The Washington Times

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The Times

Is the Only

Washington Newspaper

That dares to tell the truth when dealing with all subjects of public interest, that's one reason why the people like it, hence

Its Circulation

Is larger by many thousands than any other daily newspaper published in the District of Columbia.

The circulation of The Times for the week ending December 22, 1895, was as follows:

Monday, Dec. 16	35,239
Tuesday, Dec. 17	35,183
Wednesday, Dec. 18	36,054
Thursday, Dec. 19	35,933
Friday, Dec. 20	35,961
Saturday, Dec. 21	36,263
Sunday, Dec. 22	22,976
Total	237,609

I solemnly swear that the above is a correct statement of the daily circulation of THE WASHINGTON TIMES for the week ending December 22, 1895, and that all the copies were actually sold or mailed for a valuable consideration and delivered to bona fide purchasers or subscribers; also, that none of them were returned or remain in the office undelivered.

J. MILTON YOUNG, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23d day of December, A. D. 1895.
ERNEST G. THOMPSON,
Notary Public.

NEWS ITEMS IN ONE EDITION ARE NOT REPRINTED IN ANOTHER.

If you miss any news in the evening edition, look over the list below. What you're looking for was printed twelve hours before in the morning edition. Take both editions and you'll miss nothing.

EPITOME OF THE NEWS

IN THE MORNING TIMES.

RUSSIA CHANGES FRONT—Public Opinion Looks Upon the Message as a Blunder.

ATTEMPTED TO ABDUCT HER—Maryland Town Aroused Over a Child's Maltreatment.

WALL STREET BRACES UP—Associated Banks Prepare to Issue Loan Certificates.

SERGIUS STEPNIAK KILLED—Famous Russian Nihilist Run Down by a Train Near London.

BILLS TO RAISE REVENUE—Measures for Tariff and Low-rate Bonds Prepared.

MASSACRED BY APACHES—Man, Wife and Two Children Murdered in Arizona.

STRIKE DECLARED OFF—Philadelphia Street Car Troubles Settled by Agreement.

HIT HIM WITH A SPADE—Millard F. Holland Murderously Attacked by a Negro.

FLED FROM THE EMBASSY—Venezuelan Confined in Sir Julian Pauncefote's Residence.

BOY JUMPED TO HIS DEATH—Winfred Dean, of Alexandria, Hurt by Leaping from a Train.

IN AID OF THE LOCKED-OUT—Labor Bodies Subscribed Freely for the Anacostia Men.

DIVINES PREDICT PEACE—What Local Clergymen Think of the War Scare.

CLOVIS FORCED TO WIN—"Ike" Garson Had a Dead One on His Staff.

DEFENSE OF LAKE CITIES—Auxiliary Fleet of Converted Steamers Relied Upon.

AMATEURS FOUGHT FIRE—Their Good Work Saved Brookland from a Big Blaze.

NOTES OF WAR AND PEACE—Travel Club Discusses the Venezuelan Question.

MADE FUN OF MISS TRILBY—"Thrilby" Scores a Big Hit at the Grand Opera House.

ALLOTTED THE CONTESTS—House Elections Committees Divide Up the Work.

NOT EXEMPT FROM LICENSE—Fee Must Be Paid for the Center Market Entertainment.

ADMIRAL ROE'S DENIAL—Says He Did Not Criticise the Administration in an Interview.

Easy Way to a Protective Tariff.

If there is no error in the forecast of the tariff bill that is to be at once placed before the House of Representatives for the ostensible purpose of increasing the revenues, that measure will briefly provide for an increase of fifteen per centum on all importations in excess of the duty imposed by the so-called Wilson bill, with a heavy duty on a few certain articles now on the free list, or upon which there is but a trivial duty. So far as is now known internal taxation is not to be disturbed.

It will be entertaining to discover just what opinion the Chief Executive will have of such a measure. When the Wilson bill was passed as remodeled in the most radical way by the Senate, President Cleveland plainly expressed his dissatisfaction with changes made in the sole interests of protection. Democratic leaders of the House also denounced the practically new measure in the bitterest language. Both the President and the Secretary of the Treasury have recently declared that the revenues from present taxation will be sufficient to meet the necessities of the government.

In view of these conditions, it will be strange indeed if the President and the Congressional majority do not find themselves immediately at loggerheads, as it is difficult to conceive how the former can consistently entertain for a moment such a revenue bill as that which is said to be in prospect. On the other hand, if he fail to accept the tariff proposition it is probable the Republicans will refuse other relief legislation so urgently asked by the President; as they insist that all that is necessary to restore confidence is to replenish the Treasury and keep it replenished by increasing the revenues.

Again, it is questionable whether the proposed advance in duties on imported articles will increase the revenues. It is quite as likely to result in a decrease of importations, which will fully counteract the increase of customs taxation. The whole scheme has the complexion of being simply an easy method of securing that "protection," so called, which has been denied in great measure by recent Congresses.

Add to all this the apparent determination of the silver men and Populists to prevent all relief legislation which does not include a very liberal coinage of silver, if not absolute free coinage, and even the most casual student of the situation will realize that Congress, in the very midst of these days when everyone should be imbued with the spirit of "peace on earth and good will toward men," is entering upon a monkey and parrot performance which will be vastly entertaining, if not vastly beneficial to the country.

Cheap Street Railway Fares.

A year or two ago, when a corporation asked a charter for the construction of a street railway through eighty miles of the city of Detroit, that most remarkable of chief municipal officials, Mayor Pingree, insisted the maximum fare should be three cents per passenger. That company has been operating about thirty miles of road for a little less than a year.

The result of the experiment shows that the line has been operated with a net profit to the company of a fraction more than seven dollars per car per day, and an aggregate saving to the passengers carried of upward of a million and a half of dollars.

Mayor Pingree is using every endeavor to force the other Detroit lines to reduce their fares to three cents, and, with his remarkable resources, will doubtless accomplish his purpose. He is now arousing public opinion by the novel method of having himself frequently thrust from the cars by refusing to pay the five-cent fare.

One of the leading owners of this low-fare road declares openly for municipal ownership of all such municipal machinery. He deals a powerful blow at those companies which have watered their stock, and in other ways piled up apparent capital invested, that they may maintain high fares, and asserts that such roads should be promptly taken in hand by the people, at a fair valuation, and operated for the people's benefit. He estimates that the cost of operating has been reduced more than 50 per cent since the horse cars were abolished, and that this, with the increased traffic resulting from low fares, must inevitably soon result in a universal reduction.

This brief statement of what has been accomplished at the capital of Michigan is fervently commended for the consideration of those officials who suggest legislation for the National Capital, and to District committees of Congress which formulate such legislation for introduction to the House and Senate. There is not a shadow of reason why the District should not have cheap street car fares, any more than there is that it should not have gas at ninety cents or one dollar per thousand feet.

Strange Fate of Sergius Stepniak.

Even the casual reader has been made familiar with the name of Sergius Stepniak during the last score of years, first as a mysterious Russian exile residing in London in the deepest seclusion, writing remarkable exposures of the secret operations of the Russian government—first as a nihilist, but latterly emerging from his hermit life and taking an active part in the socialist propaganda in London and Paris.

That a man of his extraordinary abilities, born of the Russian blue blood, suffering indescribable persecution, loss of inheritance, permanent exile, devoting his life to study and teaching of systems for the abolition of horribly unequal human conditions of human existence, should at last meet death in the best years of his career by being mangled under the wheels of a railway engine, must seem to be the strangest irony of fate.

Stepniak did a grand work in his exposures of underground Russia, and his literature has had a world-wide effect in arousing a public criticism which in many ways modified the cruelties of the military and police administration of that remarkable empire. Whatever may be said of the social system which he advocated, he was never blatant, always modest, sincere, earnest, the highest type of the revolutionist, a worthy co-worker with the coterie of which Turgenieff was a splendid representative—one of the most brilliant members of that long list of talented and highly-bred Russians, both men and women, who have sacrificed luxury and life to free their people from the most offensive despotism of all civilization.

The death of such a man is an irreparable loss in any circumstances, and the loss seems a thousandfold more to be deplored coming as it did so untimely and so violently.

Canada Ready for Business.

It will doubtless cause a fresh wave of belligerent enthusiasm to sweep over the country to know that Canada is already overhauling lake vessels to discover which ones can best be used as cruisers; that preparations are being made to provide guns for them; that gunners have been put in training, and that officers of vessels are being engaged to act as pilots. At least, this is the report that comes by telegraph from Toronto today.

We may expect to have another and immediate outburst of jingo speech-making in Congress and a new accession of blood-curdling, double-leaded articles from the jingo press.

But why should Canada not do the very thing that is reported? President Cleveland's message was accepted as a declaration of war, if his view of affairs were not accepted, and Canada shows pluck and energy in making the best possible preparation if war should come. The wonder is that if Americans took the President seriously, they did not insist upon an immediate official inquiry into the possibilities of offense and defense on the great lakes, where the most vigorous attack would probably be made.

The Secretary of the Navy should bestir himself and inform the country "where we are at." Commodore Boutelle should not lose a moment in introducing a resolution calling upon the Secretary to institute an immediate investigation as to the condition of the revenue cutters and the number of commercial vessels which can be speedily equipped for business to repel the invasion of the lakes by the active and aggressive Kanucks.

Don't Stop With Christmas.

It is commendable and beautiful to look after the needy upon those holidays which most appeal to the quality of charity in the human heart, which are Thanksgiving and Christmas most conspicuously. It is acceptable to the hungry to get even one or two square meals a year rather than none. But the very fact that attention is especially called to the necessities of the unfortunate at these times argues the existence of a constant and immeasurable need.

Nobody knows better than the charitable that charity avails very little in the great world of dependency. It is at best both spasmodic and sporadic. Many are remembered at Thanksgiving only to starve until Christmas, and at Christmas only to starve until Thanksgiving. All this is, of course, unavoidable so long as charity only is depended upon as a means of relief.

It must seem to the most casual observer that the very act of giving alms should impel the almsgiver to lie awake nights and invent some means by which the dependent can be made self-supporting. To give work, speedy and permanent, should be the grand study. Make the dependent independent.

At first thought the colonization of those who are unable to find the opportunity to labor upon agricultural lands, under earnest and intelligent direction, offers the readiest solution. A thousand other suggestions intrude in this connection, involving the entire structure of the social system. Simple economy, however, should suggest that to furnish opportunity for men and women to earn their own living is vastly cheaper than to attempt to alleviate distress by charitable contributions.

How the Wind Blows.

One of the unfortunate phases of the trouble over the location of a garbage crematory is that the temper of citizens is not fully discovered until steps are taken by the District authorities which cannot be retraced without loss. But it is far better to endure a temporary loss than a permanent nuisance, in relation to any part of the city, and even if the proposed crematory were already erected on Rock Creek, citizens aggrieved would have a perfect right to prompt remedy.

One of the arguments brought against the location of this offensive establishment on Rock Creek, advanced by an esteemed contributor, may seem odd at first glance, but it is really very substantial. It is that most cities grow toward the west, the topography being at all favorable, for the reason that the western are the prevailing winds, and therefore carry smoke and odors from nuisances in general toward the east. This fact can hardly be disputed, and it furnishes a very suggestive argument to every citizen who lives eastward from any nuisance.

All of these questions aside, however, the proper place for the deposit and consumption of refuse and garbage is outside of the city and in a locality where it will least annoy or not be offensive at all. This The Times has constantly maintained, and it must be the final solution of the whole matter.

As a rainbow chaser it is not difficult to see that Senator Chandler does not belong in the same class with Mr. Cleveland.

Had it not been for the Venezuelan question this country might now be suffering from a cold wave.

The jingo warriors seem to like their new paraphrase of the old maxim and to cheerfully chirp, "In time of peace let us all talk war."

A fusion municipal ticket with two Democrats on it in Republican Pittsburg will be buried in soot on election day.

It is given out that there is no possible chance for Chandler's appointment on the Venezuelan commission.

Chicago has recovered from her discomfiture over losing the national Republican convention. John L. Sullivan has announced his intention of making the Windy City his future home.

The sequence of the settlement of the Philadelphia strike without the aid of the militia is commendable to the police and also the striking wage-earners. As it was, the rioters got off with only a few scalp wounds.

The real brave men will be heard from after it is definitely settled that there will be no war with England.

The consensus of opinion is that there is wisdom in preserving peace in time of peace.

HEARD BY THE LOUNGER

CONGRESSMAN ELIJAH M. MORSE, of the old Bay State, is laughing with others at a little incident which happened at his own expense. Those who read last Sunday's Times had spread before their eyes a remarkable cartoon on the subject of Speaker Reed's committee appointments. Among other lawmakers who were caricatured appeared the well-known features of Elijah M. Morse, holding in his hands a big champagne bottle as the emblem of his chairmanship of the Committee on Alcoholic Liquor Traffic.

Now, it happens that Mr. Morse sometimes has "Rev." written before his name. He is a clergyman; he looks like a clergyman, and in the pulpit he talks like a clergyman, and on that very day he was preaching in one of the well-known city churches.

When Mr. Morse returned from church, someone showed him the cartoon in The Times, but the Congressman merely smiled, and then chuckled. Everybody knows that Mr. Morse recognizes a good joke when he sees it.

FOUR full-blooded Cherokee Indians are at the National and will remain in the city several months to represent the interests of the Cherokee nation before Congress.

Chief Mays, who heads the delegation, is a type of the Indian race, so far as physiognomy is concerned, but as regards dress he looks very much like any other American—that is, any other citizen who is not an original American. None of the party are fluent English speakers, though they are able to make themselves understood without inconvenience. Chief Mays says that the people of his nation are desirous of advancement in the ways of civilization, and that it is their wish to remain peaceful, law-abiding individuals. The principal object of the present mission, the chief explained, is to protest against the sectional division of their lands. This is a mistaken policy of the government, he says, and is bound to work great hardship on the Cherokee nation. The delegation is bound to make a strong protest, and Chief Mays expresses the hope that his prayers to Congress may not be unavailing.

MR. R. L. GRANT of Chicago, who six or seven years ago was one of the popular hotel clerks at the Ebbitt, is stopping for a few days at that house with his bride. Mrs. Grant was a Canadian girl, and she is taking great pleasure in this visit to the capital, where Mr. Grant has large hosts of friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Grant was for some time after leaving Washington chief clerk at the Grand, in Cincinnati, and is now chief clerk and assistant manager of the Richelieu, one of the most aristocratic hotels of Chicago.

EX-GOV. JAMES E. CAMPBELL did not make a long stay here, coming on a late train Monday night and leaving yesterday afternoon. Scores of prominent men called at the Ebbitt last evening, thinking that they would surely meet the distinguished Ohioan.

The fact is, as Mr. Campbell told the few callers whom he consented to receive while here, he was not here on a political errand or to talk politics, but simply for the purpose of transacting some private business. And so, before his friends knew it, he had packed off to Ohio. He came to Washington in company with Mr. E. N. Hatcher, a leading officer in the corporation in which Gov. Campbell is interested, for the manufacture of an improved bicycle tire. It was for the purpose of urging the claims for a patent on this tire that they came. And if the ex-governor expressed any political opinions during his visit they are not recorded. He was here strictly for business, he said.

A FAMILY party consisting of Mrs. Robert G. Bushnell, Miss Eleanor G. and Master Douglas L. Bushnell of New York, are making a holiday visit to the capital, stopping at the Shoreham.

SAMUEL GRIFFITH, representing an iron and steel firm in Philadelphia which furnishes certain projectiles for the War Department, is at the Ebbitt.

CHARLES PHILBRICK, representing large fruit-growing interests in Southern California, is at the Shoreham.

AMONG the army and navy officers on furlough for the holidays, and stopping at various Washington hotels, are: Lieut. William N. Blow, Fifteenth Infantry, Fort Sheridan, Ill., at the Ebbitt; Lieut. F. E. Beatty of the Naval Academy; Lieut. B. M. Pursell, Nineteenth Infantry; Lieut. J. T. Conrad, Thirteenth Cavalry, at the Ebbitt; Major Eric Bergland, of the Engineer Corps; Capt. S. M. Foote, Ninth Cavalry, Watertown, N. Y., at the Shoreham.

THE BEST WASHINGTON PAPER.

Two Editions a Day and Not a Line of News Duplicated.

The Times publishes more reading matter each day than any other Washington newspaper. It supplies reading with sixteen pages of bright, fresh news in its morning and evening editions, not a line of which is duplicated or republished, except to connect the story with the information printed in the preceding edition.

Especial attention is given to our woman's page, which will be found in both daily papers. All the social gossip is published while still bright and newsy, and many special features have been introduced, which cannot fail to please our woman readers. There is no reason why women should not take a greater interest in public affairs, and by watching The Times in future it will be seen that this branch of journalism in behalf of women has not been neglected.

The novel idea of publishing a paper every twelve hours which gives to readers the same news printed in other dailies after a part of it at least is twenty-four hours old, has proved extremely popular. The public don't like to wait for a prosy paper with its slow-going methods any more than they like to wait for a slow train of cars, and that is one of the reasons why The Times has the largest circulation in the city.

Further, The Times delivers its morning and evening editions to any part of the city for FIFTY CENTS A MONTH, which price includes its Sunday edition of twenty pages. Remember that not a line of news is duplicated in either paper and that The Times gives you more and better reading matter each day than any other Washington paper.

Cocoa and Chocolate.

The cocoa tree is indigenous to tropical America and Mexico. It was discovered by the invading Spaniards and introduced to Europe, antedating tea and coffee by many years.

The word "cocoa" is taken from the Portuguese word "coco," meaning a mask, so called from the monkey-like face at the base of the nut. The tree varies in height from six to thirty feet and the fruit is in the form of an oblong melon, which when dry consists of a woody fiber and contains about fifty beans or seeds imbedded in a spongy mass.

When the fruit is picked it is opened and allowed to slightly ferment. The beans are then taken out and dried in the sun and when dry are ready for use.

The quantity of cocoa used in this and other countries is very large. It is estimated that this country alone during the past year there have been over 2,000 tons consumed. In Europe, and particularly in France and Germany, the consumption is much larger.

The preparation of the cocoa beans into food requires skill and some chemical knowledge. Fifty per cent of the bean consists of fat—an oleaginous substance known as cocoa butter, which forms the real nutritive element—but this fat is not easily digested unless somewhat neutralized. Invalids or dyspeptics cannot as a rule use rich, oily chocolate as food, therefore the cocoa powders from which the fat has been removed, are more acceptable to many persons, but the nutritive value is not nearly so great as that of the chocolate.

Eleven pounds choice candy $1 at Buckingham's, 231 Pa. ave. se. Chocolate and bon bons, 25 cents.

Open until late tonight.
As is our custom, we shall be closed all day tomorrow (Christmas).

We're fixed for another Siege

today equal to yesterday's—and that was the banner day of thirty years in business.

What its crowds found to tempt them is your opportunity today. The store is full of special values—at special prices—especially among the givables—and search where you will they can't be duplicated.

SAKS and COMPANY,
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"Saks' Corner."

GOLDENBERG'S,
928 7th st.
Open late tonight—closed all day Christmas.

Here's a Fine Gift!
Ladies' Mackintoshes,
Double Cape, $1.98.
GOLDENBERG'S,
928 7th st.

ODDS AND ENDS OF CITY LIFE

Gratitude of a Pariah Dog for Kindness Shown Him.

Women Who Squeal in Elevators—Exposure of an Amateur Missionary. The Planette Players.

A mangy dog was slinking down a back street, when a man—a big, stylish man—stopped and patted him on the head. The dog quivered with pathetic gratitude and the man kept on patting. Presently they walked off together to a meat shop, where the man stood treat to a beefsteak fit to serve a king. Clearly the dog was starving, but the instant this new friend turned to go he left his dinner untasted to follow at his heels. And who can tell which was the nobler, the charity of the Christian or the gratitude of the brute?

There are some women in this Washington who shut their eyes every time they enter an elevator, and when there comes a hitch they squeal. Their minds conjure up horrors enough to stock an Eden Musee, but all the same they slip into the jaws of death at every chance to shunt a flight of stairs. But they don't call it cowardice; they call it nerves.

And now we are going to have new brows and lashes. It will cost money, lots of money, and pain past calculating, but after we are arched and fringed up to the beauty standard we are warranted to keep it for six months, which seems a skimpy allowance to every one but those unfortunates who have never been lovely a day.

The car was crowded. Two young women shouldered their way through the standing passengers until each caught hold of a strap. The pudgy one, with gold-cure hair, said she thought it a shame for ladies to stand while gentlemen were seated. The one with waite kids, who was chewing gum, said she saw no gentlemen, and she made her remarks so personally vigorous that the man she was looking at got up and went out on the platform. Happily we don't come across that type of women often, but the fact is of us are unjust. The truth is, we are so used to having some man jump up to give us his seat before we are fairly in the car that when once in a month of Sundays we are left to stand we call ourselves abused.

This happened last week: A woman called on a friend for a subscription for a sick mother and four starving babes. Friend was temporarily penniless, but, forced by the urgency of the case, gave a valuable keepsake to the amateur missionary to sell for fuel and food. The next day the friend ran across the missionary's niece with the keepsake glinting at her throat. Diplomatic investigation proved the jewel to have been a Christmas gift from dear aunty—and that's where the tableau came in.

He was a curious little brown man, with a planette, and he had a curious little brown wife, who jingled a tambourine. And while they ground and jingled the children commenced to come. They came with flying feet and laughing eyes—God love them—as though the little man were the pied piper all the way from Hamelin, and they spun on the pavement around him like joyous, gone-mad tops.

One small speck of a person had clutched her bit of a frock, and was bobbing around ecstatically, when a gentleman passing by caught her in the act, as it were, and lifting her to his shoulder, reproved the crowd for encouraging the death dance of a baby.

Then he ordered the man to move on. The man wouldn't budge. The children added derisive yells to their pigeon-wings. The very small person kicked and cuffed for freedom until—Samaritans are only human—the man landed her on the bricks with a vicious shake, and then himself moved on.

A man fell down and hit his head. Another man helped him up, but he lurched against some railings and dropped in a crumpled heap. A pretty little robin of a woman in brown cloth and cherry front was the only one in the crowd to suggest that he might be ill instead of intoxicated. No one else gave him the benefit of the doubt. It is likely that you have a spell now and then of bumping your head, so you know just how it feels. When you bump your head you stagger as though you were looking through the prism of an old-time candelabra, and when you try to talk your words come out misfits, because the blood and brains and things that live in your cranium have become jumbled up as promiscuously as the average man's top drawer.

You want the helping hand of the Samaritan when you hit your head, not the clutch of the law.

Some women know how to part from youth with a philosophic smile and bow, and some women don't. Don't be one of the don'ts. This is about a middle-aged girl with callow giggle who sat out a play in an outlandish hat cocked up into turrets, with three giant feathers on guard. The couple behind her thought it such hard lines to be walled out from Trilby and the Laird and Little Billee by an insufferable screen of felt and barnyard quills that they simply rebelled. They began by politely, insinuatingly, reverently whispering to the wearer to remove her headgear. Wearer merely responded with a glacial stare. Then they politely, insinuatingly, reverently remarked—aloud—to the middle-aged girl's escort: "Will you kindly persuade your mother to lay aside her hat?"

It was awful—but didn't it serve her right?

Intelligent Youth.

"Popper, what's a personner non grater?"

"A 'persona non grata,' my boy, is a man that says too much and does too much and doesn't know the difference between popular approval and the helpless silence of a suffering multitude—a chump, who——"

"Cut it short, pop! Roosevelt is that kind, ain't he?"

The old man's parched lips were wreathed in smiles of commendation. "He is, my boy, he is"—New York World.

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Where?
AND
What?

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Reliable Shoe Houses.

You'll find the largest Variety—
Qualities are always reliable.
Prices are unquestionably the lowest.
You'll be served quickly and properly.
Goods are delivered promptly.

Things that are useful, pleasing, economical.

Warm Jersey Leggings	Children's 75c; Misses' $1.00; Ladies' 1.25
Best Quality Rubber Boots	For Girls $1.25; For Boys $1.50 and 2.00; Ladies 1.50; Men 2.00
Comfortable and Handsome House Slippers.	Men's Felt, Velvet, or Leather Slippers, 48c, 69c, $1.00, and $1.50. Men's Tan and Black Faust Slipper, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00. Ladies' Warm Juliets or Slippers, 48c, 95c, $1.25, and $1.50. Child's Slippers, 50c to $1.25.

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EXCURSIONS.

N★W
Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Co.

Every day in the year for Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and all points South and Southwest by the powerful new iron palace steamers "Newport News," "Norfolk" and "Washington," leaving daily on the following schedule

Southbound.	Northbound.
Lv. Wash'ton 7:00 pm	Lv. Portsm'th 5:50 pm
Lv. Alex'dria 7:30 pm	Lv. Norfolk 6:10 pm
At. Ft. Monr'e 6:30 am	Lv. Ft. Monroe 7:20 pm
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VISITORS TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION and the resorts at Fortress Monroe, Virginia Beach and Florida will find this a very attractive route, as it breaks the monotony of an all-rail ride. Tickets on sale at 513, 619, 1421 Pennsylvania avenue, B. & O. ticket office, corner Fifteenth street and New York avenue, and on board steamers; where time-table, map, etc., can also be had.

JNO. CALLAHAN, GEN. MANAGER.
PHONE 750

AMUSEMENTS.

JUST RETURNED FROM EUROPE,
BLACK PATTI
—AND—
SIDNEY WOODWARD.
Metropolitan Church, M St., TONIGHT
35c.

Things Foreign.

Danjero, the most famous tragic actor in Japan has received and declined a flattering offer for a series of performances in Europe. He writes that he is too feeble and adds: "Sixty-four autumns have whitened my hair and weakened my memory."

The sultan is not of pure Turkish descent. Singularly enough, there is a strain of Armenian blood in his veins. In view of the present state of affairs in the Ottoman empire, it would seem that the "sick man" considers this a disgrace.

French bookmakers were recently violently attacked in the assembly by Abbe Lemire, a Catholic Socialist deputy, who spoke of the demoralizing effect of the "paris mutuels" on the working classes, and asked to have them put an end to, or at least that the government should not profit by them. As the government receives 1,800,000 a year from the tax on mutual pools, and charitable institutions draw 12,000,000 from the same source, the assembly, while admiring the abbe's reasons, voted him down.

The late Count Taaffe had the distinction of being about the ugliest man in Europe, and always attracted the amazed attention of strangers, who saw him in the streets of Vienna. He wore an extraordinary hat, shoved far back on his queer-shaped head. His hair was long, black and straight. He was the only man not a member of the royal family whom the emperor addressed with the familiar "du."

President Crespo of Venezuela is a tall, heavy man, with a countenance revealing force and determination. He is abstemious in his habits and generally goes to bed at 8 o'clock in the evening. He is in the habit of summoning his ministers to him at sunrise. He is fond of cattle ranching, and is a fine equestrian.

A Tyrolese mountain guide was recently tried at Batzen for manslaughter in taking a man who was physically unfit for the climb over a dangerous mountain pass, where he was killed. The jury acquitted the guide on the facts of the case, but the principle of the responsibility of guides for the proper qualifications of tourists is established for the first time.

Emperor William of Germany recently gave a new proof of his versatility at his shooting box at Letzlingen. A large company had assembled after dinner one day, when the emperor took a roll of manuscript from his pocket and read a poem he had just composed.

Finesse.

Jess—How did Jack manage to win Ethel?

Bess—Made her think his rival was a noble, Christian young man.—New York World.

AMUSEMENTS.

ALLEN'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
WEEK OF DECEMBER 23.
MATINEES:
Christmas Day and Saturday.
The Garrick Theater Burlesque Co. in the Latest Success,
THRILBY,
Management of JOHN W. SLOCUM,
Presented with Large Chorus, Special Scenery and Costumes, and Augmented Orchestra.
Next Week: TIM MURPHY in "A Texas Steer."

ACADEMY—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
Wed. and Sat. Mats.—25 and 50c. Reserved.
The Famous Female Baritone,
HELENE MORA,
With Hyde's Dramatic Company,
Presenting
A Modern Mephisto.
Next Week—Shadows of a Great City.

NEW NATIONAL THEATER.
Every evening this week. Xmas and Saturday Matinees. Return of the Merry Comedy with the original New York cast
CHARLEY'S AUNT
by Brandon Thomas
Direction Charles Frohman.
Next week—DELLA FOX OPERA CO.

LAFAYETTE SQUARE OPERA HOUSE (FIRE PROOF)
JOHN W. ALBAUGH.....Manager.
Beginning Monday, Dec. 23.
Matinees Christmas Day and Saturday.
SECOND AND LAST WEEK OF
DU MAURIER'S
TRILBY,
Dramatized by PAUL M. POTTER and Presented by A. M. PALMER'S
Original Garden Theater Co.
WILTON LACKAYE, CHARLES REIGEL, JOHN GLENDENNING, BLANCHE WALSH, ROSA RAND, MME. COTTRELLY &c
Next Week—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club
—OF—
CORNELL
IN COLLEGE SONG.
Metzerott Music Hall, THURSDAY evening, December 26, 8 o'clock.
Reserved Seats, 75c and $1. Admission, 50c.

KERNAN'S LYCEUM THEATER
GALA MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2.
A Merry Christmas Attraction.
SAM DEVERE'S OWN COMPANY,
Introducing an Aggregation of American and European Stars, headed by
SAM DEVERE,
The Inimitable Comedian, and the Celebrated
OMENE.
New Year's Week—Weber and Field's Own Co.

FOOTBALL—
—Christmas Day.
3 P. M. WEDNESDAY—DECEMBER 25, 1895.
CAPITOL PARK,
N. Capitol and G Streets.
University of Virginia
vs. Columbian Varsity.
ADMISSION, 50 cents.
Seats now on sale at Metzerott's.

Stroll's shoes

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