Daily Bargains.

We're Cleaning Out

All odds and ends, to start the New Year with a clean stock.

We have a few odd pieces of Furniture—some short pieces of Carpets—a few pairs of Curtains—quite a collection of things. We don't intend to duplicate.

We've put prices on them that are bound to clear them out in short order.

You had better see whether you want anything.

Wash. B. Williams,
7th and D Sts. N. W.

EISENMANN'S Great Slaughter —OF— Coats and Capes.

$5.00 Box Coat	$2.69
$6.00 Beaver and Boucle Coat	3.98
$7.00 Boucle Coat	4.39
$8.00 Kersey and Boucle Coat	5.98
$4.00 Double Capes	1.98
$5.00 Double Capes	2.98
$8.00 Plush Capes	4.39
$10.00 Plush Capes	5.98
$15.00 Plush Capes	7.98

Eisenmanns
806 Seventh Street N. W.
1924-1926 Penna. Ave.

A great big dollar's worth.

4 lbs Mixed Candy	.25
3 lbs Fresh Mix'd Nuts	.25
3 lbs Fine Layer Raisins	.25
5 lbs Good Lard	.25
	$1.00

Regular prices if sold separately.

O'HARE'S CASH GROCERY, 1420 7th St. N. W.

Stormont & Jackson,
ALLIED PRINTING TRADES COUNCIL WASHINGTON
Printers and Binders, 522 12th St. N.W

We Cater for New Year Receptions.

—We've an almost limitless assortment of the dainties and most delicious delicacies suitable to serve on such occasions. No more reasonable prices asked than ours. No better or more expeditious service is obtainable anywhere. 'Phone 796, or write for estimates.

F. FREUND,
Caterer and Confectioner,
815 Tenth St. N. W.
Phone, 796.

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Build a Home.

Individuals owning unincumbered ground can obtain money of this Company with which to Build a Home. Money to loan in any amounts at prevailing rates.

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HOTELS.

HOTEL WARNER.
470—472 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, near 6th street. Business men's lunch, 12 to 2 o'clock, 25c.; table d'hote dinner, 5:30 to 7:30 p. m., 50c. oc28-3m

DILEMMA OF TWO LADS

Arrested as Vagrants But Soon Released in Police Court.

PUGH'S PROMISCUOUS PUNS

He Varied the Monotony of the New Year Trials by Playing Upon the Words of Prisoners—Woes of a Veteran Irish Soldier Graphically Related and Demonstrated.

It rubs against the grain of human sensibilities to have to begin a bright, crisp New Year in the workhouse or jail, but that is what many of the forty-four individuals who stood in the police court dock this morning will have to do.

"I'se goin' to turn ober a new leaf," said a coffee-colored girl who occupied a seat in the dock she had sat in so often before. "But it's hard t' sober up at de end ob de year, an' I took too much las' night."

Half an hour later she went down to spend the first thirty of 1896's 366 days in the workhouse.

William G. Routh and his brother Harry are boys of about 18 and 16 years, respectively. They came from Baltimore. Both are nice looking boys with college stares on their faces and football locks on their heads. They were arrested by Detective Sutton and were charged before Judge Kimball with being suspicious characters.

"I found these boys down in the market," said Mr. Sutton, "trying to sell these two rings." Here the detective drew from his pocket two Virginia-gold rings, set with handsome and carefully ground plate glass.

"These rings are worth about 15 cents each," continued the detective, "and they had been attempting to sell them to the people in the market for about 50 cents each."

MR. PUGH'S QUESTION.

"Do you call that vagrancy?" asked Mr. Pugh, with a smile.

"Well, I suppose if there was deception in it it was," replied the officer.

"The people who buy the rings are the ones that should be brought up for vags," the facetious prosecuting attorney continued.

"Boys, what were you doing?" asked the court.

"We were a little short of money," said William, "and we did buy the rings and tried to sell them. I offered mine for twenty-five cents, and my brother offered to sell his for fifty cents. That is what they would bring in a jewelry store."

"Well, you boys had better quit the jewelry business," said Judge Kimball. "Case is dismissed."

Charles Burch shot a gun in the street last night, and paid a fine of $5 in police court this morning.

"Burch was out in the street," said the policeman in the case, "on Four-and-a-half street, near the Metropolitan Church, and shot off a gun. I told him not to do it any more. Then he went in the yard and made a lot of noise with a lot of little guns, or something, and I placed him uder arrest. Then he swore."

"Five dollars fine," said the court.

AT A WATCH-MEETING.

George Gray is a young colored boy who goes to church. George knew that the only true way to see the old year out and to welcome the new one, was to do it in church. Therefore, he attended the watch-meeting at Ebenezer Church, on Twelfth street, last night.

Mr. David Boone, a deacon in the church, explained to the court this morning what George did, for George was in the dock because he attended church.

"We wus holdin' a watch meetin'," said Deacon Boone. "Eberything wus still, 'cept de words ob de preacher. Den all ob a sudden dere was discommotion up in de gallery. De noise wus awful, an' broke de meetin' fo' de time bein'."

"I sent Mr. J. Williams, who is a witness here, wid me, an' de oders up to 'vestigate. He went, an'——"

"Well, let him tell the rest," said Mr. Pugh.

Williams took the stand.

"I went up in de gallery, jedge," said Williams, picking up the cable of the discourse, "an' foun' dis here boy laughin' an' talkin' an' makin' lob to de giris aroun' him. Den, jedge, so help me Lawd, it's a fact; dat when I 'proached him he pulled some dice out ob his pocket an' begun shootin' dice."

"What! Dice in church?" exclaimed the magistrate.

"Yes, jedge, it wus dice."

"Maybe it was a paradise he was thinking of," interposed Mr. Pugh, as he committed the first sin of the New Year.

"Den, jedge, Gray begun to curse, an' I sent a gentleman fo' de officer, an' he came an' arrested him. De serbices den scontinued."

Gray was as devoid of any knowledge of the occurrences he was charged with participating in as a New York Sunday is devoid of stimulants.

"Gray is fined $10," was the court's climax.

WOKE UP THE VETERAN.

"William Mills," called the bailiff, and an Irish veteran who sat dozing on the dock bench, with his coat off and hung over one shoulder, roused himself and answered "Here."

"I was passing a house on New Jersey avenue about 10 o'clock last night," said the policeman who arrested Mills, "and heard an awful noise inside. Someone was crying 'murder,' and there was as much pounding and beating as can be heard in the steak department of a 3-cent lunch room. I rashed in and found this man waving an ax over his head. He had broken a door and I took the ax from him. He got it back and smashed the stove in the room and then I arrested him."

"Faith, an', judge, your honor, Oi wus doin' nothin' at all, at all," said Mills, as he limped to the stand. "Oi'll till you phwat Oi did. Oi married me wolfe under the Edmunds law act, your honor. We didn't live happily together a-fther that, though Oi 'ave been in this city these thoirteen years. Wod, Oi wus goin' to lave the town, an' Oi thought Oi'd go round an' bid me ol' woman good-by, Oi did."

"Oi wint, an' whin Oi knocked at the inside door somebody—it wusn't me wolfe—says, 'Yo' can't come in.'

"'Oi want to see me wolfe,' says Oi.

"'Yo' can't,' says the voice.

"'Oi'll burn th' house,' says Oi, an' thin Oi run an' got a bucket an' shook it by the door.

"Thin, your honor, th' woman slammed th' door open an' grabbed th' ax an' hit me here an' here."

At this point of his graphically related and illustrated tale William pulled up his shirt sleeve and revealed a bruise on his arm and pointed to a scratch on the face.

"Now, your honor, wouldn't anybody lose their temper if they were treated that way? But oi'm going to leave the city an' am willin' to go now."

"Well, you won't go until you work thirty days out down in the workhouse," said Judge Kimball, and Mills limped back with an expression showing his belief in the frigidness of the world on his face.

ROBBED A STATION.

Thieves Hold Up an Operator After a Desperate Fight.

Pottstown, Pa., Jan. 1.—Charles Holder, telegraph operator at Green Lane, on the Perkimen railroad, was held up at midnight by a gang of burglars.

Holder fought desperately with a poker, but was overpowered. The thieves then plundered the station, securing some money.

After ransacking the place they compelled Holder to walk a mile, when they released him. A posse started out in search of the thieves, but no trace was found of them.

Bedstead Company Insolvent.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The Buffalo Brass and Iron Bedstead Company has gone into insolvency. The nominal assets are $130,000, actual $75,000 and liabilities $88,000. Henry J. Wilkes was today appointed temporary receiver.

BEHIND THE BARS OF THE DISTRICT WORKHOUSE

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

said, "Hello, Willie." I replied, "Hallo," in a very "don't bother me" style, and proceeded in my wandering manner another half square. These men looked after me a moment, but did not follow me. The Avenue was deserted, and I paused in the doorway of one of the big stores, to reflect on whether to go back or go forward. I believed that when I paused the officer would follow me to see what I was doing, and I was right.

ACCOSTED BY THE POLICE.

It was Officer Haines who strolled good-naturedly down to the doorway to see what I was doing with myself. He didn't appear to be much concerned, simply interested in my wayward course. As he came up he said:

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing," I replied, with an assumption of toughness. "Say, copper, give me a match, will you?"

"What do you want of a match?"

"Give me a match, please," I said impatiently, falling up against the building. "I want to light a cirgarrte."

"Certainly I will give you one," said Officer Haines, still smiling in his jauntily good-natured manner. "But you ought to be ashamed of yourself to smoke. Why don't you go home?"

"None of your business," I replied, with the purpose of irritating him.

"Where do you live?" he demanded, more harshly. "What are you doing on the streets at this time of night?"

"I told you it was none of your business. Go on and let me alone, can't you?"

"You had better tell me where you live, or I'll run you in," and then as another officer loomed up on the square below, he went on, roughly: "Come along here, now, where do you live?"

"I don't know where I live. Let go of my arm!"

But he didn't let me go, he walked me along with him. He seemed to have a strange idea of morals, however, this officer who did not want me loafing in a doorway smoking cigarettes. Before we got to the corner a large gentleman strolled by us, looking curiously at me.

"Say," said Officer Haines, "take this girl home with you, will you? I don't want to arrest her."

"I don't want to go with him," I exclaimed in an agony of fright. But I remembered that the other officer was coming. He appeared on the scene in a minute, and the two officers conversed, and decided to ring for the patrol. I was happy until I heard one of them say, "Shall we hold her?" and the other said, "No, let her go."

I had a notion of what they meant and began to struggle to get away.

"Now look here," said the new officer, "you behave yourself and we'll take care of you. We'll take you to the station house and you can sober up and go home in the morning. But if you don't keep quiet you'll get yagged."

With this intelligence I proceeded to not keep quiet. I tried to get away. Two or three other men came up from the mysterious doorways of the deserted avenue, and one of the young men advised me to keep quiet also.

"Why don't you go along quietly, girl," said he. "Nothing is going to happen to you. They'll let you go in the morning."

That was the frightful contingency. I was in their hands, incapable of doing anything more, and they wouldn't get angry with me.

THE OFFICER'S INSULT.

Officer Haines again suggested turning me over to some one of the men, and later made a grossly insulting remark to me, and when I tried to turn it off he elaborated it. I made a rush to get away, this time in earnest, but I was instantly caught by the officers, who held me between them. I proceeded to kick the shins of one of the officers in a frantic endeavor to anger them, but they only laughed and held me off.

They were not rough with me at all, but the dignity of the law was trailed in the mire of indecency by Officer Haines in a manner which caused me to despise his kindness. Has a member of the police force a right to suppose anything at all with regard to the virtue and purity of young women he arrests? Is he to regard her grave indecorum as a joke especially gotten up to spice the dullness of his night of duty? Officer Haines' insult to me was the bitterest part of my experience, and I relate it because I was told again and again at the workhouse of similar instances by the inmates. I did not make a note of that, however, as I can only testify to what happened to me.

HER UNDESIRABLE COMPANIONS.

In the Black Maria.

IN THE PATROL WAGON.

Policeman Mansfield's Kindness and the Night in the Cell.

The patrol came up, and I resisted to the full extent of my strength, making them drag and lift me into the van. They were not harsher with me than was necessary, and I resented nothing so merited as that certainly was.

But Officer Mansfield, in charge of the van, who took me to the station-house on that wild ride, was exceedingly forbearing and kind in every word and action. I was so wildly disappointed at every word that he uttered to comfort me (telling me over and over again that I was not going to be held for trial) that there was absolute truth in my endeavor to jump out of the van.

I was not acting a little bit. But I could not get out, and I was taken into the station. Mr. John Garner stood behind the railing in the station, and looked at me with serious and fatherly concern when I came in. He quietly asked my name, and I fell up in the corner, and told him my stereotyped answer: "None of your business."

He made no reply to my rude responses, and having gone through the formula of questions, and getting nothing out of me but pleadings to be let go, Officer Mansfield started to the cell with me. Mr. Pat Sullivan followed behind, and said good-naturedly:

Ah, let her go."

I exclaimed upon this: "Now he says I can go; let me, please let me go."

"Look here," said Mr. Mansfield, "if you are going to make trouble here, you lock her up yourself. You know she can't go."

Whereupon Mr. Pat Sullivan came to the fore and put his arm around my waist to pull me into the cell. I burst into a hysterical flood of weeping as they turned the key in the lock and stood peering at me through the bars. I wept real tears, but they were tears of rage at my failure, and I sat down on the hard bench with a ludicrous notion that I was a sort of Clara Morris weeping a flood of sham misery on the head of these pitying spectators.

Mr. Pat Sullivan was honestly sorry for me; so was Mr. Mansfield. The latter went away after making me promise to give him my name if he would get me a drink. Mr. Mansfield returned with a small drink of whisky.

I told him my little fiction, and he went away, leaving Pat to comfort me with soothing remarks. At that moment the police reporter in search of a news story strolled up and proceeded to quiz me. In a few minutes Pat went away and left us talking.

"Now, then, what am I going to do; I've failed to get them to make a charge against me?" I asked, rushing up to the iron door.

"You will have to try it over again tomorrow night, that's all," said he. "They'll certainly bring a charge against you if you get disorderly on the streets for two nights in succession and come up at the same station house."

ALONE IN THE CELL.

That was all the comfort that I could get out of it, and after offering to get me any thing he could, when there was positively nothing to get, he went away and left me. I had only a few hours to pass in the cell, but they were hours of miserable depression. The station house was rather cold, and the air in the cell was terrible.

The odors emanated from a rude closet in the corner, which seemed to be desperately in need of cleansing. The walls were whitewashed, and in the dim light I could see roaches traveling over them on tours of investigation. The floor was stone, like the wals, and the bench was of iron slats. This was my bed for the night. On its hard, cold surface I stretched myself out to sleep, and covered my face with my handkerchief, which I had saturated with toilet vinegar before leaving home.

But sleep did not come to me. All about me was the groaning, muttering and retching of drunken men. The vileness into which human beings can plunge themselves through the use of liquor was never so apparent to me. It could never be more apparent to any one. I felt that I was in a pen with swine, and the horror of it was these brutes could talk. They occasionally did talk to themselves, waking for a moment to express in drunken tones their opinion of their own condition. It was horrible to hear. Then some one would break out and sing a bar or two of some bacchanalian song of low degree.

This is certainly no place to incarcerate women. It seems to me that if there is a matron she should be in evidence when a woman is brought in, and that women should have a separate ward.

In the morning at 6 o'clock the officers came in and came to my door in a swarm to look at the only woman locked up that night.

"That's right," I said. "Stand there and look at me."

"That's what we are going to do, pretty," said one of them, and they proceeded to amuse themselves by making facetious remarks. The officer who arrested me asked if I was going to smoke any more cigarettes and then lit his own pipe on the spot.

I said: "Ah, smoking is reprehensible, is it? Why don't some one arrest him?"

They all laughed loudly at me. Mr. Garner came down to let me out, and gave me some very kind and dignified advice, which I fear he believed me to take most ungraciously, but which I trust he will never fail to administer to wayward young women, nevertheless.

I went out under the bright morning stars, for it was only 6 o'clock. One of the officers went out with me, and offered to take me into a saloon and buy me a drink of liquor, but I got rid of him, and hurried home to wash off the paint and go to sleep.

THE SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT.

This Time Miss Bergen Succeeded in Being Arrested as a Vagrant.

The next night the matter was very much simpler. I got into my disguise again as late as possible, and with my friend, the reporter, walked over to New Jersey avenue. I desired to remove the drama from so public a theater of action on this occasion. We walked down New Jersey avenue until we were near the station house, and the reporter went forward to reconnoiter.

I had been leaning upon the quiet and respectable fence of some sleeping house-holder for some time, drinking in the deep stillness and wondrous beauty of the night, when the reporter came back to me, walking very fast. He stopped one moment to say:

"Here's luck. Go straight ahead of you and do your acting. Detective Hartigan is coming out on his way home. He is in citizen's dress. He is a gentleman; don't be afraid of him."

I did as I was told and staggered into the surprised detective's arms. He interrogated me sharply, explaining that he was an officer of the police.

But I said to him much the same things as I said the night before, leaving out the cigarette scene. In a minute he made up his mind and conducted me to the station. There he took me up to the railing, and before I said a word the officer at the desk exclaimed impatiently:

"Yes, we know her. She was here last night. She's drunk again, is she? Well, she had better be yagged."

The detective himself escorted me to my cell, but to my profound amazement and pleasure he took me upstairs to a witness room to lock me up. This room was furnished with two comfortable single beds, a gas stove, and arm chair.

He lighted the fire, and left me to go to bed. But before leaving he knocked at the matron's door, and told her that a young woman had just been brought in. That she looked refined, and appeared quiet. That she need not disturb herself unless I made a disturbance. Then telling me to make myself comfortable and to keep quiet, he went off and left me to my meditations. I sat down a moment to think.

I had taken the first successful step, but the great act of my drama was yet to come. I knew that the crucial moment would be when I was arraigned before Judge Kimball, in that familiar courtroom, the next morning, when the light of day would fall on my disguise, and familiar eyes would behold me.

In Court.

But putting my trust in the utter unexpectedness of the ruse about to be played on the court, I went to bed and slept the sleep of the just. Deep, dreamless, profound slumber came to me that night and I awoke filled with a balmy elation and an inspiration to act my role. I was enthused with the intense purpose to put the thing through, and I had a conviction that I should not fail.

SIBYL WILBER,
alias
FLORENCE BERGEN.

The story of her arraignment and sentence will be continued in The Evening Times tomorrow.

BAYARD AND COLLINS.

The Ambassador Is Too Proud for the Consul General.

Congressman Elijah A. Morse made some statements during the recent campaign as to the reasons which influenced President Cleveland in certain appointments.

It was a subject of current gossip here among leading Democrats at the time that E. J. Phelps of Vermont would have been minister to England, and not Thomas F. Bayard, had it not been for the bogie of the Irish vote. There can be no doubt that Mr. Phelps very nearly received the appointment of minister to England from President Cleveland.

If he had gone there, Patrick A. Collins of Boston would not, perhaps, now be consul-general at London, receiving the largest income of any office in the consular service and keeping very quiet about it.

Unless Democratic information is wrong, Patrick A. Collins prevented E. J. Phelps from becoming minister to England under Cleveland's first administration.

A Democratic Senator, who was very near to Mr. Cleveland, who was in fact one of the men upon whom the Cleveland administration then relied for support in the Senate, said at the time the commission of Mr. Phelps for the position of minister to England was almost made out, but that President Cleveland was persuaded not to send the nomination to the Senate, because of the sudden appearance in Washington of Gen. Patrick A. Collins of Boston, with one or two leading Irish Democrats of New York, that these gentlemen protested that the appointment of Mr. Phelps would be a great political blunder under the circumstances, and that it might lose Mr. Cleveland the renomination, to which he, from the first, aspired.

PHELPS WAS BITTER.

It is a curious circumstance that the name of Gen. Collins was associated with that of Mr. Phelps in connection with Mr. Cleveland's first Cabinet. There were several reasons why Mr. Cleveland did not tender Mr. Collins that position. Mr. Phelps was very bitterly opposed by the Irish-American element in the Democratic party. Mr. Cleveland had a very adequate idea of what the Irish-American element in his party meant when he had the name of Mr. Phelps under consideration for Chief Justice of the United States. The Irish Nationalists were determined that Mr. Phelps should not be appointed, and it was the Irish Nationalists who had their way.

Those who have spent much time in London have said that Ambassador Bayard and Consul General Collins remain strictly within their several spheres, and that our lordly ambassador is quite content that Mr. Collins of Boston should remain in the city with the trades people. Ambassador Bayard, in speaking of the work of Consul General Collins in London, is reported to have said:

"The distance between our offices—some three miles—and the difference in our respective duties, are such that we meet only occasionally. The embassy has its office near the British foreign office, and the consul general has his headquarters in the business part of London. Mr. Collins has made a most excellent impression, and has made his mark as an able and assiduous worker for the forwarding of the commercial interests of the United States."

The distance between the residence of Patrick Collins, Congressman, and Mr. Bayard, Secretary of State and Senator, when both lived in Washington was much less than three miles, and their occupations were not always so very different. Both worshiped at the same shrine. Both bowed before the same master. Both wore the same political collar. Both were idolators of President Cleveland. Both were spoken of for his first Cabinet, and only one was chosen. Yet they seldom met and seldom spoke even then. Why?

THIS IS WHY.

When Patrick A. Collins was under consideration for Attorney General, was there any suggestion from the political and social school which Mr. Bayard represents that the dignified and courtly and then comparatively unknown "silver-gray" Endicott would be more acceptable to those court and social circles in Washington, of which the Chevalier Bayards have always been types, than the blunt, virile, simple Irishman?

Was there any suggestion from those in the narrow circle, who boast of ancestry, who have praeterea nihil, and who would exchange their coats-of-arms for a shield with a $ mark, that plain Patrick Collins, however useful he might be upon the stump or in the council chamber, would not do in those brilliant court circles of the first Cleveland administration, when a Cabinet officer, now candidate for President, ostentatiously scattered silver dollars from his carriage window to the pickaninnies, gave the waiting coachmen champagne upon their boxes, and expended $100,000 in the entertainments of a single year?

Ask Mr. Collins, ask Mr. John E. Russell, ask Mr. Cleveland, ask any one who knows, why Patrick Collins was not Mr. Cleveland's first Attorney General and the representative of New England in the Cabinet.

Now, it seems that Mr. Collins lives in London, in the "city," three miles distant from the princely mansion of Ambassador Bayard in Belgravia. And it happens that these two officials of the government do not often meet. It was not expected.

Gen. Collins represents vulgar trade and the $ mark. He cannot go before the queen. He may not hobnob with the brainless youths and drones who constitute so large a part of royalty. He must live with the money changers, consort with those who go down to Threadneedle street and with those who make the crowned heads go upon their knees for the millions with which to sustain their fleets, their armies and their amours.

These are reasons why Gen. Collins and Ambassador Bayard do not often meet.

Times Issued Morning, Evening, Sunday.

Sroll's shoes

BOND BILL FIRST ORDER

Allison Thinks It Should Precede Revenue Measure.

EXPECTS LENGTHY DEBATE

Free Coinage Amendment Will Probably Be Added as a Special Concession—Republicans Will Doubtless Place Themselves on Record Against Silver—Finance Committee's Views.

Although there is but little probability that the Senate will exhibit any particular haste in considering either the tariff or bond bill, there are some prominent members of that body who believe the latter should be given preference.

Senator Allison, a leading member of the Finance Committee, is among those who favor this policy. He feels that it is due the President and the Secretary of the Treasury that this matter should first be taken up and disposed of, as the President has called attention to its importance by a special message.

In expressing his views on this subject, Senator Allison said he could not at this time predict what course the Finance Committee will pursue, but he presumed the Democrats on the committee, who were for free and unlimited coinage, together with the free coinage Republicans—Jones of Nevada and Walcott of Colorado—would insist on engrafting a free coinage amendment to the bill. With that amendment added, the Democrats would undoubtedly support it. Without that, they were understood to be opposed to the bond bill, as both the President and Secretary Carlisle exerted their influence against it when it was under consideration by the House.

A LONG DEBATE.

Senator Allison said he did not think the consideration of the bond bill in committee would consume much time, but when it reached the Senate the debate was likely to be a protracted one, as the sound-money Republicans would undoubtedly antagonize it at every stage and put themselves on record against the silver craze.

As soon as the bond bill is out of the way, if the committee decides to give it preference, the House emergency revenue bill will be immediately taken up and considered from day to day until disposed of. There are a good many amendments, he said, which have been offered and referred to the committee, and the movers of them will endeavor to secure their adoption. But to what extent it will be amended, or whether the committee is disposed to reopen the whole tariff question by adding a large number of amendments, is very questionable.

While it is not expected that a bond issue will be announced until next week, or perhaps later, it is understood the syndicate which proposes to handle the new loan is now in communication with the proper officials trying to reach a conclusive arrangement.

The price at which the bonds will be taken in the first instance was not finally settled, though the offer was made at practically the figure at which the issue of February last was sold, 104.17. To the private bankers and banks the rate will, according to the proposition made, be 1 per cent higher this amount of $1,000,000 being the commission and return for further services to be rendered by the direct party of the second part.

There is a prospect of two different bond issues, the first, under this plan, to be for $100,000,000, with a provision for another of $100,000,000 to go to the same people. Payment down in full is not to to be made. A certain percentage of the gold, 50 per cent if requested by the President, will be first paid and the balance upon the request of the Treasury or upon agreement thereafter between the contracting parties.

RATE FOR MONEY.

The banks, trust companies, life insurance companies and private bankers taking part will exert their efforts to so fix the rate for money that gold exports will be kept more or less under control. Prominent foreign houses will have a share in the distribution of bonds.

The members of the syndicate may dispose of the bonds as they wish, immediately upon obtaining them or at any future time.

These terms are now under consideration by the President, and will be announced by by him if he decides the transaction to be possible under the circumstances.

It is certain, as has been heretofore stated, that a popular loan would meet with disfavor in New York and other financial centers. In fact, it is asserted that it would be an impossibility to float a popular loan. The argument is advanced that if the interest is sufficiently large to tempt those who have small savings to withdraw them from their places of deposit, so that they may buy bonds with them, it will also be large enough to put those bonds at a premium. If they should go to a premium at once, then the bankers and brokers would find it easy to get possession of most of them.

That was an experience which attended Secretary Sherman's attempt to float a popular loan in 1878. Bonds of small denomination were announced to go on sale to the public at the New York postoffice upon a certain day. Long before the hour set for the sale a great crowd gathered before the postoffice door, and having been formed in single file, stretched far away down Broadway. Those who saw that spectacle said that the secretary was justified in believing that the plain people were only too glad to invest their savings in government bonds.

But it soon became apparent that others besides the plain people were in the line of waiting customers. They were the employes of the brokers and bankers. They bought as many bonds as they were able to procure, the law limiting to a certain amount the sale at any one time to one person, and these bonds they immediately took to Wall street, where there was already a premium of between 1 and 2 per cent on them. After two or three days it was made certain that the majority of these bonds were finding their way to the brokers. Even the plain people were buying them and immediately selling them, sharing the premium with the brokers. When Secretary Sherman learned of this he stopped the sale.

TOO SMALL TO TEMPT.

On the other hand, the bankers say that if the rate of interest is so small that the bonds will not command a premium it will also be too small to tempt the plain people to withdraw their deposits from the savings banks.

There are unmistakable evidences that beneath the financial surface in the East there is serious apprehension that the country is drifting toward the suspension of gold payments, and perhaps all specie payments. It is this apprehension which is causing the hoarding of gold, just as it caused it a year ago. There is constant dread that some ill-considered thing may be said or done, either here or in Great Britain or in Venezuela, which will bring a crisis immediately upon us.

If Mr. Cleveland can prevail upon Russia or any European nation to furnish gold sufficient to protect the Treasury for twelve months, or can secure the aid of a syndicate in New York which will bring gold from its hiding places in sufficient quantities to protect the Treasury for some months, then, according to opinion, the emergency will be temporarily met.

The temper in which this purchase of gold is received will be closely scrutinized by many financiers. If it shows a willingness greatly to oversubscribe the issue, as was the case in February, then confidence will be in some measure restored. If it shows a reluctance, and that the syndicate is having difficulty in fulfilling its obligations, then distrust will be increased.

Street Railway System Sold.

Portland, Ore., Jan. 1.—Under a decree of foreclosure held by the Mercantile Trust Company, the Portland Consolidated Street Railway sytem was to-day sold at public auction. There was but one bid, that of the Rollins Banking Company of Boston, to whom the property was knocked down for $307,000.

Exceptional Cut Price Cloak Sale.

The overstock must be forced. We are going to stand our loss now, just when cold weather is about commencing—cost not considered. We must unload. These prices will do it:

$24.00 Jackets and Capes	$11.48
18.00 Jackets and Capes	9.48
15.00 Jackets and Capes	8.25
12.00 Jackets and Capes	7.48
10.00 Jackets and Capes	6.42
8.00 Jackets and Capes	4.98

Dress Skirts.

Same proportionate reductions.

$3.00 Skirts	$1.98
6.00 Skirts	3.48
10.00 Skirts	5.48

CLARK'S, 734-736 7th St. N. W.

Canton Flannel Remnants, 12½c quality, at 8c.

Stern's
904-906 7th St. N.W.

IF ALL OTHERS FAIL CONSULT
DR. CZARRA,
16 Fourth st. ne., Washington, D. C.
SPECIALTY—All Chronic, Nervous, Blood and Skin Diseases, Indigestion, Liver, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary Troubles, Piles, Fistula, Stricture, etc.
A NEW METHOD for permanent and quick cure of all PRIVATE diseases and Woman Complaints. Vitality restored. Hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 3 to 6 p. m. Sunday, 4 to 7 p. m.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL CAFE DINING ROOM,
1606 M St. N. W.
First-class catering for balls, parties and private families.
Meals, 15 and 25c.
Families supplied with salt water oysters by the quart or gallon.
Ice cream wholesale and retail.
JOHN VENIE, Proprietor

SLEEPY-EYE WIDE-awake handles the Royal Blue Line, the finest stogie on earth. $1.35 per hundred. A Columbian half dollar given in change.
1336 14th Street N.W.

Sroll's shoes

IS TOM JOHNSON A BOODLER

Charges that He Attempted to Bribe a Member of Detroit Council.

Alleged That $70,000 Was in a Pool to Secure a New Street Railway Franchise.

Detroit, Jan. 1.—There is much talk of boodle in connection with the amended ordinance, which was passed by the common council yesterday, giving the Detroit Citizens' Street Railway Company a new franchise running for thirty years.

One of the stories is to the effect that there is $70,000 in the pot.

Alderman Frank Licht of the Sixth ward says that Tom L. Johnson, president of the street railway company, offered to loan him $6,000 yesterday without a scrap of paper as security, to be repaid whenever Licht found it convenient, if he would vote for the amended street railway ordinance.

Mr. Licht says there was no doubt as to Mr. Johnson's intentions.

The charges of boodle will undoubtedly lead to an immediate investigation by the grand jury of the methods which obtained in the passage of the ordinance, and some sensational developments are expected.

Mr. Johnson is in Cleveland today and could not be seen in regard to Licht's statement. Vice President Hutchins, of the company, does not believe the story.

FORCING WAR IN AFRICA.

Eight Hundred Armed Men March Into the Transvaal.

London, Jan. 1.—The Morning Post this morning publishes a dispatch from Vienna saying that a telegram from Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal, states that an armed force of the British South Africa Company, numbering 800 men, and armed with Maxim and other guns, is reported to have entered the Transvaal.

This force is said to have reached the vicinity of Rustenburg and intends to march on Johannesburg. President Kruger has ordered that its advance be forcibly prevented, and has issued a proclamation appealing to the burghers to defend their country. The dispatch adds that fighting seems inevitable.

The papers here today also publish a statement, emanating from a commercial source, that Dr. Jameson, the administrator of the British South Africa Company, has led 500 armed men into the Transvaal to assist the Uitlanders, or foreign residents of that republic, to enforce their demands that they be granted equal political rights with the Boers.

The papers add that the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of state for the colonies, has ordered the immediate return of this force to British territory.

DAY OF EIGHT HOURS.

St. Louis Bookbinders Achieve a Very Remarkable Victory.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 1.—The demands of the three hundred union bookbinders of this city of eight hours' work for the former pay of ten hours was acceded to by eleven of the principal firms yesterday.

But two large concerns will resist the demand. These will try to run with non-union men.