 6 hits and 7 errors.

Boston won from Pittsburg, 7 to 1, by scoring four times in the 4th inning. The batteries were Morris and Carroll, and Sowders and Kelly. Boston made 13 hits and 0 errors, and Pittsburg 5 hits and 4 errors. Kelly made two singles, a double and a triple hit.

At Kansas City.—Baltimore 6, Kansas City 1: at Cincinnati—Cincinnati 10, Brooklyn 3; at Louisville—Athletics 1, Louisville 1 (12 innings); at St. Louis—St. Louis 11, Cleveland 2 (first game); Cleveland 4, St. Louis 2 (second game.)

SUNDAY GAMES.

Kansas City 14, Baltimore 5 (first game); Baltimore 3, Kansas City 1 (second game): Brooklyn 8, Cincinnati 4; Louisville 9; Athletic 2 (first game) Athletic 6; Louisville 4 (second game); St. Louis 14, Cleveland 4.

The Senators begin the last home series to-day by crossing bats at Capitol Park with the Giants, the leaders of the league. On Friday next the Hoosiers will appear for three games, and a hard fight is to be expected, for on this series much will depend as to the relative positions of these two clubs. Then on the 3d of October the Pittsburg team will play, followed by Chicago. The season will close with a series with Detroit, the first game being scheduled on the 11th, and the last on the 13th.

The Canoeists.

PROGRAM OF THE REGATTA TO TAKE PLACE THIS AFTERNOON.

The regatta of the Washington Canoe Association will take place this afternoon opposite the club house on Analostan Island. The program of the races is as follows: Sailing race—Canoe Scapewheel, I. P. Libbey; Bonita, A. A. Hassan; Tonic, C. E. Marshall; Lapwing, F. N. Williams; Centaur, C. A. Mason; Iola, W. A. Cowles; Windflower, A. S. Flint; Meteor, H. Clay Ward. Hawsers race—Canoe Iola, Cowles and Oertel; Julia, Marshall and Moore; Aloha, Kimball and Randall. Paddling race—Canoe Windflower, A. S. Flint; Aloha, A. A. Hassan; Julia, F. N. Moore; Peterboro, Max Kautz; Iola, T. E. Oertel; Wanderer, F. E. Oliver. Tandem paddling race, single paddles—Canoe Red Wing, T. E. and Fred. Oertel: Aloha, A. S. Flint and J. Randall; Julia, Marshall and Moore; Iola, Cowles and Hassan. Upset race—Canoe Nomad, Marshall; Red Wing, Oertel; Eclipse Mac, Kimball; Iola, F. N. Moore. Hurry-skurry race—Canoe Nomad, Marshall; Red Wing, Kimball; Wanderer, Moore; Julia, Oertel; Potomac, Randall; Iola, Oertel. Tournament—Canoe Red Wing, C. E. Marshall, puncher; T. E. Oertel, paddler; Iola, J. Randall, puncher; F. N. Moore, paddler; Nomad, J. A. Oliver, puncher; A. S. Flint, paddler; Aloha, A. P. Spencer, puncher; ——, paddler. The paddling races will be one-half mile straightaway.

Transfers of Real Estate.

Deeds in fee have been filed as follows: Myra R. McNabb to C. A. Cline, lot 2, blk. 40, North University Grounds; $100. F. K. Windsor to J. J. Edson et al., in trust, lot 11, blk. 4, Whitney Close; $2,500. Ary Elizabeth Watts to John Miller, pt. 5, sq. 684; $1,361. H. D. Cooke et al. to Oelia Chappel, lots 54 to 57, 64 to 66, and 68, sq. 857; $3,500. Oelia Chappel to G. C. P. Kern, pt. sub 29, sq. 910; $1,600. Catherine Hazlett to T. B. Boone, pt. Peters' Mill Seat, lot 2 and subs A, F to L; $—. W. Mayse to W. R. Woodward, trustee, pt. 14, sq. 790; $3,500. Thos. A. McKeen to Fannie Twitchell, lots 13, 14, 34 to 37, blks. 3, 17 to 20, blks. 4, 23, and 36, blk. 3, Burrville; $250. Same to Harriet A. Twitchell, lots 28 to 32, blk. 4, Burrville; $125. Jerome S. Nash to Alex. Humes, lot 11, blk. 6, Whitney Close; $2,500. Alex. Humes to Martha O. Nash, same property; $2,500. O. C. Trott to Lucy E. Howard, sub 40, sq. 618; $3,900. W. C. McBride to Emily S. Noyes, sub 73, sq. 194; $—. Emily Smith to B. F. Mccauley, pt. sub 41, sq. 367; $750. Mary Grundy et. ux. to Nellie Freeman, sub 57, sq. 182; $—. Nellie Freeman to Evelina Magrundy, same property; $—. James T. Ward et al. to C. H. Cragin, pt. 25, sq. 182; $—. Leighton & Pairo, trustees, to Helen K. Pearl, lots 20 and 22, sub 31, Brookland; $676. Wm. H. Rollins to Martha A. Martin, pt. 13, sq. 768; $800. Sarah A. Kennedy to W. L. Moore, sub 132, sq. 406; $—.

Just His Luck.

From Life.

Miss Clara—"It distresses me greatly to cause you pain, Mr. Worchestershire, but I love another." Mr. Worchestershire—"Ah, me!" Miss Clara—"I have always supposed that you were interested in Ethel Simpson, Mr. Worchestershire, she is a noble girl." Mr. Worchestershire—"Ah, yes, Miss Clara; but I had the same luck with her that I have just had with you."

Cut Out by American Girls.

From the London Truth.

America sent this year her usual contingent to Homburg. The American girl has almost entirely cut out the English girl in public favor. She certainly has more to say for herself, she dresses better, and she flirts better. She comes to Europe with an ardent desire to remain there—the wife of an Englishman with a title. Even if she fails in this, she thoroughly enjoys herself, provided that she can manage to flirt with royalty. What always amuses me with these young ladies is that each one explains that the others are not in society "at home," utterly oblivious of the fact that no one in Europe cares what they are "at home," provided that they are pretty and agreeable abroad.

All About China.

An old writer says: "A long chin declareth a man to be peaceable, yet a babbler. They that have little chins are much to be avoided and taken heed of, for they are full of impiety and wickedness, and are spies like unto serpents. If the end of the chin be round, it is the sign of nice manners; but the chin of a real man is square."

Joaquin Miller and His Daughter.

From Current Literature.

It is a pretty well-known fact that his daughter does not hold her gifted father in that admiration with which the world regards him. He left her among the Indians too long. It spoiled her temper and dwarfed her appreciation of genius. A few years ago Joaquin got out an *edition de luxe* of his poems, which he embellished with likenesses of himself in various picturesque costumes and attitudes—Mr. Miller among the Sierras, Mr. Miller on Mount Shasta, Mr. Miller shaking hands with the Bulbuster chief, Mr. Miller on horseback, and so on. One plate he reserved for his daughter, Miss Myrtle Miller. She had the post of honor in the middle of the book, and was seated on a prancing mustang, her hair flying toward the top of the page and a lurid light effect behind her. Joaquin sent a copy to Mar Shadows, with his distinguished autograph on the fly leaf. She glanced through the book, appreciated its contents, ran a pencil through her own name beneath the wild and reckless female, and writing below it; "Mr. Miller, when he was a girl," sent it back to him.

THE SOUTHERN SCOURGE.

Abandoning Railway Traffic, Owing to the Rigid Quarantine.

The dreadful affliction of the city of Jacksonville grows worse daily, and although the place is almost depopulated there is a steady increase in the number of cases of yellow fever. On Saturday 163 new cases were reported, but only 6 deaths occurred. Of Saturday's new cases 103 were colored people. At a meeting of the Citizens' Sanitary Association Saturday a resolution was adopted urging Congress to make a thorough scientific investigation of the origin and progress of the fever in Jacksonville in 1887 and 1888.

On Sunday there were one hundred and thirty-three new cases reported, ninety of which were colored people. There were ten deaths reported. A favorable change in the weather yesterday, when a strong dry east wind sprang up, gave rise to a hope that the worst was over. It is now almost certain that many hundred colored people have made fever and recovered without treatment or physicians. The old theory that they are not liable to contract yellow fever has been exploded. It has been demonstrated that they are almost as susceptible to attack as the whites, but the issue is rarely fatal with them, probably never unless the fever is complicated with organic diseases. An old and eminent local physician said: "Negroes never die of yellow fever unless they call in a doctor."

The executive committee of the Sanitary Association held a joint meeting with the relief committee Sunday to discuss complaints of abuse. Numerous cases of fraud have been discovered, and it is believed that hundreds of colored families have obtained relief through the different members, so as to attempt to lay up supplies for winter. These will be cut off as rapidly as discovered, and sent to the refuge camps or be put to work. Chairman Stanells's young men have found over a hundred destitute white families who have not applied for relief.

Dr. Porter has wired Miss Clara Barton to recall Col. Southmayd, in charge of the Red Cross nurses. He is reported to be making trouble and dissension here, and impairing the efficiency of the medical bureau thereby.

There were two new cases of fever and one death at Mcdleany on Sunday. Fever has also broken out at Greenland.

So great has been the exodus from Decatur, Ala., that scarcely 150 people are left in the town. Two new cases of yellow fever were reported yesterday. The city is well supplied with physicians and nurses.

A perfect panic prevails in Memphis. It is estimated that fully 4,000 people have left there since Friday. They were principally women and children, the wives and families of merchants and others, who, on the announcement of the outbreak at Jackson, took alarm. Business is virtually at a standstill. Country merchants cannot come to the city under the present quarantine regulations, and every small town adjacent has locked its doors. Local freight and passenger travel on all railroads is suspended. It is the same from Louisville south to Mobile and New Orleans. At many of the stations the south-bound trains, those coming from St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, and even farther north and west, are not permitted to stop.

All freight and passenger trains on the Alabama and Great Southern Railroad have been abandoned, owing to the rigid quarantine at Chattanooga and at other points on the line. The Memphis and Charleston trains cannot enter Chattanooga. Arrangements will probably be effected whereby mail and express matter can be delivered between Memphis and Stevenson.

They Don't Like Liberia.

COLORED PEOPLE WHO GO THERE FROM THE UNITED STATES SOON WANT TO COME BACK.

The New York *Sun* of Sunday says: The bark Monrovia, Capt. J. H. Rogers, is just from the west coast of Africa with palm wood, palm oil, &c., to Yates & Porterfield, the shipping agents of the American Colonization Society. On board the Monrovia, returned this trip from Liberia, were Missionaries Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Mr. Diggs, and Mrs. M. R. Merriam, and Mrs. Sloan, a colored emigrant, with two children and another emigrant. All had had enough of Liberia, but declined to say anything that would conflict with the plans of the Colonization Society. Mrs. Merriam, however, declared that she agreed with former Minister to Liberia C. H. J. Taylor, who, in requesting Fred. Douglass to try and defeat legislation intended to facilitate the emigration of colored people to Liberia, maintained that the states of the Union were better for them in every way than Africa. Mrs. Merriam added:

"I don't see the necessity of taking darkies away from their friends here and putting them down in the middle of a barren country with fever threatening them from the coast and hostile wild tribes from the interior. The Colonization Society does what it can to make it pleasant for the emigrants, but the task is herculean. They give each emigrant six months' provisions, and look after him for that length of time, if he does not before its expiration find his way to the cemetery outside the city. Nearly all of the six months is spent in getting rid of the climatic fever. Then the emigrant is a pauper in a strange land. He has no incentive to work, and he just lounges around, fretting because he can't get back to his American home."

Capt. Rogers thinks the colored emigrants in Liberia need a few white men just to show them how to get along.

William Coppinger, the agent of the Colonization Society, will send out another lot of colored people in the Monrovia when she sails, about October 15.

Robert Garrett's Early Eccentricities.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Now that Mr. Garrett is known to be a victim of paresis, old acquaintances of the family hereabouts are recalling his former eccentricities. Robert Garrett has always been an odd sort of a person. At one time he was a collector of canes, and he no doubt now owns more walking sticks and fancy umbrellas than any other fashionable gentleman in the country. In clothing he was just as peculiar. His tailors were always engaged to some new conceit of his in fashionable attire. He was a most particular man about his personal appearance. He had a hobby on dress and style, and his wealth permitted him to indulge it to his heart's delight. The stories about Mr. Garrett overworking himself are all nonsense. Robert Garret took life easier than any other railroad magnate in the country. His father shortened his days by constantly worrying over great railroad schemes, but his sons did not follow in his footsteps. After his father's death, when Robert Garrett assumed control and learned the true condition of affairs, he worried some at first, but the burden of the thinking was shouldered by Mr. John K. Cowen, his old friend and Princeton classmate, who then and now ably filled the position of chief counsellor of the Baltimore and Ohio Co.

September Health Hints.

SEASONABLE COMMON-SENSE SUGGESTIONS FOR THIS MONTH MALIGN.

From the National Educator.

Large quantities of rain have fallen the past few weeks. The air is surcharged with moisture, so much so that the walls in our houses are damp and the paper on the sides of rooms and ceilings is giving way. This indicates a state of affairs which needs careful watching. The raw, damp mornings and evenings are fruitful causes of colds and sickness. Damp walls, damp rooms, damp cellars, damp ground, and damp clothes are productive of the most of colds. Sitting in a damp room till one feels chilly, dressing in damp clothes which have been lying about on damp floors in the night, damp parlors, sitting-rooms, and schoolrooms in which there are as yet no fires will swell the sick list and increase the mortality.

MUST BOW TO THE INEVITABLE.

What is to be done? The weather cannot be changed. These cool, damp September nights visit us every year, only some years more so than others, as the season is more wet than dry. Now is the time for fever; this is the month malign. We cannot change the month, but we can guard against exposing ourselves unnecessarily to the dampness or remaining long in a damp, chilly room.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

Fires must be made to take off the dampness, even if for only half an hour in a day. Undergarments must again be worn. Avoid being out in the dampness, especially after nightfall. Always have a bright fire after sunset. Do not retire at night into a damp bed, even if it should only feel damp. Do not "slip on" your damp clothes, feeling sticky, like molasses, where they touch the body. Keep windows and doors closed until the sun shines out brightly again. Remember that diphtheria, scarlet fever, malaria, rheumatism, &c., are getting in their deadly work, and will carry off to the grave their victims by thousands this fall again, not only children, but also adults. Will you be one of them? Hundreds of children are taken sick with different maladies, resulting from damp school rooms, with possibly water in the cellars. Nine-tenths of these diseases and deaths are avoidable.

TAKE CARE OF THE LITTLE ONES.

Parents, see that your children wear underclothing. Begin now; never mind a few warm or even hot days; they can be endured much better than subsequent sickness. The cool, damp mornings and nights will soon have the majority. Do not allow children to run around with bare feet and damp stockings at this season. Make them eat something warm before they go out in the morning. It will not hurt you to observe the same rules, though children are more sensitive, and hence get sick more frequently.

Gambling in Virginia.

George Alfred Townsend says that the particular vice of Virginia is gambling, and he relates this incident of his recent tour through the state: "When I returned from Leesburg I heard two men talking behind me for the space of two hours, and their whole conversation was descriptive of games of cards held the night before—how one man had held two pairs and another had a full, &c. Into this game there grew up men of respectable appearance—men probably fifty years of age—went with a minutiae and a relish that was astonishing." At the Virginia villages, he says, you see the young men ride up at about 11 o'clock and hitch their horses. They enter the groceries, in the back part of which, behind a sheet, are tables for card playing. There they drink bad whisky and win each other's money till about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when they mount their horses and ride home.

The Ruling Passion.

From the Springfield Union.

Squilldsby, who works in a photographic studio, popped the question successfully the other night after which he remarked:

"And now I suppose you will allow me to take a kiss?"

"Why, of course," she replied, "it would be in perfectly good taste now."

"Very well," said Squilldsby, "turn your head a little more to the right, fix your eyes on that picture knob—so—that's it—smile just a little—that as often as you please—there—now the operation commences."

Keeping Up Appearances.

HOW THE GUARD OF ONE WAS TURNED OUT AT FORT SCHUYLER.

From the New York Herald.

The big, black-bellied cannon whose noses rested *en barbette* on the green parapet gave a very military and warlike aspect to the scene. Fluttering from the white flag-pole that ran above the *terre plein* was the glorious Stars and Stripes. There was the flash of a bayonet in the sunlight just beyond the sally-port. This was at Fort Schuyler a short time ago. Gen. Jackson, the commander of the fort, had been away for a few days and was then returning. The scene sent a thrill of pride through his military heart. Of course he knew that the frowning cannon were purely antiques, and of very little use, indeed, nowadays in case of war, and that the imposing stone walls of the fortress would tumble like a house of cards before modern ordnance. Still the looks of the thing were good. It was impressive. He walked on to the guard-house. Military people know what a soldierly performance the turning out of the guard is; how like a flash the sentinels who are off duty, asleep or awake, seize their muskets, jump into line, and stand at a "present" until the officer has passed.

THE GUARD TURNED HIMSELF OUT.

"Turn out the guard, commander of the post!" shouted a corporal on duty in front of the guard-house as the general approached. He called it loud enough for a whole regiment to hear and to wake up everybody in the fort. Then with a great show of ceremony he walked over to the gun-rack, ordered himself to "fall in," to come to attention, to right dress, and as the general approached came to "present arms" with remarkable unison. The general received the compliment with an expression that showed great approbation. "Where's the rest of the guard, corporal?" he asked.

"He's down weeding out the onion patch, sir."

"Ah! Very good. Is the third relief on duty?"

"No, sir, the third relief is sick. He was very bad last night."

Then the corporal ordered himself to break ranks, a performance that doubtless strained his physique somewhat, and marched over to the end of the path and resumed his duties as sentinel over a United States fort. And that's the way the story goes among military men, and certainly there are good grounds for believing it. Meager is a very mild word to apply to the condition of the garrisons in the coast defences, but the form is kept up just the same.

THE KIND OF TACTICS THE ARMY WANTS.

"Talk about the army needing a new form of tactics, with a formation of two more companies of each regiment!—why, its all nonsense," said a National Guard officer the other night, after hearing how the guard was turned out for Gen. Jackson. What the United States Army needs is a new set of tactics certainly, but not that kind; nothing that requires more men. What they want is an abridged kind of tactics, a sort of pocket edition; something that will explain to a sergeant major how one sentry can be aligned and marched in review at guard mount, and something that will explain to many much perplexed adjutants how a dress parade can be held with three men. "That's what the United States Army wants to know just now. That is the aching military void that a thousand keen tacticians are asking to have filled."

The Alaskan Gold Fields.

DISPUTE LIKELY TO ARISE AS TO WHETHER THEY ARE BRITISH OR AMERICAN TERRITORY.

An Ottawa dispatch says: A matter which may strongly tend to strengthen the already strained relations between the Dominion and the United States has presented itself in connection with the limits of jurisdiction at points adjacent to the imaginary boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. As a result of recent investigations it is reported to the Government here that the valuable gold fields which have been discovered, and which are now being worked on the Youkon River, are in British and not United States territory. These gold fields are represented to be of great value, and as the American officers in Alaska dispute the claim that the deposits are in British territory a conflict between the miners, who believe they are working on United States territory, and the British authorities, if the latter assert their jurisdiction, is feared.

Mr. Langtry Refuses a Divorce.

London Special to the New York World, Sept. 22.

Mrs. Langtry's stay in London was very brief. She returned on Tuesday to Paris.

"I have just received an intimation from an on good authority that her attempt at negotiations for divorce proceedings with her husband were an utter failure. A meeting between the solicitors in the case and two of the parties most interested was arranged. But Mr. Langtry was not there. I am told that he absolutely refused to see or to talk with his wife on the subject, and gave her to understand that a recommencement of divorce proceedings would meet with the same conduct on his part as before. One of Mr. Langtry's friends indignantly denies that it is a question of money with him. He says: "Mr. Langtry is earning a good living and is not in need of money, and will not be induced to make any arrangement to hand his wife over to another man." Mrs. Langtry has returned to Paris very much disheartened. The Paris correspondent of the *World* saw her, but she refused to talk about the matter. She is living in a quiet place and drives in the most retired avenues of the Bois every day with Gebhard.

Alive when Supposed to be Dead.

Paris Dispatch to the London Daily Telegraph.

An elderly gentleman residing in the Rue Rochechouart, who was supposed to be dead, has suddenly come to life. He has a nephew in Paris, who, being duly informed of his demise on Sunday, repaired at once to the house, with his wife, to keep watch over the mortal remains of his uncle until they should be borne to their last resting place. On Monday evening, as the lady was tired, her husband sent her to the drawing-room to take some repose on a sofa, and a servant having placed some wine and broth on a table, he helped himself into an armchair in the bedroom, and soon went soundly to sleep. On awaking at 4 in the morning he found that the broth had disappeared, and that the bottle of wine was half empty. Becoming alarmed, he went to his wife and found her in the drawing-room, roused her, and told her what had happened; she returned to the bed-room with him, but the pair had hardly reached the door when they heard a noise. They paused on the threshold, and, to their consternation, heard some hands them not to be afraid, but to come in. The husband went into the room, but soon rushed out with his hair standing on end. He had seen his uncle's ghost. The old man was sitting, enveloped in a sheet, on the side of his bed. The supposed corpse had the utmost difficulty in getting his panic-stricken relatives to understand that he was not dead after all. "I am alive!" he repeated, adding that the preparations for his funeral had not escaped his notice. He had been in a lethargy, and, waking up, had helped himself to the broth, which had done him good. Hearing some one approaching he had jumped into bed, as he was anxious not to cause any alarm; but Richard was himself again. He felt perfectly recovered, and certainly on closer examination the uncle's appearance by no means belied his words. The refreshments had come in most opportunely to restore him, and, as he was much pleased with the affectionate attention which his relatives had shown him after his supposed departure from this world, everything was soon made happy and comfortable all round. I should add that the doctor of the quarter had not yet officially confirmed the demise of the worthy uncle, who seems to have taken a new lease of life.

Still Unrepentant.

From the Chicago Times.

Tom Foley, the well-known billiardist, was in his prime on the top wave of success when Dwight L. Moody came to Chicago for the first time to hold his revival meetings. One day, while Tom was behind his bar, having gone in to help his men out during the noon rush, the front door opened and in came Moody. He walked straight up to the bar, and, Tom, who did not know him, chased a little beer off the mahogany with a towel, and asked:

"What'll it be, sir?"

The evangelist pulled a letter from his pocket and said: "Mr. Foley, I am glad that you have decided to come over to us. I have your note here——"

"You have no note of mine that I ain't able to take up," said Tom, eyeing him as though he thought him a deputy sheriff with an execution. "Who are you anyway?"

"I am Moody, the evangelist—don't swear in my presence, young man!"

"Well," said Tom, "I think one way and you think another—I'll go my way and you go yours. What's that? I never wrote you any note. Some of the gang have been kidding you."

The evangelist tore up the note and walked sadly out. Some of the boys had signed Tom's name to it and had written that he had attended a Moody meeting, desired to reform and give up his business, and solicited the call that the evangelist made.

How He was Led.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Preacher (at Waifs' Mission)—"Yes, my dear children, you little know of the blessed influences which now surround you. My son is here with me to-day, and I will ask him for a leaf from his own experience. Stand up, my son, and speak so all the children can hear you. How were you led to the school, my son?"

Preacher's son (fiercely)—"By the ear."

Twos Raised to Tens.

From the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press, Sept. 20.

Quite a number of silver certificates are in circulation in this city which have been raised from $2 to $10. The two large figures on the back have been obliterated and the figure "2" on the face cut out and a figure "10" inserted, being held in place by court-plaster. Where the word "two" is spelled out the last two letters are obliterated, leaving only the "o." It is not calculated to deceive, unless the bill is particularly noticed.

Disadvantages of a Small Family.

From the Cartoon.

Little Dick—"I am so glad to have a new little brother now. He and sister and I make three, don't we?"

Mamma—"Yes, dear; but what of that?"

Dick—"Well, there's only two drum sticks to a chicken, and one of us will get some other part now. I'll be the one sometimes. I'm tired of drum sticks."

Fooling With an Ostrich.

From the Liverpool Courier.

At Marseilles the other day a man, who fancied his wife would look well in ostrich feathers, entered a railroad truck wherein were several birds just arrived from Algeria, *en route* to Paris. The poor fellow selected a fine specimen and was about to pull it out when the ostrich kicked and killed him on the spot.

Isaac Keene, a merchant from Evansville, Ind., was robbed at the Union Railway station in Indianapolis on Saturday of a diamond scarf pin estimated to be worth between $5,000 and $6,000. At the time the station was full of people.

The British Association on Corsets.

THEY ARE NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL, WHEN NOT LACED TOO TIGHT—SCIENTIFIC POINTERS ON THE GIRTHING OF MEN, WOMEN AND HORSES.

From the London Telegraph.

In the Biological Section the vexed question of stays and tight lacing was discussed in a separate department. The attendance of the fair sex was especially large. The general expectation which they apparently entertained that the paper would condemn the wearing of stays was, however, agreeably disappointed. Mr. C. S. Roy, professor of pathology at Cambridge, and Mr. J. G. Adams, university administrator of pathology, who had announced a joint paper "On the Physiological Bearing of Waist Belts and Stays," blessed instead of banning these articles.

They have lately been making some pathological experiments, and had found that a good deal of the blood stored uselessly in the abdominal veins is, by slight pressure, placed advantageously at the disposal of the muscles, brain and skin. This explains how men, as well as women, instinctly employ some method of abdominal compression, wearing waistbands or belts, or the more elaborate corsets, at periods of increased activity. No doubt fashion has sometimes led to distortion of the female figure by means of stays, but if not laced too tight the modern corset, by clasping the waist and supporting the bosom and back, constitutes a convenient combination of the different forms of girdle which have been found useful by the women of all civilized nations from the remotest times. Of course during sleep they are put off, but during hours of exertion, social or otherwise, reasonable tight lacing is hited to increase mental and physical activity. They, however, cautioned against ladies against carrying tails to an injudicious extreme.

By the way, it was suggested to trainers of horses that if they girthed on the racing saddle behind the ribs instead of over them they would thereby gain for the horse the same advantage as was experienced by the long-distance runner from his broad, tight leather belt.

Several physicians immediately attacked the paper. Dr. Thorpe Bowerbank considered it a most dangerous one to be read in an assembly like that. He declared the evils of tight lacing to be manifold and terrible, and that it is perfectly refreshing to find a girl the muscles of whose back have not been weakened by wearing stays. Miss Becker took the other side, and advocated right and not elastic stays, at the same time giving her approval of modern fashions as better than some dress reforms.

Ladies in South American Theaters.

From the Times-Democrat.

Marcus A. Mayer, the well-known theatrical agent, who managed Patti while she was on her last trip to South America, in a letter to a friend in New York from Montevideo, says:

"The girls here are the loveliest I ever saw. There is one part of the house where they only allow ladies. That is the 'Cazuela.' It is the circle just below the gallery, or 'Paraiso,' and one of the male sex is not allowed there, and ladies are not allowed to wear bonnets in the Cazuela. The front row is reserved, and we charge $6 for these seats. The back rows are for the admission tickets to the Cazuela, and for these we get $1.50. At about 5 o'clock the young ladies commence congregating at the door, and there they stand until 7 o'clock and keep up such a clatter and row that the police often compel us to open the doors and let them in at 6:30. You should see the scramble. They are worse than men or boys. They take the seats back of the front row, and those who are lucky get a seat, while the unfortunate damsels are compelled to stand in the aisles behind the (also) bonnet women, and it is a beautiful sight to look up at them in all the colors of the rainbow—beautiful brunettes, all bedecked in diamonds. At the close of the performance a platoon of soldiers—fifty men—form on each side of the door at the exit to the streets and keeps the crowd back, so that the young ladies can depart in peace, and as they go they are met by their brothers or fathers or some escort to see them home."

No More Fancy Steps in the Waltz.

From Clara Bell's New York Letter.

I am able to tell you definitely that the round dancing of the ensuing winter, as done by the swells of New York, will be quietly graceful, with enough action in it to avoid all the resemblance to the performers of the comical dolls' quadrille, and yet quiet enough to be unlike the motions of the ballet. Every summer fanciful round dances are introduced at the watering places, and very pretty they are for the children. Grown-up people are tempted to indulge in them, for they often do so nimbly and without awkwardness. The past season's specialty in this line was the York waltz, which differed from the plain waltz by introducing a sort of halt and kick in each revolution. Boys and girls generally did it in a pleasing and sightly manner. Men were almost invariably awkward at it. Some of the young women succeeded and some failed in their practice of the York waltz. It was an adaptation of a ballet movement seen last winter in the terpsichorean interludes of opera at the Metropolitan. But there are three dancing masters to whom 5th avenue people go every autumn for a little preliminary training before they be made ready for the winter dancing campaign. These expositors annually agree upon a method of instruction, and they have decided that there shall be no toleration of fancy steps in the waltz for the coming season. This will be accepted by all the beaux and belles of New York swelldom, but of course the dancers of other cities may do as they please about following this example.

English Rule in India.

IT HAS ESTABLISHED A SYSTEM OF REPRESSION AMONG THE CONQUERED NATIVES.

There is something to me utterly incongruous in slavery, in form or in name, where English rule goes; and this will sooner or later tell in India, says Carter Harrison in a letter to the Chicago *Mail*. Let me give some facts that will illustrate my thoughts. At table d' hote in Calcutta one of a party of gentlemen opposite me said to me: "You are a stranger here, I see." "Yes, but how did you know?" I asked. "There was nothing in my dress to show it, and I had not been talking." "Because," he replied, "you say please to that servant of yours and thank him when he serves you. We never do that. They can't understand it." I laughed, and told him we had a myth in America. It was a tradition of George Washington, who lifted his hat to a poor negro because he could not be outdone in politeness by a slave. He rejoined: "That will do in America, but not in India; it would spoil the natives. They are a lot of niggers, and have to be treated as such." I told him these "niggers," as he called them, were learning something, and were already demanding a participation in the making of laws, and that the English might be elevated rather than repressed into a lot of slaves. The companion of this gentleman said nothing but seemed to approve of what he said. Again: I visited a merchant's office, also in Calcutta, to inspect some shawls to be shown us by some Hindoos. I bought a small ring shawl, and finding I had left my wallet in my room, told the native he could go with me to the hotel for the pay. The proprietor, an old resident, saw me to the door. I got into my cab, inviting the native to take a seat by my side. This he was about to do, when my friend imperiously motioned him to mount with the driver, saying, "We never let those fellows ride with us." Now, this Hindoo was a man of elegant manners, clean and bright, and I was told was rich. But it would not do for him to ride inside with a white man; it would spoil him and others. He had to be kept in his place.

I saw a man in uniform at Delhi kick a cooley from the car simply because he had put the offender's package on the upper seat. I could name a dozen such illustrations, and from all over India. I did not once, except at Lord Dufferin's and at a powe ful commissioner's, ever hear anything asked for by an Englishman, or even ordered, in that tone which softens an order into a request. It was always an order, and of the most dictatorial kind; an order rarely used in old slave days in old America, except on the cotton plantations, and scarcely ever in Kentucky or Virginia. I was speaking in Ceylon to a resident English of the beautiful little bullocks and the pretty carts, and of the ease with which they could be made ready, and expressed my surprise that I had not seen them used in foreign residents. They all said that it was a pity that the foreigners could not use them, they were so cheap, convenient, and pretty; but that they were used by the Cingalese, and, therefore, it would not do for the governing classes to use them. Now and yet the Cingalese are a neat, graceful, cheerful, and very bright people, far more intelligent than the Georgians of Caucasian.

I did not, while in India, see a single instance of a friendly mingling of the white and native people except among the high-born Rajahs and the rulers at grand entertainments. I saw no native and Englishman in what might be called a friendly and equal intercourse, and from what I could learn the English residents there is no such thing as familiarity between the Europeans and natives, and the majority say it is right; that these latter are a conquered people and should be treated as such.

An Old Roman Game.

From the New York Sun.

Teacher—"What was the name of the great resort for sports and amusements in ancient Rome?"

Smart Pupil—"The Colosseum."

Teacher—"Name some favorite pastime of the old Romans."

Smart Pupil—"Running for Vice-President."

Economy in Dress.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Dressmaker—"There doesn't seem to be stuff enough here to make a train three yards long."

Society Belle—"Dear me! How much more is needed?"

"About half a yard."

"Well, take it off the neck."

An Actor's Bets.

From the Albany Journal.

A good story is told of an actor who recently paid a visit to Cohoes. He had but $3 to reach home, and the thought struck him that if he could get some one to bet with him he might attain the desired amount. He entered a saloon kept by an Irishman, told him his plight, saying he wanted to make a bet. "All right," said the bartender, who had just purchased a ham; "I'll bet you $1.50 that you can't carry this ham across the street and back without laying it down." The bet was promptly accepted and the actor seized the ham by the string, walked across the street and back, and laid the ham on the floor. "You've lost," said the Irishman, "you laid it down; but here comes a friend of mine and you can get even." The friend readily bit at the bait. He seized the ham, walked across the street and back, and hung the ham on a hook, thus winning the stakes. It is not known whether the actor has reached his destination yet.

Mrs. Veneering (in brac-a-brac store to daughter)—"There is an elegant vase, Clara, and it's marked $60. I think I will take it." (To clerk)—"What is your lowest price on this vase?" Clerk—"Sixty cents, madam." Daughter—"Come on, ma."—*Texas Siftings.*

It is pretty hard to raise a child without losing your temper occasionally. The same applies to a car window.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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MEDICAL AND DENTAL DEPARTMENTS OF HOWARD UNIVERSITY.
CLINICS.
Regular Clinics at the Freedmen's Hospital will be held during the winter as follows:
Medical—Every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, beginning October 14, by Prof. Hood.
Surgical—Every Saturday at 2:30 p. m., beginning October 13, by Prof. Graham or Purvis.
Obstetrical—For senior students will be held regularly under the supervision of Prof. Parvis.
The Dispensary clinic will be held daily from 12 to 2 p. m. by Dr. Shadd.
Surgical clinics will be held Sunday mornings for two months during the winter at the Providence Hospital by Prof. Reyburn.
Dental clinics, when the poor can have their teeth treated without charge, will be held every Tuesday, Thursday, and