"AT THE BON MARCHE"

Most Wonderful Prices

here—must be—to do any business at this time of year. Other stores are empty—long counters—gaping clerks—stock accumulating—nothing doing.

How HERE? Well, if you'll come and see for yourself, we can show you a lively, bustling "end of the century" store—full of customers—full of bargains—full of comfort and courtesy.

You'll come Monday, perhaps. Thinking so we have prepared a bargain list that will make your visit prove satisfying and memorable to you. The bargains and the prices are most unusual.

Corset Bargain.

To open this bargain Ball there are 100 dozen fine Satteen Corsets in black or white. The black is fast. These Corsets have double front and side steels—extra long waists. Every one of them is worth and has been sold always at $1. Now the price..... 57c

Infants' Dress Bargain.

A dainty Infant's Gingham Dress in pink and blue—for 1 to 3 years—made strongly and well—with full sleeves and ruffles round neck—worth more than double, but the price is now just 19c

Boys' Waist Bargain.

Navy Blue Percale—the right kind—Boys' Shirt Waists. You couldn't buy anything like them anywhere for 25c, but still here they are for you at 13c

Sateen Skirt Bargain.

A one dollar fine Sateen Skirt, with two ruffles, splendidly made and full width, and the price is..... 66c

Children's Hose Bargain.

Seventeen cent Children's hose, 2 and 2 ribbed—seamless—in really fast black—6 to 10s. The price now is..... 8c

Windsor Tie Bargain.

A lot of Windsor Ties, plain black and stripes—China and Surat. These are worth twenty-five cents. They will be to-morrow only..... 17c

Millinery Bargains

There is no stock—no house—in this city that can cope with us when it comes to Millinery. Our low prices are so much lower—our high qualities so much higher than any body else's that when we tell you of bargains you may safely come and buy. Here are two:

At 15c.—White, black and blue sailors. Rough straws with ribbon band. Regular value, 49 cts..... 15c

At 39c.—One lot Leghorn Flats plain and fancy edges. Regular prices, 75, 89, and 98c. Very remarkable values. The price is.. 39c

Silk Ribbon Bargain.

Perhaps the most extraordinary bargain item of the whole. Read every word of it carefully, and then come and see, look, and handle. We can't promise you ribbon at such a price again—ever.

At 14c—Regular 25c., 35c., 40c., and 50c., all silk Ribbons, 4, 5 and 6 inches wide, in Satin, Grosgrain, Ottomans, Stripes, Cretons, Plaids, Satin, Ffisse, exquisite variety—perfect goods. A grand opportunity. The price now is.. 14c

Glove Bargains.

Silk Taffeta Gloves, in Tans, Browns, and Grays. These are gloves that everywhere sell at 25c. You can help yourself for..... 12½c

Another Glove Bargain.

Pure Silk Gloves, in Browns, Tans, Mouves, and Grays. You don't see these every day at 50c. Here they are..... 21c

Sterling Silver Bargain.

Dainty Shirt Waist Sets in Sterling Silver, consisting of collar button—3 studs, and cuff links. Just the thing this season. Jewelers get 50c., our price is..... 31c

Perfumery Bargains.

Something very special. All Woodworth's perfumeries, every odor, perfect scents, and standard high grade quality, per ounce..... 7c

Men's Bargains

For women to buy if they are wise providers for their husbands' needs. We've had great success with our Men's Department—built it up step by step—beaten the exclusive stores at every point—carry big stock—maintain high quality in spite of wonderfully low prices—everything is in your favor if you buy here.

At 44c—Men's fine Unbleached Silken Gauze 2-thread Lisle Underwear, slightly imperfect. These garments are worth $1.00 each anywhere in America. The price here is..... 44c

At 73c—Very fine $1 and $1.25 French Percale and Madras Negligee Shirts—in stripes—splendid value. We mean by this you can't buy the same shirts for any other price as this..... 73c

At 5c.—Men's good 12c. Handkerchiefs, with colored border or plain white—all hemstitched. A wise man with foresight would buy 25 at..... 5c

Bon Marche,

314-316-318 7th St. N. W.

STEADY FARMING.

Mistake of the Farmers in Not Sticking to Any One Thing.

Steady farming, with a good rotation of crops persistently followed, is the surest way to success for farmers. Abrupt changes in order to meet high prices for some farm product are dangerous practices, says the Germantown Telegraph. It is within the remembrance of every farmer when hay was so low that it hardly paid to raise it for market, but since then farmers have been making more profit—say than almost any other crop. To suit the change, a great many dropped hay from their list of farm crops and tried to get along without it. The steady farmers continued to give grass a place in their crop rotation, turning it under when it would not pay to cut and sell it as hay, and when prices went up again for hay they were the only ones who had good crops to sell. Besides enriching their soil with the grass, they found themselves prepared to reap a good harvest when prices came around again to their normal condition.

Just now sheep have been at a discount, and thousands have been selling them off to raise something else more profitable. But sheep, both for wool and mutton, will be profitable in the future. Several times in the past the sheep industry has been at its lowest ebb, but it revived in time. Steam and electricity are said to be driving horses out of the market, and that it will no longer pay to raise fine colts. There never was a time, and probably never will be, when it did not pay to raise good horses. Underbred stock is too plentiful and will be at a greater discount in the future than now, but fine driving road horses and heavy draught horses will never lose their value permanently. It is within the remembrance of the writer when many farmers paid $5 and $6 per head for ordinary sheep because a boom in that line was sending everything upward.

There are too many farmers engaged in this industry who wait for high prices and then they rush into that particular line of work. If sheep are high-priced they pay exorbitant prices for stock in order to raise others to sell. If corn is the leading farm product that pays well they turn their farms into enormous corn-fields, unmindful of the fact often that they do not understand its culture nor the expenses attached to it. Frequently they have to make an initial outlay to adapt themselves to the abrupt change, which alone will take away all profits.

Just now more farmers are preparing for abrupt changes than ever before. It has been a disastrous year with most of us. Many have lost money and are generally dissatisfied with their conditions. Each one is looking around at those who seem to be raising something more profitable. Very often these profitable products are only temporarily so, and by the time the change is made they will no longer pay good prices. Good, steady farming, with a fair rotation of crops, is the only sure way for any farmer to make farming a sure thing. Grass, hay, oats, wheat, potatoes, corn, sheep, cows, and horses cannot always be unprofitable. The land is kept, not run down. Expenses are normal and outlays not increased by such violent changes. The pigs, chickens, cows and sheep will all yield some incidental profits, while the main farm crops may fluctuate from year to year, but not more so than manufactured articles. Fluctuation is characteristic of every business, and farmers have no more than their share. The shoe manufacturer does not take up pin making because shoes happen to be unprofitable for a season or two.

$1.25 to Baltimore and Return $1.25 Via B. & O. R. R.

Tickets sold for, and good going on all trains, Saturday and Sunday, July 13 and 14, and good to return until Monday, July 15, inclusive.

GONZAGA'S GREAT FETE

Most Successful of All the College Ever Arranged.

BOTH PLEASURE AND PROFIT

Managers Very Grateful to All Who Gave Their Assistance in Various Ways—Complete List of Those Who Won Prizes in the Book Selling Contest—Large Crowd Last Night.

The festival and lawn party at Gonaga College grounds, in aid of the new Gonzaga Hall closed last evening after a most successful run of two weeks. There was no lack of patronages or pleasure and its continuous success was only exceeded by the brilliancy of the closing hours.

While the attendence was always gratifyingly large, that of last evening was double that on any other night. The booths, the dance pavilion and the merry-go-round were all well patronized.

THANKFUL FOR HELP.

The managers, Messrs. Joseph Kummer and J. S. Moss, and the ladies in charge of the various booths all spoke in the highest terms of those whose cheerful co-operation has made the festival so gratifying a success.

Among those to whom they feel especially grateful are the members of the Geraldine Dramatic Club Mr. M. F. Halloran, manager; Mr. Charles B. Hanford, the Carroll Institute orchestra, Mr. Benjamin Judson, director; Mr. James Mahoney, Miss Della May Gilliland, Master Willie Collier, Miss Annie Downey and Johnnie Downey, all of whom are accomplished artists in their line, and added greatly to the pleasures of the festival.

The following is the list of prize winners in what was known as the book selling contest:

LUCKY PRIZE WINNERS.

No. 1773—Mrs. R. L. Jenks, 624 Second street northeast, handsomely bound book.
No. 3439—Mrs. Stock, 118 F street northwest, five pounds of tea.
No. 1936—L. D. Phillips, 1213 Eighth street northwest, book.
No. 1085—James Aiman, 240 Fourteenth street southwest, handsome chair.
No. 1387—Miss Alice Connors, 57 I street northwest, handsomely bound book.
No. 1092—H. R. Lessmuttzer, 68 Myrtle street, hat rack.
No. 2088—Mrs. D. Reardon, 203 L street northwest, handsome book.
No. 1397—Miss Alice Conner, 57 I street northwest, one dozen silver spoons.
No. 2001—J. W. Webber, 401 H street northeast, book.
No. 832—Mrs. Ellen O'Brien, 819 First street northeast, handsome book.
No. 229—John Donohue, 130 D street northeast, pair pants.
No. 75—Frank Larkin, 809 Twenty-fourth street northwest, lady's writing desk.
No. 3142—Mrs. P. Dillon, 625 New Jersey avenue northwest, handsome book.
No. 1059—Mrs. F. Williams, 62 1-2 Myrtle street northeast, handsome book.
No. 217—William Delehanty, cake basket.
No. 3510—A. Morrison, 629 Second street northeast, book.
No. 3114—Miss Minnie Geier, 407 K street northwest, barrel flour.
No. 2895—Miss Alice Duffie, 1130 North Capitol street, book two volumes.
No. 1107—R. A. Breck, 720 Third street northeast, handsome book.
No. 1772—H. Kern, 1225 D street northeast, book.
No. 154—J. P. McCarty, 611 New Jersey avenue southwest, book.
No. 2427—Miss Maggie McCarty, handsome oak dining table and six chairs.
No. 1770—I. Davis, 51 H street northwest, book.
No. 2493—Mr. Bardrows, 620 Twenty-third street northwest, barrel of flour.
No. 2430—Mrs. Rose Frain, 140 Third street northwest, book.
No. 1160—Mrs. Meahan, 68 Myrtle street northeast, book.
No. 987—Mrs. Price, Fifth street between B and C northeast, handsome sideboard.
No. 5306—James Liston, 108 G street northwest, clock.
No. 2090—Mrs. D. Reardon, 203 L street northwest, book.
No. 244—Mrs. Scanlon, 2429 I street northwest, book.
No. 3236—James Donahue, 1304 North Capitol street, handsome eight-day clock.
No. 2270—James Dugan, 316 H street northwest, enameled iron bedstead.
No. 3966—Mr. Howrz, 505 L street northwest, silver tea set.
No. 1188—Mrs. Bobington, 82 D street northeast, gold watch.
No. 3430—A. Bonnet, 116 F street northwest, fine painting.
No. 2715—John Foley, 48 K street northeast, book.
No. 2291—William Riordan, 1359 M street southwest, silver watch.
No. 258—M. Liston, 808 Fourth street northeast, book.
No. 2981—M. Z. Rafferty, 100 F street northwest, book.
No. 2428—Thomas Heeney, 1339 N street northwest, barrel flour.
No. 3564—Charles Foreman, 73 New York avenue, set of carvers.
No. 3420—Mary E. Walsh, 315 K street northwest, book.
No. 3596—Miss Nellie Collins, 803 I street northwest, lady's silver watch.
No. 1353—Anton Cline, 34 I street northeast, sewing machine.
No. 2081—Robert White, 224 C street northeast, book.
No. 4126—U. M. Jones, 423 Seventh street southwest, set garden tools.
No. 610—Mrs. Keane, 720 1-2 First street northeast, imported coach.
No. 5414—631 H northeast, book.
No. 4497—Mrs. McCarty, 203 Massachusetts avenue, book.
No. 2964—Miss Magrau, set of knives.
No. 2038—Thomas Sweeney, suit boy's clothes.
No. 1361—Center table.
No. 1160—Set knives.
No. 3003—Book.
No. 2973—Mrs. Magrau, handsome book.
No. 2037—James Sweeney, lady's hat.
No. 928—Mrs. Krogman, 57 K street northwest, picture frame.

Alumnae table, Miss Agnes C. Roover in charge, gold ring cut from cake by Mrs. Fitzgerald, L, between North Capitol and First streets. Painting by Mrs. H. Talty won by Rev. Father Colgan.

Sodality Table, in Charge of Miss Mary McNamee and Miss J. C. Linahan—"Sacred Heart" won by Miss Mary Buske, 1603 Nineteenth street northwest; Miss Kate Holmes, 475 I street northwest, gold ring; Miss Mary Halihan, 19 H street northwest, "Sacred Heart Shrine;" No. 321, silver butter dish.

The closing hour was devoted to disposing of the unsold articles at auction, Mr. James Mahoney acting as auctioneer.

Extras.

Van Pelt—Isn't $4 a day rather high for a hotel in the mountains?

Landlord—But, my dear sir, you should think of the scenery.

Van Pelt—How much do you charge for that?—New York World.

The Pessimist.

"It may be a great and glorious thing to die for one's country," said the pessimist, "but what is the good in doing an act that gives you no chance to respond to an encore?"—Indianapolis Journal.

One of Nature's Mistakes.

If nature never makes a mistake, how in the world does it happen that it allows a fly to bother the bald-headed man who dislikes profanity?—Yonkers Statesman.

His Plan.

Miggs—Will you not suffer from the heat here in the city all summer?

Diggs—Oh, dear, no; I married one of Boston's "four hundred." I wear an overcoat in August when I am at home.—New York World.

GOV. SHEPHERD'S RETURN

Unostentatious Arrival of Washington's Man of Destiny.

THRONGS AT HIS HOTEL

Accompanied by His Wife and Daughter—Deepening Lines on His Face the Only Signs of His Age—The City Old and New—Noticed a Great Change.

"If you wish to see his monument, look around you," might as appropriately be said of Alexander R. Shepherd as it was said of Sir Christopher Wren.

Washington's man of destiny, ex-Gov. Shepherd, arrived in the city yesterday morning in a most unostentatious manner and is at the Arlington Hotel.

Eight years ago his return here was made the occasion of a most brilliant civic demonstration.

He came here yesterday unheralded, accompanied by members of his immediate family, wife and daughter, but he was soon discovered in his retreat and was made the subject of an impromptu ovation by his friends.

In his party are Mrs. Alexander R. Shepherd and Mrs. E. A. Quintard, his daughter. They came direct from El Paso, stopping only a few days at Suwanee, Tenn., to see relatives there, and thence into the city he made so beautiful and so great.

FAMILIAR TO ALL.

The history of Gov. Shepherd is naturally the most familiar subject to all Washingtonians, at least since 1871, when he began to transform its roads into avenues and its brick into marble, as Augustus did for his Norman bailiwick.

The demonstration which welcomed him here eight years ago was an evidence that he is still the author and creator of the Augustan age of Washington.

Gov. Shepherd received his callers yesterday in the parlors of the Arlington and last night in the parlor of his handsome suite of apartments. He was surrounded when The Times called on him by a number of callers whom Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Quintard assisted in entertaining.

Perhaps the only indications of Gov. Shepherd's age are the deepening lines of his face. His movements are as easy and as deliberate as when he looked about the city of Washington twenty-four years ago, and said prophetically to the ancient things, "You must go."

He looked the impersonation of Dumas' idea of "Twenty Years After." There were three conversations in progress in the parlor at the same moment, the governor talking to the press representatives and the ladies each with their own circle of callers.

THE OLD AND NEW.

In reply to a suggestion that he should talk about the old and the new Washington the governor said:

"I was just saying to my friends that I have not yet had a very great opportunity of forming any impressions since my last visit. I have taken as yet only a very hasty glance at a very small section of the city. My visit was to the central portion of the city and I noted that there have been very many improvements since I was here in 1887, both in reference to the finer character of the buildings and the taste displayed in their construction."

Mrs. Shepherd has a most gracious manner and is just as beautiful as when she was universally admired as Miss Alix Young, which, by the way, was to all appearances, not very long ago.

Mrs. Quintard is the daughter-in-law of Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, and the wife of Mr. E. A. Quintard, jr., of New York. She is much interested in her return to her family in New York.

The party has made no arrangements for their period of recreation here.

SOME OF THE CALLERS.

Among the callers yesterday were Hon. David Nash Morgan, United States Treasurer; Mrs. John W. Clarke, Mr. Frank A. Miller, Mr. W. C. McIntyre, Mr. Charles Gregg Watson, Mr. James Stevenson, Mr. B. P. Blackford, Max Arnies, Mr. J. G. Smithmeyer, Mr. George C. Gorham, Mr. G. W. Gray, Mr. John T. Divine, ex-Mayor Berrett, Mr. Forsythe, the old city surveyor; Mr. Thomas Shepherd, brother of the governor; Mr. John M. Young, brother of Mrs. Shepherd; the secretary of the Japanese legation, Mrs. Merchant, sister of Mr. Shepherd, and many others. Mrs. Judge Bradley, Mrs. Shepherd's sister, is not now in the city.

WORTH'S BEST CUSTOMER.

He Disapproved of Her and Her Extravagance.

Worth, the famous dressmaker of Paris, used to tell his customers to buy a few gowns and wear them out. He had no patience with women who bought more clothes than they could use, says the Youth's Companion.

One of his best customers was a wealthy French lady of distinction, who had a passion for carrying a large stock of new clothes. He used to tell her that he could not suit her so well when she ordered so many gowns at once and that some of them would certainly lack originality and be unbecoming, but she would not heed his warning.

As this lady was in infirm health and seldom went out in society, she wore only a few of her many gowns. As soon as they were old or out of style she lost interest in them and gave them a way to poor relations. She found the same pleasure in unlocking her wardrobes and looking at her handsome costumes that a miser derives from counting his gold in secret.

When Worth's extravagant customer died she left behind her so large a stock of new clothes, that her executors, instead of distributing it among the relatives, had an inventory made of the wardrobe and then sold it by auction, piece by piece.

There were seventy magnificent costumes of the richest materials, as many as fifteen mantles trimmed with rare fur, innumerable riding habits, dressing-gowns and jackets, seventy silk petticoats, and underclothing in profusion, sixty pairs of shoes, three hundred handkerchiefs, ten muffs and forty parasols, one hundred bonnets, and other articles of dress in equally large assortment.

These were not old clothes. Everything was new and without signs of wear. The wardrobe had cost somewhere between $200,000 and $250,000, and it was sold at a great sacrifice, the receipts from the auction barely exceeding $32,000.

The sale excited great interest in Paris and many lectures on extravagance in dress were read to women in public and private. Worth, himself, was angry when his costly costumes were sold for a song. He considered that the treasures of his art had been desecrated through the folly of a selfish leader of fashion, who had become a helpless invalid, yet would not acknowledge that her day was over.

"No woman with good sense," he would say, "is justified in having more gowns than she expects to wear. A few becoming costumes ought to satisfy the richest and most ambitious woman."

That was good advice, whether it was followed by his wealthy and fashionable customers or openly disregarded. Collections of paintings, etchings, books, porcelain, or gems may have a permanent and even an increasing value, but an extravagant wardrobe, exceeding reasonable requirements of use, involves foolish wastefulness.

Gittin' Crowded.

Uncle Hays, scanning the paper: "I tell yer this country's gittin' crowded. The last Indian reservation is bein' thrown open and 20,000 people waitin' to rush in where there's only farms enough for a quarter of that number."

Aunt Mary, with deep interest: "For land's sake!"—New York World.

LIBERALS ARE CRUSHED

Their Defeat Much More Decisive Than Was Expected.

HARCOURT OUT IN THE COLD

Local Veto Bill Alienated the Workingmen and Caused This Able Leader's Downfall—Tories Wildly Jubilant and Predicting Remarkable Majority in Parliament.

London, July 13.—The Liberals to-night are in a very desponding mood. All day long and far into the night the returns were coming in and nearly all of them showed there was not the slightest hope of the party holding its own in the elections.

This was not expected, for the Liberal leaders went to the polls firm in the belief that they would be defeated, but they did not expect the crushing blows that were delivered to them in constituencies that were held to be safely Liberal.

The leaders were staggered when the telegraph brought the information that Sir William Vernon Harcourt, whom many believed should have been the successor of Mr. Gladstone in the councils of the party, had been defeated in Derby, together with his fellow representative from that district, Sir Thomas Roe.

THEY BUILT ON SAND.

It was never thought by the Liberals that Derby would prove false to the principles of the party, but the figures given show that the party had built their house on sand. As straws show the direction of the wind, so the assault upon Sir William and Lady Vernon Harcourt and Sir Thomas Roe after a political meeting in Derby yesterday showed that the feelings of the electors, or at least a large proportion of them, were bitterly hostile to certain principles advocated by the Liberals.

The local veto bill had as many enemies as friends among the rank and file of the party, and Sir William Vernon Harcourt's strenuous advocacy of that measure was no doubt responsible in a great measure for his downfall. Certain classes of workingmen want no veto of any kind placed upon the liquor traffic, and when Sir William took the position he did upon the question he alienated many of his supporters, how many the figures show, for there is scarcely a doubt that this was the most important factor in his defeat.

WHAT WILL HE DO?

What he will now do is, of course, an open question. Two courses are open to him. He can seek re-election in some other he is undoubtedly the ablest man in the constituency or retire from public life. As Liberal party to-day the public are keenly alive to the importance of the decision he may arrive at.

From many other directions the returns show a great falling off in the Liberal victories they have already gained, and vote. The Tories are wild with the victories they have already gained, and the most exaggerated predictions are being made as to the size of the Unionist majority in the next house.

That it will be large is conceded on every side, but the more cool-headed of the Unionists do not agree that an enormous Unionist majority would be the best thing for the country.

They desire to have a well-equipped and active opposition that will make parliamentary life interesting. The Radicals and many of the more outspoken Liberals declare that the party is now reaping the fruit of its mistake in making Lord Roseberry Prime Minister in succession to Mr. Gladstone, and that he has led the party to its Waterloo.

REFRESHING BATHS.

Lavender For the Morning Sponge and Milk of Roses for the Face.

Here is an English recipe for lavender water, which the writer can recommend as delightful and refreshing, quite a necessary adjunct to the bath on a warm day.

Take two and one-half quarts of rectified spirits, two and one-half ounces of essential oil of lavender, one ounce of oil of bergamot, four drops of essence of ambergris and one-half ounce of orris root digested with it.

There is also another recipe quite similar—three drams each of oil of lavender and oil of bergamot, six drops each of oil of cloves and attar of roses, one dram of true oil of rosemary, one ounce of honey, three scruples of benzoic acid, one pint of rectified spirits and three ounces of distilled water.

Still another recipe, also English in origin, requires four drams of oil of lavender, twenty drops each of essence of bergamot, essence of lemon, attar of roses, one dram of essence of ambergris, three pints rectified spirits, four ounces of orange-flower water, twelve ounces of rose water, and twenty grains of burnt alum. Shake frequently and then put it in a cool place for some days before filtering, when you will have lavender water both delightful and refreshing.

There is a perfectly harmless preparation for the skin which is well worth trying upon occasions, when, for instance, the skin is dry or has been tanned by exposure to the sun and wind.

Almond oil, as everyone knows, can never harm any skin, and this with sweet and bitter almonds constitute a good share of the mixture, which is made in the following way:

Blanch five ounces of sweet almonds and one ounce of bitter almonds; beat them until quite smooth, with one-half ounce of white curd soap and one-half pint of rose water. Melt one-half ounce oil of sweet almonds, two ounces of white wax, one-half ounce spermaceti and mix with the other preparation until all is like cream and strain through muslin. Then add gradually two pints of rose water, twenty drops each of oil of lavender and attar of roses dissolved in one pint of rectified spirits.

This recipe makes a large quantity, so if you are generous you can share it with your neighbor who has a complexion she is cherishing.

Saving Money.

Wabash—I was sorry to hear of your divorce, old man. Couldn't you live happily together?

Van Buren—Oh, yes, happily enough, but matrimony was too expensive. You see, I am trying to save enough money to buy a bicycle.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Religious Broker.

Jinks—Smithson strikes me as being a sort of religious broker, but I'm blamed if I can tell whether he's a bull or a bear.

Filkins—Why not?

Jinks—Because he's long on countenance and short on works.—Harlem Life.

A Safe Prophesy.

"Are all the animals in?" asked Noah, taking another look at the barometer.

"All but the leopards," replied Ham, "and I think we have a pair of them spotted."

Noah shook his head gloomily and muttered something about "that boy coming to a bad end."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Real Estate Item.

Commuter—What do you mean by saying that the house is only five minutes from the station? It's fifteen minutes if it's a second.

Real Estate Dealer—When I said five minutes I supposed you had a bicycle.—Boston Transcript.

He Was.

Jones—Are you serious in your attentions to Hulks?

Bones—Well, I guess so! Her father did me out of $40,000 on one Wall street deal last month and I'll get that back if I have to marry the whole family for it.—New York World.

Clark's Great Clearance Sale is

—in full swing!

All through the week the buying has been at the highest pressure—caused by the announcement of the total Clearance Sale of our entire stock of Summer Goods. Bargains greater than have ever been offered strew the counters—prices are annihilated—qualities are alone high. Everything in this stock is new and fresh—but will be slaughtered nevertheless. A few prices that show the general trend

HOSIERY.

50c Lisle Thread in fancy top and black boot, also solid tans and blacks, 25c.

25c and 35c Laces, choice of about 25 patterns, 10c.

$4.00 and $5.00 Skirts, Godet back, latest shapes and widths, in several choice colors, $1.98.

$6.00 Black Skirts, latest style Godet back, full flaring skirt, $2.48.

$3.00 Duck Suits in large variety of patterns, good quality Duck, $1.39.

$5.00 White Duck Suits, made in a very superb manner, extra wide skirts, $2.48.

Laundered Waists

59c and 50c Laundered Waists, good styles and perfect fitting, (only 2 to each customer), 25c.

$1 and $1.25 Laundered Waists, choicest patterns, best styles and perfect workmanship, 69c.

$1.48 and $1.68 Laundered Waists, the Rob Roy Plaids, including all the Lawn and Dimity Waists, 95c.

Soft Finished Waists.

One lot of Soft Finished Waists that have sold from 69 to 39c. Choice 16c.

$1.68 Crepon Waists, blouse effects, extra wide sleeves. Splendid value 68c.

$4.00 Silk Waists, in stripes and checks, lined and whaleboned. Very cheap $1.79.

Clark's, Dry Goods and Notions,

734 and 736 Seventh Street N. W.

SHE LOVED TO CATCH CRABS.

But When They Fastened on to Her Feet She Yelled.

A party of four sat on the front seats of a Seventh street grip car going north the other night, and two baskets were crowded down on the floor.

The girl in baby blue, with the dudish young man, was the entertainer of the quartet and her tongue rattled away at the rate of about two hundred words a minute.

"And to think," she said, "that old Mrs. Gray is too pious to allow Mary to go on an excursion boat. It hurts the morals, she says. I'd like to entice that poor girl away from home some evening and we'd go down the river just for spite.

"George," she said, launching off on another subject, "I truly believe you did wink at that wretched thing who sat near the rail. Now didn't you?"

"No, indeed. Bah Jawge, she wasn't utterly utter enough for me," answered he at her side, bringing his silver-headed cane down with a tap on the floor.

Oh! but isn't crabbing just too delightfuh," began the talkative young lady again. "I think it's a science to catch crabs, but Maud—I don't mean to criticise you, Maud—goes about it like a frightened chicken. She won't even touch a crab. Says it looks too much like a spider. Ha! ha! ha!

"You saw me, Jim, picking crabs out of the net. Did I look a bit afraid?"

The other young man replied with a nod, as if he were fearful of giving Maud an excuse for giving him a black look for talking to another girl.

Number one continued.

"Crabs are the most harmless——" Like a flash of lightning the smile on her face vanished and the passive expression that followed gave way to a look of unutterable horror, followed by a little hysterical shriek.

"Bah Gawge, what's the matter?" asked the young man at her side and the dude at her back in chorus.

"Shut that basket, quick!" she yelled, giving five or six kicks and as many more screams. "They're crawling out and (another scream) they've got hold of my feet!"

The stop bell was nearly pulled from its socket by the three other members of the party and the car came to a standstill.

As the grip flew on its way once more the talkative girl was left standing in the middle of the street with her three companions, engaged in disentangling about a bushel, more or less, of the hard-backed monsters from her feet and dress, while the crabs scattered far and wide over the street.

Revenue Cutter Service Assignments.

The following named persons, having passed the required examination, have been appointed acting assistant engineers, revenue cutter service, for a period of six months, at the expiration of which they will be appointed full second assistants; the names of the vessels to which they are assigned are also given:

D. W. B. Blake, Mississippi, the Galveston; H. Kotschmar, Maine, the Hamilton; M. W. Thompson, Pennsylvania, the Winona; H. F. Schoenborn, District of Columbia, the Morrill; T. W. Ross, Indiana, the McLane; R. E. Wright, Virginia, the Forward; H. D. Glover, District of Columbia the Winona; A. C. Norman, Kentucky, the Boutwell; T. G. Lewton, Virginia, the Dexter; H. K. Spence, Wisconsin, the Fessenden.

It Looked That Way.

"Spillman's bill came back to-day," said the bookkeeper.

"What did he have to say?" asked the merchant.

"He didn't have anything to say. It was his widow who did the saying. She writes: 'Don't you think that in sending a bill to a man who has been buried three months you are rather running it into the ground?'"—Indianapolis Journal.

STUPID SUPERSTITION.

Still Rife in Rural Districts of England and in Spanish Towns.

In Somersetshire the peasants have no doubt as to the play of malefficent influences, says the Academy. The pig that falls ill and dies was "overlooked." A murrain "afflicts a farmer's cattle," and off he goes to the "white witch," that is, to the old witch finder, to learn who has "overlooked his things," and to ascertain the best antidote, "because they there farmers can't do no good." A child pines away with some mysterious wasting sickness, which the Tipperary peasants, as shown in the recent falsely called "witch burning" case, believe to be the work of fairies in substituting a "changeling," but which the Somerset woman refers to the action of a witch who has cast a fatal glance upon the victim.

Often she gives up not only hope, but all effort to save the child, the consequent neglect, of course, hastens the expected result, and then it is: "Oh! I knew'd very well he wouldn'n never go no better. 'Twin' no good for to strive vor to go agin' it." This is no fancy, no isolated case, but here in the last decade of the nineteenth century one of the commonest of everyday facts.

While in England the belief is mostly confined to rural districts in more backward counties, as Spain and Italy, it flourishes in the large towns. In Naples the appearance of a person having the ill-repute of a jettatore is the signal for a general stampede and Mr. Elworthy amusingly relates the fright which he unwittingly gave a second-hand bookseller in Venice when asking about a copy of Valletto's "Circulata sul Fascino." On hearing the last words of the title "the man actually turned and bolted into his inner room, leaving the customer in full possession of his entire stock." Pio Nono was believed to have the jettatore and the faithful, when seeking his blessing, protectively pointed two fingers at him.

Found an Interpreter.

A man who could not speak a word of English hailed a policeman on Michigan avenue recently, and apparently made some inquiry. The officer shook his head to signify that he did not understand, and the man indulged in many vigorous gestures to try to make his question clear. Time after time the officer failed to catch on, and time after time the man went through the same pantomime. Both were badly discouraged when a small boy came out of a grocery with a dozen eggs in a paper bag, and halted to say:

"Can't you get onto his curves?"

"Can't understand a thing," replied the officer.

The man went through the gestures again, this time for the boy's benefit, and when he had finished, the latter said:

"It's jest as easy as fallin' down; when he goes this way he means he wants an ax handle; when he goes so he means he wants some needles and thread for his wife."

"But he has still another motion, and I can't for the life of me make it out," replied the officer. "See—he's at it now."

"That's dead-easy too," said the boy, after watching the gestures. "After he's got the ax-handle and notions, he wants sunthin' in a bottle to take home, and by the way he clicks his tongue you can be sure it's whisky instead of buttermilk. Lands alive, I've seen my old dad use them very signs a hundred times over, and you could allus smell his breath for two days after."—Exchange.

His Boyhood Home.

Years elapsed.

They sometimes do.

"Bah jove—aw!" exclaimed a fat, irregular-looking individual, in London-made clothes, boosting himself painfully down the gang plank of the English steamer and looking around with a dissatisfied air, "but I think it—aw—a blooming beastly country, don't you know; so—so dreadfully vulgah, you know, and all that."

Then he went back to London.

It was little Lord Fauntleroy.—New York Recorder.