THE TIMES: OVER 3,500 COLUMNS FOR 50 CENTS A MONTH

The Washington Times

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Subscribers to "The Times" will confer a favor by promptly reporting any discourtesy of collectors, or neglect of duty on the part of carriers. Complaints either by mail or in person will receive prompt attention. The Morning Edition should be delivered to all parts of the city by 6:30 o'clock a. m., including Sunday. The Evening Edition should be in the hands of subscribers not later than 6:30 p. m.

THE TIMES STILL LEADS.

The Circulation of the Star Is Falling Off—The Public Knows Its Friend.

The aggregate circulation of the Star last week was 170,477. That of The Times was 213,165, which shows a circulation of 42,688 more than the Star. Whether or not this increase is due to the snarling of fiste dog weekly publications which "some one" has set at the heels of The Times would be difficult to determine, but that is quite a natral inference.

The Times is decidedly the best daily in Washington, and the more advertising it secures the greater will be its circulation. It is possible to fool the public occasionally by insinuations and monkey-paw abuse, but when the object of such attacks is really deserving there can be but one result—an increase of popularity.

I, J. Milton Young, cashier of The Washington Times Company, do solemnly swear that the accompanying statement is true and correct, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. MILTON YOUNG.

Monday, September 16	31,611
Tuesday, September 17	31,433
Wednesday, September 18	31,765
Thursday, September 19	31,560
Friday, September 20	31,623
Saturday, September 21	32,229
Sunday, September 22	22,950
Total for week	213,165

Sworn to before me this 23d day of September, A. D. 1895.

EDWARD T. THOMPSON,
Notary Public.

GREATER WASHINGTON.

The growth of Washington in wealth and population is a source of pride to its inhabitants. Each year shows additional improvement and prosperity, and with the great progress this country is making our National Capital will naturally profit in an increased ratio. By reason of its position as the seat of national legislation, it is the center of political influence, and because of its wealth and climatic location it is fast becoming a headquarters for educational institutions. The future of Washington will be that of a great metropolis for people who control the better elements of society, and it is our duty to so shape municipal affairs as to hasten the coming of such influences.

The first important thing to be done is to impress upon the District authorities the necessity of enforcing the law. Each day the nest of vice is permitted to thrive south of Pennsylvania avenue, between Eleventh and Fifteenth streets, adds opportunity to foster crime and tempt innocence to do wrong. It consists of a group of speakeasies where eighty-one houses sell liquor without license, to drive away the wits of victims that they may be more easily plucked, and this lawlessness is sanctioned not only by the District Commissioners but also by the excise board.

Can we have greater Washington as the influential center of all that is good in this wonderful country if this disgrace is permitted to continue? Would we deserve such prosperity? Answer, those of you who see a great future for the National Capital, and also lend your efforts to blotting out our nation's shame.

GRADE CROSSINGS CRIME.

Of the various electric roads of the District, the Chevy Chase line is probably the most substantially built and the best equipped, and no other one is more carefully operated. But the doubtless fatal accident of yesterday, which mangled Edward Means and injured Means' companion and also the motorman, shows that the road is burdened by the same evil which obtains with all steam and electric roads of the District—the grade crossing.

It is too much to expect that Congress will be so considerate of the wishes of the people of the District as to abolish grade crossings already established, but it may be prevailed upon to prohibit them in granting charters for new roads or extensions. The expense of placing a bridge either for the railroad or the wagon road at the crossings where Means received his apparent fatal injuries, would have been slight, and by it all possibility of such accidents would have been avoided.

Killing at grade crossings can hardly be called accidental. It is invited by criminal parsimony of corporations on the one hand and criminal legislation in favor of stingy corporations on the other, and therefore should be placed properly in the category of crime. The people should narrowly watch the construction of future charters, and see to it that they contain an absolute prohibition of the grade crossing within the District limits.

COMMODORE MELVILLE'S WAY.

Himself an accomplished scientist and daring explorer, Commodore Melville is certainly competent to express an opinion in regard to Arctic research, and when he declares that Lieut. Peary was conspicuously ill-equipped for the work which he has now abandoned he speaks by the card.

Commodore Melville says that Peary should have had more men and supplies and not depended so much upon dogs, and that he took the wrong route by which to accomplish even the moderate purpose in view. He believes that the British expedition, led by Jackson, has taken the right polar road and expects it to really reach the spot called the North Pole.

But the commodore fails to state in common with other Arctic enthusiasts what is to be gained if the Jackson party luckily escape the fate of so many who have gone the same road and really penetrate to the polar spot. There will be for Jackson a bit of that notority which some would call fame, but of what use to science, of what substantial value to the world's wealth of knowledge would be his perilous Arctic tramp?

Accepting all explanations and theories in regard to polar discovery the person of hard, common sense is forced to give to the would-be Arctic explorer the advice Punch gave the man who was about to marry—"Don't."

JUST A BIT TIMID.

Mr. Hurst, candidate for governor of Maryland, by the grace of a very nicely constructed and well-oiled party organization, operated by Senator Gorman as engineer-in-chief, is an able and admirable gentleman, but he exhibits a lack of aggression towards the newspapers and individual enemies of the Democratic faith which leaves his speeches, like that one made at Rockville yesterday, somewhat spiritless.

Senator Gorman furnished Candidate Hurst a fine example of open and courageous fighting in his speech last week at Glenelg, opening the campaign. He hit straight from the shoulder, and spared no foe, either within or without the party organization. Mr. Hurst talks as softly as though his mouth were filled with cotton.

This is hardly the way to win the votes of the recalcitrants. Exhibitions of fear or timidity will encourage them. Audacity will win their respect and impress them with a conviction that the State ticket will win anyway, and that the safest place for them is within the fold of the Gorman organization.

Mr. Hurst should constantly repeat to himself the motto of the great Napoleon, "L'audace, l'audace, toujour l'audace."

CHOLERA AND LEPROSY.

While the United States have been forced to erect barriers all along the Pacific coast to keep out cholera-infected Chinese, dispatches to The Times from New York city tell of lepers in the crowded Chinese colony of the metropolis.

Thus a new and horribly forcible argument is presented for the absolute exclusion of the Chinese from America, and the starving out of those who are already here by withholding all patronage. Wherever they are leprosy, both moral and physical, is always with them. They poison the very atmosphere in the vicinity of their haunts. They are of no value in the economy of the nation, and are an expense and a burden in that they taint and degrade and corrupt all with which they come into contact.

The breaking out of leprosy among the Chinese of New York merely argues that it has existed there unnoticed for an indefinite period, and a similar condition almost undoubtedly exists wherever a few of the race are gathered together. The American people should insist that the Chinese be barred out, and that some way be invented to compel those already here to go back to their very uncelestial kingdom.

The Washington ball team should file information that their bats were stuffed and ask for another count of the games.

After the small rater race is over the owner of Ethelwyn will spell it Ethelwon.

Bloomers will be out of sight in the Woman's Congress at Atlanta.

The Ohio judge who decided that beer was not intoxicating should transfer his field of labors to New York city, where great opportunities await him.

Everybody will congratulate Mr. Rose on the name of his yacht. Distant Shore is suggestive of a thing that gets left.

In his efforts to create harmony at Syracuse Senator Hill must have played on the feelings of the Democrats with a master hand.

When the Hill plank for Sunday irrigation was presented to the Syracuse convention a wild shout went up from a thousand desolated throats.

The recent popular air announced by the Weather Bureau has not yet made its appearance in this city.

Bits Really Interesting.

It is said that 300,000 cubic feet of water plunge 150 feet downward over the Niagara escarpment every second, thus wasting 10,000,000 horse-power of energy to the second. If Niagara were really "harnessed" so as to utilize this energy it would be sufficient to turn more machinery than there is in the world.

The system of canals contemplated by Russia will have a total length of 1,000 miles and will unite the Baltic and Black Seas.

Mr. Edward Atkinson says that in the heart of this country, in the mountains of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas, there is a population of over two million people who in this day are chiefly clad in homespun fabrics, in making which at the market price of labor in the factory towns an industrious person working a hand-loom might ear nas high as $5 in a year.

An effort is being made in Japan, backed up by certain newspapers, to persuade the Emperor to visit Europe and America with a large suite, including a military staff. The Emperor has never been outside of Japan, and there are those among his subjects who feel that a little globe-trotting on his part would be of advantage to his country and himself. It is not probable, however, that he will leave Japan at present.

The expenditure of England for drinks is estimated at $900,000,000 a year. The consumption is undoubtedly enormous, but not really so enormous as this, for a good deal of the liquor which appears in official statistics is afterwards exported.

The late William Minot, of Boston, preserved a bottle of Madeira which had belonged to his father, William Minot, the secretary of the Harvard class of 1802, and the bottle is now in the possession of William Minot, the third of the name, who was graduated from Harvard Law School in 1868. The wine is apparently in excellent condition, and it is to be kept until 1902, when it will be drunk to the health of the class in whose year it was bottled. As all the class will be comfortably dead by that time, their health won't be visibly affected by the drinking.

Sent from Washington.

Secretary Hoke Smith, when seen in regard to an editorial in his paper, the Atlanta Journal, refuting the statement of Gov. Woodbury, of Vermont, in his speech at the dedication ceremonies at Chickamauga, when he stated that the Southerners would teach their children that the South was wrong in rebelling, was very noncommittal in his reply.

"I have not seen the editorial in question," said Mr. Smith, "and consequently I cannot say whether I endorse it or not. I will say, however, that I have nothing to do with the editorial work of the Journal in any way, with the exception of the matter of finance. In that I am forcing an aggressive fight in the Journal against the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, and as I am working from ten to twelve hours a day at my desk in the department, you can readily understand that I have no time for general editorial work.

"As to this matter of the Southerners teaching their children that the South was wrong, as Mr. Woodbury is reported as having declared, I know hardly anything except what I have gleaned from the headlines in the newspapers. Whatever the Journal may have said on the subject has been without any inspiration from me."—J. S. Henry in Philadelphia Press.

It is quietly intimated by certain officials at the War Department that, while the chances favor the appointment of Gen. Miles to succeed Gen. Schofield as commander-in-chief of the army, yet the question is an open one, and is seriously considered by the President.

It is hinted that the President is inclined to think that there is no authority in the Constitution or law beyond that which makes the President commander-in-chief of both Army and Navy and that maintaining Army headquarters in Washington under a commander-in-chief is a practice that has grown up permissably rather than legally; that the Navy has no commander-in-chief to issue orders except the Secretary of the Navy, and that Army affairs can be conducted by the Secretary of War in the same manner.

It is suggested that some conflict of authority may have occurred between Gen. Schofield and Secretary Lamont and the President apprehends that trouble of this kind may occur with Gen. Miles. Still the question is as yet undecided, and is one upon which opinions conflict even among officers of the Army. Gen. Sherman declined at one time to remain at Washington and moved the Army headquarters to St. Louis. Just what will happen if Gen. Miles or some other major general, preferably Ruger, shall be designated to succeed Gen. Schofield, as commander-in-chief of the Army, with headquarters at Washington, it will probably be due to the fact that the President believes the public safety will be advanced thereby and not because he agrees to its legality.—J. S. Van Antwerp in Minneapolis Journal.

The naming of a fourth class post-office is usually as interesting a ceremony as the naming of a colored baby in some of the Southern States. The honor of conferring a name upon a fourth class post-office belongs exclusively to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General.

The patrons of the office are usually consulted but not infrequently the Fourth Assistant compliments his personal friends by naming offices after them. There is hardly a State in the Union that hasn't its Stevenson, Clarkson, Blaine, Cleveland or other distinguished political names in the list of fourth class offices. Adlai, in the State of Virginia, is a product of this Administration.

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Rathbone, of Ohio, decided under the last Administration to compliment his friend, Albert Halstead, a promising young journalist of Washington, by naming a fourth class post-office in Traille County, North Dakota, after him. To make the honor more emphatic he found it necessary to use an abbreviation of Mr. Halstead's first name, and the new post-office in North Dakota has been struggling under the name of Alhalstead. Its receipts from the sale of stamps last year were about $55.—J. A. Matthews in Indianapolis News.

The position of the Administration, so far as it is known in the absence of Mr. Cleveland, is exactly what it was described to be a month ago—that bonds will be issued the moment it is necessary to protect the public credit, but that such an issue is not thought likely to be required.

The reserve will not again be allowed to drop so low as on either of the three previous occasions when bonds were issued. These minimum points were $65,000,000 in the first case, $52,000,000 in the second and $41,000,000 last February.

It was not intended in the last case to let the reserve go perceptibly below $55,000,000, but the loss of $29,000,000 during the last twelve days of January and over $7,000,000 on a single day carried the situation for a moment beyond the control of the Administration and compelled them to close the contract promptly with the bond syndicate. No such situation will be allowed to occur again, and there is no fear that it will occur at the present time.—H. B. F. McFarland in Philadelphia Record.

Odd Things.

A remarkable revenge was wreaked on a rival by a young man in Waldron, Mich., recently. The successful suitor was out walking in the street with the young woman whose love was the cause of the heart burning, when some one in an upper story of a building skillfully threw a lasso over his head, drew the noose tight and hauled him up several feet from the sidewalk. The young man would have been hanged, but for the quick help of passers-by. His assailant got away—temporarily, the other man says.

It is not generally known that the librarian of Congress is obliged to copyright everything which is brought to him with the usual fee. Several times has the Bible been taken to him to be copyrighted, and he has had to accede to the demand. The Declaration of Independence was copyrighted several times last year. An amendment to the copyright law is needed, as any one can see. People can take any person's writings and have them copyrighted, the author not receiving a penny from the sale of such an edition. Of course, he can sue the stealer of his works, but that involves expense.

A gentleman from Birmingham tells in the Atlanta Constitution of a very effective way in which the anti-bloomer enthusiasts of that city checked and forever killed the growth of the craze in that up-to-date city. So far it seems, none but young girls have appeared publicly in bloomers, but it became whispered around that some of the young women were having them constructed. Thereupon the anti-bloomerites secured the services of an enormous negress whom they dressed in a grotesque bloomer costume, consisting of a red waist, blue trousers, with a broad white stripe down the sides and bright yellow hose. This ridiculous figure has been made to parade the streets on a bicycle for several days past, perspiring at every pore. She has served, it is said, to forever kill the bloomer craze in the Magic City.

"If it's news, it's in The Morning Times."

Fresh From the Orient.

China's civil service is still ahead of ours. At a recent examination there were thirty-five candidates over eighty years of age, eighteen of them over ninety, who had been passing examinations all their lives without getting an appointment.

Swat, through which the British marched on their way to Chitral, is the scene of Buddha's latest and chief incarnation. Search is now being made by the Indian government for sculptures and relics of Buddha in the district. A gold box, containing an undoubted relic, has already been found near Dargai, and some fine specimens of ancient sculpture dating back to 500 before Christ have been dug up.

The high military authorities in Pekin have unanimously recommended the building of a number of huge forts encircling Pekin, to be armed and fortified after the latest Western pattern. This plan is said to have been suggested by a certain ex-officer of the French army.

The Saikio Maru, the Japanese vessel which was converted into an armed cruiser, was injured so greatly at the battle of the Yalu that she is now quite unfit for service. The government has it under consideration to buy the vessel and retain her in some port as a memorial of the great naval battle.

Anti-foreign placards have even appeared in Shanghai. One is thus described: It was about fourteen inches square and was done up in striking colors. In the center was a crucified pig, marked with the Chinese characters for Jesus; kneeling in a semicircle around were a number of foreigners and natives of both sexes, worshiping. In the foreground were several pictures of men and women too utterly indecent to be described. At the top of the placard were the characters, "Squeak of the heavenly pig picture," but which, read aloud, have the same sound as "Church of the Lord of Heaven picture."

Well-Known People.

Makololo, mentioned by Livingstone as one of his most faithful followers for many years, is dead.

Samuel Fielden, the pardoned Chicago anarchist, is now a hard-working and respectable farmer in Colorado.

Don Jayme de Bourbon, the eldest son of Don Carlos, will marry, it is said, the eldest sister of little King Alphonso. She was Queen Mercedes for the six months before her brother was born, and is now fifteen.

In his science M. Louis Pasteur is as broad as the universe, but his patriotism was shown not long ago by his refusal to accept the cross of the Prussian order of merit from the Berlin Academy of Sciences merely because those who wished to honor him were unfortunate enough to be Germans.

"Father" Beggs, as Rev. Stephen R. Beggs was called, who died at Plainfield, Ill., the other day in his ninety-fifth year, had the honor of having preached the first sermon in Chicago, which was done at Fort Dearborn in 1831. The Methodist mission which resulted from his efforts became the First Methodist Church of Chicago.

Princess Hohenlohe, wife of the chancellor, has at last received permission from the Russian government to hold for her life the estates in Russia that came to her from her brother, Prince Peter, of Sayn-Wittgenstein. The Russian law insists that aliens shall either live upon the land they own in Russia or sell it. Alexander III. would make no concessions to the Hohenlohes, and a part of the estates was sold at a sacrifice, but Nicholas II. has proved more tractable.

WON BY WORKINGMEN.

How the Street Railways of Glasgow Are Run.

Editor Times: In a recent issue you speak of the profits, $118,129, derived from the tramways of Glasgow with the reduced fare.

It may interest the public to know that the tramways are owned and run by the city, and consequently the profits go into the city revenues, instead of the pockets of wealthy individuals, as is the case in many European cities, and should be everywhere.

It is an interesting fact, also, that this change of management was brought about by the workingman.

Originally the tramways were leased to a company for twenty-three years, which lease expired in 1894. Up to 1891 the expenditures amounted to $1,725,000, while during the same period the city received $2,440,000. For the first three years the company paid but one dividend of 5 per cent, but for the last nineteen years it paid from 4 to 12 per cent, and for ten years they averaged 10 per cent.

The company, however, treated its employes badly, exacting fourteen to sixteen hours, and the result was a strike, and a public sentiment in favor of the city's running the roads. The city offered to renew the lease on condition that the hours should be reduced to ten. The company refused, and also refused the offer of the city to buy its rolling stock, and the result was that the city stocked the road itself with much better cars and outfit, and a better service every way was had.

It was not expected at the time that the city would receive any profit from the roads, for some years at least, it being satisfied to pay its way, secure a better service, and better the condition of the employes.

The result has been most gratifying. In the first place, the 1,730 men employed have shorter hours and better wages. In the second place, the lines have been extended and the fares cheapened, thus not only better accommodating the general public, but what is perhaps more important, promoting the removal of the poorer classes from the crowded quarters of the city to the more open and salubrious suburbs.

One can ride a mile for a half-penny, and a red lamp is set to designate the miles along the road, while for longer distances the fares are proportionately cheap, and in some cases a ride of three miles costs but a penny—equal to two cents with us.

Instead of simply paying expenses, the result for the first year is a profit of over $118,000. In addition to that a recent writer over there says: "The handsomer and more comfortable cars, electrically lighted inside and out, on which the city arms are gaily emblazoned, and the happier appearance of the men—smart uniforms giving full protection from the weather, taking the place of the ragged garment with which they provided themselves out of their poverty—complete the satisfaction with which the Glasgow citizen regards the latest addition to municipal ownership."

Truly, this is an object lesson for American cities which ought to be heeded everywhere.

If the workingmen of the United States would turn their attention to efforts to bring about such a state of affairs here, not only in regard to street railroads, but also in reference to public light supply, both gas and electric, and the water supply, they would accomplish much for themselves and the public. W. C. DODGE.

"If it's news, it's in The Morning Times."

Awaiting the Black Cap.

Hugh Lankester stumbled out into the open.

The great doctor had passed sentence. It was a black-cap case. Hugh Lankester was to lose his sight.

Sir William had not said it in so many words. But there was no doubt left in Lankester's mind. Lankester had had no idea things had gone so far when he decided to consult Sir William. Suddenly, something that Sir William said startled him, and Lankester had asked him point-blank: "Shall I go blind?"

"You follow my treatment carefully," answered the doctor, "and I think we shall get you all right. You've been overworking yourself; you must give up all thoughts of the Exam. for the present. You'll have to use your sight sparingly now. You must take to dark glasses. You must—"

"Yes, but you don't tell me. Shall I go blind?" Lankester had interrupted, almost rudely.

"Your sight may last you many years."

"Thanks."

"It all comes from brain wear. You've been fidgeting about that Exam. You must leave town for a while and go into the country and forget that there are such things as books as quickly as possible. Amuse yourself. On no account allow yourself to be depressed. Good-bye, and let me see you again in a month. Meanwhile keep up your courage."

The great doctor, a stern person to look at, had spoken almost tenderly.

And now Hugh Lankester was outside.

"Curse Elphinstone!" he muttered.

Elphinstone was the man, a former school-fellow of Lankester's, now walking the hospitals, who had advised him to go and see the great doctor. Lankester had met him one afternoon—it was one of his bad days—and had told him of the curious tricks his eyes were playing.

"They get all misty," he explained.

Elphinstone looked grave and said:

"Take my advice, old man, and go to a specialist."

Lankester said he would take the advice. But when he got home and looked at his eyes in the glass he could see that there was nothing at all the matter with them, and he set Elphinstone down as an alarmist. Then, in a few days, he ran across Elphinstone again.

"Well, have you been to an oculist?" he asked.

"No."

Elphinstone then told him plainly that he was a confounded young idiot to delay the thing like that.

"I'll go after my Exam.," said Lankkester.

"No, go to-morrow," said Elphinstone.

And now he had been, and he was cursing the man who had sent him. If a fellow had to go blind—well, let it come suddenly and unexpectedly. Far better so than to have to sit at home watching for it day by day. Curse Elphinstone!

Curse everyone! Why the devil did they all get in his way? He was hurrying down Oxford street now—he did not quite know where to—and people kept running into him, and jostling up against him as he passed.

"Curse you!" he cried savagely to a child who got in his path, and the child ran off howling to its mother.

Then, by a strange irony, he knocked into an old blind man who was standing on the curb and upset his tray of matches.

"Shame!" said a woman. "Look what you've done, you clumsy lout, and him blind, too."

Lankester turned.

"What's that? Blind, do you say? Poor devil! I didn't know that. You can't see at all. Ah, that's bad. God knows I'm sorry for you. It must be hard not to see—cruel, hard—devilish hard. Here."

And he took half a sovereign from his pocket and gave it to the man.

"You are generous, my lord," said the woman, who thought it was a farthing.

Lankester continued on his way. At last he got a stretch of pavement to himself, which set him free to think again. Well, one thing at any rate was pretty certain, it was all up with his career. The Indian civil service would have to try and get along without the aid of Hugh Lankester. He supposed by the by that the guv'nor would stump up all right, or would he have to walk the streets, led by a mongrel cur, selling matches?

"Fusees, a yaypenny a box; pity the poor blind man!" he rehearsed between his teeth.

The idea tickled him and he smiled. Then, suddenly, he thought of Ethel was the worst. That was where it hit hardest. Of course, he could not—would not marry her now. He must let her off. And yet—he might get better. For what had the doctor said? "Your sight may last you many years." What a duffer he was to make up his mind for the worst. That was just like him. Perhaps, after all, the sight would not give out. And yet—what was the good of deceiving himself? That had only been a way of putting it. The doctor knew well enough it would go, and soon. It was not to be doubted. He must give up Ethel. Under the circumstances he could not expect her to marry him. Imagine pleasure-loving little Ethel wedded to a blind man—or, at best, a man with black goggles. He laughed aloud at the idea. Hargreaves would have her now. For a moment he felt like blubbering. Then he began to wonder whether he should have warning of it, or would it come quite suddenly? Why hadn't he asked the doctor that? But, of course, the sight would gradually get weaker and weaker, until it went out altogether. That is how it should be. Well, he knew what he would do as soon as he felt it coming. He was not going to live in darkness all his life. Hugh Lankester was not quite such a fool as that. Not quite.

He had reached Bond street. Two ladies bowed to him. It did not strike him till they had passed that he had not raised his hat to them. Hang it all, how abominably rude they must have thought him. He must wake up. He stretched his eyes. How strong the sun was! Then he fell to thinking again. He called to mind how once, at an "at home" about a couple of years ago, a palmistry woman had examined his hand, and had said:

"You won't have a very long life—you'll commit suicide." At the time he had treated it as a good joke.

But suppose, after all, the thing should come suddenly, without warning? It was just possible. Then it would be too late; he would not be able to do anything. * * * Better, perhaps, to have done with it at once. Yes, yes. No, not quite at once, though. He would go on the bust for a week, and then——. How should he do it?

He must buy a pistol. Or poison? No, poison was a woman's way. Better get the pistol. Still, poison was cleaner. And yet he did not know. Pistol—poison? Poison—pistol? Pistol——.

Suddenly he stopped and put his hand to his eyes.

"Hell!" he cried, staggering back against a shop window; "hell! it's come!"

People ran up.

"It's come!" he cried, "it's come!" Then added: "But it's too soon; it's not fair; it's not fair.

"What's come?" asked the crowd.

"It—it. Oh, light the gas—light the gas; won't somebody light the gas?"

He tore at his eyes.

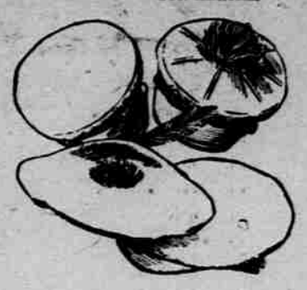
The eyes were still open, but the sight was gone.

They led him away.

"Five pounds to the man who'll kill me! Ten pounds! A hundred pounds. Oh, for mercy's sake! Is there no Christian here who'll do it?"

"Billay!" shouted a boy, "'ere's a bloke off 'is nut!"—From Pick Me Up.

AT THE BON MARCHE



There'll be a mad rush

for a big lot of Boys' and Girls' and Young Ladies' Caps we have secured at a price we would be ashamed to name. Let it suffice to tell you that there are four tables piled high with caps that always sell at from 25c up to 75c, every one of which is yours to buy at

14c.

There are Tam o' Shanters in every style and cloth, some with quills—some with peaks. There are Yachting Caps, Sailor Caps—Dutch Caps trimmed with braid or cord—Quaker Caps with cord and tassel—and almost every other kind you ever heard of. To find your cap you must come early.

Bon Marche,

314 and 316 7th Street.

Some Pennsylvania Oddities

On the farm of the Beatty heirs, in Salem township, Westmoreland County, there is an apple tree which is 42 feet high, 70 feet 6 inches north and south, 68 feet east and west, and 11 1-2 feet in circumference. The first limb runs north, and is scarcely 6 feet from the ground, and is 40 feet long. The tree is loaded full of choice apples, some of which measure 9 3-4 inches in circumference.

Amos Bennett, Barclay Brothers' foreman, while engaged on Wykoff Run last week, was standing on some rocks, when he heard the unmistakable singing at his feet, and calling a man at work nearby they commenced a slaughter which resulted in the killing of 30 snakes. Another party soon after killed 12 rattlers at the same spot, and within two days eight more were killed in that immediate vicinity, making a total of 50.

Many curious articles have been found among the effects of the late Jabeth Martin, of Bucks County. Among other things are 87 muzzle-loading guns, six drums and 160 penknives.

An effort is being made to secure the oldest fire engine known in the world as one of the attractions of the firemen's convention at Reading October 3. This engine was built in 1698, is in excellent state of preservation, is owned by the Moravian Historical Society, of Bethlehem, and is in the Y. M. C. A. rooms at that place. It is worked with a lever, was formerly owned by the Perseverance Fire Company, and was one of the attractions in the big firemen's parade in Philadelphia in 1876.

The Bellefonte News says the newspapers in the adjoining towns are talking of the big cornstalks that can be found in their respective neighborhoods, but none of them can hold a candle to the big corn that has been grown on the Crider farm down near Eagleville, where the stalks measure from fifteen to twenty feet, and the ears are fully twelve feet from the ground.

Finding Earth's Secrets.

Scientists may some day find a rich field for research in the realm of color, in trying to discover what emotions are called forth by special hues. A recent writer claims that the rich, deep blue of a pansy always has a peculiarly potent force over him and he gravely announces that were he ever to try hypnotizing himself he would do it by the blue of that flower.

It has been estimated that the temperature of the sun does not need to exceed that in one of the new electric arc lights in order to shine as brilliantly and radiate the observed amount of energy.

The death has recently been announced of M. Sauria, who invented matches, made of chlorate of potassium, phosphorus and sulphur. The veteran scientist, who was eighty-four years old, applied to the French government ten years ago for some reward for his useful discovery, and was granted the small privilege of a license to sell tobacco.

M. Chassepot, who gave his name to the rifle which was used by the French in the war of 1870, is now living at Nice. With the money he made he took to hotel-keeping.

Worth Knowing.

Of 18,000,000 males and 19,000,000 females at the last census for the United Kingdom 6,000,000 of each sex were married; 640,507 males and 1,520,487 females were "widowed" and about 11,500,000 of each sex were numbered as single.

A huge terrestrial globe, forty-two feet in diameter is at present on exhibition in Paris. Its surface area is 525 feet, which is sufficient to present plainly all the mountains, rivers, islands and cities—even the principal thoroughfares of the latter. The globe weighs thirteen tons, but is so delicately balanced that it can be easily turned by a small hand-wheel. It was made by four French scientists, Villard, Cotard, Seyrig and Tissandier.

All gases are composed of atoms or molecules, of which there are millions of millions of millions in a cubic inch. These myriads of miles are ever flying about with intense velocities. Each knocks against or encounters its fellows, it may be five thousand millions of times, it may be twenty thousand millions of times, in a second. By the energy of these knocks heat is evolved or pressure produced upon any surface which bounds or restrains the gas.

The last and most ingenious resort of the dental surgeon is "implantation"—i. e., the setting of new teeth into the jaw. For this purpose real teeth are employed and not artificial ones. Cocaine having been first applied for producing local anaesthesia, a hole is drilled in the jawbone and into this socket a good tooth, newly drawn from somebody's jaw, is set. If the patient is young and vigorous the osseous structure soon closes around it and by the time the gum is healed the tooth is ready for use.

AMUSEMENTS.

BASEBALL!

At National Park

TO-DAY.

WASHINGTON

—VS—

NEW YORK.

Game called at 4 o'clock p. m.
Admission, 25 and 50c.

LAFAYETTE SQUARE OPERA HOUSE

Absolutely Fireproof. Handsomest in America.
JOHN W. ALBAUGH, Manager.

POSITIVELY OPENS MONDAY NIGHT; SEATS AND BOXES READY AT METZEROTT'S TO-MORROW MORNING AT 9 O'CLOCK.

THE PEERLESS

Lillian Russell

Opera Company

OF

100 — PEOPLE — 100

Direction of Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau in a magnificent production of

The TZIGANE!

SCALE OF PRICES—Boxes, $15, $12, and $10. Orchestra Stalls, $2. Seats, rear first floor and front rows balcony, $1.50. Balance of balcony, $1. Gallery, reserved 50c. General admission, $1, 50c. and 25c.

BIJOU THEATER.

Week Commencing September 23.
Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Walter Sanford's

Superb production of the Great Scenic Melodrama,

The Struggle of Life.

A New Story of Thrilling Local Interest, illustrated with a series of Marvelous Stage Pictures.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

EDWARD H. ALLEN, Manager.

WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 23.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew

in the first production of the new comedy,

"THE BACHELOR'S BABY,"

By COYNE FLETCHER,

Under the direction of McKEE RANKIN, who also appears in the cast.

PRICES—{$1.50, $1.00, 75c, reserved. {50c and 25c, admission.

Next Week—"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON."

NEW NATIONAL THEATER.

Every Evening and Matinee Saturday.
Eighth Annual Tour and Annual Autumn Visit to Washington of

Daniel Frohman's

LYCEUM THEATER COMPANY,

OF NEW YORK.

To-night and Mat. Sat.,

The Case of Rebellious Susan.

Thursday, AN IDEAL HUSBAND.
Friday, THE WIFE.
Saturday, THE CHARITY BALL.

Next Week—LITTLE CHRISTOPHER.

ACADEMY—Prices 25, 50, 75c and $1.00. Wed. and Sat. "Pops" 25 and 50c. Reserved Seats 25c.

MAT | To-day at 2. | 25 50

THE GREAT ELECTRICAL DRAMA

Shaft No. 2

Presented by FRANK LOSEE and a Capable Company.

Next Week { The White Rat.

MISS JERRY, BY Alex. Black.

Metzerott Music Hall,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 3, 1895,

At 8 o'Clock.

ADMISSION . . 50 CENTS

Reserved seats . 75c and $1

Fred Emerson Brooks,

THE POET-HUMORIST,

The most brilliant and popular entertainer of the day.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,

Cor. of 13th and L Sts. N. W.,

Friday Evening, Sept. 27, 1895.

Tickets, 25 cents. Now on sale at Ellis' Music Store, 937 Penna. Ave., and at Mertz's Drug Store.

A rare entertainment for the cultured and the admirers of keen, classic humor.

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KERNAN'S LYCEUM THEATER

All this week.
"THE PENNANT WINNER."

Fields and Hanson's Drawing Cards.

An organization composed of absolute artists.

10—NOVEL FEATURES—10

Next Week { Russell Bros., Comedians.

Friends of the Horse.

Editor Times: As the public has realized that your paper is a friend to the people, make them also know that you are a friend to man's best friend, the horse, by agitating the fact that we have too few drinking fountains for our animals, and getting a move on the "powers that be," you will confer a great favor on our quadruped friends, and a favor on yours, very respectfully.

U. S. HORSE AND CATTLE FOOD CO.

Purposes of the Militia.

Editor Times: Do we educate the militia for the purpose of protecting ourselves from foreign invasion or domestic insurrection? If from the latter, why so?

All of which I submit to your attention as a fearless exponent of what is just and right.

GEO. H. MAURER.

The Early Boom.

Presidential aspirants, who were so numerous and so active a few weeks ago, have now nearly all subsided as far as any public demonstrations are concerned. They have probably come to a recognition of the truth that the early boom, unlike the early bird, does not catch the worm.—Boston Globe.

A Convenient Clock.

Beez—Why is it the clock never strikes more than twelve?

Meez—Because it hasn't the face to do such a thing.—Iota.