# BICYCLISTS ABROAD.

## Washington Boys' Wanderings on the Continent.

### WHEELING IN SWITZERLAND.

**How English is Spoken—The Typical American Abroad—At Chamounix—Grand Views and Splendid Roads—In the Valley of the Rhone—Brother Wheelmen.**

Written for The Evening Star.

MARTIGNY, SWITZERLAND, Sept. 15, 1891.

THE CONTINENTAL EUROPEAN HOTELS sometimes make attempts at English for the benefit of their English-speaking patrons. At a certain Swiss hotel we found the following English exercise in the form of a printed notice: "The gentlemen-travellers are unvited to intrust their objects of value to the proprietor of the hotel, who only in that case can be responsible for it." This was accompanied by another notice, as follows: "The prices of the rooms are dearer for gentlemen-travellers who consume nothing in the house."

The latter notice cautions you against simply rooming at the hotel and is as much as to say that you are expected to take at least your morning coffee, rolls and honey at the hotel if you expect to hold your room at the usual rates. The best patrons of the great hotels at the popular resorts are English and Americans. The proprietor of the leading hotel at one of the principal Alpine tourists' centers informed us that were it not for his English and American patronage there would be no conceivable object in his maintaining his establishment.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN.

It is at these "English-spoken" hotels that you find the typical American, who knows not a word of any language but his own, has money and the best in the house, and will sit up all night with you drinking "to the United States of America" or until you cry "enough." He recalls the time when he was a school boy and read about "a soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers," who thought of his home "at Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine." He often said that if he ever went to Europe he should go and see "sweet Bingen," and now that he had come to Europe he had been to Bingen and looked the town over, spent a night there in fact, and it is a blank fine place. He has been on a side excursion during the day which interested him very much and he recommends it to you. But the difficulty is he does not remember the name of the place. Pouncing upon the manager of the hotel, who "speaks English," he bluntly inquires: "What was the name of that place I went

THE VILLAGE FOUNTAIN.

to today?" The manager, after a moment's thought, for there are many guests, and most of them have been absent sightseeing, tells him. "Oh, yes! I never can remember these confounded Dutch names. That's where you want to go tomorrow;" and he gives directions so minute that, to borrow a familiar quotation, "any child might find the way." This is the American whose lavish expenditures create the impression in the foreign mind that all Americans are millionaires. Governing his expenses solely by an American standard, he lives literally on the fat of the land and chuckles to think how cheaply he is getting it.

As you go southward from Paris the plump, round Norman horses gradually disappear and in their stead come donkeys, mules and oxen. Instead of the great round loaves of Normandy, or the staffs of life, the long, club-like loaves of Paris, the bread appears in the form of a cart wheel.

OUR ALPINE CLIMBING

began with the Juras, and mile after mile we walked and pushed our machines up ascents, between great wooded slopes crowned with the rugged battlements of castellated rocks, then through narrow gorges where the cliffs frowned down upon us from above and streams rushed madly down their rocky channels beneath us. Now the surroundings were strikingly similar to the hills of the Black Forest; then approaching in grandeur the grandest of more frequented Alpine scenery. There was an absence of that tedium that characterizes many Swiss Alpine passes—a long succession of terraced windings up and another series down, and we turned from one strikingly beautiful scene to another as in endless succession they came into view.

TOWARD GENEVA.

Of the city and lake of Geneva we obtained our first glimpse from the mountains ten miles distant. The country was spread out before us like a large map colored in natural tints. We could trace the windings of our road as it wriggled in circuitous loops and doublings down the mountainside and away in straighter lines toward the city. The tall poplars with which it was lined looked at this height and distance mere broom straws with the bushy end up. Down we went, through Gex to Ferney, Voltaire's town, founded by him in 1759; then over the imaginary line into Switzerland and Geneva, where we found the Elwell-Higgins

FRENCH ALPINE VILLAGE STREET.

tourist party of American wheelmen, Mr. Higgins in charge, who had arrived before us. Crossing the boundary line between states at home makes no perceptible difference in surroundings; but when, for instance, you pass from France into Switzerland, at Geneva, though you are in French Switzerland, you find notices in German as well as French, many German names on the signs over stores and many German-speaking people. German names are uncommon in France and German-speaking people do not, as a rule, make themselves or their accomplishments very conspicuous.

AGAIN INTO FRANCE.

A few hours and we passed into France again and beheld once more the familiar gendarmerie nationale station, with its sign of tin painted with the national colors and so hung as to make a very good counterfeit flag, the tin being folded to imitate the folds of a flag. The department of Haute Savoie, being exempted from the impost laws of France, there is an absence of the usual French customs house, and it became our duty to look for a place where we might reclaim the $12 duty, which we had kindly loaned the French government on account of our wheels at St. Malo. It is not always easy to find out what you want to know the most, and it was not until we had asked innumerable persons, of both high and low degree, official and otherwise, that we ascertained that the reclamation of our good money meant at least an extra twenty-five miles over the mountains to a customs station at the limits of the department. The sun smiled as he had never smiled before and we wept tears of perspiration as we toiled up a stony short cut to the main road, the dogs barked as they had not barked for days, the inhabitants stopped, stared and grinned in a manner unparalleled; yet we faltered not; we were after our twelve. A welcome descent ere very long presented itself, and rounding a bend we came upon the little customs station, the object of our search.

LOTS OF RED TAPE.

The clerical force consisted of two men and a goat. We smiled and the clerical force smiled, and the goat proceeded to make a preliminary survey of the machines; we presented our receipts and the rest of the force joined the goat in its inspection; for you must know that when one pays duty on a bicycle in France with the desire to reclaim the amount on leaving the country a full description of the machine is taken, its name and number, weight and dimensions and name of maker, all this being entered of record at the place of payment of duty, and a copy being embodied in the receipt. But they could not pay us the money unless we were going to enter Switzerland from the Haute Savoie.

"Well, we will go back to Bonneville, whence we came this morning, and thence to Chamounix instead of following the road through the adjoining department."

"You will go to Chamounix by Bonneville?"

"Sure!"

"You will not pass by this road?"

"Assuredly not. Only pay us our money."

So they paid us our twelve, first deducting the government's commission for the trouble of keeping it for us, and heading our dusty wheels for Bonneville we departed, and in due time were ensconced in the gable of a Chamounix hotel in the shadow of icy Mont Blanc.

AT CHAMOUNIX.

Chamounix is a naughty place. It has its casino with a lively game of petit chevaux in full blast and "the boys" of all nationalities elbow each other as they crowd about the board, eagerly watching the circling of the little horses and hasten to ante for the next round. Beside the casino there is nothing in Chamounix, but the hotels, the guides and diligence offices, shops chiefly devoted to knick knacks, including alpenstocks, a cafe chantant and a variety hall where imported talent afford entertainment for the appreciative. In the season the village is crowded with visitors, constantly coming and going in carriages, the huge 'buses carrying twenty persons or more, and lastly but not least in importance, by bicycle.

A SWISS TANDEM.

Mont Blanc is best seen in the early morning, at or soon after sunrise, and in the evening as dusk comes on in the valley, while the sun still shines brightly on the summit. Then the mountain stands out most grandly, its outline sharply defined against the sky and its clothing of snow and ice illuminated to dazzling brilliancy. Less than 1,200 persons have braved the certain amount of peril attending the venture and tested their physical endurance by making the ascent to the summit. Two days are usually required, but the ascent and return have been accomplished within twenty-four hours by a few. The guides vie with each other in the number of ascents, and should members of the party give out or be unwilling to make the second stage, all the guides with the party go to the summit notwithstanding, for the sake of the record and the prestige derived therefrom. Several of the guides have made more than sixty ascents, and are accordingly the leading citizens in the native population of the village.

IN THE EVENINGS.

As evening draws on the strings of mules, like the cows, come home, bearing on their backs the tired, aching forms of amateur mountain climbers, who have been scaling the mountain sides and skirting dizzy precipices by mule power. Then the more ambitious climbers who, disdaining the aid of mules, set out in the chill air of morning with fresh, new alpenstocks, great hob-nailed shoes, neatly brushed, voluminous knee breeches, and other things more or less essential to mountain climbing, straggle in, sweaty and dusty, hungry, but cheerful. They all assemble at the evening table d'hote, and the poor waiters and waitresses listen to the oft-repeated tales of crossing the Mer de Glace, the ascent or descent over the Mauvais pass and other feats counted common.

THE MER DE GLACE

is a part of a large glacier and has derived its name from the form of the surface, which is regarded as resembling waves. It is perhaps half a mile wide at the point of crossing, and with your shoes covered by short socks, prepared for the purpose and furnished by the hotel, you tread your way, under the direction of a guide, amid the yawning holes and crevices of the glacier, deep and narrowing as they descend, and many filled with icy water. There is a practice in vogue among the hangers-on about the neighboring hotel above of doing what is denominated as the "chop act," namely, as a party is about to cross the Mer one of these fellows steps forward with an ice ax and makes a great ado cutting unnecessary steps and niches in the ice for a short distance. The occasion for all this becomes apparent when he pauses, and as the party one by one files by signifies that he expects a reward for his services.

SEMINARY GIRLS ON THE ROAD.

Up the valley of the Arve, then up winding ascents and down again, and the white cross of Switzerland in its crimson field floated above us. Again we ascend and as we glide along a level stretch of the narrow roadway the most entrancing spectacle of all was unveiled to us as round a bend came a drove—we purposely avoid the word "bevy"—of seminary young ladies, two by two, alpenstocks in hand and wearing broad-brimmed sun hats. Instantly there was a scrambling off machines and a training of kodaks, whereat the angels in sun shades paused in confusion. Suddenly the ranks opened and the stern preceptress stepped to the front, and scrutinizing through her spectacles the now in their turn confused photographers, with severe accents asked us collectively what we wanted. We plucked up our courage and replied that we were about to honor ourselves by taking the young ladies' picture, which explanation was satisfactory, and the images of fair forms were soon indelibly stamped upon the gelatine films of the battery.

THE WELCOME SIGHT OF AN AMERICAN FLAG.

Once more we go down a succession of short terraced windings, frequently dismounting to make room for a squatty, diminutive carriage, the only sort suitable for the character of road, and drawn by a single horse. Several of the Elwell-Higgins party carried attached to some part of their machines the American colors, and as we passed one of the carriages slowly creeping upward a little girl, who, with her parents, was interestedly observing the procession of wheels moving downward, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! there's the American flag!" and clapped her hands together with joy. The child's joy was but a manifestation of the feeling which pervades every American when he finds afar from home the stars and stripes. He may not have really known or felt what the flag meant to him. He may not have thought of it as anything more than a pretty combination of colors adopted by Congress many years ago, just when he doesn't remember. But let him go abroad, where a foreign tongue is continually sounding in his ears and the habits and customs and surroundings are new and strange, and the sight of his country's flag thrills him as nothing else can. It seems to bring distant home and friends nearer, and if he has never before been convinced he is now that his native land and its banner are the grandest on the face of the earth. At a point on the Rhine between Cologne and Coblenz an American flag has been for several years during the season displayed from a building within sight of passing boats. One has only to witness the spontaneous waving of handkerchiefs and hats by the numerous Americans always to be found on the passenger steamers to find an ample demonstration of the feeling to which I have referred.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE.

We were now in the valley of the Rhone, which we were to follow to its source, and we bade good-bye to our jolly companions, in whose company we had traveled from Chamounix. Near Vernayez, where we entered the valley, the river Trient bursts through a narrow gorge, the overhanging walls of which almost met four hundred feet above the water's surface. Roaring and seething the current plunges furiously down over the rocks, then more calmly, with a depth of forty feet in places, out into the open. Ingress to the gorge is had only by means of a frail wooden walk with railings, clinging by cables from above and iron brackets beneath to the rocky sides of the gorge.

A BROTHER WHEELMAN.

When we remarked to a French-Swiss today that we were Americans he smiled knowingly. That could not be, he said, for if we were Americans we would be in a carriage—fine, grand—and he looked at our rusty corduroys significantly. No, sir, no one could deceive him about Americans. He knew Americans. Had he not seen many thousands of them; and he smiled again at our futile attempt to pass for what we were not. Not so incredulous was the soldier who escorted us this evening as we took a walk about the town. Asking if we were not bicyclists, and saying that he was a rider himself, he grasped our hands with both his and listened patiently as with a sad mixture of French and German we told him, in response to his inquiries, where we had been and our plans for the near future, at the conclusion of which he again shook hands, drew himself together into the position of a soldier, saluted and was gone. The English bicyclist seldom takes any notice of the stranger wheelman, the Frenchman is a little better, tips his cap and says bon jour, and the Swiss bicyclist, as we have seen, has even more interest. Our soldier friend, by the way, was probably some young business man for the time being on the tour of military duty required of him, for Switzerland has no regular standing army, strictly speaking, each person by law made subject to military service, being required to undergo a course of training in the art of war and the duty of a soldier for a few weeks at fixed intervals.

E. E. S.

## IN GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

**There Were Many Jolly Times There When the General Was Young.**

From the Chicago Evening Post.

"Grant's old log cabin wouln't add anything to the beauty of the world's fair grounds if they did bring it here. It might interest people, though, as one of the curiosities—this rough cabin home of one of the country's greatest Presidents."

Thus speaks D. C. Hornsby, an old-time St. Louisan, who lived in the early days a close neighbor to Grant, the soldier President, before he ever thought of being a soldier President; in the days, in fact, when Grant was a careless, reckless, happy-go-lucky countryman, with none of the marks of greatness yet apparent.

"Yes, sir; the Grant cabin was the center of a vast amount of interest when Grant was in it," continued Mr. Hornsby, "but whether it would be so here or not no one can tell. It was a lively place when Grant first lived in it, way back in '51. That was the year he built it. It never did amount to much. It is nothing but a little one-story log house, with two rooms and the regulation fireplace and other attachments. Never was much to look at. But there was plenty of good fun when Grant was there.

"The old place is only about nine miles out from St. Louis on the Gravois river, or rather a mere creek, which runs through the old Dent farm. The Dent farm house is located in a beautiful grassy flat on the east side of the Gravois and the cabin was over on a little hill west of the river. Grant moved into it shortly after his marriage to one of old Col. Dent's daughters at their city home in St. Louis. He lived there three or four years, working around as he pleased on the farm, and from there went straight up to Galena, I think, and went into business. But the old settlers around that section who are yet alive well remember the times when Grant was among them, and he remembered them, too, to his last days as among the happiest of his life. Grant always had a great love for that place. While he was President he fixed up the old Dent farm in fine condition and used to take some pride in having the stock exhibited at the St. Louis fair.

"Just how Grant happened to go to that part of the country I never knew for certain,' continued Mr. Hornsby. "He had just been in the army out in California and left for some reason or other. One of the Dent brothers was a sutler in the army at that time and that may have had something to do with it. Any way he sort of wandered in there and lived on the Dent farm almost as one of the family and married one of the girls. Then they built this log cabin and moved over to it. There wasn't much work for each one to do in those times. The Dents had plenty of help and Grant and the boys used to work about when they wanted to. I was fixed about the same way. I had just finished going to school and lived with two brothers about two miles from Grant's, along the Gravois road. None of us had so much to do that we couldn't go hunting and fishing just when we wanted to go, and Grant was always ready. Many a time have we ridden up to Grant's house at night on a coon hunt and whistled him out of bed. We'd cry and halloo until Grant would poke his head out of the window and shout, 'Hello, boys, that you?' We'd answer back, 'Hello, Grant; come on out here,' and he'd slip into his clothes and be out in a jiffy. Then, after we had bagged our game, he would invariably say, 'Come up to the house, boys. I've got something mighty good up there. Come up and take a nip.' We used to go up and get some of his 'mighty good,' and then all go out on the chase together, or separate and go home.

"Grant was mighty good company in those days, but no one suspected then that he would ever stand at the head of the nation. He was a rather lazy, careless fellow, without much work to do and very fond of a 'nip.' But every one in those days was fond of the jug. Those were social days, when it was the custom for every one to drink and keep it always handy for every guest. The Dents were an aristocratic family, who hadn't much idea of hard work, and so it was no wonder that Grant, who lived with them, didn't do a great deal. He didn't attract much attention outside, but he was good company to those who knew him. He didn't have much then, but he was always ready to divide square to the last, and, if I remember, he kept that quality to the end."

## IN PERIL IN THE AIR.

**What an Aeronaut Thought During a Half Minute's Fall.**

From the Detroit Free Press.

"There is some kind of a fatality pursuing me in Detroit," remarked Prof. Bartholomew to a reporter of the *Free Press* yesterday. "First, Cole was hurt, by his own folly, however, in monkeying on his parachute when he was coming down; then Hogan was killed; Miss Carmo drops within ten feet of an unfathomable abyss of mud in a sulphur marsh, and today I have met a man who witnessed the most narrow escape from death I ever had.

"The incident referred to occurred two years ago at Terre Haute, Ind. I shall never forget my experience on that day. A number of outsiders held the ropes of the balloon while it was being inflated, and one of the men amused himself by tying a big knot in his guy. I did not realize the danger from that knot until it came near being the cause of my death. My ascent was unusually high on that day, and it was the means of saving my life.

"I straddled the bar of my parachute and launched myself off. I felt the cord which held the parachute to the balloon snap and a second later there was another 'tug' from above. I looked up, and there was that knot on the guy swung around six of the parachute cords, forming as neat a half hitch as you ever saw in your life and holding me to the balloon. You have noticed that there is a weight attached to the top of the balloon, which turns the bag upside down as it is released of the weight of the aeronaut. The guy rope which was half hitched around the strings of my parachute was also fastened to the top of the balloon, and the latter turned up and began discharging the hot air instantly as I jumped. The air escaped as you see it every day here, gradually, and of course my parachute descended very gradually at first and not inflating. Down I kept coming, the guy rope preventing the parachute from inflating, and I gave myself up as lost; I wound my legs around the ropes of the parachute trapeze and shut my teeth. The speed commenced to be fearfully accelerated, and I was sure that I had to die, but I was cool and retained my senses.

"Soon the balloon had emptied itself and commenced flapping its huge tail in the air with awful swishes. The balloon weighed over 200 pounds and was also pulled down by the sixty-pound sand bag. It came down past me, and as the knotted guy rope slipped down the lines the parachute opened with such a fierce snap that it seemed as if the ropes which supported me would give way. The spreading of the parachute saved my life, for the 200-pound balloon kept on down and broke the six cords held captive by the guy rope as if they had been pack threads. It takes a long time to tell the story, but it all happened in half a minute. I was within 400 feet of the ground when the balloon tore away, but my fall was checked and I landed all right.

"Everybody thought I was a goner that day, and a more excited crowd than had gathered around where I was to have fallen you never saw. There is no mistake about my being scared that day, but I folded my parachute and balloon as coolly as if nothing had happened and went to bed for the remainder of the week."

**Some Interesting Statistics.**

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The investigations of an inquiring statistician have brought out the fact that getting born costs the people of the United States $250,000,000 annually; that the total expenses of getting married are $300,000,000, and that getting buried costs $75,000,000. The addition of the fact that getting drunk costs us $900,000,000 per year adds a new and sarcastive impressiveness to the admonition, "With all thy getting get understanding."

President Gilman Wednesday delivered an address at the inauguration of George T. Winston as president of the University of North Carolina.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Indigestion.
Dyspepsia and other diseases incident thereto.

# THE CITY'S PROGRESS.

## Remarkable Growth of Business in Recent Years.

### SOME STATELY BUILDINGS.

**Transformation of Well-Known Localities—Wonderful Advance of Land Values—The March of Trade—A Reminiscence of the Mexican War—Charley Hunter's Heroism.**

Written for The Evening Star.

THERE IS ANOTHER AND VERY IMportant view of Washington besides its social charms. The increase of population, the extension of its streets, the palatial residences which grace its broad and well-kept avenues and squares have rendered commercial and financial extension a necessity. The wealth that has found a home here brought with it the energy and enterprise for the employment of that wealth and has added to its attractions the splendid business buildings which dignify the commercial and financial life of Washington. It exhibits, too, in an unmistakable manner the extent and volume of the wealth expended in building up the business streets, for business is too devoid of sentiment to waste its revenues on edifices that do not yield an ample interest on the amount invested.

Within the last few years stately buildings have risen on the principal business streets for business purposes which rival those in cities devoted to trade, commerce and finance. The old cry that there was no business in Washington has long since been silenced by the demonstration that such buildings have been called for by the demands of increased and increasing commercial enterprise. The Glover building, the Atlantic building, the Interocean building, the Pacific and Baltic buildings, all are the growth of the demand for their use. These buildings are not confined to one street or one locality. I might almost say they abound. The increase of the banks in Washington serves to show the financial importance the city has assumed. The Bank of Washington retains its old location, but is unrecognizable with its handsome marble exterior, and the Central National Bank, on the corner where formerly the St. Marc Hotel stood, and the Columbia National Bank on F street and the Second National Bank on 7th street, and the Traders' National Bank and the old Bank of the Metropolis, whose time-honored building was regarded, when built, as a triumph of architectural skill, the West End Bank on G street and the newly established Ohio National Bank, whose unfinished building displays the intention of adding another ornament to that street, once so retired. The old banking house of Riggs & Co. retains all the sturdy and substantial character, which has for many years made it a land mark in this city, as it has been in all the years of its existence a leading power in the financial world. The demand for trust and loan companies and safe deposit companies, which have resulted from the necessary growth and importance of the city and the completion of the grand building on the corner of 9th and F streets of the "Washington Loan and Trust Company," illustrates the confidence in the need and permanency of this demand. It stands as an evidence that the old time when Washington had no commercial and financial life has passed. The half million of dollars invested in the pile of granite and marble testifies to the energy and business capacity of the men who have adorned the city with such an edifice.

INCREASE IN LAND VALUES.

Going back to the long past the contrast could not be more glaring than in the values of the days when that lot, where now this triumph of architectural beauty rears its lofty walls, was purchased by the father of the late Mr. John S. Galagher, one of the auditors of the treasury and an old resident here, for 6 cents a foot. This was in 1815. He held it for some years, and as no advance in value seemed probable he sold it to Mr. Gales for the same price. It offered so little assurance of increase that Mr. Gales sold it without obtaining an advance. The Washington Loan and Trust Company paid $25 per foot. For years this locality remained in an almost unimproved condition, the buildings being unimportant until the "St. Cloud Hotel" was built. These thoughts came to me the other day as I stopped to admire the grand structure, which compares favorably with such buildings in any city in the Union.

In all these enterprises, and the city contains many of importance, the old element of Washington is replenished by the energy and wealth brought here by the many advantages offered for a residence. The infusion of new blood is manifested. Since 1865 all these great strides which have brought Washington to the front rank as a city of commercial importance are due to such gentlemen as those whose energy and business capacity are displayed in improvements of so elegant and permanent a character that they challenge those of northern and western cities where commerce and finance have reigned for years.

On the same block, separated by some old-time business houses, the property of the heirs of Wm. Q. Force and W. J. Fitzgerald of New York, which must soon give way to the march of progress, is the Union Fire Insurance Company, which has erected a very handsome and commodious building containing all the advantages which are sought in those buildings designed for commercial, professional and financial business. This lot and the house then on it was bought comparatively a few years ago for $7,500. This company paid $40,000 for it.

On the opposite side of the street, where there is a new bank, the "Columbia National Bank," occupying a marble building designed expressly for its use. This bank was established to meet a demand which the increased business of the locality needed. On the site of that and the McCreseness buildings, running from 9th to 10th street, only a few years ago stood St. Patrick's Church and the old Seminary building, where so many of our old citizens were educated. It subsequently was the beginning of Gonzaga College.

FURTHER UP F STREET,

where the *Sun* building lifts its lofty walls, was the residence of Mr. Burch, and beyond a house where Mr. Clay resided. He owned the house and grounds and legend says he offered it to Mr. Elexias Simms for $1,200 and Mr. Simms declined the offer, but made another offer of $1,000, which Mr. Clay declined. Mr. Simms kept a grocery store on the southeast corner of 13th and F streets, and the house is unchanged except by the painter.

ANOTHER INDICATION OF PROGRESS.

One of the indications that Washington is rapidly moving to the front and contesting with other cities for all their advantages is the organization of "The Down-town Club." Only a few years ago—well, I mean few to those of the past generation—everything was "down town," but now business usurps all the streets upon which a few years ago were only private residences. Hence the need of this club. The elegant and commodious quarters of this club are in the Washington Loan and Trust Company's building, in which all needed accommodations are provided.

ON G STREET.

Another street composed almost entirely of business buildings in marble and granite is G street between 14th and 15th streets. Here the American Security and Trust Company are finishing a very handsome granite building, elaborately ornamented and of beautiful design, and here are the West End Bank, of which one of our oldest citizens is the president, Mr. W. B. Riley, and the marble Fleming building. The growth of the banking business in this city has been somewhat remarkable. The Capitol Bank beyond the Capitol, where a few years ago business had never ventured. The reproach, if it be one, that Washington has no business to attract capital is ended. It is rapidly advancing toward a business center. I think you will find that Gen. Washington never designed the city of Washington should be a commercial city, but the progress of the age, like the crusaders of old, brought here wealth and enterprise that changed that design, and we can soon boast of Washington as a business center.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

The memory of an old friend, and one of the heroes of the Mexican war, was revived not long since by meeting a shipmate of Lieut Charles G. Hunter of the United States navy, "Alvarado" Hunter, as the country knew him, from one end of it to the other, and Charley Hunter, as his friends called him. The few of those who are alive will read this notice of him, I am sure, with saddened pleasure. He is one of the forgotten heroes over whom the grave has closed, and his heroic act—disobedience of orders though it was—won for him the name of "Alvarado" Hunter and deserves to be recalled. Lieut. Hunter commanded the U. S. S. Scourge, attached to the squadron commanded by Commodore Perry and was ordered to proceed to Alvarado, to blockade that port.

On reaching Alvarado Lieut. Hunter concluded he would take the town instead of blockading the port, as he learned that the Mexicans were destroying public property, and so began firing on the forts. The forts—there were several of them—made no response, and night coming on he suspended action until next morning, when he began firing again, when several horsemen were seen galloping down to the beach bearing a white flag and soon a boat put off from the harbor with a flag of truce and commanded by the captain of the port, who invited the commander of the Scourge to take possession of the town. The Scourge was brought up to the town and two officers and eight men were sent on shore with a demand for an unconditional surrender, with but thirty minutes' time for doing it. The demand was promptly obeyed. The town of Alvarado was defended by several forts and was "a bugbear," says my informant, who was one of the captors. Understanding that several vessels with munitions of war had gone up the river Lieut. Hunter pursued them, capturing on his way four schooners, one laden with powder, which was burned, and two were brought back to Alvarado. Arriving at Ha Ca Talsaw, after firing on the town, three officers and six men were sent ashore to summon the alcalde of the city to surrender. It being very early in the morning that official was awakened from a sound sleep and the demand made on him. The summons was obeyed. The town contained about 7,000 inhabitants. After this capture the Scourge returned to Alvarado and on the way back Lieut. Hunter, Passed Midshipman Temple (now admiral) and my informant, the aid to Hunter, Maj. Lachlan H. McIntosh, boarded and captured a large boat loaded with cotton, hides and dry goods. When Lieut. Hunter was ordered to blockade the port of Alvarado, from which the navy had been twice repulsed, it was intended to make a combined attack by land and sea.

FOR DISOBEYING ORDERS.

Lieut. Hunter was tried for disobedience of orders and dismissed from the squadron. On his return to New York he received an ovation. The freedom of the city was voted him, a splendid sword was presented to him by the citizens and a banquet and receptions followed. When he visited his native place, Trenton, N. J., a like ovation was tendered him there. The press of the country teemed with commendations of his gallantry. On his return to Washington the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. John Y. Mason, gave him command of the Janey, a revenue cutter transferred to the navy, and sent him to the Mediterranean in pursuit of some Mexican privateers which had burned a barque and committed other depredations on our shipping. The pirates, as they were regarded, were captured by a Spanish man-of-war and escorted to Barcelona. On his return from that cruise, for some disobedience of orders, he was tried and suspended.

This Alvarado episode was a counterpart of the conduct of Col. George Croghan, who was left with a force of 160 men at Fort Sandusky, with instructions to surrender the fort if attacked by a superior force. The British and Indians, several hundred strong, attacked the fort and Capt. Croghan remained and defended it, and after two or three days' assault they retired, leaving a larger number of British and Indians killed than were in the fort. He was tried for disobedience of orders, but the country sustained him and he was lionized and Congress voted him a sword and thanks.

Poor Charley Hunter's life was embittered by a duel he fought when a midshipman, in which he killed his antagonist, a young man of his own age, named Miller. The shadow of that event hung over his whole life. He died in New York somewhere about 1856-7.

JOHN F. COYLE.

**Margie.**

That lovely brook, I see it
Still flashing in the sun;
And she and I are children
Once more in Idlington;
And Margie on the bank there,
I see as she used to look,
Those summer days when she played with me
On the borders of the brook.

What wonderful ships and shallops
I made for Margie then,
With leaves and grass for cargoes,
And sticks and straws for men—
And what brave names we gave them—
"Orlando," "George-a-Green,"
"Sir Galahad," "King Pellemore,"
"The Cid" and "Sir Cauline!"

We cared not much for traffic,
Yet our captains and our mates
Brought often the honeys of Hybla,
And Tunis figs and dates;
But when love called, or honor,
We sent our vessels out
In aid of all who needed them,
With many a cheer and shout.

We wrote to Robinson Crusoe,
That we hoped, now Friday was gone,
He would come straight over and see us,
With all his goat skins on;
And bring the poll parrot with him,
So when they stepped on shore,
We should know them both and take them home,
Never to wander more.

As the seasons changed, so we did—
In spring we dreamed of fame,
And in summer of autumn's riches,
And when October came
We stripped the yellow gold trees
And sent our illgot gain
In caravels to Andaluce,
Across the Spanish main.

That lovely brook, I know not
Just where it comes from now,
But in those days it wandered—
As Margie could avow—
Right out from far Cipango,
And merrily ran on
Till it came to the fairy fields this side
The valley of Avalon.

It heard in Sherwood forest
Brave Robin's bugle calls,
And carried off the music
To dash it on the walls
Of the city of Manoa,
And could be seen afar
In clearest air from Samarcand,
And near to Candahar.

Sometimes I see the windings
Of that brook, as in a dream,
While it flows away to the sunset;
And here and there a stream
Is touched with a light so tender
That it seems to my loving eyes
The course of a beautiful human life
Ending in Paradise.

And plans and schemes are the vessels,
And hope is the wind that blows,
And all good aims are the harbors,
And time is the tide that flows;
And then again all changes,
And I see ourselves once more—
Dear Margie and a little boy
Playing along the shore.

—*Henry Ames Blood in Youth's Companion.*

## A NEW WRINKLE.

**How the Festive Mosquito Was Cleverly Caught.**

From the Philadelphia Times.

I.

II.

III.

## THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

**Something About Educational Institutions in Washington.**

Washington possesses unusual educational facilities. Its colleges, professional schools and preparatory schools rank with the best in the country. Besides, many special teachers, considered authority in their respective branches, are located here. Those who are looking for a good school for the children or those in search of special instruction will find valuable information in THE STAR'S advertising columns. Below will be found notices of various institutions and special teachers, whose former patrons and record commend them.

A school in the country for children, where the number of pupils is limited to six, is practically a home. The terms are moderate and the instruction thorough. Mrs. C. F. Blackburn, Stafford Court House, Va., will give information.

Pupils are prepared for the Corcoran Art School at the studio, 321 East Capitol street, of Mrs. J. P. McAuley and Miss Fannie Lockett. Instruction is given in painting, drawing and decorative art.

Instruction in drawing and in painting after the French method is given by Miss Helen A. Hartwell, 1023 10th street, where pupils can attain proficiency.

J. D. Thompson of London, England, certificated at Cambridge, College of Preceptors, South Kensington School of Art and Stuttgart Conservatoire, has opened her class for girls at 1711 H street.

The Acme system of phonography can be acquired in three months at the Acme Phonography and Business School, 919 and 921 F street. It is said to be a more legible system than others and to have the further advantage of being more rapidly acquired.

The evening classes at the Columbian University afford an opportunity for acquiring a thorough knowledge of mathematics. Algebra to calculus is the range of the studies. A circular giving full particulars can be obtained by writing to the secretary of the Columbian University. This array of distinguished teachers insures to pupil a practical and thorough training. The registrar, Mr. H. G. Hodgkins, at Columbian University will furnish catalogues on application. Two members of the United States Supreme Court, an equal number from the Supreme Bench of the city, the commissioner of patents and leading members of the legal profession constitute the faculty of the law school. H. G. Hodgkins is the professor of mathematics.

Emerson Institute, 914 14th street, has established a reputation for the education of young men and boys that can only be the result of intelligent effort wisely directed. A thorough preparation is given for entrance to the leading universities, colleges, scientific schools, West Point, Annapolis and for business. There is a special department for boys between eight and twelve years of age and a full course in modern languages. The principal, Mr. Chas. B. Young, is widely known as an educator.

The use of the Edison phonograph is largely taking the place of the stenographer and the modern type writer finds the knowledge of the use of this instrument of great importance. At the office of the Columbia Phonograph Company, 627 E street, information can be obtained in regard to the use of this instrument. The practical workings can be seen fully. The typewriting bureau is in rooms 21 and 22, Loan and Trust building, 9th and F streets, where both day and evening classes are taught.

Mr. John Theophil, the organist of St. John's Church in this city, will give lessons in piano, organ and harmony this winter to a select class of pupils at his studio, 510 13th street northwest. He has had a large experience and is thoroughly qualified to teach, as his work at St. John's may indicate.

The Washington Normal Kindergarten Institute for the training of teachers opened for its seventeenth session on the first of the present month in the parlors of Mrs. Pollock, 1017 10th street. This institution has become one of the educational features of this city, and its reputation is most excellent.

The music classes of Prof. J. Francis Germuiller are now at work once more at 611 I street northwest. Prof. Germuiller teaches all grades of pupils, from beginners to those quite well advanced in the study, but he gives especial attention to the former in order to fit them for his future courses in theory and thorough bass.

Mr. Paul Miersch, one of Washington's best-known musicians, has established classes again this season, and may be seen daily at his office between 11 and 12 o'clock at 817 12th street. He is an expert performer on the cello, but his range of instruction includes other instruments than that.

For unique methods of teaching languages the Gaillard school surely deserves special mention, for it is not only unique but successful, and that is better than oddity. It is based on the same principles as Mr. Bell's visible speech and the Delsarte system of expression. It is asserted that a perfect accent may be acquired in the course of ten lessons, for which the charge is $6, including practice daily on the phonograph, which is the main means of instruction. The lessons are given at the rooms of the phonograph company, on E street, or at 1017 Connecticut avenue. French is the special object.

Those clever little busts in red that one sees about town in shop windows, portraits of well-known citizens, are the work of Mr. U. S. J. Dunbar, the sculptor, who has established his studio for classes in modeling and drawing in room 162, Corcoran building. His local success as a sculptor has been almost phenomenal.

Miss Graham's dancing classes opened for the season on the 6th instant at Carroll Institute, 602 F street. She pays especial attention to waltzing, and her hours are from 2 until 5 daily, adults and children coming at different times.

Prof. Arnold W. Mayer, a graduate of the Leipsig College of Music, will give lessons this winter in piano, organ, voice-culture and theory of music at residences of pupils. He may be addressed for terms and hours and other particulars of his work at 1119 10th street.

The combination kindergarten and training schools at 1918 Sunderland place, south of Dupont Circle, are under the principalship of Mrs. Louisa Mann, and their titles are "Mrs. Mann's Kindergarten and School" and the "Elizabeth Peabody Kindergarten Normal Training School." The former opened on the 1st instant and the latter will begin its sessions on the 1st of November.

The quarters of the Wimodaughsis have been moved from G street to I street, opposite Franklin square. The classes of this institution, which proved so successful and beneficial last season, are now open for pupils. Emma J. Woodward, the secretary, will furnish all particulars upon application.

Aspirants for singing in grand opera can do no better than consult Sig. Marino Maina, whose art school for singing is located at 919 H street. His is the Italian method of instruction, and he trains pupils for the opera, concert and oratorio.

Mr. Henry Xander, Washington's well-known pianist, resumed his lessons in piano and theory of music on the 1st of this month, 1008 I street. His office hours are from 11 to 12 o'clock daily.

Madame A. B. Hoffeldt has formed classes for the season in vocal, piano, German, French and Italian, making a combination of music and language. She is located at 707 Rhode Island avenue.

At Ellicott City, Md., the Rock Hill College, a boarding and day school for young men and boys, presents every advantage in the way of healthful and pleasant surroundings, thorough instruction in all branches by a capable and energetic force of teachers, and the moral and physical care so necessary to young men. Brother Denis is the president, to whom communications should be addressed.

Lucien E. C. Colliere has established a fine reputation in this city as a successful instructor in the French language, a knowledge of which is almost a necessity in these times. Professor Colliere is a native of Paris and as an instructor has all the advantages of correct accent and pronunciation. His classes, which begin October 15 at 1011 Connecticut avenue, are limited. French conversation is the keynote of his instructions.

It is recognized that the human voice is the sweetest of all musical instruments, and it is also well established that voices naturally merely sweet are susceptible of the training which brings out the latent power and strength to the highest degree. Miss Alice Swain Hunter, at 1208½ N street northwest, is prepared to give the most thorough instruction in all branches of vocal study.

Mt. Pleasant is pleasantly situated and the Mt. Pleasant Kindergarten and Primary School is one of its well-known institutions, combining earnest, honest instruction with the care and patience so necessary with young children. Parents who desire to enter their children at this school should call on Mrs. L. M. Smith, 15th street, four doors north of Kenesaw avenue, where all information can be obtained.

The school so successfully conducted by Miss Schmitt has been removed from 401 3d to 420 3d street, where kindergarten, primary and deaf classes are taught. For the convenience of the pupils coaches run to the school from Capitol Hill and the northwest section.

Those who desire to perfect themselves in dancing can receive instruction from Ed. Williams, whose office is in the *Herald* building, southwest corner of 11th and E streets. He gives special attention to clog, jig, reel, song and dance and gaiety dances.

Special terms for special cases are given by Mrs. E. S. Steele, 1534 T street, who is an instructor in vocal music. She is a pupil of prominent foreign teachers and is well qualified.

The voice needs training in order that its entire capabilities be properly brought out. Miss Susan Andrews Rice gives instruction in vocal culture at 1218 11th street, and also in musical history and analysis.

## GUS THIELKUHL'S CONDITION.

**He Will be Arrested When He Leaves the Hospital.**

Gus Thielkul, who some days ago went out to Prospect cemetery near the grave of his child and attempted suicide, as published in THE STAR at the time, is still under treatment in Garfield Hospital. He is much better and the doctors think he will probably recover.

Detective Mahon made inquiries at the hospital yesterday concerning Thielkuhl's condition, as he has a warrant against Thielkuhl charging him with false pretenses. The warrant was sworn out by Dr. Adelbert Lee and as heretofore mentioned he charged that Thielkuhl obtained from him some photographic supplies by pretending that he was the photographer to the world fair commission and that Col. Anderson would pay for them.

It is the intention of the officers to arrest Thielkuhl when he is discharged from the hospital unless bail is given for him before that time.

## THE ANACOSTIA RAILROAD.

**Mr. Griswold Wants to Pave With Cobble Stones—What He Says of the Petition.**

President H. A. Griswold of the Anacostia Railroad Company called at the District building yesterday to get a permit for the paving of 2d street southwest between the tracks of the railroad for the two squares which are paved with asphalt. He wanted permission to pave with cobble. Speaking of the petition from the residents along the line of the road in South Washington which was handed to the Commissioners Thursday, as stated in THE STAR, he said:

"The writer of the petition presented by a delegation from 2d street southwest has not read aright or has not read at all of the charter of the Anacostia Railroad Company. It has ten months yet in which to complete its 2d street line. The belgian blocks referred to are granite blocks taken from the avenue and 14th street within the past few months and have had only one day's trial on 2d street. The company will pave or asphalt surface the balance of the two squares as soon as the materal is obtainable and will operate the line on or before November 1.

The company has paved its tracks on the street referred to from M to Canal, ten blocks, and no other pavement than gutter and sidewalks exist on the street except that referred to. It has also paved, eighteen feet wide, nearly two miles of other unpaved street, furnishing the only paved roadway to the Congressional cemetery, jail and poor house.

**Dr. Bailey and the National Era.**

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

Mr. Clephane's note to THE STAR should have been replied to ere this and any intention of reflecting upon Dr. Bailey disclaimed by me. In a note to me Mr. Hardy says: "Dr. Bailey and I were cordial friends, in fact his son, Mr. Marcellus Bailey, read Plato with me in Greek. I cannot," he says, "say a word of unkindness toward, and certainly there is nothing in what was said imparting any censure of, Dr. Bailey. Quite the reverse I take it."

The mob which in 1848-49 threatened the *Era* office was occasioned by the excitement growing out of the capture of the Pearl.

Three white men, strangers in the District, and by name Edward Sayres, Chester English and Daniel Drayton, chartered in Philadelphia a schooner called the Pearl, with which they proceeded, Sayres being captain, to the Potomac river. They loaded their craft with firewood for a blind and offered it for sale in Georgetown and Washington. They sailed away from the 7th street wharf at midnight carrying with them a number of slaves, thirty-eight men, twenty-six women and thirteen children, secretly stowed away in the vessel. The owners of the slaves soon missed them, and the Pearl was suspected of the deportation. A number of young men of Georgetown promptly engaged the little steamer Salem, Capt. Baker, and pursued the fugitives, happily finding them in Cornfield Harbor and all asleep. This prevented bloodshed and made the capture easy. The schooner was taken back to Washington and her company, eighty all told, were committed to jail. Those citizens who had lost servants were notified to come and identify them. Capt. Goddard and Squire Williams conducted the legal examination, and the three abductors were held for trial at the next term of court, when they were tried and found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary. The *Era* was by many thought to be connected with the crime, but the city press, the Baltimore papers, the newspapers generally acquitted Dr. Bailey of any complicity. The subject excited the most earnest comment in Congress and among the people. These facts are from the *National Intelligencer* of April 20, 1848. In 1859 sometime a Dr. Boyd was caught conveying a carryall full of negroes away from the city at night. Capt. Goddard, I think, arrested him, and he was sent to the penitentiary for a term of years. This incident caused the greatest excitement, and the *Era* office, then in the building now the Tremont Hotel, corner Indiana avenue and 2d street, was surrounded by a mob, and some damage done. The mob which surrounded the office on 7th street between F and G, I am informed, was on occasion of the election of Mr. Lincoln. I do not recall the cause, but on that occasion I think Dr. Bailey addressed this crowd and the mob dispersed. There was never a more highly esteemed gentleman in the city than Dr. Bailey. At that time there was but a very small number of those who coincided with the doctor in his views, but his earnest support of them and his condemnation of all unlawful means won for him a general regard. It required genuine courage and earnest conviction at that period to stand up for the abolition of slavery and there were a few here whose sincerity commended them and none more highly than Dr. Bailey and the gentlemen connected with the *Era*, among whom was Mr. Lewis Clephane.

JOHN F. COYLE.

**Suit Against the Richmond and Danville R.R.**

Messrs. A. S. Worthington and T. C. Taylor for Edward Gorman have filed a suit against the Richmond and Danville railroad to recover $25,000 damages. The suit is as administrator of S. E. Gorman, who was killed on August 27 last while en route from Statesville to Ashville, N. C., and in consequence of derailment the car in which he was a passenger was thrown from a bridge into the water below and he was so injured as to cause death in a few hours.

**Ladies' Relief Union Entertainment.**

The entertainment given Thursday evening by the Ladies' Relief Union, auxiliary to W. S. Hancock Command, No. 1, Union Veteran Union, at Grand Army Hall, 7th and L streets, was well attended and very successful. Dr. Exner, Miss Fischer, Mrs. Van Fleet, Master Lloyd Young, Miss Maud Young, Mr. Howard Young, Miss Dillon and Miss Maybelle Chambers participated in a well-arranged program which greatly pleased the audience. After the entertainment dancing was indulged in. A handsome crayon portrait of Gen. Hancock was presented to Hancock Command, Col. Dillon acting as spokesman.

**With the Compliments of the Jury.**

Yesterday a large basket of flowers was presented to Judge Bradley and a bouquet to Assistant District Attorney Clagett by the panel of the jury of which Mr. E. K. Plant is the foreman.

**He Hadn't Got the Hang of It.**

He had evidently just arrived, and from the rear platform of a 14th street car was feasting his eyes upon city sights. Undoubtedly, too, it was his first visit to town. Washington, strictly speaking, cannot be said ordinarily to revolve so rapidly as to bewilder one, but nevertheless that seemed to be his condition. Perhaps it was because he had the rare distinction of riding on a rapidly moving Washington street car. Whatever it was, it suddenly dawned upon him as the car neared Q street that he desired to alight. On the way up he had observed the ease and grace with which several men had alighted while the car was in motion. It therefore struck him that he would follow suit. No sooner was the thought formed than it was acted upon. Yet no one knew just exactly how it happened. The old lady in the corner declared it was scandalous, the pretty girl next to her hoped he wasn't hurt, and the gentleman with the broken nose muttered: "Served the jay right. See!" However, as they picked him up and carried him to the sidewalk, and then carefully gathered up a pair of yarn socks, three paper collars, a shirt and a dozen or more homemade biscuits, all of which had rolled from out of the carpet bag he carried, he opened his eyes and faintly remarked: "Boys, I reckon I hain't quite got th' hang of that air jumpin' business yit!"

## GRANT AND LOGAN.

**Statues to Their Memory to Be Erected in This City.**

The committee of the Grand Army of the Republic having in charge the matter of having a marble statue made and placed in the Capitol building, this city, met Thursday in Philadelphia.

The committee is composed of Gen. S. S. Burdett of this city, Gen. Selden Connor of Maine, Gen. R. A. Alger of Michigan, Col. R. B. Beath of Philadelphia, Col. E. S. Graft of Ohio, Judge Veazey of Vermont, Horace S. Mattoon of Illinois and ex-Officer John Palmer, the commander-in-chief. All the members were present at the meeting with the exception of Mr. Clark and Gen. Alger. The latter, however, came in on a late train. The funds for the statue have been contributed by Grand Army posts all over the country and are now in hand. By a resolution adopted August 14, 1890, the statue was accepted by Congress and authority was granted to place it in the Capitol building when it is completed.

At the meeting yesterday the committee was organized by the election of Gen. S. S. Burdett as chairman and Gen. Beath as secretary. Gen. Burdett, when commander-in-chief, inaugurated the movement which has resulted in the raising of this fund. The committee decided that Gen. Grant should be represented by the proposed statue in his military capacity. It will probably be a year and more before the statue will be completed, as the committee is anxious to have the work as nearly as possible perfect, not only in design but in the execution. It may be that the pedestal will be in place by the time the grand encampment meets here next year.

The committee, of which Gen. Alger is chairman, will hold a meeting shortly to take some steps to have the equestrian statue of Gen. Logan made. It is proposed to erect this statue in this city, and it is stated that a fund of $65,000 is already in hand.

**Build It of Granite.**

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

Referring to the suggestion that the new city post office may be built of brick, I cannot think that the supervising architect would for a moment entertain the idea. It seems to me that granite is the only proper material for the outer walls. Marble is objectionable because of the glare produced by the intense sunshine in this latitude. Those who have occupied buildings in the vicinity of the Post and patent office buildings can testify to the objection on that score, and it is equally objectionable to people on the streets. Again, it shows the effect of the dust and dirt more than any other material.

Besides, granite imparts to a building an appearance of solidity and richness that no other material does, unless it be brown stone. Let any one go and examine the walls of the new library building and compare them with those of the Post Office Department building, and I think there would be no hesitation in preferring the granite.

This is to be a government building and it should have an appearance of solidity and stability indicative of its origin. I fully agree with THE STAR that we do not want any more such looking buildings as the pension office, although it is one of the best lighted and ventilated buildings the government has, and those are two of the most important features about a public building, especially the ventilation, and which in most of our public buildings seems to have been overlooked until recently. The rooms of the patent office, the Post Office and the treasury seem to have been designed as gasometers to hold all the foul air generated by their numerous occupants and material. It is no wonder that their occupants are made sick, as has notoriously been the case with the treasury building. It is sincerely to be hoped that this matter will not be overlooked in the plans for the new post office building.

W. C. D.

**The Biological Society.**

The Biological Society will resume its regular sessions tomorrow night, meeting as usual in the assembly hall of the Cosmos Club. The program comprises a paper by Mr. Frederick V. Coville on "Food Plants of the Indians of the Death Valley Region," one by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, "Notes on Palæopathology," and one by Mr. Wm. Palmer, "The Fate of the Fur Seal in American Waters," with lantern illustrations.

**A Bicycle Thief Held.**

Ernest Wilson is about eighteen years old and has the appearance of being a tramp. He is a good bicycle rider, and his fondness for the steel steed was the cause of his getting in trouble. Detective Mattingly brought him here Thursday from Alexandria, where he was arrested, and the officer also brought with him two bicycles, which the prisoner is alleged to have hired from Messrs. Palmer & Co. and George S. Atwater and rode to Alexandria. The Alexandria police are holding a gold watch taken from the prisoner for identification.

Judge Miller heard the case yesterday and held Wilson in $1,000 bail for the action of the grand jury.

**Brookland Notes.**

Mrs. D. K. Middlekauf has gone to visit relatives in Hagerstown.

Mrs. Barr, F. Snoots, Miss Eda Williamson and her sister, Mrs. Edwards, have gone to the Frederick fair.

Miss Ruth Mareen is slowly recovering from her serious illness.

At an adjourned meeting of the Brookland Citizens' Association the question of board walks received an onward impetus, though the signatures of property owners are slow in coming in. A committee was appointed to wait upon the Commissioners to secure their action in the matter as soon as possible.

The Rev. Wm. Wynans and family of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson are visiting their relatives, Messrs. Carmack and Quinn, while also attending the sessions of the ecumenical council.

Word has been received from Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Penrod of their safe arrival in Cleveland, Ohio.

The new school house is under roof and promises to be able to shelter the young ideas of Brookland before the severe winter weather sets in.

Mr. Mareen has the foundation laid for a new house, which he intends to occupy himself.

**Five Years for Taking a Pocket Book.**

In the Criminal Court yesterday John Carter, a colored man, was convicted of larceny from the person. His crime was taking a pocket book from Mrs. Mary Ann Bradley in the Center Market August 29. He was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

**Mrs. Allen's Plea for Divorce.**

Maria Allen desires freedom from the matrimonial yoke with John Allen and in her bill, filed by Mr. D. W. Glassie, gives as reasons therefore the cruel and inhuman treatment he has inflicted—beating, abusing, kicking and battering her, besides threatening her life. She also charges that he has committed adultery with several women and in the just three years has lived openly with some of them. She states that there are four children and asks custody of the three youngest.

**Transfers of Real Estate.**

Deeds in fee have been filed as follows: A. Greenless et al. to Thomas Barnett, lot 8, blk. 1, South Takoma; $2,000. Hector McNeil to Sarah McDonald, lots 44 and 45, blk. 24, Wesley Heights; $1,000. Mathildi Feldhaus to F. B. Bishop, pt. 4, sq. 383; $—. D. B. McCarry, trustee, to L. C. Barley et al., in trust, pt. sub 5, sq. 373; $—. J. H. Lewis to B. F. Black, lot 12, blk. 1, Trinidad; $3,000. H. I. Goodman to Elizabeth J. Fullalove, sub 49, sq. 35, Georgetown; $3,700. R. A. Fish to E. Tanzer, lot 7, Peters' Mill Seat; $—. S. Bensinger to T. W. Smith et al., lots 20 to 23, sq. 753, and 10, 20 and 21, sq. 778; $—. J. F. Batchelder to W. Mayse, sub 99, sq. 1008; $900. H. P. Montgomery to R. J. Dickey, sub 34, sq. 331; $—. T. Hayes to W. A. Young, sub 163, sq. 615; $2,500. A. P. Morse to Helen M. Janin et al., pts. 12 and 13, sq. 285; $—. H. Browning to M. I. Weller et al., in trust, lots 1 to 10 and 24 and 25, sq. 953; $—. G. I. Hall to J. M. Hall et al., in trust, subs A and B, sq. 385, lot 119, sq. 387, sub K, sq. 486, and pt. 21, sq. 264; $—. Pitt Cooke to W. T. Jones, one-tenth int. in sub lots 7 to 13 and 16 to 24, sq. 112 (Cooke Park); $—. C. H. Fickling to J. A. Heenan et al., in trust, sub 162, sq. 74, Georgetown; $—.

**The High Rollers.**

The High Roller Bowling Club was organized Thursday evening with the following members: Secretary and treasurer, E. S. Bachrach, and Messrs. I. Wallerstein, S. Rothschild, S. Mundheim, S. D. Minster, Lee Baumgarten, S. Rosenthal, A. L. Richold, M. Oppenheimer and N. Goodman. A gold medal is to be awarded the member making the highest average by December 25.

At Indianapolis the democratic ticket has been elected after an intensely exciting campaign.

The American Hotel, Towanda, N. Y., has been destroyed by fire.

It is thought by the Chicago creditors of S. V. White & Co. than the firm may settle at fifty cents on the dollar.