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TAKE THE TIMES WITH YOU.

Summer Outings Will Not Be Enjoyed Unless It Goes Along.

The summer tide of pleasure and health-seekers has set in toward mountains, springs and seashore.

No plans for the season's outing will be complete unless The Times is included among the necessaries.

Men and women may go from town to leave care behind, but those who would keep their finger on the public pulse, or be abreast of the world's happenings, or, indeed, who need a golden link between themselves and the whirligig of time—these must have The Times sent daily to their sylvan or seaside retreat.

IT STRIKES AT THE HOME.

Gambling of all kinds is hard-destroying and soul-destroying. Its perniciousness is only a matter of degree, but the degree superlative is that form of it to be found at crooked race tracks, such as exists in Alexandria county.

It is the foe of good citizenship; it corrupts politics; it deadens patriotic impulses; it fomentates discord; it breeds distrust between man and man; it undermines business integrity; it suggests and perpetuates dishonesty; it evolves the drunkard; it foments the passions; it leads to murder; but worse than all these, it strikes at the home and home life.

For it makes a man betray and defraud his family—makes him callous to a neglected wife, ill clad, starving and uneducated children.

If its fever attack the wife, it makes her false to the husband and subordinates or altogether blots out the instincts of true motherhood.

If its virus enter into the children, it dissipates that honor of father and mother which is one of the mainsprings of our civilization, casts aside the good influences of home life, renders ineffectual all the patient labor and devotion given to honest, careful rearing, and blights young lives at the very moment of their ripest promising.

In our news columns to-day are some facts showing how some parents in the city of Alexandria have taken steps to prevent the influence of the adjacent race tracks from invading their homes and corrupting their youth.

These steps were nothing less than the sending of their sons from home to hardness and school in other cities. Such an act is highly honorable to these parents, but that it should be necessary is a disgrace to those responsible for the perpetuation of the gambling fever.

No other argument than this condition of things should be necessary to bring the people to a true sense of their danger.

THE GOVERNMENT A LAW BREAKER.

It took just twenty-four days for the Assistant Secretary of War to reply to an inquiry made by Mr. Joseph K. Potter, secretary of the Federation of Labor, concerning a violation of the eight-hour law at Fortress Monroe, Va., and during that time the work on which the men were employed was probably completed.

About a month ago a number of Washington bricklayers went to that place to work on a sewer. They found men employed overtime contrary to law, and made complaint to their District organization. The reply came that the contractor was responsible for the violation, and that he was doing it as the "necessities of the case demanded."

It is a remarkable travesty on justice when the government constitutes itself violator of its own laws. When contracts are let by government agents they contain a clause which prohibits contractors from working employes more than eight hours per day, and emergencies should be met by employing more workmen instead of by working overtime and resorting to the cruelly worn excuse of an urgent necessity. At this season of the year two gangs of eight-hour men could have been worked without artificial light, and the work should have been hastened in that manner, instead of by a method which is clear violation of Federal laws.

TWO BRITISH ELECTION INCIDENTS.

John Bull, whose proudest boast it is that he has carried civilization to the furthest quarters of the inhabited globe, must have, it would seem, denuded himself of too great a portion of that commodity. At least, it is difficult to account in any other rational way for the disgraceful scenes that have marked the recent elections in Great Britain.

Our English cousins are in the habit of sneering at what they are pleased to call the rudeness or coarseness of those Americans, dontcherknow! But while it is true that disorder at times marks our campaigns and perchance even election day there is fortunately no instance on record of a defeated candidate being assailed with mud and eggs, especially when he was accompanied by ladies.

The attacks upon Sir William Vernon Harcourt and his wife and upon Mr. Rider Haggard and his party of ladies, in both of which instances one of the ladies was struck by some of the missels thrown, cast an ugly side light upon that boasted British civilization. Such facts savor more of the spirit of semi-savages than of a civilized society, and expose the people among whom they are possible to the just condemnation of the world.

What would be thought of a crowd that would, in any State of the Union, throw all sorts of things at some Cabinet officer because he had espoused the cause of an unpopular political party? And what a highly moral howl the English press would set up if such a thing were to happen.

TEN MINUTES FOR LUNCH.

A number of interesting interviews with physicians on the effect of the fasting imposed by the cable line on its conductors and gripmen are published in our news columns this morning. These employes are required to work ten and a half hours each day in the week instead of nine as heretofore stated, and during that time no opportunity is given them to eat except such as they can find during the two or three minutes of spare time at the terminals.

The subject is one in which the general public is interested. It affects the welfare of a number of employes on our most important street railway, and every fair minded person desires to see them humanely treated. The cable line is prosperous and can afford to change its schedule so as to give each grip-train crew sufficient time for a lunch, and as the employes are not in a position to make the demand for this concession the public should do it for them.

UNJUST LEGAL DISCRIMINATION.

The case of Maria Barberi, sentenced to be electrocuted for killing her faithless lover, is attracting widespread attention. Her crime was committed in a moment of frenzy brought on by the refusal of her victim to make the reparation due a girl who had been betrayed, and, notwithstanding the mitigating circumstances surrounding the deed, she was tried, sentenced and railroaded to Sing Sing with the same legal ferocity that characterizes the infliction of such penalties on brutish man-murderers.

In many localities where a man kills a faithless wife or her lover, he is either acquitted and congratulated, or if convicted is sentenced to a short imprisonment. His anguish at such an assault on his honor is generally deemed sufficient punishment, and his murderous deed is heralded as a warning to others inclined to be disloyal to their vows. The man Maria Barberi killed, not only destroyed her honor, but by his perfidy made it impossible for her to become the wife of another man, and give him her confidence. Unlike the husband who kills an unfaithful spouse, she could not marry and forget her shame. With this knowledge uppermost in her mind, and rendered desperate at the bitterness of it, her crime was not strange.

If men are acquitted for murders committed to revenge personal wrongs not half so far reaching in their consequences, why should the life of poor Maria Barberi be demanded to appease the majesty of the law? She had given her all to the wretch who rejected her, and if there is to be clemency in cases where human life is taken, it should certainly have been extended to this ignorant and terribly wronged girl.

MISS KEYS' CASE.

Miss Key, who, despite her ancestral claims upon the nation's gratitude, was so unceremoniously dismissed from the Pension Bureau a few weeks ago, has been fortunate enough to interest Senator Gorman in behalf of her reinstatement and, as he expresses his belief that he will be successful, the young lady may feel reasonably sure of being soon again among those who draw a monthly stipend from Uncle Sam.

There are some occasions when the removal from, or retention in office, of an individual becomes a matter of public interest and concern. Miss Key's case falls into this category, for, no matter what may be her personal political affiliations or sentiment, no matter whether or not she was quite up to the highest standard of clerical efficiency, her claim to consideration rests upon that tender regard of the American people for the descendants of men who, like Francis Scott Key, fired the nation's heart.

It would leave an unpleasant feeling in the public mind if the daughter-in-law and grand-daughter of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner" should suffer want because the government failed to regard their necessities. There is no civil pension list under our institutions out of which they might be provided for, and therefore, it is meet and proper that the only recognition, other than a direct grant of money by Congress, be not denied them.

DEFENDER AND VIGILANT.

America may be able to give England but a poor "tussel" in a contest of shell row boats, but when it comes to yacht building and yacht sailing, we are all right.

Yesterday's contest in New York waters between the former America's cup defender, the Vigilant, and the candidate of 1895, the Defender, was a matter of interest, not only to yachtsmen, but to Americans everywhere. That the gallant white and gold new-comer should win the first race in which she ever entered, and with such an opponent, argues well for American laurels.

The battle of the big single stickers was over the course outside of Sandy Hook, where the international races of 1893 were sailed and where the trial races and the final contest with Valkyrie III. will take place.

In this race at least the Defender proved the better boat. With the Vigilant's record in her recent English contests, we could place much dependence in her in the event of her contesting for the cup, but in even a faster boat our faith must surely be strong.

The cup will be ours anyhow whether Vigilant or Defender be the champion; and that cry of "Cornell-bell" will have to be revised.

HIGH-PRICED GAS AND DARK STREETS.

The attempted highway robbery on one of our principal streets last night should serve as a public rebuke. The high price of gas under the monopoly rule prevents the Commissioners from giving the city a good lighting service on account of the smallness of the appropriation, and high way robberies on darkened streets are the consequence.

Should a murder result from this meek submission to extortionate prices, the public would be responsible, for were our streets well lighted—as they would be with cheaper gas—the robber tough would be unable to ply his calling. The Times has repeatedly called upon citizens to unite in a more vigorous demand on Congress for relief from gas monopoly. The appeals have brought liberal response, but there are yet thousands of people who have not sent in their gas coupons. Let it be done without further delay.

It is claimed that the Commissioners are afraid to pull down the trolley poles because the trolley interests in Congress might call them to account for destroying property while an appeal from a court decision was pending. The Commissioners are not afraid to enforce the law, and will do their duty. They much prefer to have the enmity of the trolley trust than to be called to account by the Washington public, and should the case in the police court against the Eckington company miscarry, there will be time for the Commissioners to act.

Says the Jones gang to the Hill gang: "I'll de durned if you do."

With that Presidential bee a-buzzing, perhaps Secretary Olney summoned those Cabinet ministers to a conference merely to get his hand in at that sort of thing.

The sugar bounty claimants are after some sweet solace.

The police boat Joe Blackburn, probably burned in sympathy with the fierce fire that is raging behind the muzzle of its famous namesake.

If Mr. Pugh wins that fight against the trolley, we promise him a greater volume of congratulation than he received when he removed those other street obstructions.

A cablegram says that many Americans are returning from Europe a month earlier than they intended. That royal snub must have been taken greatly to heart.

The methods of the American stable are being roundly abused in England. If the English could only get a taste of Alexander Island, they would have to make some picturesque additions to their language.

Nat Goodwin, in a despairing tone, says that he has given up all hope of acting in London. If Nat is sincere in that patriotic "play" of his, spoken nightly before the curtain in this city during his last visit, he ought to have no desire to do so.

Dick Croker is talking in London again. His latest is characteristic. "All that is necessary," said he, "is to get the tickets in the hands of the voters, and Tammany can win single-handed." And of course a little double-dealing in this single-handed game will get the tickets in desirable bunches.

It is hard to believe that George R. Sims wrote his new play, "A City of Pleasure," without having visited New Alexandria.

Our cartoon this morning depicts scenes in the latest scheme of employers to harrass and bring trouble to working people. When goaded to desperation by cuts in wages, or driven to despair by the importation of cheaper labor, wage-earners resort to strikes, employers place them on a blacklist, and prohibit their employment in other mills and factories. Perhaps Satan will invent a more fiendish method of making criminals and drunkards out of honest people, but it cannot be found outside of his kingdom.

The refusal of the National Democratic Committee to send out orators this fall to discuss the financial question should be looked upon as an indication of returning reason. For some time past the Democratic party has been making a rabbit-eared idiot of itself over the money problem, and this attempt at squelching lunacy at headquarters is a healthy symptom of sanity.

POINTS ABOUT PILGRIMS.

G. Ellis Owen, of Owensboro, Ky., is at the Raleigh with a party of gentlemen who are on their way home from the Asbury Park cycle meet. Mr. Owen belongs to the famous Owensboro Wheel Club, the pioneer cycling organization in Kentucky, which has done so much to protect the rights of the wheeling fraternity and to secure better roads in that State. While on a Western trip, he says, he was in the company of a soldier who was riding a bicycle, much to the astonishment and disgust of a few old Indians. One of them eyeing the pedaling man-of-war for a time in silence, then with a grunt and shrug of his shoulders gave vent to this sage remark: "Humph, lazy soldier. He walk sitting down."

James E. Bates, of the Owensboro party, has a tale to tell which is of scientific interest, because it just shows to what a degree the senses may be developed and educated. Upon one occasion a crowd of Kentucky colonels were gathered at his home and a barrel of good old bourbon which had just been bought was brought forth for the fellows to pass judgment upon. Two of them were admitted by the rest to be connoisseurs and it was decided that their opinion should be law. One sipped a drop or two and after making a wry face, declared that he tasted iron. The other put his lips to a glass and said that he perceived a decided taste of leather. Explicit confidence was had in the judgment of the couple and it was decided to empty the barrel. In the bottom was found a little leather-head tack.

C. B. Staples and his fourteen-year-old son are registered at the Arlington on their way home from a wheeling trip of about a thousand miles through Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. The two started out from Stroudsburg, Pa., and have made the journey by easy daily stages averaging from sixty to eighty miles. The boy seems to be growing fat under the exercise and he despatched a supper last evening that opened the eyes of the Arlington waiters. Mr. Staples is a lawyer of prominence and has occupied positions of honor and trust in Pennsylvania.

"We passed through a Virginia town," he said, "by the name of Strasburg. I was particularly struck by the desolate appearance of the town. I sought an explanation for this strange state of affairs, for some time, until by chance I stumbled across the courthouse.

"'How many lawyers have you?' I inquired.

"'About one to every sixteen inhabitants.'

"'How do they live?'

"'Well, they usually take everything they can lay their hands on. They will suffer next winter, however, as there is nothing more for them to take."

"I read with interest the account of the hanging of Travers in The Times this morning," said Col. W. J. Ford, of Kentucky, who is stopping at the Raleigh. "At the time I was forcibly reminded of a case that occurred some twenty years ago—at the time I was living in South Carolina. There is no similarity between the two crimes, but yet somehow or other whenever I read of a man having been hanged I cannot help thinking of this occurrence.

"A prominent man was brutally murdered and the crime was such a dastardly and cold-blooded one that it created widespread attention. Two negroes were indicted for the deed. One, a big, burly fellow, of unsavory reputation, was convicted and sentenced to death, while the other, a Baptist preacher, was defended by a learned lawyer, who secured his acquittal. The condemned man, protesting his innocence, was led to the scaffold. I was one of the jury that certified to his death and I will never forget the scene. I often see it now in my dreams and the solemnity and awfulness of the affair were more deeply impressed by after events.

"Early in the eighties, while stopping temporarily in a little village in Tennessee at the house of a doctor friend of mine, I accompanied my friend to the bedside of a dying man. It was the Baptist preacher who had been tried for the crime in South Carolina five years before and for which a man had paid the penalty by the gallows. Before expiring the preacher confessed having committed the murder, and stated that the other man had been entirely innocent.

"I have never been able to forget this event and I cannot rid my mind of the impression that as one of the jury, I was implicated in causing an innocent man's death."

"My brother is a practicing physician in Detroit," was the way James B. Koch, of Saginaw, began his story yesterday, at the Howard House. "He has for some years shown a strange antipathy toward elevator boys. I never knew why until the other day.

"It seems that while sitting in his office one day, a sanctimonious youth entered and stated in painful tones that he suffered from a sinking feeling every day. My brother felt his pulse, examined his tongue, used a stethoscope upon him and then told him from what complaint he was suffering. While my brother had stepped into the next room to get a bottle, into which he put some medicine, the sick youth called out to ask if his vocation might not have something to do with that sinking feeling.

"'Well, I don't know of any trade or profession which will cause a sinking feeling,' sang out the doctor over the partition. 'But what is your vocation?'

"'Why, I run an elevator.'

"By the time my brother reached the room the boy had disappeared down the street."

Hon. John W. Albaugh, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, who has been for years a prominent figure in political circles in his State, is now registered at the Ebbitt House. For a number of years this gentleman was on the Ohio State circuit court bench, and the impartiality and good judgment with which he dispensed justice won for him a warm place in the hearts of his fellow citizens.

It will be noticed that the ex-judge bears the same name as the veteran actor and theatrical manager. He states that when in Washington, some years ago, he called to see Mr. Albaugh at the opera house. The box office clerk stated that the manager was not in, but if the gentleman would leave his card it would be given to Mr. Albaugh. Happening not to have one, the jurist wrote on a piece of letter paper, John W. Albaugh.

"Oh, no," said the ticket seller, "I meant your name."

"That's my name," replied the judge.

"What's your name?" inquired the clerk in astonishment.

"John W. Albaugh."

It took some time for the man to understand just where he was at.

EX-SPEAKER CRISP'S CHAT

Georgia People Too Busy to Bother With Politics Just Now.

Thinks That Tillman, Kyle, Peffer and Hansbrough Will Hold the Balance of Power in the Senate.

Speaker Crisp and his son Charles were registered at the Metropolitan Hotel yesterday. Mr. Crisp came here from Atlanta, Ga., where he had gone to take a look at the exposition buildings before the opening in September. He left the city last night for New York, whence he will sail for Europe on Wednesday, to remain about two months.

Mr. Crisp declined to discuss politics or politicians. In referring to the situation in Georgia at this time, he said everything was very quiet and would very probably remain so until the next fall campaign. Just at this time the farmers are too busy to take any active part in politics, and the city people learn all they want to know in that line from reading the newspapers.

He declined to express any opinion on the subject of Secretary Hoke Smith's campaign for "sound money" farther than to say that he knew Secretary Smith intended making the full circuit of the State.

Speaking of what may be done when Congress meets next December he said that nothing is certain. The Republicans, he did not think, were over anxious to reorganize the Senate and the Democrats would not care much if they did. The balance of power, he thought, would be with Senators Tillman, Kyle, Peffer, and Hansbrough and with these he believed Tillman would be the leading spirit.

In case the Senate is reorganized there is no reason to believe that there will be a clean sweep of the Senate officials; in fact, it is very probable that not more than one or two of the present officials will be removed.

People all over the country, Mr. Crisp said, were taking great interest in the Atlanta Exposition and its success was already assured. It will draw to Atlanta and to the South the greatest assemblage ever gathered there and its good results will in this way be spread broadcast over the whole country.

FOUND NO COMFORT.

He Wanted to Get a Man Arrested and Couldn't Do It.

"Can a man rob you in this city and because he goes to New York not be punished for his crime?" asked a man in Inspector Hollinberger's office last evening.

He came into the office with a warrant for embezzlement against a former employe, who had skipped off with a pile of greenbacks and taken his domicile outside this jurisdiction.

The inspector informed the seeker after knowledge that before his absconding employe could even be arrested in New York an indictment by the grand jury would be necessary. As the grand jury met in October, he would have to wait till then.

"But here is a warrant for embezzlement," said the stranger.

"The warrant counts for naught," answered the chief. "He is in the State of New York and cannot be touched unless indicted. Then we can get extradition papers for him and have him brought on here. But you will have to wait for the grand jury to act."

"Is this a country—one nation?" exclaimed the excited man, "or a combination of forty-four allied republics? If a man commits a heinous crime in Washington and goes to Alexandria he cannot be touched until the grand jury comes back from seashore and mountain and then when an indictment is brought in the formality of having to sue out extradition papers to take him from the 'exclusive State' of Virginia has to be gone through."

"I can wait for the grand jury, but will the man who robbed me wait, too?"

Minor Police Court Cases.

Judge Miller disposed of the following minor cases in the police court yesterday: Benjamin Bookss, violating police regulations, $5 fine; James Coleman, disorderly conduct, fifteen days; Charles H. Harrison, violating police regulations, collateral forfeited; Charles Rollins, and James Robinson, violating police regulations, collateral forfeited; Perry Shields, fast driving, $5 fine; John Winfield, assault, collateral forfeited, and Willis Devine, threats, personal bonds.

Charity Begins at Home.

Editor Times: Your crusade against the Chinese laundries in this city is worthy of much praise. It certainly will remove a dark cloud from our progressive city, when the opium fiends and fantan gamblers will be compelled to close their shops for the want of work, and return to their celestial country. The best and in fact the only method to accomplish this end, is for the public, who, in the past, have been patronizing these foreigners, to discontinue doing so, and place their trade in a different channel. When this is accomplished, of course, numerous new and more respectable laundries will come into existence, and give work to hundreds of our deserving unemployed working girls. Let us remember that charity begins at home. STORRS ANDERSON.

Omens of Good or Evil Which the Negro Finds

Superstitions Which Guide Him in His Every Day Life--Movements of Birds, Animals and Insects All Have Meanings.

Away down among the cotton fields and corn in sunny Dixie the uneducated plantation darkies are almost as superstitious as they were before the war. In their simple way they read prophecies and all omens of good or evil in the peculiar actions of birds, animals and insects.

The gaunt Southern pines when they sigh in the night winds breathe to the superstitious negroes an omen, while the rippling of the moonlight across marshy bayou or mirror-like lake brings mysterious tidings, like weird cablegrams from space, foretelling approaching misfortune or prosperity.

Down on the southern limits of South Washington lives an old plantation hand—a white-topped child of slavery, as it were—who is as full of superstitious beliefs and voudoo ideas as a Virginia thicket is full of blackberries in July. His name is Jasper Lee, but his neighbors address him endearingly as "Uncle Jasper." He resides in a little frame house at Half and M streets. Some of his acquaintances have given him the cognomen of "Dr." Lee, because of his alleged ability to cure many ailments by the use of herbs and other old time remedies.

AN OLD TIMER.

The old man is past eighty-five years on the dial of time and he came to Washington from a point near Jackson, Miss., more than fifteen years ago. Uncle Jasper is known in all parts of the District and the colored folks flock to his humble shack for medicine and advice. He is their prophet, physician and sage, and withal a splendid picture of the original old plantation darkey.

When The Times called upon the old man yesterday he was sitting on a bench sunning himself in front of his home. He explained, in the familiar dialect of the Southland, that he was just trying to loosen up "dem rheumatic j'ints." Being pressed to relate some of the superstitions of his race, "Uncle Jasper" took a few heavy whiffs at his blackened pipe and replied:

"Yes, sah, dat I will. Boss, de signs I se gwine ter tell yer 'bout is jess as true as de Gospel in dat gud ole book. Dat's true, sah, dat's true. Now, dar's de crow, dat black bird dat makes so much plunderation in de co'nfield. Boss, when yer see him a-flyin' to de nort' in de daytime, den lookout fer rain an' wind beto' nightime. Dat's a shuah sign. Den, ag'in, when yer see de crow roostin' on de groun', dat means dat de crops are gwine ter fail, for shuah, dat same season. De crow am gittin' down low, you see, so he kin git her work a-feedin' bright an' early in de mornin'. He knows de crops ain't gwine ter be dar ter toug, an' he wants ter make sun while de hay shines.

WHITE CROW DANGEROUS.

"But de white crow, sah, dat white crow, he is wuss den all de odder crows. He am mighty sa'cy, but when yer dox see him dere am shuah ter be death in 'er family. I obsarved a white crow once wid a lot ob odder crows, an' de very next week my sister, she dun loss one ob de babies wid de measles. De chile had de measles beto' I seed dat crow, but ef I hadn't seed de white bird—de debbil's angel, we calls him—why, dat chile would be livin' now.

"De 'possum is likewise a sign ob death when he climb up on de gum tree. We used ter say down South when we seed de 'possum a-swingin' on de lim' ob a gum tree, jes' like a bird.

"'Possum's high,
But he's swingin' low,
An' if you die
He's tole yer so.'"

After refilling his pipe, Uncle Jasper continued:

The gray heron is anudder sign ob death or disaster, dat is if de heron cams an' lights near yer house in de night time. Dey don't do dis gin'rally, but when dey duz yer had better go an' make ter'ns wid de coffin maker so yer kin go an' git a box at a reasonabel figger. Ef a cow lows in de middle ob de nite or de dog howls, dere is suah ter be death in de fam'ly. Ef yer see a woodpecker peckin' on de groun' inste'd ob on de tree, look out fer a big win' sto'm an' mebbe thunder an' lightnin'. De same case, sah, ef yer hyar de pine trees singin' de song, 'Wind-e-e, wind-e-e, oh, wind-e-e.'"

"Boss, I reckon yer nebber see a drake whippin' one ob de she ducks. Dey don't do it often, but ef ebber yer duz see one, jes' 'member dat ole plantashun song—

"As suah as yo' is bo'n
"'Ef de he drake fite wid de duck,
Yer'll git news ob some good luck
Yer'll git news ob sum good luck
Befo' de brake ob dawn.'"

This the old man sung in true camp-meeting tune and rhyme, and bidding The Times man good day, as it was his dinner time, hobbled into his little hermitage.

WHAT OTHERS THINK.

A tour was then made among the older colored people on the commons in Northeast Washington and a number were interviewed. It was found that some of the other superstitions of the Southern negroes are picturesque and beautiful, and not a few of them are pathetic, while others are strangely weird and uncanny. When the pines are murmuring their saddest requiems, the old darkies listen with awe. They hear distant voices gently singing to them about the beauties of that "far-away home of the soul." The sad cry of the whip-o'-will, repeated thrice in succession, tells them that another soul in their vicinity has passed away. The re-echoing hoot of the owl forms a code of weird signals, which they can readily translate, while the shrill piping of the night hawk, as he darts through the grim, black forest, or skims over the water-lily crested swamps in search of its prey, tells the old negro if his days are to be long or short.

The plaintive cry of the blue heron, which is seldom heard, is a sure sign of good luck, as is the repeated barking of the gray fox on a moonlight night.

On the desolate Southern Sea coast there are many beautiful superstitions. On stormy nights there is a belief that the ghosts of seamen, who lost their lives on old Atlantic, ride upon the great foam-crested breakers that come tumbling and tossing in upon the sandy beach. The negroes say they have often seen the vapory forms of sailors astraddle of incoming breakers, their shrouds flapping in the howling gale and their forms appearing weird and gaunt in the illumination made by the vivid lightning flashes. You might as well try to make a pug dog pull a Carolina ox cart as to induce the average coast negro to go out upon the beach on a stormy night.

SOME COAST SUPERSTITIONS.

One of the prettiest superstitions on the southern coast is that in reference to a mirage. Immediately upon seeing such a phenomena the negro makes haste to tell his family and friends that he has seen in the sky the ship that is going to bring him prosperity. A waterspout seen off shore betokens the coming of a plague. To have a dead shark wash in near one's residence is a forerunner of evil. To see a sea gull alight on the limb of a tree—something that rarely occurs—means in the mystic language of the south coast that the one who first sees the sight has secret enemies who are seeking his or her life or property. The proper thing to do then is to procure a gun and shoot the ill-omened bird, if possible. Should the gull be killed the charm is broken and there is no danger to be feared.

The negroes of North and South Carolina are great believers in spooks and other supernatural beings. A house that has the reputation of being haunted is a continual source of dread to them and nothing would induce them to go within rifle shot of the structure after nightfall. Numerous farmers in these States have publicly announced that their residences and outhouses were the resorts of ghostly visitors in order to protect them from marauding colored thieves. Such an announcement affords better protection than a score of watch dogs or man traps would be.

The colored people in Maryland and Virginia are not as superstitious as their darkskinned brethren further South. The principal fad among these is voudooism and voudoo charms. The latter consist of many different objects are worn about the body or neck to prevent the wearer from being conjured by enemies. The skeleton of a bat's wing and the dried heart of a snake are among the most potent charms. The teeth of a mad dog, if they can be procured, insures safety from enemies.

An old colored woman on Fifteenth street northeast, when questioned about a small bag of soiled blue silk she wore about her neck, replied:

"Laws, chile, dats my conjuration bag. It is full ob de ha'r ob a black cat an' de ribs ob a snake. It waz sorcified by Dr. Johnsing (a voudoo). I would rather lose my bes' dress dan dat ar bag; deed I would, honey. Dat's a fac', an' I dun paid him two dollars fer it."

A DOWN SHOOT.

1—Officer—Dis bigness a lookin' at de game widdout pay'n' is got ter be stopped.

2—Yer you kid—

3—git off.

4—Good hit Swipesy, all th' way roun'.

H. Franc & Son are clearing out all their 75c., $1.00, $1.25, and $1.50 hats at 39 cents.

Partner Wilson Committed.

The case of Joseph A. Wilson, of the firm of Wilson & Rogers, beef dealers, at No. 201 Tenth street northwest, who was charged by his partner with forging his name to a $50 check, was brought up in the police court yesterday and continued. Wilson admits that he signed his partner's name to checks and claims that as one of the firm he has a right to do so. The check upon which the warrant was sworn out is dated November 19, 1893. Wilson was committed in default of $300 bail.

AT THE BON MARCHE.

Hot weather shirt waist sale!

Shirt Waists at 46c.
Shirt Waists at 59c.
Shirt Waists at 74c.
Shirt Waists at 94c.

This will be a merry sale of Shirt Waists. We've bought an immense quantity at a minimum price—that gives us al the advantage. Cash did the trick—ready cash.

Now we offer this big lot at prices that shall make you take them out of the store just as quickly as you can select them and get them wrapped up. There will be a rush for them, for the values are unusually high.

The 46c. Waists.

Made of good Percale in stripes—elegant patterns—all colors—made with extra large sleeves in the most fashionable styles. These Waists are worth 59c. to 75c. A wonderful value at a very low price **46c**

The 59c. Waists.

Worth ever so much more—at least from 74c. up to 98c. Made in Percales and Lawns. Patterns are very handsome in stripes, plaids and checks. We are very proud of this particular lot at this particular price, for we know the price cannot be duplicated by anyone. The advantage is yours..... **59c**

The 74c Waists.

These are really Beauties—in Lawns and Percales. Patterns are stripes, plaids, and exquisite white effects, as well as all colors. All made with large sleeves and cut in the latest style. More than special value at $1.25 and $1.48, but now yours at only..... **74c**

The 98c. Waists.

The cream of the bargain lot — beautiful goods at most tempting prices. Made of Lawn or Percale, in all colors—stripes, plaids, checks, and white effects. Worth from $1.48 to $1.98. The price is **98c**

BON MARCHE,

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

TONSELL'S TWO VICTIMS.

They Were Women and He Knocked Them Down.

John Tonsell, colored, thirty-five years of age, was locked up in the Third precinct station last evening by Policeman Willis on a charge of disorderly conduct and assaulting Henrietta Blackburn and Elizabeth Kendall, also colored.

The prisoner about 5 o'clock went to his place of abode on Virginia avenue near Twenty-first street northwest, and proceeded to quarrel with the Kendall woman about another dusky beau.

The row became heated and John in a burst of passion and brute temper used a stove lifter on Elizabeth.

Henrietta came to Elizabeth's aid but was promptly knocked down by Tonsell with a lamp.

The neighbors then sallied in but were defeated and retreated back into the street before the man.

Policeman Willis arrived on the scene about that time and took Tonsell in tow, but the latter broke away and dashed down Virginia avenue. After a pursuit of four blocks he was overhauled and sent to the station in the patrol wagon.

The women were then sent to the Emergency Hospital, where their wounds were attended to.

Adjudged Insane.

A marshal's jury yesterday afternoon sat in the cases of Jennie Ackers, Thomas R. Young and Mary Williams, alleged lunatics, and pronounced them insane and recommended their committal to St. Elizabeth's Asylum. Mary Williams is a young girl who recently attempted suicide by cutting her throat.