Lansburgh & Bro

WE DON'T MIND IT.

Losing money on merchandise this time of year cuts no figure with us. We always do it.

One lot of Infants' Mull Caps, made of all-over embroidery—French effect—perfect fitting, with double lace ruching around face, extra wide strings, with deep hem—all sizes in stock—

For 9c

Umbrellas.

A few more 26-in. Union Silk Umbrellas, with gilt handles, cover and tassel—worth $2.50—

For $1.37

26-in. All-silk Colored Umbrellas, steel rod, cover and tassel, well-selected handle—worth $5.00—

For $3.29

Ladies' Gloves Reduced.

We have placed on sale 50 dozen Ladies' Silk Taffeta Gloves in choice shades of Tan, Brown, Mode, Gray and Black. Worth 35c pair.

For 19c

One lot Ladies' and Children's Silk Mitts, in Gray and Black. 25c quality—

For 19c

All of our Ladies' and Children's Silk Gloves in all the Latest shades. Worth 50c and 60c.

For 39c

A few dozen Ladies' 6-button Chamois Gloves in Yellow and White. Worth $1.00.

For 79c

You OUT-OF-TOWN PEOPLE can shop here just the same by addressing our Mail-Order Department.

Lansburgh & Bro.
420, 422, 424, 426 7th St.

GRANT'S SUMMER GIRL.

She Has a Mania For the Summer Hotel and Its Radiant Possibilities.

It is safe to allege that the average summer girl in this country has been doing al she ought to do in the way of dancing, prancing, gadding, going, working and generally spending her vital powers in the autumn, winter and spring immediately preceding, and consequently when summer comes needs, quite as much as her parents, physical, mental and moral ozone, says Robert Grant in Scribner.

But what does she perfer to do? Whither is she bent on leading her father by the nose, with the assistance of her mother? To various places, according to her special predilection and the farthest limit of the parental purse. If possible to one of the gayest watering places, where she hopes to bathe, play tennis, walk, talk and drive during the day, paddle, stroll, or sit out during the evening and dance until 12 o'clock at at night two or three times a week.

Else to some much-advertised mountain cataract or lake resort to lead a stagnant hotel corridor and piazza life in the fond hope of seeing the vividly imagined him alight from the stage coach some Saturday night. Meanwhile, she is one of threescore forlorn girls who haunt the office and make eyes at the hotel clerk. The summer girl has a mania for the summer hotel. It seems to open to her radiant possibilities. She kindles at the mention of a hop in August, and if she is musical, the tingle of her piano playing reverberates through the house all day until the other borders are driven nearly crazy. And so it goes all summer. When autumn comes and the leaf is about to fall and Dorothy returns to town what has she to show for it? A little tan and a callous heart, a promised winter correspondence with the hotel clerk, new slang, some knack at banjo playing and considerable uncertainty in her mind as to whom she is engaged to or whether she is engaged at all.

He Will Succeed.

Like his brother of the North, the Southern small boy is capable of much. A writer in the New York Home Journal says that upon her arrival in a Southern town her cabman was a small boy, aged about 9. The cab had two seats, and the boy told her that if during her stay she wanted a carriage she could get him at any time by inquiring for Jackson's express—price 6 bits an hour.

"Are you Jackson?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the expressman, politely and with great dignity. Then, lapsing into boyishness, he added:

"You see, this used to be our carriage. But papa died and mamma isn't strong—and there isn't much money—and——"

Something certainly filled the boy's throat, for his voice broke and, hastily becoming a cabman again, he tightened the reins and indulged in a flourish of the whip. But after a little he turned about and added:

"It's a real comfort, I think, to earn your living."

An Inquiry.

"Whar's the bar?" asked the dirty-looking stranger of a waiter at a hotel the other day.

"What kind of a bar?" asked the latter.

"Why, a liquor bar, of course. What do you suppose I mean?"

"Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap."—Tid Bits.

USED BY OUR FOREFATHERS

Extensive Collection of Colonial Relics for Atlanta Exposition.

Ladies in Charge Will Erect a Building in Which to House the Precious Exhibit.

The movement to erect a national Colonial Hall at the exposition to be held in Atlanta, Ga., is meeting with much success. Mrs. Ann S. Green, of Culpeper, Va., who first conceived the idea of providing at the exposition a repository for the Colonial relics, has taken a most active part in the work, and it has been through her instrumentality that the most profound interest has been aroused in the undertaking throughout the entire country.

Committees of leading and influential ladies have been appointed in many of the States, and this exhibit promises to be the most interesting one at the exposition. In fact, the idea of gathering together Colonial relics has seized the country and created an enthusiasm that goes ahead of everything else.

Gov. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, first took official notice of the importance of the project, and appointed a Colonial commission of Virginia to co-operate with those to be appointed by the governors of other States. The ladies comprising this committee are Mrs. William Wirt Henry, of Richmond; Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith, of Albemarle; Mrs. Ann S. Green, of Culpeper, and Mrs. Hugh Nelson Page, of Norfolk, all representative ladies of the Old Dominion. Gov. Morton has recently appointed a committee from New York, and the governors of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania have also evinced great interest in the scheme and issued proclamations furthering it.

The ladies of the exposition committee in Atlanta are having an enormous correspondence from over the entire United States in regard to it, and it is safe to say that an intensely interesting display will be made which will prove historically valuable. Already relics have been brought to light invested with the most romantic interest and greatest historic value, connected with nearly every leading event in Colonial history. Among the many interesting exhibits promised from Virginia is the dining room set of furniture owned and used by Edmund Randolph when he was Secretary of State in Washington's first Cabinet; also valuable relics belonging to the Willis estate of Virginia, who formerly owned the magnificent gold service which they sold to the Vanderbilts shortly after the close of the war.

The Colonial committee will endeavor to have the old Liberty Bell, which is to be taken from Philadelphia to the exposition, placed in their building. Mrs. Green was in the city yesterday at the National Hotel, and while here she saw a number of public men in regard to the idea, and received much encouragement, all of them promising to aid her.

She is endeavoring to raise $10,000, the amount necessary to erect the building. Of this amount Mr. Morton, of New York, has already subscribed $4,000, with the understanding that the other States will complete the amount. Mrs. Green, when seen at the hotel by an Evening Times reporter, seemed to have no fears of the ultimate success of her undertaking, which would show to the outside world the unity of all the States under one flag, in the exhibition of relics to be gathered together from all parts of the country.

LASSOING A BEAR.

It Is an Exciting Sport in the Great Far West.

After an hour's weary traveling down the winding way we came out on the plain and found a small cow outfit belonging to Mr. Stevens, and under a tree lay our dead silver tip, while a half dozen punchers squatted about it, says Harper's. It appeared that three of them had been working up in the foothills when they heard the dogs and shortly discovered the bear. Having no guns, and being on fairly good ground, they coiled their lariats and prepared to do battle.

The silver tip was badly blown, and the three dogs which had stayed with him were so tired that they sat up at a respectable distance and panted and lolled. The first rope went over bruin's head and one paw. There lies the danger. But instantly number two flew straight to the mark and the ponies surged, while bruin stretched out with a roar. A third rope got his other hind leg and the puncher dismounted and tied it to a tree. The roaring, biting, clawing mass of hair was practically helpless, but to kill him was an undertaking.

"Why didn't you brand him and turn him loose?" I asked of the cowboy.

"Well," said the puncher, in his Texan drawl, "we could have branded him all right, but we might have needed some help in turning him loose."

They pelted him with malpais, and finally stuck a knife into a vital part, and then loading him on a pony they brought him in. It was a daring performance, but was regarded by the punchers as a great joke.

NAMING THE GUNBOATS.

Secretary Herbert Will Probably Christen Them for Cities.

The rather delicate task of naming the three new gunboats is one of the things now confronting Secretary Herbert.

While the law stipulates the character of the names of the larger vessels, the Secretary is given discretionary power when it comes to selecting those for vessels of the gunboat class.

It is now a question of some interest with the naval people whether Mr. Herbert will call these little boats the Plover, Penguine or Albatross, or confine his selection to the names of some of the smaller cities of the country.

Perhaps a dozen persons who have suggested names advocate returning to the musical Indian names, like the Potomac, Rappahannock or Swatara, but there is little probability that any of the new ships will be so called. For many reasons Mr. Herbert believes in designating naval ships after some of the cities of the country, and it is very probable that two Western towns and one Eastern city will be honored by him in this respect.

Norfolk, it is suggested, should be given one of the vessels, because of its mercantile importance and the location of the second most important naval station in the country. The State of Virginia, further, has no new ship named after one of its cities, and is the only seaboard State so overlooked by the Department.

The Town in Which He Bought Lots.

Watts—I went out to Boomville last week, where I bought those lots, you know.

Potts—How did you find the town?

Watts—There was a sign stuck up in the middle of a forty-mile prairie—that's how I found it.—Indianapolis Journal.

Loss Not Total.

Weeds—Now that we are married, I hope that you will destroy your mourning paper, envelopes and cards.

Mrs. Weeds—Yes, of course. I shall never have any further use for the cards.—New York World.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

Hair May Become a Disfigurement If Disposed of Unbecomingly.

The Fillet Is Very Much the Mode, and Gives a Classical Appearance. Bandeau Holds Its Own.

The "crowning glory" of woman is a potent factor in her appearance—it may be rendered a disfigurement if disposed unbecomingly, while a fashionable, becoming arrangement of the tresses will lend a decided charm to the plainest face.

Smooth, shining hair, showing the attention expended upon it, is an adornment any woman may be proud of, and she is, for the woman who has such a head covering appreciates to the full its value.

Scanty, dry locks are but the fruits of careless treatment, and in these days of perfect cleanliness, a la perfect grooming, ill-conditioned hair stamps a woman ill bred.

Most women have a keen sense of the amour propre, which is so precious a possession; a disregard of this instinct leads to much of the hideous unsuitability one sees all about.

The hair is not ungrateful, and glows and shines with new life under faithful treatment; it is like a thoroughbred horse, whose coat will grow shaggy and rusty if ungroomed. To keep the hair in perfect condition brushing is absolutely necessary; good, vigorous brushing, and for fifteen minutes at a time.

When performing the toilet for the day, and before retiring, are perhaps the most convenient hours for this process. Women complain so bitterly of the curling iron, and its injury to the hair, while they add, "We cannot go with hideously straight locks." But straight hair need not be hideous if properly cared for. It will shine like satin if brushed often, and will adapt itself to the shape of the head, as all healthy hair will do, and so fall into soft, natural curves, which are far from unbecoming.

However, for those fair ones who feel they cannot afford to spare the curled tresses, there is a magical remedy, an enemy to dampness, and a strong protector against the cruelty of the hot iron. Byron has immortalized it in "Don Juan" in these lines:

"In virtue nothing earthly could surpass her
Save thine 'incomparable oil,' Macassar!"

And it is incomparable to an astonishing degree; one fair devotee, affirming that its application makes it possible for her to emerge from repeated plunges into the surf with beautifully curled locks, quite as carefully arranged as when she went in. Macassar oil is to be applied very meagrely; one small drop rubbed into the palm of the hand, and thence over the portion of the hair to be curled will protect it wonderfully from the too intense heat of the iron and successfully keep the hair in curl even in the face of fog and dampness.

For the summer days it is a friend, indeed, and aside from all these benefits, it is wonderfully good for the hair, acting as a tonic and beautifier. It must be used sparingly, however, one drop being quite sufficient, and there is nothing of the "hair oil" look about the locks when treated with it.

Water should be used frequently upon the head, so as to keep all the small particles of dust from the roots and leave the scalp clean and free for natural action. The modes of arranging the hair are legion, but the girl whose beauty is of such an order as to enable her to dispense with all the frivolous curls and wear her hair brushed smoothly from her forehead is the girl par excellence of '95.

At most of the summer resorts curls and waves are utterly hopeless, and so absolutely abandoned; the hair, beautifully groomed, is worn smoothly drawn back from the face, but not drawn tightly, allowing it to droop softly over the ears and around the edges of the forehead.

In spite of its heat-creative propensities the low coiffure is exceedingly popular, and worn almost to the exclusion of the "pug." In the form of a figure "eight," it is pretty and graceful, and goes so modishly with almost any style of hat. For the evening there are so many picturesque ways of fixing the hair that a girl is in a quandary which to choose. They are so quaint, too, most of them, and possessing an unlimited degree of verve and chic, delightful to any girl's heart.

In spite of all the talk about bandeaux having gone out of style, the fashion remains as popular as ever, especially for evening wear, when the most fantastic arrangements are indulged in. Inky black hair, of satiny smoothness, adapts itself so beautifully to the bandeaux coiffure. The illustration shows the mode worn by a swell girl at a recent Newport hop.

She was tall and graceful, with a wonderful charm of manner and beauty of face; she possessed that statelness of carriage which makes one noticeable a tonce, if her marvelous beauty had not done so. The skin was like alabaster, and two of the most liquid black eyes ever seen in a girl's head looked out from their long, oval setting. Her inky black hair was parted evenly and drawn smoothly down to her small ears, the lobes of which were left uncovered. The long locks were tossed high on the top of her haughty head into a tall mass, held snugly in place. Across the forehead rested a fillet of large pearls, with an immense diamond directly in the middle of the forehead. She was the perfection of art, and looked as if she stepped out of some quaint old picture.

Another girl, whose hair was of the wonderful bronze brown known as Titian, and which was a perfectly natural color, and not due to dyes, wore it in a decidedly quaint, smart fashion.

It was also bandeau and brought low, entirely hiding the ears; it was twisted in the back after the manner of the French twist, but very loosely, just enough to hold the hair in place, and drawn out in a pointed mass on the level with the crown of the head. Over the ears werer worn huge cabbage roses of a delicious shade of pink.

At a recent Newport dinner given by Mr. Lispenard Stewart Miss Elise Clews appeared with her hair dressed in a manner to strike the most deadly envy to the hearts of all the female contingent. Her hair is of a dark, soft brown color, very shiny and rich, and was worn loosely waved, in great big waves, all over her head, and massed in a lot of loose braids all over the crown, perfectly flat to her head. On either side arose a large jack rose, with the green foliage held in place by diamond-tipped hairpins.

Side combs set with small diamonds are still in favor for evening wear, even when the hair is worn severely plain, as they are so very helpful in keeping willful locks in place.

The fillet is very much the mode, and adds a classical appearance to the coiffure; they are commonly jeweled. Those of plain gold and silver are much worn and exceedingly becoming. High combs of gold are worn to a certain extent, but those of silver belong to the past.

ELIZABETH PEYTON.

VENTRILOQUISM FOR GIRLS.

The New York society girl is ever on the lookout for a fresh diversion, and when she finds one to her taste she is as gleeful over the discovery as if she had not a cent in the world. These side issues of life vary with each succeeding season. Now it is sweet charity that engrosses her endeavors, now minstrelsy and again the occult sciences.

The very latest is ventriloquism, and it is said that the fair disciples of Valentine Vox are already numerous on Fifth avenue. Classes have been formed and the instruction of a well-known "professor" is listened to with as much rapt care as is the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Cassock when he is not too long. Some of the high-bred ventriloquists have reached that degree of proficiency where they can experiment on the innocent public.

Only a day or two ago I was traveling down the avenue in one of the late Mr. Elliott Shepard's stage coaches, mildly admiring the comeliness of two demure girls who sat opposite. Pretty soon a corpulent German entered with a huge market basket on his arm. In a few moments there issued from that basket a wonderful succession of crowings, cacklings, growls and squalls that amused the passengers and astounded the Teuton. He raised the lid of his hamper and anxiously peered inside. There was absolutely nothing there, as we all could see. Silence for a brief space, and then the sound of a frightful dog fight from behind the skirts of a prim spinster in one corner.

Being still engaged in watching the demure damsels, I caught the most imperceptible movement of their slightly parted lips. The secret was out, and a little judicious investigation enabled me to learn the details of the new fad. It would seem to be eminently feminine, this "vox, et praeter nihil."

WILSON DWIGHT.

Japanese Armor.

An accidental but important discovery is announced, writes a correspondent at Yokohama. "It must have occurred to many of your readers that although the fights in Manchuria have been called very severe the Japanese losses have invariably been few and those of the Chinese were heavy. Much of this disparity has been due to bad markmanship on the part of the Chinese, but a part of the immunity has been owing to the fact that to keep out the cold the Japanese wore a quantity of floss silk under their clothes. This is a very light and flexible material, and in many cases has acted as a bullet proof shield. It is important enough to deserve attention at the hands of the British military authorities."—London Daily News.

Carrying the Joke Too Far.

"I have carried this joke a little too far," remarked the humorist, as he found that he had walked six blocks beyond the office of "The Weekly Comic."

SOCIETY MOVEMENTS.

Mr. John H. Cohen, private secretary of the Secretary of the Interior, who succeeded Claude N. Bennett, is one of the most popular young journalists of Georgia. Mr. Cohen is unmarried and has resided in Washington during the past two years and written for Southern journals.

Mrs. Walter Q. Gresham and Mr. Otto Gresham are now in New York at the Holland House.

Ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Nettleton is now at Newport.

Mrs. and Miss Belknap have gone to Bar Harbor for the remainder of the season.

Senator and Mrs. Calvin S. Brice have issued invitations for a dance on the evening of the 24th instant at their place at Newport.

The Italian Ambassador and Baroness Fava are now at Narragansett Pier.

Mrs. Emily B. Brace left the city to-day to spend the remainder of the month at Asbury Park.

Mr. Berron, of England, spent last week in Washington as the guest of Mrs. Logan at Calumet Place.

Miss Alice Dashiell accompanied by Miss Paxton has gone to Boston and from there will make a trip to Nova Scotia. They will remain away from Washington until the second week in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Baker have left for a visit of several weeks in Canada.

Dr., Mrs. and Miss Leatherman are spending the month of August at Atlantic City.

Mrs. John D. Mount and Miss Mount, of Le Droit Park, are now at the Blue Ridge Summit, Pa.

Mrs. and the Misses Tune are spending some time at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore Harrison are at Atlantic City.

Mr. George W. Harris has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., and will probably be absent some months.

Miss Marie De Roncery, of the Interior Department, is at Atlantic City for a few weeks.

Mr. George H. Fenton, chief of the appointment division of the Postoffice Department, left yesterday to enjoy a three weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Karl Decker, wife of the representative of the Baltimore American, is at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Alfred Ray has returned from a visit to Boston.

Mrs. M. A. Keys, of Linden, has gone to Boston to visit her daughter, Mrs. Randall.

Mr. William Garner left the city Monday for a trip of a week or so to Atlantic City, stopping on his way at Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Misses Florence Jenkins and Mary Crowder, of Danville, Ky., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Collette, No. 66 R street northwest.

Miss Nona Broderick and Mr. Michael Kelly, of Kensington, will be married this evening at St. John's Church, Forest Glen. The bride and groom have long been very popular among the young people of the neighborhood, and the event of this evening promises to be a notable one.

A tournament will take place at Takoma Park this afternoon that will gather together the belles and beaux of the neighborhood and of Washington. The most elaborate preparations have been made for the entertainment of the guests.

Mr. Benjamin Montgomery, of the White House clerical force, is spending his vacation at Millwood, Va.

Secretary Lamont left Washington yesterday afternoon for a short visit with his family at Sorrento, Me.

...o of Artistic Coiffures.

THE CIRCULAR SAW.

It Was Invented in America by a Combmaker.

A correspondent states that the circular saw was first invented in America in 1870 by a bombmaker named Hartshorn, who used a common hand saw to saw out the horn between the teeth, thus forming one of those old-fashioned horn combs, say the Philadelphia Record.

Finally, thinking it a rather slow process, he took what used to be called a "Bungtown copper," filed it down thinner, drilled a hole through its center, then squared the hole and cut the teeth around its outer edge, placed it upon a mandrel true and permanent, then put it upon his lathe, and with the flat horn lying upon a wooden rest, he sawed out his combs.

From the copper he shortly cut up his back-saw and converted it into circular saws. This man, Hartshorn, lived and died in Mansfield, Conn. He also invented the screw and lip auger, also the bits, such as are used in the brace. He was asked why he did not put in his claim for compensation long afterward, when he had a patent office.

His reply was that if he had done anything that was a benefit to his fellow men they were welcome to it.

BRET HARTE'S NEW STORY.

The Sunday Times of August 11 will begin the publication of Bret Harte's new serial "In a Hollow of the Hills."

At the Bon Marche.

50 dozen Swiss ribbed Vests

11c.

Among mid-summer bargains these Vests rank very high indeed. Remarkable value—remarkable price—remarkable reason for it—no space to explain here.

These Vests are worth up to 25c.—some only 17c.

50 dozen fine Swiss ribbed—three taped—in white—ecru—pink and light blue—all exquisite tints.

ON SALE WHEN STORE OPENS.

Bon Marche,
314-318 SEVENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

GIRLS RAN THE CARS.

And the Young Men of Rome, Ga., Went Bankrupt.

The climax in this modern activity of women was reached in Rome, Ga., one day last week, it would seem. A Roman youth was in Atlanta soon after, and this is what he said to an Atlanta Journal writer:

"Yes," he said, "they ran the cars in our town Friday. Some of our prettiest girls plumed themselves out in the nobbiest gowns, and, perching a saucy little cap, into which they had daintily and fancifully embroidered the word 'Conductor,' on top of their charming heads, they took fare for a day.

"It was a picnic for the passengers as well as the girls. They enjoyed it immensely. It was a jolly holiday affair all around. Some of our young fellows rode themselves into temporary bankruptcy. They deserted their business entirely, and, filling their pockets with nickels, they spent the day with the fair conductors. There wasn't any rule forbidding them to talk to the conductors.

"A good-looking fellow couldn't escape. Every time he turned a corner a sweet voice would call to him to come and get on and ride. "If you don't,' they would say, 'I'll never speak to you again,' and if he didn't go it amounted to social ostracism. Yes, sir, it meant a boycott at the germans, the teas, the swell outings for the next four or five months. It didn't matter whether a fellow wanted to ride or not; they didn't care if he was going in an entirely different direction to meet an important business engagement and couldn't spare the time, he just had to ride. I was hailed by a score of them, and when I showed the slightest hesitation they would ring the car down and wait for me. If I didn't come then the passengers would fire into me. Those maidens were full of energy, and there was no escaping them.

"It was rare fun. Many funny and ridiculous things happened, of course, but the conductor maidens acquitted themselves charmingly, and made more money than has been made in a single day since the line was opened."

ANACOSTIA NEWS.

Mr. John Reagan, of Monroe street, returned last night from Colonial Beach, where he has been spending a week's vacation.

Policeman Robie, of Minnesota avenue, has left for the mountains of Virginia on a month's leave.

A horse attached to a light wagon became frightened on Good Hope Hill last evening and ran down to Harrison street to Minnesota avenue. At the juncture of the avenue it swerved to the right and collided with a telegraph pole, upsetting the vehicle, which was badly damaged, and throwing into the street Mr. J. V. Barnes, the owner of the team. Mr. Barnes sustained slight injuries about the body.

The Anacostia sub-station has received several much-needed improvements and a general cleaning. The cells have been repaired and the interior will receive fresh painting. These improvements will not deter the work of the committee on police of the Anacostia Citizens' Association in their fight for a new station house. In fact, the committee have determined to renew their efforts in that line.

Anacostia Tent of Rechabites met in Haines' Hall on Harrison street last night. Mr. Redden presided. Speeches were made under the good of the order and refreshments served. There were many visitors present from the order in Washington.

Mrs. J. B. North and family, of Minnesota avenue, are summering at Herndon, Va.

Mr. Shepherd, who had his hand badly crushed by a force pump while at work at the Eckington power-house, was out today, and the injured member is much better.

Work on the new sewer on Harrison street, between Monroe and Fillmore streets, will commence in a few days.

The new building at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, which is to be used for the epileptic insane, is now nearly completed, and it is expected will be occupied within the next fifteen days.

After Fish and Minerals.

James Campbell, of the executive clerical force at the District building, is taking a midsummer holiday in the mountains of Virginia. His recreation will doubtless consist in piscatorial sports, with zoological research as an incidental.

A Visitation.

With a —— —— thud the moth fell to the floor.

"Ah!"

He placed his hand over his heart.

"The same old pain again."

Regaining his strength, he turned from the window and made his exit through the doorway.—New York World.

Morning Conversation.

"I'm glad you came," said the mosquito, "I have been nearly worked to death."

"Well, you can get a good rest now," answered the fly. "I'll take care of him till he gets ready to get up."—Indianapolis Journal.

EMRICH.

We are very particular in this hot weather to see that our meat is perfectly fresh and that none that is the least bit tainted or fly-blown is sent out.

In the summer time, when the weather is hot and appetites not very strong, it makes such a difference if

attractive meat

is put on the table.

You can get the very best of everything from us at the same prices as you can get indifferent food elsewhere.

A profusion of fresh vegetables is a necessity in summer—we make a special point of having everything in season.

Emrich Beef Co.

Main Market—1306-1312 23d Street N.W. Telephone 597. Branch Markets—1713 14th st. nw; 3085 11th st. nw; 8th and M sts. nw; 3057 M st. nw; 21st and K sts. nw; 215 Ind. Ave. nw; 5th and I sts. nw; 4th and I sts. nw; 20th st. and Pa. Ave. nw; 12th st. and N. Y. Ave. nw.

HORSE FOLLOWED FUNERALS.

It Couldn't Be Broken of a Reprehensible Habit.

"Some years ago," said Ald. James C. Gilbert to a Louisville Courier-Journal man, "I had a tenant downtown who died, leaving a wife and helpless family. Their only property consisted of an old mare, and more to oblige them than anything else I bought the old horse. She was gentle and my wife adopted her for her own driving and was much pleased for a while, as the old mare was so gentle that my wife could drive her about town herself.

"It seemed, however, that the mare had once belonged to an old lady over in New Albany who had a mania on the subject of funerals and made a point never to miss one. The old mare's principal occupation for years had been to follow funeral processions to the cemeteries. One day my wife was driving down the street when she suddenly encountered a negro funeral, followed by a number of societies, with all the paraphernalia of an imposing cortege.

"The old mare recognized the procession at a glance and calmly turned into the line of the parade. In vain my wife tugged at the reins and tried to turn out. The old mare knew her business, and with head hung down solemnly followed close behind the mourners. Occasionally they would meet an acquaintance of ours and they looked with surprise at the tribute which my wife was apparently paying to the deceased, until my wife was frantic with mortification and anger.

"At every crossing she would appeal to bystanders to stop the old mare, but they didn't seem to understand, until at last they passed a policeman, who, in response to my wife's tearful appeals, stopped the old mare and dragged her out of the procession, much to her great surprise and disgust. Of course, I had a good laugh over it, but it was no laughing matter with my wife and I had no peace till I had sold the old mare and got her out of sight for good."

A Hayseed in Town.

There were thirteen men of us holding down seats in a Fourth avenue car the other day, while four women who couldn't get seats were hanging to the straps, when a man at the front end of the car, who had been busy with the contents of his grip, suddenly rose up and asked one of the women to accept his seat. In reply to her "thanks," he said:

"Not at all, ma'am—not, at all. I'm sorry I didn't offer it before. Hope you will excuse me, ma'am."

She bowed in the affirmative, and he said:

"I am not a New Yorker, ma'am. No, I don't live here. You suspected as much, I presume?"

She looked up curiously, but didn't reply and he glanced around the car and continued:

"I'm what you folks call a provincial, you know—live out in a country town. We are hayseeds out there and have rustic ways. For instance, you would never see twelve of our men occupying seats in a street car while three ladies had to stand up. Regular country style that is, but we can't help it."

The twelve of us looked full at him and sought to bulldoze him into silence, but it didn't work.

"We've got a few professional loafers, of course, but I can't remember when one of them kept his seat and obliged a lady to stand. Twelve men comfortably sitting down, and three women lurching around as they hang to the straps! It's New York, you know, and not at all queer to you, but I must confess——"

I do not know what he confessed to. I rose up and went out and dropped off the car and was followed by eleven others, and when the car had passed we went into caucus and bound each other by a solemn oath to punch that man's head at the peril of our lives if we ever ran across him again.—Detroit Free Press.

New Law for Butchers.

There is little in the outward appearance of a New York butcher shop nowadays to indicate the nature of the business carried on within. This is in consequence of the rigid enforcement by the police of a law passed during the late session of the legislature prohibiting, under a severe penalty of $100 to $500, the exposure in front or within a store of fish, game and poultry. Strictly construed, this would require all meats and provisions to be kept in the ice-boxes and only brought out as called for. The police are under instructions, however, to permit a reasonable exposure of goods within the store, but the lavish decoration of the exterior with quarters of beef, carcasses of sheep, lambs, calves, and pigs, and long lines of chickens and turkeys, so large a feature of Second, Third, Seventh, Eighth Ninth and Tenth avenue markets, is a thing of the past. A thousand dollars' worth of stock on the outside was not an uncommon thing. Many butchers kept the show unimpaired until the meat and poultry were nearly in the condition that called for condemnation and confiscation. The health authorities were behind the passage of the new law. Its enforcement meets with no opposition from the better class of butchers, who only insist on its being impartially observed. With housewives it is an especially popular measure.—New York World.

Modified.

Aged Hamlet—Yes, sir; I had the proud distinction of playing Hamlet before Queen Victoria——"

Voice (from next room)—Oh, the beautiful fibber.

Hamlet—Was married.

Voice (apologetically)—Excuse me.—New York World.