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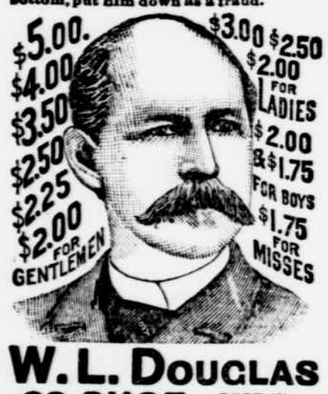

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PROF. WATKINS DINED

His Associates in the National Museum Say Farewell.

The Chicago Columbian Museum Desires to Maintain Close Relations With the Institutions Here.

Mr. J. Elfreth Watkins, who has been for a number of years past the curator of the department of transportation at the National Museum, has severed his connection with that institution and leaves Washington either today or tomorrow for Chicago, where he is to take the position of head of one of the great departments of the Columbian Museum, the new institution of the big city by the lake. Last evening Mr. Watkins was tendered a complimentary banquet of farewell by a number of his colleagues from the Smithsonian and other scientific bodies

Prof. J. E. Watkins.

of the city, who gathered about the board to wish him a pleasant journey and all success in his new field of usefulness. The banquet was held at Welcker's and served the double purpose of paying a compliment to a popular associate, sending him off to his new home under the best auspices, and expressing the kindly feelings entertained for the Columbian Museum by those who are connected with the Smithsonian here. Each speaker accented the fact that there was no spirit of rivalry between the two, but only the pleasantest wish for hearty co-operation.

Prof. Thomas Wilson presided at the banquet last evening and about him were seated the following friends and associates: Prof. Otis T. Mason, Dr. Frank Baker, Dr. W. H. Dall, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Mr. Walter Hough, Mr. Wm. V. Cox, Mr. F. A. Lucas, Prof. Wm. H. Holmes, Dr. L. Stejneger, Prof. F. W. True, Prof. George P. Merrill, Dr. Cyus Adler, Prof. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University, Mr. R. I. Geare, Mr. R. E. Earll, Prof. W. C. Winlock, Prof. B. E. Fernow, Mr. J. D. McGuire, Mr. Bernard Green, Mr. William Elroy Curtis, Mr. George C. Maynard, Mr. Walker and Mr. J. Elfreth Watkins, jr.

An Expert in His Line.

Nearly nine years ago Mr. Watkins became connected with the museum as honorary curator of the department of transportation. In 1887 he became the active curator, a position he has held ever since, with the exception of the time that he was in Chicago to arrange the exhibit of the Pennsylvania railroad at the fair. Few men, if any, have such a thorough knowledge of the subject of the history of transportation, as is well proved by the exhibit he has arranged at the National Museum, which Prof. Mason said last evening had had its beginning in a pack-mule and an Indian's skiff. When the Columbian Museum of Chicago was provided for, as the natural and logical outcome of the fair, the trustees looked about for men who could make the new institution a success.

They chose Mr. Watkins for the head of the department of industrial arts, and his friends and colleagues here are glad of his advancement, while at the same time regretting that it will take him away from Washington. This feeling of pleasure, mingled with sadness, was shown to a marked degree in the opening address of Prof. Wilson, with which he began the speechmaking of the evening. Prior to this Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who came into the banquet room for a few moments, was called upon for a speech and he paid a high tribute to Mr. Watkins' executive ability, as particularly shown in the manner in which he arranged for a congress of inventors in this city some years ago. Prof. Wilson's speech was an eloquent testimonial to the esteem in which the guest of the evening was held by all who had worked with him, and he spoke feelingly of their regret at severing the ties that had bound them so pleasantly together.

A Graceful Response.

In replying, Mr. Watkins was deeply moved by the heartiness of the godspeeds tendered to him. "I am deeply sensible of the compliment," he said, "and as I look into your faces and remember the hours of good fellowship that we have enjoyed since I cast my lot with yours, I must confess that, notwithstanding the possibility of usefulness which my new work offers, notwithstanding the fact that I am to continue to retain an honorary connection with the grand old institution, it is with feeling of sincere regret that I contemplate the fact that a thousand miles will separate me from you and the other distinguished men who have taken up the work inaugurated by Hasler, Maury, Bache, Abert, Henry and Baird, all now passed over, but whose mantles have fallen upon Newcomb, Langley, Abbe, Powell, Gill, Mendenhall, Billings and a score of others, and last, but by no means least, our beloved Dr. Goode, who has combined, as no one else ever can, the duties of the foremost museum administrator of his time, with the most thorough investigations of the naturalist and the most thorough researches of the historian.

"These men and their colleagues have made this beautiful city of Washington the center of American scientific effort toward which the eyes of those charged with the establishment of scholastic and other scientific foundations always turn whenever any great work is to be inaugurated or if important scientific co-operation is needed." After sketching briefly the history of the new museum in Chicago and his own connection with it, Mr. Watkins went on to say: "The railway collections at the fair which are to remain in Chicago, together with many others illustrating the developments of electrical, mechanical and civil engineering, form the nucleus of one of the three great departments of the museum, the department of industrial arts, that I have been called upon to administer. Were my chief here tonight he would give you an earnest invitation to visit the new museum, the doors of which, it is hoped, will be open in a few months. I speak by authority when I say that it is the wish of the president and the members of the board of trustees of the Columbian Museum that the most cordial relations shall exist between it and the great institutions with which you are connected, and I take it that your presence here tonight means more in this connection than the simple 'good-bye' to an associate. I feel confident from my knowledge of the men who will direct the great work before us in Chicago, men whom as I know them better I admire more and more, that you will find them ever desirous to co-operate with the scientific bureaus of the government in every laudable undertaking.

"Standing on the threshold of my new life and striving to realize fully the responsibilities of my new task, a task differing in many ways from any ever presented to a museum officer before, I take leave of you with the consciousness that you will sympathize with my shortcomings where I fail, and that you will be gratified should I succeed, as God grant I may."

Prof. Goode's Pleasant Wishes.

Dr. G. Brown Goode, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was unavoidably absent. He sent a letter expressing his regret at his inability to join his colleagues in wishing Mr. Watkins success, stating that it was a matter for congratulation that his name would still stand on the list of officers of the National Museum as honorary curator, and that he wished the Columbian Museum all the success its projectors hoped. He gave assurance of the friendly co-operation of the National Museum, and regarded Mr. Watkins' appointment in the Columbian Museum as an earnest evidence of the fact that the two institutions would act in co-operation and not in rivalry.

At this stage of the proceedings Prof. Wilson surrendered the chair to Dr. Cyrus Adler, and from that time on the exercises became much more informal. Pleasant addresses were made by Mr. Theodore N. Ely, Prof. Winlock, Prof. True, Mr. Wm. Elroy Curtis, Prof. Otis T. Mason, Mr. Green, Prof. B. E. Fernow, Mr. McGuire, Mr. Merrill, Prof. Holmes, Dr. Dall and Mr. Maynard, and the evening closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

THE SEA ISLAND STORM.

Joel Chandler Harris' Pathetic Anecdote.

From Scribner's Magazine.

"Were many lives lost around here?" an old man was asked. He stood with his hands folded in front of him, and his eyes seeking the ground. If he had held his faded and flabby hat in his hands his attitude would have been that of the peasant in Millet's picture of the Angelus. He stood stock-still, his bare feet placed together.

"He gone deaf, suh," said a woman standing near.

She touched him gently on the arm, and instantly he was alert. The question was repeated.

"Were many lives lost around here?"

"Oh, yes, suh; 'bunnunce!' His voice sounded as if it came from far away.

"How many?"

"One, two, t'ree—" he held up the fingers of one thin hand. "Mebbe se'm. Mebby I'm. Enty?" He turned to the woman to confirm his figures, but she merely smiled. "We no count dem," he went on, shaking his head and shutting his eyes. "Dee gone!"

Then the old man relapsed into his former attitude. His eyes sought the ground, his hands clasped in front of him, his bare feet close together.

The woman who had spoken for him formed part of a little group standing near. She was rubbing the head of a four-year-old pickaninny.

"How many children have you?" she was asked.

"T'ree, suh. Two boy; one lil' gal."

"Were any of them drowned?"

"How dee gwan drown, suh?" she answered, laughing. The intonation of her voice was indescribable. "I up'd de tree," she said after a pause, with a gesture that explained how she saved them. "Dee choke—dee strankle—I up'd de tree!" The woman turned and pointed to another woman, who was standing apart by the water's edge, looking out over the lonely marshes. "She los' dem chillun, suh. She have trouble."

* * * But what this woman said did not run in the direction of grief. "I glad to God I got two lil' one lef'."

ATHLETICS OF FRENCH WOMEN.

Skating on Artificial Ice, Bicycling and the Fencing Club.

The Salle d'Armes Feminine, as it is called, which was recently opened in Paris, has been followed by the opening of a Cercle d'Escrime des Dames, or Ladies' Fencing Club. This institution is under the patronage of Mme. la Colonelle Derue, the Comtesse de Murat, Mme. la Colonelle Rousset and others. The chief professor is a woman whose husband was formerly master-at-arms in a military school. The device of the club is "Ludus Pro Forma," as the exercise of fencing is calculated to develop special graces and beauties of the feminine form. In no city is skating so generally practiced as in Paris, for the artificial ice arenas afford more opportunity for the sport than nature is inclined to provide except in Canada. These artificial ice surfaces are five or six inches thick, very smooth and glistening, and the air inside the pavilions is pleasantly warmed with gas. French women, too, are devoted to bicycle riding, and may be seen in their jaunty short skirts every day in the park riding, with or without a groom in attendance, according to their rank. It has been considered pertinent to criticise the French woman as given over to vanity and luxuriousness, but the more one becomes acquainted with this dainty type of femininity the more one learns to respect the little knack she has of accomplishing all that other women do so quietly and gracefully and with so little flourish of trumpets that no one knows she is doing anything at all. It is the supreme cleverness of the woman that deceives us into believing her incompetent.

Feared Burial Alive.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.

The testament of Mary Ann Fisher, who died a few weeks ago, admitted to probate this morning, contains many peculiar features. The decedent left property valued at about $6,000, and goes into some details relative to her funeral. She had always expressed a fear of being buried alive, and in order to avert such occurrence, she inserted in the instrument the following clause: "I direct that my executors cause my body to be kept at least four days after my decease, and that before my burial my death shall be assured by causing my physician to sever the arteries in my feet, or to use such other means as may be sufficient to obviate all danger of my being buried alive.

"I also direct that if my dog Topsy be living at the time of my decease she shall be humanely put to death by my physician, her body placed in a neat black-covered box, inclosed in a cedar case, and laid at my feet in my vault."

She also directed a certain portrait to be taken from a frame, rolled up, and placed in her coffin and buried with her. Finally, after giving minute directions concerning the placing of her body in the family vault, and the final disposition of the remains of herself and other occupants of the vault in case their removal became necessary at any time, the testatrix requested that her own remains be embalmed.

Burbank potatoes, 72c. bushel, page 4.

MANY WEARY MOTHERS.

TIRED WOMEN WHOSE NERVOUS ENERGY IS NOT ENOUGH.

The Sense of Exhaustion That Paine's Celery Compound Readily and Permanently Cures—The Experience of Mrs. Butler as She Tells It.

There are many weary mothers and tired young women, who never have enough nervous energy to carry them through the day.

A sense of exhaustion comes from protracted indoor labor, the absence of pure air and sunshine.

To meet the needs of these spendthrifts of nerve force and vitality Paine's Celery Compound has been prepared. New strength, new life and new health comes to the whole system.

Paine's Celery Compound is the result of the lifelong study and experience of one of the ablest

MRS. E. D. BUTLER.

physicians of his day, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth College.

His experience was one of the largest, his scientific knowledge surpassed that of any practitioner of this generation.

Prof. Phelps first prescribed Paine's Celery Compound, the remedy that gives strength to the weak, that makes the sick to be well, that gives food to the nerves, that enriches impoverished blood, that cures rheumatism, kidney complaints, liver troubles and all diseases that arise from an impaired nervous system, the remedy that is incomparably the greatest in the world.

Thousands it has made well. Here is what Mrs. E. D. Butler of Cleveland, Ohio, says:

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound for headache and it gives immediate relief. I had used several kinds of headache drops and powders, and at last tried Paine's Celery Compound, which helped me at once. I think it is the best remedy for the nerves that I ever tried, and I have used several kinds."

STORY OF A SCAR

As Related by Montana Jim to a Star Reporter.

Encounter With Horse Thieves in the Mountains of the West—Several Bit the Dust.

Col. Jim Struthers, alias "Montana Jim," was in the American House last night. He was not awake. His intellect dangled downward over the back of his chair; his feet rested leisurely on the table; his arms swayed limply at his side and his mouth was open. His breath went and came in gurgles like the exhaust pipe of a wash tub. The Star man slapped him on the shoulder with a whack that would have settled any amateur glove contest, and the "colonel" returned to consciousness. He yawned a few times and in the process of pulling himself together combed his hair with his fingers, thus lifting it from his brow, and exposing a long and lurid scar which started on the right temple and traveled backward till it got lost in hair.

"Hello, colonel! Come out of this, and give the readers of The Star something to marvel at," said the reporter. "Montana Jim" yawned a few times more, twisted his arms slowly round in their sockets and rubbed his eyes as though Rip Van Winkling himself.

"Tell me how you got this scar," said the prospector for facts, as he caressed his victim's forehead with a loving touch.

"This scar? Oh, yes, I recollect. Well, I got that mark from being too game. It all happened last winter. I was living on a ranch near Pease' Bottom, Montana, and after the regular fall wind-up three of the boys, Catfish Jahnnie, Roaring Harry and Yellowstone Joe, proposed that we take a trip through the Yellowstone Park. This was largely because Joe, as his sobriquet indicated, had seen a good deal of experience in that tourist-haunted part of the country toward which the star of empire is said to wend its way. He had been a professional guide therein at a period antedating our acquaintance, but with which period this story is in no wise concerned. It is quite probable that Joe wanted to revisit his old stamping ground so much that he was willing to have the expense of the trip divided up among three companions, rather than to bear it all by himself.

"But the story which I am now telling you must be more remarkable for facts than suspicions. After a long and delightful trip we came within the shadow of the Yellowstone mountains and camped. It was a delightful spot. On one side ran the tracks of the Northern Pacific, and every few hours trains rushed by. On the other side a little stream babbled and sparkled. It was about noon when we halted. There were high hills all around us and plenty of timber.

They Looked Suspicious.

"After dinner we sat on the railroad waiting to see the overland express dash by, when from the brush down the track three men came out. They strolled along in the direction of our camp. We were a good many miles from a station, and it was an unusually suspicious circumstance to see these fellows tramping along the ties. They were bad visaged, and their general appearance did not impress us very favorably. As they got within about 100 yards of us they hallooed in familiar wild west style, and approached us civilly enough. The spokesman said that one of their horses had either strayed or had been stolen, and he wanted to know if we had seen any horse answering the description which he gave. Of course, we had not, and invited the strangers to eat dinner with us. They did not seem to be at all disturbed about the missing equine, and during the meal stated that a good many horses had been lost in that country within the past year, because of the dishonesty of certain people.

"They told us that their camp was down the track in a ravine about a mile distant, and said that they would be glad to have us take dinner with them on the morrow. We promised to do so. However, there was some sneaking suspicion down in the subcellar of our minds that something was crooked about the whole business. This suspicion was not calmed in any way by the calculating glances which the party bestowed on our armament and stock. That afternoon it was decided that we should picket our horses and stand watch by turns throughout the night. It is a very common practice with expert horse thieves to simply swoop down and stampede the stock of an outfit, in true Indian fashion, but this program will never work where the stock is picketed. In a case of this kind the depredators simply sneak around the camp like coyotes and cut the ropes.

An Equine Mash.

"In our outfit we had one very wild horse. He was as wild as a mountain goat. He would run if you'd point your finger at him. The only restraining influence which he acknowledged was that exercised by another horse. The wild horse was so absolutely stuck on his four-footed friend that he would eat and drink with him and never seem satisfied without being in his company. True, he would fly off at a tangent, but he would come to his mate, wagging his tail behind him. We picketed all the horses excepting this one. It was between 12 and 2 o'clock when Roaring Harry, whose turn it was to stand guard, entered the prairie schooner and turned us all out quietly with the remark that something was up. The wild horse had run up alongside his gentle friend and was puffing and snorting in a perfect fever of fright.

"We reasoned that the thieves had approached the camp and run on the untamed animal. They would conclude from this that the stock was at large, and would most likely attempt to stampede it. With this theory in mind we took positions along the trail which the thieves would follow should they swoop down. My perch was under an overhanging bowlder, where I could not be seen for the gloom, and from where by the faint light of the stars I could see pretty clearly all that went on on one side of the wagon. It was snowing and blowing, and otherwise unpleasant. We had been on guard this way for perhaps an hour. Everything was dead still, but for the howl or cry of some wild beast in the timber. We thought that we heard something which sounded like hoofs away up the trail. Nearer they came and more distinctly they sounded as they struck the frozen ground from which the snow had been blown away. Then the sound ceased. The party of horsemen had halted. We knew what was about to come, and every man took a firmer hold on his Winchester and took good care that the hammer was up. Then there was a sharp clatter and a rush. Down the trail the thieves were dashing full tilt.

A Lively Attack.

"As the squadron emerged from the shadow of the pines their outlines could be seen. Bang! Bang! Whizz! Click, click! Bang! Bang! Two horses dropped and one rider bit the dust, as they say in the novel, and his steed pressed by. Others of the party rode by in a hurry. One of the horses dropped directly opposite my station. Evidently his rider was full of life and hope, for he arose on his knees, and I knew instinctively that his gun was going to his shoulder, when my trusty rifle flashed out. The blaze of my gun was the signal which located me to him. He replied as quick as thought; there was a blinding flash in my face; I felt a whiff of cold wind; something warm streamed over me; I felt dizzy; I knew that I was falling, and then all was blank.

"The next day I opened my eyes and saw strange people about me. I tried to think, but couldn't. Things gradually grew less strange. I recognized that those strange forms above me were men; then it seemed as though I had seen them before. Oh, yes, all was clear now; they were my friends. As soon as I had thoroughly regained consciousness the boys explained what was wrong, and told me that I had had a close call. Then they pointed to three gruesome objects ranged side by side on the edge of the trail, with their ghastly features concealed by blankets. This scar is where that horse thief's bullet ripped open my scalp and ploughed a long furrow down my skull."

UNWISE AND UNJUST.

Criticism of the Action of the Senate Finance Committee Majority.

The following satement in regard to the refusal of the Senate finance committee to grant hearings on the tariff bill has been given out by the minority members of the committee:

"The minority of the finance committee are greatly surprised at the character of the statement which has been handed them and which is said to have been furnished to the press by the majority of the committee in regard to their refusal to give hearings on the tariff bill. The republican members of the committee, relying on the assurances given them by the chairman during the sessions of the committee, had supposed that hearings would be given as a matter of course and had so informed all parties desirious of being heard.

"The matter came up in committee this morning upon the request for a hearing made by one of the members in behalf of the farmers and wool growers of the United States, who are now present in Washington in large numbers for the purpose, and upon the request of other members in behalf of certain cotton operatives of Fall River and numerous other parties. There was no request on the part of the republican members for ex parte hearings nor for hearings for any special class, nor any disposition nor desire to secure such results.

"The minority believe that all parties, farmers, workingmen, merchants, manufacturers, importers and all others, whether for or against the bill, interested in the rates fixed by the House bill, rates of which they could have had no knowledge before the final vote in the House, should be heard upon matters so vitally affecting their interests. The right to be heard has never before, so far as we are aware, been denied to the American people by the finance committee of the United States Senate, and the minority of the committee believe that this extraordinary action on the part of the majority in refusing to give hearings is both unwise and unjust, and should be resisted by all parliamentary methods."

LIFE IN THE YUKON COUNTRY.

Part of a Letter From a Pioneer in the Far Northern Gold Diggings.

From the Montanian.

This camp of Forty Mile was discovered last summer, and is the richest yet struck in Alaska, paying $300 a day to the man. The nature of the Yukon country is such that it is a tolerably hard place to get to. The honorable class of old-time miners have possession, and tough characters, when found, are at once ordered to leave, several having come out recently.

I will give you prices of a few articles in Forty Mile: Flour, $14 per 100; bacon, 33 cents per pound; beans, 22 cents, and canned fruit 60 cents. A Mackinaw shirt costs $8, and a pair of gum boots one ounce of gold dust. Now comes the foot of all evil—whisky. This sells for 50 cents a drink and $8 per bottle. You can buy everything that a miner needs for less than you can take it in for, as the natives will charge 15 cents a pound to carry it over the mountains, a distance of thirty miles, and no one should take anything with him except clothing.

The town of Forty Mile is at the mouth of Forty Mile creek, on the Yukon. It has two general merchandise stores. One belongs to the Northwest Trading Company, and the other to our old-time Montana friend, Capt. John Healy. There are two saloons and one cigar factory here, and 150 miners' cabins, with about 350 miners. These make up the town of Forty Mile.

All the northern part of Alaska is more or less a level country, and it is difficult to get sufficient grade for sluice boxes, and in many places they are compelled to use rockers or wheel the dirt to water. Timber is very scarce, and in many places they are compelled to haul timber forty or fifty miles with dog trains. A dog will draw about 300 pounds on the snow. Game is scarce, except rabbits and grouse. You may kill a caribou or moose, and again you may not see one for weeks or not at all. Two steamers ply up and down the Yukon, one belonging to John Healy and the other to the trading company at Forty Mile. The ground never thaws out in that country, not over five or six feet at most, and they have never been able to dig through it. They work down as far as the frost is out the first year and then wait for the "never setting sun" of the next summer to thaw it deeper. The miner can run his sluice boxes but three and a half or four months of the year. The rest of the time he can whipsaw timber for boxes and such sawed stuff as he may require. Some spend the winter trapping furs, but they must be on hand by June 15 or their claims will be jumpable according to the Yukon code of laws.

There is one thing I almost forgot to mention. It is the moss, which covers all the ground, except what the water runs over, such as the shallow bars along the creek. This moss is from six to eighteen inches thick, and must be removed in order that the ground may thaw out. The boys generally make a winter's job of stripping off this moss.

Trimmings.

From the Philadelphia Times.

This is pre-eminently a day of trimmings. Tailor-made simplicity is no longer in vogue, and, if fashion and rumors of fashion prove true prophets, even spangles, heretofore regarded as belonging to the ballet, are to be one of the features of the coming season, both in millinery and dress trimmings. Black spangles, gold spangles and dull red and green spangles will prevail. Spangles covering entire surfaces, spangles in rows, spangles put on in patterns and spangles outlining the design of the material. Hats are to be adorned with them, especially the new flats of felt or kid, which obligingly lend themselves to any shape elected, and wings made of spangled jet will be popular on the creations in black and white headgear.

Queer, Indeed.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"It's queer," mused the bookkeeper, as he rested his aching orow on his hands, "that when my head is in a whirl my mind is not a bit active."

IT COVERS A GOOD DEAL OF GROUND—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And when you hear that it cures so many diseases, perhaps you think "it's too good to be true."

But it's only reasonable. As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing like the "Discovery" is known to medical science. The diseases that it cures come from a torpid liver, or from impure blood. For everything of this nature, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. In Dyspepsia, Biliousness; all Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, and in the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The worse your Catarrh, the more you need Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer $500 cash for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

BEWARE OF THE GRIP

Dr. Edson fears another epidemic, and sounds the alarm.

In lung and chest pains, coughs, colds, hoarseness and pneumonia, no other external remedy affords prompt prevention and quicker cure than

BENSON'S POROUS PLASTER.

Indorsed by over 5,000 Physicians and Chemists. Be sure to get the genuine Benson's, may be had from all druggists.

SEABURY & JOHNSON, Chemists, N. Y. City

USE DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, Nature's antidote for uric acid. All Druggists.
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SUCCESS TELLS! IF IT WASN'T for the large number of our $3.50 shoes sold every day to both ladies and gentlemen we wouldn't have the presumption to talk about them so much. Drummers and business men from other cities tell us they are as "good a thing" in shoes as exists this side of New York. They are as comfortable as a moccasin, as stylishly shaped as the highest price shoe made and as close-fitting as a stocking. Only $3.50.

Full line of patent leathers for those who "go out" at agreeable prices.

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(Successor to Wilson & Carr),
929 F St. N.W. fe5

A MAN WHO DRINKS

Water may keep perfectly healthy and happy if he is careful what kind of water he drinks. It is hard to get good drinking water in large cities. That is why thousands of families use nothing but spring water on the table. They

May Keep Well

If they find a water free from disease germs. We offer you a water not only free from disease germs—it is a medicine as well.

BY USING SPARKLING

"Londonderry"

The man who dines too well and exercises too little may escape Gout; and the man who is already afflicted with Rheumatism or Gout can cure himself. THIS NATURAL LITHIA WATER is strongly recommended by the medical profession.

For Sale by all Druggists and Grocers.

CHARLES B. PERKINS & Co., Selling Agents, Boston, Mass.
SHINN & CO., 1416 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Gen. Agts. for Penn. Sylvania, Western N. J., Del., Maryland and Dist. of Col. 1t

A QUORUM NOT PRESENT.

Action by the House on the Hawaiian Resolution Postponed.

The Hawaiian resolution of the committee on foreign affairs came to a vote in the House yesterday afternoon, but failed to receive affirmative action by reason of the absence of a quorum of democrats. The republicans refused to vote upon the McCreary resolution, and only 160 democratic votes could be mustered. There are 185 democrats in the city, and twelve or fourteen sat in their places during the call yesterday and refused to answer to their names.

One democrat, Gen. Sickles of New York, after making a speech against the administration's policy, voted against the resolution also. Being confronted by the absolute impossibility of securing a quorum, the House passed a resolution requiring the attendance of all absent members and then adjourned, the Hawaiian resolution coming over until today. The first vote was upon Mr. Blair's resolution declaring for annexation of Hawaii, and ninety republicans voted for this and 155 democrats against it. Mr. Hitt's substitute for the McCreary resolution was also voted down upon strict party lines.

PRAYED SHE MIGHT DIE.

A Lady Almost Insane From Stomach, Heart and Kidney Troubles

Is Brought From Camden and Cured by Dr. Damon, the Magnetic Specialist.

Truth is indeed stranger than fiction, as the following letter from a well-known and highly respected lady living at Camden, who, after trying all the best medical talent in her own city, as well as that of Philadelphia, was brought here and restored to health by the greatest of all living magnetic specialists, Dr. Damon. She says: "For years I have been a great sufferer from heart disease, dyspepsia and gastritis, and for two years I have not been able to eat any solid food, especially meat of any kind. The distress was something fearful to contemplate. I grew very weak, and at last complete nervous prostration took full possession of me. I could not bear even the slightest noise. Soon my brain became affected, and it was said among my friends as well as by physicians that I would soon become hopelessly insane. Everything was done for me by our home physicians, but nothing seemed to give relief. I could not sleep nights, and in my rational moments I prayed to God that I might die. The suffering was greater than I could bear. At last I heard of the many wonderful cures of Dr. Damon. My friends advised me to try once more, and if that failed to give up all doctors. Willing hands assisted me to get ready, and I was brought here. I immediately placed myself under the treatment that has made this man so famous all over the world. The first treatment did not seem to benefit me very much, but I was so low I did not expect much relief, if any, so soon. In a few days, however, I began to get better. Soon I could eat food and retain it without distress. My nervous condition left me, my head became clear, there was no pain or distress and I could sleep the sleep of the blessed. I gradually grew stronger, until now I am able to return to my home a well woman, and I feel that I cannot thank God enough for thus saving me from a living death—an insane asylum. I wish I could impress upon every woman in the land the feeling of gratitude which prompts me to write this letter. To my friends and neighbors in Camden, where I have lived over twenty years, it is not necessary to make any statement; they are already familiar with my sufferings and can fully appreciate my present feelings. But in order that strangers may know of my remarkable experience, and because I deem it an obligation I owe to mankind, I have written this. In my opinion there is but one system of treatment capable of giving such grand results, and I hope no suffering mortal will give up hope until they have consulted this wonderful specialist.

"Mrs. M. A. ADAMS,
"Camden, N. J."

NOTE.—The Dr. Damon referred to above is the same who has been giving free lectures and healing clinics at Builders' Exchange Hall, where hundreds have been cured publicly and witnessed by over 60,000 people. The doctor has recently taken possession of his new and elegant apartments at 608 12th street northwest, only two doors from F street, where he may be found from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 7 to 8 each week day.

The free lectures and healing clinics for the poor will be continued at the hall every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock until further notice. 1t

Home-Cooked Luncheons At Very Moderate Prices

—are served HERE. We buy only THE BEST OF EVERYTHING the market affords. That we know how to cook and serve edibles properly is evidenced by our constantly increasing patronage.

The Wilson Cafe is specially popular with the ladies. Location and surroundings pleasant.

The Wilson Cafe,
fe5 611 12TH ST. (JUST ABOVE F).

When It Comes To Watches

We intend competing watch sellers will be nowhere. We will sell exactly the same gold filled, Elgin movement watch advertised elsewhere as a wonderful bargain at $11 and $11.05 for $10.25. The watches we sell are taken apart and regulated after receiving them from the manufacturer, thus insuring a better timekeeper than one sold over a dry goods counter. WATCH REPAIRING is our SPECIALTY. Cleaning, $1; main spring, $1. Work always warranted.

Cole Bros., 435 7th S.W.
fe6

Peek & Sons' "Opera Pianos"

—stand among the few that have stood the test of years. This is due solely to the skilled labor and high-class and thoroughly seasoned materials that enter into their construction. The "Opera" Piano is noted for its mellow, rich tones and responsive touch. See it and try it before you buy. We have many leading makes and guarantee to save you $25 to $100 on every purchase. Easy monthly payments.

The Piano Exchange,
913 PENNSYLVANIA AVE. fe6

NATURAL PRESERVES.—BATORY'S NATURAL preserves, jellies, mincemeat and cranberry sauce are the best, the most carefully made, free of chemicals, superior to home-made or any English imported. Prices moderate. We have succeeded the past three years to introduce them to the tables of our foremost families. Sold by all first-class grocers. I. BATORY & CO., 122 South Howard st., Baltimore, Md. n21-2m

THE COMPLEXION AND BEAUTY.

Mme. M. Yale's

EXCELSIOR COMPLEXION REMEDIES.
AWARDED THE HIGHEST MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Mme. Yale, the World-Famed Complexion Specialist, is the most beautiful woman living. Her beauty has been cultivated and her youth preserved by the use of these remedies. At 41 she does not look more than 18.

PRICE LIST
And Mme. Yale's Advice.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, SALLOWNESS, Thick, dead skin or any other discoloration I recommend my Complexion Bleach, and guarantee it will remove all skin blemishes and give a perfect natural complexion equal in purity and beauty to a child's. Price, $2 per bottle; 3 for $5. It is advisable to use three bottles if the case is of long standing, although one bottle is sufficient in many cases.

WRINKLES AND SKIN FOOD.

Excelsior Skin Food will remove any case of wrinkles and every trace of age. It has been tested by the greatest chemical experts and pronounced marvelous. It makes flabby flesh firm and the old, withered skin fresh, elastic and youthful, sunken cheeks round and plump. Two sizes, price, $1.50 and $3 per jar.

FRECKLES AND LA FRECKLA.

It matters not if freckles have been from youth to old age La Freckla will remove them in every case. In eighteen months over a quarter of a million men, women and children have been cured of freckles and their skin made beautiful. It is harmless and wonderful. Price $1 per bottle.

THE HAIR AND EXCELSIOR HAIR TONIC.

Gray hair is now turned back to its original color without dye for the first time in the history of the world. Mme. Yale's Excelsior Hair Tonic is considered the most advanced triumph in chemistry. It restores the natural color to gray hair, contains no dye, and stops hair falling in from 24 hours to one week. Can be relied on to create an astonishing growth. For bald heads it is marvelous. Price $1 per bottle; 6 for $5.

GUIDE TO BEAUTY.

Mme. Yale will send her "Guide to Beauty," a valuable book, free, to ladies sending 6 cents in postage stamps to pay for mailing same. Gives extracts from Mme. Yale's famous lectures on beauty, and general advice on beauty culture—the most advanced branch of education—which gives every woman an equal chance to become beautiful and remain young always.

Send all mail orders to Mme. Yale at her headquarters,