Woodward and Lothrop

10th, 11th and F Sts. N. W.

Store closes at 5 o'clock; Saturdays at 1 o'clock.

Our August Special Sale of Housekeeping Supplies

Begins Monday,

And includes Table, Bed and Toilet Linens, Blankets, Quilts, Sheets, Pillow and Bolster Slips, etc.

It is a great ingathering of Linens and other housekeeping supplies especially for this yearly occasion, and will afford housekeepers and hotelkeepers having present or prospective needs an opportunity to secure goods for all housekeeping purposes at a very decided saving on regular prices. Contracts made long months ago give prices that competition cannot meet today and which very likely cannot be repeated in the near future. Away ahead planning and large buying give us a great advantage.

2,000 yards 18-inch Twilled Crash Toweling; extra heavy. **5c.** A YARD.

Regular Value, 8c.

2,000 yards 17-inch Pure Linen Glass Toweling; plaids and checks. **10c.** A YARD.

Regular Value, 12½c.

200 dozen ⅝ Irish Linen Napkins; excellent quality and neat designs. **$1.65** A DOZEN.

Regular Value, $2.00.

500 Celebrated Barnsley (English) Damask Pattern Table Cloths; stanch values; size 2x2½ yards. **$2.50** EACH.

Size 2x3 yds., $3 Each.

100 dozen 22x40 Hemmed All-linen Huck Towels; soft and absorbent. An excellent value. **$2.65** A DOZEN.

Regular Value, $3.00.

100 pairs Hemstitched All-linen Sheets; size 2½x2¾ yards. **$4.00** A PAIR.

Also the following excellent values in

Muslin Sheets And Pillow Slips,

made of good, reliable cloth, with generous hems top and bottom, at less than the usual prices:

Hemmed Pillow Cases, 22½x36 inches; laundered and ready for use. **10c.** EACH.

Hemstitched Pillow Cases, size 22½x36 inches; excellent grade cloth. **15c.** EACH.

$1.75 Per Dozen.

Muslin Sheets, good quality, generous hems; laundered and ready for use; size 2¼x2½ yards. **38c.** EACH.

Size 2½x2½, 45c. Each.

Also

2,500 yards 36-inch "Fruit of the Loom" Bleached Muslin. **6½c.** A YARD.

1,500 yards 36 and 40-inch English Nainsook, soft, silky finish. **12½c.** A YARD.

Regular Values, 18 to 20c

Hosts of other excellent values equally as interesting are represented at this annual August special sale. Details will follow in quick succession.

Second floor.

Toilet Articles.

This department is **splendidly** prepared to supply all toilet requisites of standard foreign and domestic manufacture. A very large assortment of Lotions, Eau de Quinine, Extracts, Cologne, Toilet and Sachet Powders, Toilet Waters, Tooth Powders, Soaps, Borine, Listerine; Ebony, Olive and Rosewood Hair Brushes, Kent's Celebrated English Hair Brushes, Bath and Complexion Brushes, Chamois and Sponges.

Imported Violet Toilet Water, bot.....25c.
W. & L. Florida Water, 3-oz. bot.....18c.
W. & L. Florida Water, 8-oz. bot.....31c.
W. & L. Violet Toilet Water, 3-oz. bot.....37c.
W. & L. Violet Toilet Water, 8-oz. bot.....74c.
Egerie Violet Toilet Powder, pkg.....19c.
W. & L. Royal Crown Cologne, 2-oz. bot.....25c.
W. & L. Royal Crown Cologne, 4-oz. bot.....50c.
English Bristle Tooth Brushes, each.....10 to 25c.
English Bristle Nail Brushes, each.....30 to 75c.
Imported Violet Soap, cake, 6c.; doz.....60c.
Cleaver's English Lavender Soap, cake, 10c.; 3 for.....25c.
W. & L. Oatmeal, Honey and Glycerine Soap, cake, 10c.; 3 cakes for.....25c.
Sponges, all sizes, each.....7c. to $1.50
Turkish Bath Mitts, pair.....10c.
Turkish Wash Cloths, each.....5 to 10c.
Turks' Island Sea Salt, bag.....10c.
First floor.

Woodward & Lothrop.

WONDERFUL WATCHES.

Freak Timepieces That Have Been Ordered by Rich People.

From Tit-Bits.

One of the most comical watches I ever saw was set in a baby's skull, said a jeweler. A round hole about the size of a crown-piece was hollowed out of the top, and a gilt chronometer was therein affixed. The skull, enameled and decorated, finds a place on an oak bracket in a private drawing room. It is said to have some romantic association; be this as it may, the owner values it highly. Twenty-eight diamonds encircle the watch and two bands of rubies take the place of teeth. I believe its value is not less than £800.

A certain society lady wears a pretty watch set in a bracelet of human skin. The timekeeper has nothing to recommend it, being of orthodox type, but the girdle that holds it has a history. Composed of the hide of an African chief, the wearer guards it with superstitious diligence—it brings good luck, she says. Rumor goes that a favorite actress daily wears a watch the chain to which is made of finely twisted strands of the tanned skin of a notorious murderess.

Losing the second finger of his left hand, a wealthy gentleman paid an enormous price for an artificial member, so artistically manufactured as to defy any but close scrutiny. To hide the joining of stump and dummy, he ordered a ring, in which was set a miniature watch, no larger than a sixpenny-piece. This baby timekeeper is of keyless action, keeps excellent time, and its dial is decorated with blue forget-me-nots and wild pansies; the hands glided and the figures painted deep purple. So tiny is this watch, that few notice it—it seems like a gem of many colors to the casual eye, and what is more to the point, it hides the disfigurement of the wearer.

A watch on a finger-nail sounds like a penny novelette. Believe me or not, I tell you that a lady, who frequently orders rings, brooches, etc., at this establishment, boasts a wee chronometer on the third finger of her right hand. I will tell the story exactly as it was related to me. Trapping her finger, the nail refused to grow, and a false one of delicate, pinky tint was ordered. Having money to throw away, she sent the false nail to a miniature watchmaker, and three weeks later she surprised and shocked her friends by offering a hand in greeting, the nail of which gave forth a musical "tick-tick." It is said that many of her friends copied her by ordering bracelets, brooches and rings beset with microscopic timekeepers.

A professional strong man always appears in public with a gaudy belt, in the center of which a watch is established. The belt is of leather, and starred with the medals won during a career of ten or more years. The watch was given to him by a lady admirer, and is studded with diamonds, rubies and emeralds.

Perhaps a watch set in the human body may sound rather tragical. Yet a minute specimen of timekeeper wanders wherever its owner wills, as the upper part of the leg supports the tiny marker of fleeting hours. Suffering from cancer, a hole was left in the thigh after the operation, and desirous of filling up space our hero established a watch therein, which is held in place by a golden chain embracing the leg, easy of removal when winding up and regulation are required.

Watches in scarf-pins are not uncommon, and only a few weeks ago we provided a gentleman with a pair of cuff-links, a tiny watch being placed on each fastener.

In fancy pins for ladies' evening wear, we frequently establish diminutive timekeepers, and rather pretty these look when the hair is nicely dressed. Watches on the outside of satchels and purses threaten to become popular, and dainty chronometers set in the palms of gloves are sported in Paris. We also hear that tiny watches are to be installed in the borders of handkerchiefs, readily detached when they require the attentions of the laundress. This is going a little too far.

But we know that many continental gentlemen of affluence are wearing buttons, every fastener being a timekeeper of some kind. And watches are being worn as skirt-pins by ladies. Even garters do not escape. A pair of dainty silver things were recently so embellished; the watches thereon being about the size of a halfpenny, with gem-studded brims and gilt faces. When I tell you that a lady lately desired us to fix a watch on her traveling flask, you will not care to solicit further information.

A BURGLAR'S MISHAP.

Ventriloquist Terrified His Visitor and Saved His Valuables.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The burglar who had served a short term in the Bridewell for being caught while trying to leave a house he had entered without the authority of the owners was engaged in the practice of his profession again.

"They don't catch me in no self-actin' cage this time," he said to himself, as he raised a rear window of the house he had selected for the scene of his operations and cautiously insinuated his head through the opening.

"I don't see no cards tellin' me it's all right, and not to make a noise, and will I please shut the pantry window so's the things won't freeze. I guess it's all straight."

With a whispered caution to his confederate, who was to remain on guard outside, he crawled noiselessly in, stood a few moments to listen, and then proceeded to penetrate further into the interior.

Finding only a few things worth stealing on the lower floor, he started up the stairway.

One of the steps creaked and he stopped instantly.

Not the slightest sound came from the rooms above, however, and, after waiting a reasonable time, he moved forward and upward with great caution.

Entering what seemed to be the main upper room he glanced about him.

Sufficient light came in from the street lamp across the way to enable him to see a bed in one corner occupied by a man whose deep and regular breathing furnished sufficient evidence that he was sound asleep.

The man's clothing was hanging at the foot of the bed.

The burglar moved in that direction.

Instantly he heard a loud whisper:

"Don't do that! You'll wake him!"

Annoyed and alarmed at what he conceived to be a wholly unauthorized and bungling attempt on the part of his confederate to take a hand in the fine work of the job instead of remaining at his post of duty outside, he turned his head and moved back a step or two.

"St!" came the whisper again, louder than before.

The burglar glanced at the sleeper, who had not stirred, and then moved toward the door, with the intention of administering a voiceless rebuke to his reckless confederate.

"You blamed fool," whispered the voice again. "You haven't got sense enough to rob a sandbank. Let me do this!"

The burglar peered into the gloom of the upper hallway.

Not seeing his pal, he stepped out through the door.

"Stop!" exclaimed a loud, determined voice. "If you move another inch in this direction I'll put a bullet through you!"

He jumped back and darted in the direction of the front window.

"Hi, there!" spoke another voice. "Don't go that way, either! Can't you see you're running right into a gun?"

Trembling in every limb he stood near the center of the room, uncertain what to do.

He put his hand to his hip pocket.

"If you make another motion with that hand," exclaimed a voice from somewhere in the darkness, "I'll shoot! I've got the drop on you!"

He stole another glance at the sleeper.

The man had not stirred.

The burglar felt a cold sweat breaking out all over him.

Then, as the savage yell of a fierce dog, apparently under the bed, came startlingly to his ear, he jumped with a yell of terror to the side window, five or six feet away, plunged through it, carrying the sash with him, and rolled down the kitchen roof into a deep snowbank, from which he emerged a second later and fled like a deer, followed by his bewildered confederate.

He had make the horrible blunder of trying to rob a professional ventriloquist—who happened to be awake.

A new way of illuminating the ocean has been devised. A piece of steel tubing, charged with calcium carbide, is fired from a gun to a distance of two miles. When it strikes the water acteylene gas is generated and fired, lighting up the dark waters with a brilliant flame, the power and duration of which is dependent upon the strength of the charge.

STORIES OF HEUREAUX.

Character of the Late President of San Domingo.

Many interesting stories are told of the late President Heureaux of San Domingo. It was observed that when the first announcement was made of his assassination that the consul representing the San Domingo government in the United States, at New York, said that he would want official confirmation of the report before saying anything about it. This statement by the consul recalls the fact that some years ago Heureaux, who was an absolute dictator instead of a president, went out into the country somewhere, two or three days' distant from telegraph lines, and caused the report to be sent out broadcast that he had been assassinated. The result was that his many enemies, including the army officers and people of influence in his household, were jubilating and celebrating the event with great glee. He took this method of finding out just who were his enemies and who were his friends, and the result was that he had every person who was jubilating over his death, whether a personal friend or enemy, killed when he came back.

Another story is told of where he suspected a regiment of being disloyal to him. He ordered this regiment out on parade and surrounded it with the rest of the army. He thereupon made a speech to the soldiers, saying that all the officers of this regiment were found to be disloyal, and accordingly ordered the men to kill the officers. This was done very promptly, the men knowing that their only hope of life was in obeying the order. He then told the men that non-commissioned officers were disloyal and ordered them shot, which was done by the regiment. He then divided the regiment up into squads, and had one squad kill another until the entire regiment was destroyed. This regiment had joined in a slight rebellion raised by some opponent of Heureaux, and he had taken this method of ridding himself of it. It is needless to say that the balance of the army, either through fear or affection, remained loyal to him after that.

An officer of the United States government was some years ago a visitor in San Domingo, and became acquainted with President Heureaux, and relates interesting conversations that he had with him. This visitor asked him if he did not expect that he might be assassinated some time on account of the method of his government. He replied that probably he would be killed some time, but his method was the only one by which he could govern those people, and that in killing off suspected enemies he was merely prolonging his own life. He predicted that the time would come when he would of course be killed, but meanwhile, he said, he would protect himself and his government to the best of his ability. The visitor also asked him what would be the result if some man in the army or some man other than he should become a candidate for president at the elections that are held from time to time, and should make speeches against the management of Heureaux. Heureaux shrugged his shoulders and said that such a thing was not likely to occur. "But suppose it should occur?" persisted the visitor. Heureaux made a motion with his thumb across his throat, and without saying a word, emitted a sound like s-s-s-s-t, and then grinned in a fiendish sort of way. Heureaux never came to the United States, saying that he would not be regarded as president of San Domingo, but would be considered as a negro in the states.

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.

Singular Antics Cut by Electricity From the Skies in Maine.

From the New York Sun.

PITTSFIELD, Me., July 28.—Tales of narrow escapes and strange adventures experienced by the farmers and woodsmen of eastern Maine are growing more plentiful as the season advances and summer visitors begin to hang hammocks and Chinese lanterns on the piazzas of their cottages. During one short thunder shower last week more than twenty persons were knocked down and rendered insensible, but among them all there was not one who was killed or seriously injured. Dr. Partridge of Stetson, who was riding home when the sky was raining thunderbolts, met a shaft of lightning on top of Benson's hill. The horse fell dead in the shafts and the steel tires were peeled off from the buggy wheels as if they had been ribbons of paper, but the doctor came out unharmed, never skipping a puff from his cigar from the time the accident happened until he had reached shelter in the house of a neighbor.

Charles Curtis of Springfield, assisted by a small dog, was driving his cows home from pasture when an angry bolt lighted on a tree above his head, stunning him until long past milking time. When he recovered he found that three of his five cows had been killed and the dog converted into a shapeless mass of cinders. The metal collar about the dog's neck had been melted and lay in the dust in the form of beads and buttons. The next day Mr. Curtis was able to go out and buy cows to fill the vacancies which lightning had made in his herd. Three men were piling hemlock bark in the woods back of Amherst when the shower struck with fury. Two of them wanted to run to camp a half mile away. Fred Archer piled some bark slantwise against an overturned tree and persuaded his companions to crowd in out of the wet. While they were smoking their pipes in safety lightning broke into the empty camp and scattered the log walls over an acre lot, throwing the camp stove into a gully ten rods away. In Dedham lightning struck a pine stub containing a swarm of bees. The honey beds melted and ran down to the ground, leaving the empty combs intact. Every bee was killed.

The weather has vied with electricity in cutting up queer pranks among the residents. On the night of July 21 a frost killed all the beans and other tender vegetables in northern Aroostook county. In the town of Blaine, where the farmers raise large quantities of late strawberries for the Boston markets, the pickers had to wear overcoats and gloves to keep out the cold. The sixty booted and spurred amphibious woodsmen who are steering the west branch drive to the Bangor sawmills wore overcoats and mittens for three days. At the foot of Hine's pond in Owington the weatherwise muskrats began to construct their conical mud houses, convinced beyond doubt that winter was near at hand.

Cold weather and erratic thunderbolts entered into partnership for the purpose of making trouble for James Pascal of Eddington. He had finished haying before the cold snap came on, and had gone to a camp in Stumblow to cut a little cordwood for the early winter market. The camp stands on the division line between three towns and two counties. Two days after Pascal's arrival in camp the town constable of Holden came up to the chopping with a letter in his hand.

"No, you don't," said Pascal. "I know you." Then he walked over into Bucksport, two rods away, and kept on with his chopping. The following afternoon the constable of Holden returned in company with the night watch from Bucksport. Pascal saw them coming and walked slowly into Dedham making sarcastic remarks to his callers. Shortly after this a deputy sheriff from Penobscot county came out to see Pascal, but didn't reach the camp soon enough to prevent him from straddling over a log into Hancock county. Later when a deputy from Hancock county came along, Pascal was piling wood in Penobscot county. After a week of dodging about the officers told Pascal that he had been drawn to serve on the jury at a term of court to be held in Bangor in August, and that they had come out for the purpose of giving him legal notice.

As Pascal could earn twice as much serving on the jury as he could cutting cordwood, he is sorry he put the officers to so much trouble, particularly so because all their time, fees and traveling expenses will be taken out of his pay. On reaching home he had further reasons for regret. During his absence in the woods lightning had struck his house and burned it to the underpinning.

Built From One Tree.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

At Santa Clara, Cal., there is a Baptist church which was built of lumber made from a single giant oak tree. Under its branches the first Baptist service in that region was held in 1853.

When it was decided to build a church edifice it was thought best to use the site of the original meeting place.

With appropriate ceremonies the great tree, whose shade covered an acre of ground, was consecrated for its new purpose. Workmen then cut off the tree twenty feet from the ground. This big stump was partially hollow and was allowed to stand for the church tower. A tapering steeple was built on top of it.

The upper part of the tree trunk and its huge branches were sawed up into lumber for the main body of the church.

When the church stood completed, a substantial building thirty feet wide by seventy feet deep, 1,200 feet of lumber remained unused. A more sturdy building could not be imagined. It is as strong as the old Saxon churches of England, which were built centuries ago out of native oak and are still in use.

SOME MAINE SCARECROWS

Yankee Ingenuity Needed to Frighten Away the Birds.

Cases Where Cruelty in Dealing With the Feathered Pests Figured Prominently.

From the New York Sun.

"A Penobscot county crow knows nigh onto as much as a Maine Frenchman," said Joel Richardson. "A crow can count as fur as seven, but he doesn't know eight from eighteen. As for the Frenchman, he can count up to the end of his fingers and thumbs, after which he is as much lost as a crow. But, howsomever, I'd a durned sight ruther try to skeer a Frenchman than a crow. Ef you creep behind a Frenchman and yell 'Mojee' at him he'll jump outen his boots. Try the same thing on a crow and he will laugh at you from a tree when you are in the field, and then come and h'ist all your corn as soon as you go away.

"My idee is that as a scarecrow is intended to take the place of a man he should be made to look like a man. He should be dressed better and have more style about him. Jest look at it. Ef you want to dress up a man you take him to a tailor and have him measured and fitted to a suit. With a scarecrow it is right the other way. You take any old suit or parts of two or three suits, and then hope to make 'em into a man by jamming and twisting old straw out of shape to fit the old clothes. I don't wonder the scarecrows get discouraged and loaf when the farmers are away. I'd do it myself."

Mr. Richardson, who has fifty acres of sweet corn growing for the cannery, says the Santiago style of scarecrow, with Rough Rider's suit and wooden Winchester rifle, which was so popular last year, is no longer in fashion, the crows seeming to demand something more gaudy than brown hemlock garments decorated with brass buttons. Among the sixteen temperate and industrious individuals who are on duty in his field at present, he thinks a natty little college student, with high collar and orange and black blazer, the most useful. The crows seem to respect the field in that neighborhood and will not pull corn anywhere near the student unless sorely pressed by hunger. The second best man in his scarecrow company is a fat and pompous citizen with a blue cutaway coat and tall white hat. This image has a broken glass tumbler fastened to his shirt front to serve for a diamond pin, and, when the sun is out and the wind blows, the prismatic rays from the shattered glass flash half way across the field, conveying terror to all the crows in the neighborhood. A figure of Uncle Sam dressed in regulation style and mounted aloft on a bicycle has proved a complete failure, a fact which leads Mr. Richardson to infer that crows are of the dark-skinned Latin race, which has little love for liberty of anything else except corn and corn juices.

While the original creative faculty of constructing new and terrifying forms of scarecrows seems to have departed from the farmers of Maine for the season of 1899, the corn growers have made up for the loss along other lines. Many worthy scarecrows have no doubt been without employment at a time when work is generally good, but this fact does not imply that the crows have had the full run of the fields or that the corn crop will show a marked shortage at harvest time. June is the busiest month of the year for the crows. The young birds hatch late in May, and for the next five weeks the parents are kept busy hunting food for their helpless offspring. Under ordinary conditions a crow will not look at corn or any form of vegetable, but in hard times, when carrion is scarce and insects overspry, the hungry birds are compelled to take anything that offers. Knowing this fact, the farmers are beginning to encompass the ruin of their ancient enemies by new and cruel ways.

Judson Hart of Holden put a barrel of meat offal in his cornfield at planting time. When the corn was ready to come up the mass was full of creeping things and gave forth a smell which is perfume to the nostrils of all crows. Then he placed a small steel trap in the barrel and hitched it by a long line to a stake in the center of his cornfield. For the next week a sad crow with a trap attached to one foot circled above his growing crop, uttering pitiful cries. When the crow died from exhaustion another one was caught and guarded the fields from invasion until the corn was too big to be pulled. After Mr. Hart had caught one crow for sentinel duty he moved the barrel away and set another trap, which caught other crows that were let out to the neighbors for 10 cents a day. By exercising a little Yankee cunning and a good deal of cruelty Mr. Hart made one barrel of offal protect his own fields and rented crows enough to other farmers to yield an income of $8.20. The idea being too good to keep, he told all about it one day in Bangor. It was a great success. Before the people of Bangor would allow Mr. Hart to go home they took him before the courts and compelled him to pay $20 and costs for cruelty to animals.

James Heagan of Frankfort has sought safety for his crops and death to crows by utilizing the copper teeth of worn-out cattle cards. The tooth of a cattle card is like a wire hairpin that is bent to one side in the middle until it forms a right angle. After boiling corn in sweetened water until it was soft, Heagan inserted one of these crooked wires in every kernel and then sowed the grain along the rows in the cultivated fields. The greedy crows, finding the corn soft and palatable, made a dash for the grain, swallowing it until the sharp wires stuck in their gullets. As one kernel of corn was enough to satisfy one crow, and, as Heagan had sowed nearly a peck, it took but a few days to satiate all the crows in town. The deceived and suffering birds flew about the fields for two or three weeks before they died. In cases where the wire had penetrated the vocal organs the crows uttered strange whistles and reed organ sounds that led bird students to believe a new species of the genus corvus had come to Maine. Meantime the birds grew weary of life and finally died from starvation.

In Somerset county the farmers have been soaking hard corn in wood alcohol until it was soft and feeding it to the crows, making them so intoxicated that they could not fly away. Henry Dale of Newburg has a tame horned owl that has made a reputation for itself by robbing nests and catching the old crows upon their roosts. Though the owl is only a year and a half old, it has destroyed seventeen crows this season and is still busy. Mr. Dale is pleased to see the crows go, but he is disgusted with his owl, because the bird insists upon eating every crow which he brings home, preferring crow meat to beef or good Penobscot river salmon.

Martinique Women Porters.

From Chambers' Journal.

At the age of nine or ten the woman porter of Martinique can carry a heavy basket or tray containing a weight of from twenty-five to thirty pounds. She then begins to go on long peddling journeys with her mother, elder sister, or responsible female friend, walking barefoot as many as fifteen miles a day. At eighteen she is vigorous and tough as a mountain pony, and, like most mountain-bred women, she is comely. She carries now upon her head a tray and burden of from 120 to 150 pounds, earning less than 30 shillings a month by traveling fifty miles a day as an itinerant seller. Forty or fifty miles a day, always bearing a burden of over 100 pounds—for stones are added as the tray is emptied of merchandise, to maintain the customary weight—and this for an income of a franc a day! Out of this franc she has her food and sleeping quarters to procure, and her clothes to get. Twenty francs a year will keep her in clothes.

A brief chemise and a light calico robe constitute her traveling apparel. On her head she wears a soft toche, or pad, upon which the tait (tray) is placed. She wears no shoes; she needs none. The soles of her feet are toughened to something like india rubber, feeling no asperities of surface, bidding defiance to the sharpest flints. Her food is simple—5 sous a day for bread or biscuit, a few sous for ragout, a few sous for some cheap liquor to mix with her drinking water; perhaps 15 sous in all. Her sleeping quarters might be expected to bring her daily expenses up to a franc; nevertheless, such is her ability to economize that she not only manages to live on her income (which seems incredible), but actually saves enough to set herself up in some simple business when her youth and physical powers decline.

FALLS CHURCH NEWS.

Fairfax County Medical Society—An Address on Education.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

FALLS CHURCH, Va., August 4, 1899.

The Fairfax County Medical Society convened in eighteenth annual session here yesterday at the residence of Dr. Geo. B. Fadely. Dr. T. C. Quick, president, presided, with Dr. F. M. Brooks secretary. After considerable routine business, the annual election of officers took place, resulting in the selection of Dr. R. M. Slaughter of Theological seminary as president; Dr. R. V. Palmer of Langley as 1st vice president, Dr. R. D. Leitch of Vienna as second vice president, Dr. F. M. Brooks of Fairfax Court House, secretary; Dr. Geo. B. Fadely, corresponding secretary, and Dr. R. M. Hammond of Dranesville, treasurer. The annual reports of the retiring officers show the society in a more prosperous condition than ever before in its history. Dr. S. B. Moore of Franconia, Dr. R. D. Leith of Vienna and Dr. W. M. Lynch of Lincolnia, were elected to membership. Dr. R. M. Slaughter exhibited some interesting pathological specimens before the society during the session. Last night a banquet was tendered the society and a large number of invited guests, among whom were Dr. J. Taber Johnson and Dr. Medford of Washington, Dr. C. E. Yount of Herndon, Barbour Hutchinson of Chantilly, Dr. J. B. Gould, Dr. M. E. Church, Dr. G. T. Mankin and others. Numerous toasts were offerred and responded to. Dr. Johnson of Washington delivered an interesting address during the evening. The society adjourned to meet in Herndon in November.

Prof. B. F. Heaton, the principal-elect of the graded school of the town, delivered an address on education at Odd Fellows' Hall last night. A large number of the patrons of the school and others interested were present. Prof. Heaton outlined his plan of work for the school term commencing September 4 in an able and comprehensive manner. Short commendatory addresses were made by Dr. S. S. Luttrell, Dr. Geo. B. Fadely, M. E. Church, Dr. J. B. Gould, J. S. Riley, Calvin Mathers and others. Miss Lottie M. Dyer of Herndon, teacher-elect of the primary department, was also present, and spoke of the importance of primary education. A pleasant social followed the public exercises, during which Prof. Heaton and Miss Dyer were introduced to the patrons of the school present.

Claude B. Christman has left his summer home at Falls Church, Va., for Camp Meade, Pa., where he will be mustered into the service of the United States as a member of the 27th Regiment of Infantry, soon to be transported to the Philippines. Mr. Christman will serve as a corporal in Capt. Graham's company, which was recruited in Washington. His early promotion is looked for, as the young man is experienced in military matters. He was formerly with the 22d Kansas Regiment.

Miss Laura Baldwin of Baldwinville, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. E. A. Logan.

Oliver Harris, grandson of the late senator from Tennessee, has left for the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., where he will enter college.

A PORTUGUESE RESORT.

Some Characteristics of Cascaes, the Fashionable Seaside Watering Place.

From Chambers' Journal.

At Cascaes everybody who is anybody gets up at 5 o'clock, and—in flannels of every shade and style, white linen coats and frocks, and such like easy and airy garments—wanders down to the little sandy bay to bathe. Here the arrangements are very primitive. Little flimsy cotton tents, too small for an average Englishman to stand up or turn about in, are pitched anyhow in a compact mass; they are nearly transparent, and collapse at a puff of wind or an incautious foot treading on a guyrope. Their discomfort is intense, yet, although several Frenchmen have tried to get a concession to put up bathing cabins, to be removed in winter, they are always refused, and things go on in the old happy way. However, the gayety of the bathers is in no way affected by the wretched accommodation. Everybody knows everybody, and the chatter and laughter are incessant. The royalties bathe with everybody else, splashing and skylarking in the water without restraint with their subjects, and all the world seems to enjoy the early dip amazingly.

At Estoril you may see the garments of Trouville and Dieppe, but at Cascaes the old-fashioned blue serge shapeless garment of our ancestors is de rigueur. By 7 all is over, the beach deserted and the tents struck, and the good folk betake themselves home to breakfast, and then, with closed sun blinds, sleep away the heat of the day. At least this is the prevalent idea, but should you get a peep behind the jealously closed green shutters I fancy you might see many a merry card party, in light and airy costume, in the cool and shady north rooms, iced drinks being much in evidence. Your "Portugee" is an inveterate gambler, dice being his chosen method. During these playing hours of sunshine the place is, to all appearance, dead; a stray dog or an English tourist the sole living thing that may venture out.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the human ant heap wakes, and the one drive, a level stretch of road along the top of the cliffs to the north, extending about a mile, and catching every stray breath from the Atlantic, is crowded. But the morning's simplicity has changed, at least as far as the ladies are concerned. The latest Parisian creations dazzle the eye; even the men, while still sporting flannels and white ducks, have them cut in the latest fashion, and the ties must be seen to be believed. A Portuguese swell devotes his whole attention to his linen and his tie; both are beautiful to behold. But—alas, that I have to write it!—fine feathers do not in this case make fine birds. The Portuguese are ugly—very. Of all the well-dressed crowd of undersized, sallow-faced people, the queen stands out a brilliant exception, as she skillfully guides her four-in-hand through the throng, a tall, commanding figure, acknowledging her subjects' salutes with dignified sweetness. She is not Portuguese. The king, with a straw hat on his nose and a most enormous cigar protruding from under it—he has these specially made—drives a pair, with an aide-de-camp beside him; but his brother, Dom Affonso, tears along full pelt, driving four huge black mules in a high brake, with rope harness and many bells and red tassels. He stands up on the box, flogging them mercilessly with a short-handled, long-lashed stock-whip, now and again rapping out weird swear words at those who do not get out of his way fast enough. It is not one of the most edifying sights of Cascaes.

Just before 7 o'clock all the carriages are pulled up close to the palace; their occupants get out, and everybody stands about in groups, gossiping and shaking hands, on a long terrace that overhangs the sea and catches the setting sun full. The king talks confidentially to his friends, and everybody has the right to kiss the queen's hand; and at 7 all disperse to dress for dinner.

At 9 o'clock the military band that plays during the royal dinner comes out into the big yard of the fort and plays there; and then all who wish—fishermen, townspeople, tourists and all—are admitted over the drawbridge and through the big gates, and crowd and jostle and perspire to their hearts' content, while the royal party looks down and grins at them from the breezy heights of the battlements. This is called pece frito, or "fried fish," and it expresses the idea exactly.

Took a Muriatic Acid Bath.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

Lo, the poor Indian, got acquainted with a new sort of firewater on the West Side the other day. His experience followed the falling of a ten-gallon carboy of muriatic acid at the paint store of Smyth Brothers, the fumes of which completely filled the place and did damage to the extent of near $100 before being dispelled. Shortly before 9 o'clock Thomas Jacobs, an inmate of a west side home, entered the store and handed Joseph Smyth a note requesting a piece of window glass. The latter found that the glass would have to be cut to the required size, and asked Jacobs to help him lift the carboy from a table on which glass is cut. In moving the bottom of the box fell out, and the glass carboy crashed on the floor in a thousand pieces, the contents splashing over the two men until they could hardly breathe.

Mr. Smyth yelled to the Indian to run toward the front door. He climbed a fence in the rear and found Jacobs in a pitiable condition, jabbering all sorts of things in his aboriginal tongue. The muriatic acid was rapidly eating his clothes into fragments, and, pitying him, Mr. Smyth got a water cooler inside the door and threw the contents over him. My, wasn't that brave enraged. Out on the reservation they sometimes had firewater, but never icewater on the side.

You have no idea what big savings are in Hoeke's Clearance Sale.—Advt.

ANIMAL INEBRIATES.

Facts That Prove the Fondness of Bird and Beast for Alcohol.

From Tit-Bits.

Many animals, after once having tasted strong liquor, evince such a craving for it that nothing short of a keen supervision on the part of their masters will prevent their becoming habitual drunkards. It is a familiar sight outside some of the large London breweries to see the draymen, after indulging in a draught of ale themselves, replenish the vessels in order that their horses may have the same luxury. Some of these animals show such a liking for it that they are not content until they have drunk before their masters; and the latter, nothing loth, frequently drink from the same pots.

Rats especially are extremely fond of spirituous liquors, which, perhaps, accounts for the large number always to be found in wine cellars. Not long ago the extensive stores of a Toulouse wine merchant were raided by rats, which completely took possession of the place. It appeared that some had set to work and gnawed a hole through one of the barrels, with the result that in a short time the floors were running with red wine. The proprietors, on making this discovery, set traps, and, as they thought, caught the culprits.

Not many days afterwards, however, they found they were mistaken, for the rodents began to arrive in hordes from all parts of the town. Before long the place was so overrun that it had to be vacated until adequate means could be brought to cope with the plague. After a time the intruders were dispersed, but not before some hundreds of pounds in liquor had rolled down the drains in consequence of the many vats gnawed through. One of the amusing points in connection with the case was that quite half the number of the rats slaughtered were found in a semi-intoxicated state, and thus fell easy victims to their enemies.

Monkeys are well-known topers, and will lose no opportunity of swallowing enough strong liquor to make them perfectly inebriated. A curious instance of a monkey's cunning in this respect comes from Gibraltar. An English gentleman, residing near the Rock, prided himself upon a very fine brand of light Spanish wine, which he obtained direct from the vineyards. It so happened that he purchased a monkey from a sailor belonging to one of the ships which put in there, and let it run about the house, free to go where it chose.

Not long after the animal had taken up its abode at the house of the gentleman in question it was noticed that the wine in the cellar was disappearing in a totally inexplicable manner. The master put it down to the servants, and cross-examined them one by one, but failed to find the culprit. Just as he was about to move the barrels to another cellar, where he thought they would be more secure, the mystery was solved.

It appeared that the monkey had on one occasion visited the cellar with its master and tasted the liquor unseen. It then set to work to discover a way of getting in without being caught, and before long had found that, with one of its paws, it could remove the grating from the outside which communicated with the coal cellar, leaving just enough space for it to get down and pass into the wine department. Turning the taps was easy enough, and it then licked up the wine as it ran into the drain. Had it not been that one day it took considerably too much, and was found lying in a tipsy condition, there is every probability that the mystery would never have been cleared up.

A magnificent lion, belonging to a circus, once injured its paw while performing at Manchester, and the veterinary called in for the purpose decided that an operation must be performed in order to save the animal's life. How to put the beast under restraint was a matter of some difficulty, and, first of all, chloroform was administered, but failed to keep the patient incapable for the required period. A large bowl of ale, heavily drugged, was next placed in the cage, under the impression that the lion would drink it and become intoxicated.

Meanwhile, the veterinary and the keepers waited outside the bars of the cage to see what would be the result. The animal walked up to the bowl, sniffed for a short time and then lapped up a little, but, finding it was not exactly to its taste, went and laid down again. Seeing this was useless, the authorities next drugged a quantity of cheap claret, with which they replaced the ale. The ruse caught on, and in a short time the sick lion had swallowed the wine and lay asleep under its effects, when the operation was performed in safety.

Birds are topers to an extent that is surprising. Sailors have often been known to tame seagulls by means of grog, for after the birds have once tasted it they will follow the ship everywhere. Parrots, too, are just as liable to inebriation, and to prove this we will cite a case which comes from Sydney. A ship put in there from Cape Colony, and one of the crew sold a parrot he had with him to an old lady, who was on the look-out for a pet. The bird got on very well until dinner was laid, when the glasses on the table attracted its attention, and it called out, much to the astonishment of every one: "Give us a drop o' your rum!"

As the local preacher, whose principles could not be doubted even by the most fastidious happened to be present, the result can be better imagined than told, and explanations had to follow. It subsequently transpired that the bird was a habitual drunkard, and previously spent most of its time in a state of intoxication, owing to the liberality of the sailors.

WAYS OF THE DEVILFISH.

A Fourteen-Foot Octupus From Puget Sound Furnishes the Text.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The largest devilfish caught in many years in Puget sound was captured this week by rock cod fishermen at the Narrows, near Tacoma. The monster measures fourteen feet from tip to tip, having eight arms over six feet long and a body two feet in diameter. The rock cod are caught in water at least 300 feet deep, and it is in depths like this that the devilfish is usually found.

Rock cod fishermen use set lines, to which are attached several hundred hooks, fastened three inches apart, and baited with herring. The devilfish sometimes attach themselves to the bait or the cod or salmon caught on the hooks. If the devilfish is above the bottom, or if the bottom be sandy or gravely, he can be raised to the surface when the hooks are pulled up. If the bottom is rocky the devilfish simply fastens himself to the rocks and allows himself to be cut to pieces by the hooks before he will release his tentacles and come up. It frequently happens that they are torn apart in this manner. When the fishermen raise one to the surface great care must be taken that he does not grab the bottom of the boat, in which event he might overturn a small boat, or, to get rid of him, the boat must be taken ashore and overturned. The suckers of the devilfish are then released from the boat by the dexterous use of a large spade, which is shoved beneath them. The suckers and tentacles are fastened so tightly to the boat as to form a vacuum, and their release is attended by loud reports like those of a rifle. This is the way the fishermen released the octopus recently caught.

The wonderful sucking power of the devilfish is better understood when it is realized that each of the eight tentacles or arms is covered with 300 or more suckers, ranging in size from three inches in diameter near the mouth to the size of a lead pencil point near the ends. Once caught in the powerful grasp of one of these tentacles, nothing, whether it be fish or human being, is ever released, unless the tentacles themselves be cut in two and the octopus slashed to pieces. Even four or five of the eight arms can be cut off and the monster will still live and thrive. Two summers ago an old gentleman and his two daughters were out boating on the Narrows when an ugly devilfish attacked the boat and attempted to overturn it. He was vigorously pounded with the oars, which seemed to increase his fury. He threw two of his arms into the boat, and was winding one of them around the foot of one of the young ladies when she withdrew just in the nick of time. Had the monster caught her she would have been pulled out of the boat in a jiffy.

A number of years ago a squaw was killed by a devilfish near one of the l