LANSBURGH & BRO.

LADIES' SUITS

As Cut Below of

PLAIN WHITE AND STRIPE PIQUE.

We Have just Ninety-seven **SUITS** left. Same shape as cut in this ad. Formerly $3.98. Now **$2.47.**

Also 85 Ladies' Striped and Figured Jaconet Lawn **SUITS** Embroidery yoke effect. All sizes. Formerly $3.48. Now **$2.68.**

THESE WERE UNPACKED YESTERDAY.

400 White Duck Skirts, Now 95c.

Well made. Full three and three-quarter yards wide. Set well.

Lansburgh & Bro.

420, 422, 424, 426 7th St.

Do You Own a Baby?

Until 6 o'clock next Saturday night, July 27, we shall offer every Baby Carriage in our entire stock

BELOW COST AND ON CREDIT!

Pay when you please—weekly or monthly—no notes—no interest.

Keep your eye on these special sales—we are doing more business than any three Furniture houses in the city of Washington.

GROGAN'S

Mammoth Credit House

819-821-823 7th St. N. W.

Between H and I Sts.

AN OPPORTUNITY

to buy a "Perfect" Gas Range at a ridiculously low figure.

It is a splendid range, with an extra large oven, and all we are asking for it is $19.50.

The regular price is $27.00, and the big reduction in price is on account of it being slightly damaged in transportation. The damage is trivial and does not at all interfere with its working.

MUDDIMAN'S, 614 12th St. N. W.

SHAMOKIN COAL —only $5.75 ton. Pure and clean. ARTHUR B. SMITH, main office, Mass. ave. and F st. ne., and 9th and K sts. nw. "Phone 937."

25 Cents Month Puts a Siemens Lungren Gas Lamp

—in your store or show window. Throws a light that is brighter than electricity and far more desirable. Safest, because it is suspended from the ceiling and the flame is inclosed in a glass globe. 25c. per month rental.

Gas Appliance Exchange, 1428 N. Y. Ave.

ADBOB, THE COMPANY'S DOG

Sergt. McTaggart Tells How the Animal Took Part in Battles.

Defied the Enemy and Encouraged the Men When the Fight Raged—Died a Soldier's Death.

Several police officials and reporters sat in front of No. 2 station the other night conversing on various subjects. The line of conversation after a while turned on "dogs," and Sergt. McTaggart, who is full of anecdotes and incidents in which canine sagacity figures, had his turn at yarn-telling.

"It was in 1859," said he, "that our battery, which was K, Fourth Artillery, was in the Commanche territory during the Indian troubles at that time, and though the guns were not used we had several sharp battles in the brush in which only carbines and pistols were used.

"It was during one of these small skirmishes that we came across an Indian buck. Close at his heels trotted a small shaggy dog, which one of our men seized upon when the copper-colored owner of the animal was captured.

"The Indian told us that the dog had been raised for food, dog meat being one of the important items of the Commanche menu at that time.

"When the troop was ordered east again in 1860 Adbob, as the dog was called by the redskins, had become an attachment to the company and a pet of the entire platoon, and, of course, he went with us.

"Though the year before the war our detachment was shifted about from post to pillar, but whether we were found in Virginia or Pennsylvania Adbob was with us.

"When the civil war finally broke out we came to this city and for nearly a year were encamped and unlimbered on Capitol Hill.

"We were suddenly ordered South in the latter part of '61 and took up our stand in the peninsula. It was then that Adbob disappeared, but when the fierce fighting broke forth in those parts and the cannonading and musketry were the heaviest Adbob put in an appearance again and took up his stand near the first gun. The constant roar of the rapid discharges seemed to please the dog immensely and every time No. 1 went off he would run out into the cloud of dense smoke in front of the gun's breech and bark.

"From that fight on Adbob showed no fear in the battles we were engaged in and all through the seven days' fight in the Wilderness the little dog was with us. He was the first animated object in a charge and his sharp, high-pitched barking could be heard above the deafening rattle and boom of large and small guns.

"The very sight of Adbob, with his little tail curled back or standing vertical, like a staff, running barking at the head of a charge, sometimes cavalry and again infantry, seemed to inspire the men and many officers, including Gen. McClellan, himself, after a successful charge, have taken Adbob in their arms and patted him on the head.

"Two days after the fight in the Wilderness, a bearded private in one of the artillery companies, named Gray, who was one of Adbob's best friends, was instantly killed by a musket ball, and the dog stood near the corpse until it was buried. On the same day in an exciting skirmish with the rear guard of the evening the little dog was among the first skirmishers and appeared to be as much interested in the fight as any one involved when one of the foremost men saw him stop and wag his tail once, and then without a yelp turn over with his feet erect. When he could be reached it was found that a small bullet had struck him in the neck and had passed into his body.

"There was mourning among the troops that day, and I'll bet that nearly every man on the field came down to Battery K to view the little canine corpse.

"We neglected to bury some of our own dead, as the order was given to make a hasty march southward, but we took the remains of Adbob in one of the caissons, and buried it with military honors when a stop was made.

"I say that when we lost Adbob it took all the spirit out of camp, and fight, and we felt that we had lost a dear friend, nearer than a comrade.

"That dog," continued the sergeant, "went through the battles along East Virginia, including the siege of Yorktown, Cold Harbor, the Wilderness and others from '61 until '64, and was one of those to witness the death of Gen. Sedgwick. He headed many a charge and retreat without even being singed or trampled upon to die at last from a stray shot in true soldierly fashion."

HERNDON NEWS.

At Floris Saturday evening there was a highly successful musical and literary entertainment which was participated in by a number of young people from Herndon. The proceeds are to go to the new Methodist church.

The vestry of St. Timothy's Episcopal Church have extended a call to Rev. Mr. Randolph, of Fincastle, Va.

Dr. E. L. Detwiler has gone North for a two weeks' trip and Dr. Rozier Middleton, of Washington, is looking after his patients.

Mr. Richard Mahoney has improved his house on Spring street by adding a large room.

Mr. E. L. Garrett is putting a fine verandah around his residence on Elden street.

Miss Bertie Russell will leave on Monday for a visit to friends in Boston.

BROOKLAND ITEMS.

The lawn party for the benefit of the new Catholic Church will take place on August, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, at the old Brooks mansion. Mrs. Louis Julien, with a large corps of assistants, has charge of the supper table. Mrs. J. C. Noyes, of the refreshments; Miss Alma Noyes, grab bag, and the young ladies of the parish the soft drinks and flower stand. Dr. Frank Howes is in charge of the printing committee, and Capt. J. C. Banner of the dancing committee.

Residents and visitors to our pretty suburb will always find cool, delicious soda at John R. Painter's Town Hall Drug Store.

Mrs. Guy Camp is now at Lake Ontario for the rest of the summer.

Col. Juan Lewis left last night for a two weeks' stay at Atlantic City.

Marriage Licenses.

Licenses to marry have been issued as follows:

Robert C. Watts and Mary A. Evans.

Charles Burke Lee and Mary Llewellyn Combs.

William H. Underdue and Frances Collins.

J. H. Anderson and Bertia Green, of Virginia.

William H. Pollard and Ida E. Jones.

Joseph S. W. Moore and Laura Clemons.

John F. Stuart, of Chicago, and Laura Laviaia Young.

John H. Madden and Lizzie Smith.

Purcellville Bush Meeting, July 29th to 31st Inclusive, and August 1st to 4th Inclusive.

On the above dates the Southern Railway will sell tickets from Washington and intermediate stations to Purcellville and return at one fare for the round trip. Good for return until August 5, inclusive, and in addition to its regular train service, on July 31, August 1 and 4, a special train will be operated, leaving Washington 7:25 a. m., arriving at Purcellville 10 a. m., returning leave Purcellville 6:05 p. m., and arriving at Washington 8:30 p. m.

The train leaving Washington 6:25 p. m. for Herndon, will be extended to run through to Purcellville on August 2d, 3d and 4th, leaving Purcellville after the night meeting and running back as far as Herndon.

DANCING IN THE STREETS

Graceful Colored Terpsichoreans That Follow the Organ Grinder.

Distressing Story of a Wealthy Washingtonian and Her Sky Blue Poodle. How a Dude Earned 50 Cents.

One of the most distinctive and at the same time most noticeable feature of Washington life during the summer time is the hand organ brigade, and incidentally the troupe of random dancers that never fails to crop up in the afternoons whenever and wherever for a few moments the peripatetic musicians of the street pause on the sidewalk to wake the echoes with their more or less musical instruments.

Not only has this become a regular staple amusement for the residents of the stay-at-home clique, but is now recognized as a reliable, to-be-counted-upon amusement by the strangers within the gates, who are seeking to kill time in, around and about the hotel corridors. Just as surely as a burly, dirty-looking, perspiring Italian wheels into sight with a hand-organ and sets to work mechanically grinding out one tune after another, just that surely does the dancing contingent put in an appearance.

Where it comes from is quite as much of a mystery as to where it finally goes to. But come it does without fail as soon as the first notes strike the air, and as long as the music lasts the dancers continue to go through the evolutions of which they apparently alone have the key. It is all very amusing, all the same, and the people who constitute the onlookers never fail to be amused and edified to the fullest extent.

To such an extent has this impromptu sidewalk dancing grown within the past few years in Washington, that now the press throughout the country, from time to time, taking note of the same, and in the absence doubtless of more stirring matter, is giving considerable space to the subject.

For the most part the dancers to the street organ music are the small colored children, although now and then, when the notion seizes them, a stout matronly dame or flippant young ebony damsel will wheel into line, and entering into the spirit of the occasion with zest, will abandon everything else for the time being to keep step in time to the music.

Not a few of the children, more especially the ragged unkempt ones, will follow a hand organ for an hour or more dancing away as though their entire make-up was of the india rubber variety. It will be remembered that not long since there was an interesting case in court in this respect. Some observant person having noticed that always in the wake of a certain hand organ would follow the same two or three small dancers, the matter was looked into. This investigation revealed the fact that the enterprising son of Italy, whose stalwart arm aspired to perpetual motion in turning the crank of the hand organ, made a practice of regularly hiring children at 50 cents a day to follow in his wake and attract a crowd wherever he stopped to play by at once dancing.

Generally, however, the dancing is spontaneous and by long odds the little sons and daughters of Africa lead the white children in the matter of gracefulness. With the average colored child, to dance to the sound of music is as spontaneous and as natural as to sing. Curiously enough, this grace of childhood, this genuine abandonment of dancing, this lack of self-consciousness, which is one of the most powerful aids to success ordinarily in this line, never bears fruit in later years.

The grace of a young colored child, a girl especially, in dancing is most noticeable; it is at times almost phenomenal, and yet it is a natural gift, a veritable talent of which in after years no practical use is made. One would think naturally that the result would be to develop a colored ballet. Yet so far from such being the case the ranks of the ballet are never recruited from this source. To the Jewish maidens most largely the public are indebted for the delights of the ballet no less than to this same nation in keeping up the chorus generally throughout this country and Europe.

There are colored jubilee and concert singers in plenty, but of chorus girls or ballet dancers the colored race, that is so eminently fitted by reason of its natural gifts in these respects, has yet to be heard from.

It is a pretty and attractive sight on the warm summer afternoons to come across one of these little groups of dancers clustered about a street organ, and not a little amusing to note the wide swath which the little ebony dancers cut at such times. The sidewalk upon which they essay unconsciously or consciously to give exhibitions of their natural grace is for the time being tacitly given up to them. They have things all their own way for once in their lives, and what is lacking in the respect of fine clothes and gew-gaws generally is more than made up in their estimation in the eclat of the occasion and the hearty applause that never fails to come from the lookers on in the immediate neighborhood.

When the crowd happens to have gathered in front of one of the hotels the usual order of things is sometimes diversified by a shower of pennies and small coins tossed among the dancers at the close of some especially intricate movements of the self-taught steps that are none the less true and graceful on this account. Then there is a wild scramble, a whoop of delight from all the small boys of the neighborhood, laughter genuine and prolonged from the men about the lobby and the children prostrate themselves upon one another or sprawl full length over the pavement in their eagerness to possess themselves of this sudden windfall.

The street organs are railed about, stormed at, and ridiculed in turn by the people and press generally, but all the same they continue to remain in Washington is undoubtedly their paradise, even if the law has decreed that the fascinating strains therefrom shall not be heard upon the streets after 9 o'clock. As a rule people in their hearts like street organ music. There are numerous instances of residents in the West End making a regular practice of feeing the swarthy Italian grinders liberally every afternoon when they wheel into sight and set up their grinding in that especial neighborhood.

It is by no means always the house in which there are children that the organ-grinders look to for their greatest windfalls of coin. Quite the contrary is often the case. Whereas it is a rare sight nowadays to see an organ-grinder with a monkey perched upon his shoulder or upon the top of the organ as formerly, it is quite customary to see the little pageant of childish dancers following in the wake of the music.

The remark of one old colored woman as she listened to the music of a street organ and then slowly walked off, sagely wagging her head, will find an echo in the minds of many possessed of a far greater amount of worldly knowledge.

"Some er dem organ-grinder men plays mighty well. Heap better'n most people plays de pianner."

Occasionally it happens that a woman by the very indulgence of her own extravagance is given some brand new idea on things in general and a vast deal of inward musing on the depths of human depravity to be met with in the course of a day's outing in Paris. It happened in this wise to a Washington woman during one of her trips abroad, and the reason for her flood of reflections upon the subject of human nature was all because she would follow the bent of her own inclinations in the matter of the purchase of a dog. The animal, a beautiful little creature, it must be confessed, was offered for sale by a street fakir in such things during one of her numerous shopping expeditions. Remonstrance, entreaty and expostulation on the part of her friends would avail nothing. At all hazards she was determined to possess that beautiful little sky-blue poodle.

Nothing like it had ever been seen in America, she was sure—certainly its like had never dawned upon a Washington public; therefore she was all the more determined to buy and bring home, wherewith to dazzle her friends and make them green with envy. Visions of the first prize at a bench show doubtless hovered in her mind and added to her determination to ignore the ridiculously high price asked for the poodle and have it for her very own before the shades of night fell upon the streets of Paris. The dog was, the men assured those of her friends who expostulated upon the price, the very first and only one of the kind to be had in all Paris. It was only once in a century, if as often, that one of that perfect, flawless shade of blue was born into the canine ranks.

So the fakir talked, and as she listened the heart of the Washington woman yearned more and more to possess the poodle, even if its purchase meant the foregoing of one of the lovely gowns upon the purchase of which she had set out that morning.

So the dog was bought and forthwith carried back to the hotel in its owner's arms. So precious a dog, the duplicate of which was not to be had in all Paris, could be trusted to no one. It must not be allowed out of her sight. So it continued for several days—the delight of her heart. Then somehow the soft, fluffy little bit of calinity developed fleas, and a bath was prescribed by the friends of its owner. A bath was accordingly given, but with wofulest result.

When the lovely little sky-blue poodle emerged from its bath it was white as snow, not even a trace lingered here and there to bear testimony to the fact that it had once been of that cerulean shade the counterpart of which was not to be found upon any other dog in all Paris. That one bath was sufficient to rid the dog, not only of its attack of fleas, but of its attack of the blues, for ever since it has remained of the same alabaster tint, that at first nearly frightened the Washington girl into hysterics when she took it dripping from the bath.

There are more trying circumstances which one can go through and yet survive to tell the tale and laugh over than being fooled in the matter of a blue poodle bought from a Paris fakir. There is a Washington dude who feels himself competent to stand forth and give testimony upon this subject. At present he is in possession of a 50-cent piece that was so plainly not meant for him that he has a very guilty feeling about retaining it in his possession. And yet to yield it up to the proper owner of the same, that owner from whom he received it only a few evenings since, would be to bring about an explanation that is the last thing to be desired under the circumstances. The dude in question is keeping very quiet about that especial 50-cent piece, but all the same the story has leaked out and the laugh is going around at his expense.

A few evenings since, just as night fell, the dude was returning home on the street car when his eyes suddenly espied something that caused him to alight in a hurry and defer his home-going long enough to render a service—a very much needed service—to a fellow being. That fellow being was the father of the dude's best girl and the service to be rendered was to radically alter the position of the same since he had established himself luxuriously in the street in front of his own doorstep with his head in the gutter and his feet on the curbstone.

The position was eloquent. It was a song without words, albeit to a bacchanalian measure, and the dude felt himself called upon to right things so far as lay in his power. He is a strong young fellow, notwithstanding the fact that he happens to be a dude, and so it did not take him long to pick up his best girl's father, get him right side up, and with infinite care increase the nature and amount of the service by hauling him up the front steps and ringing the bell.

Not wishing to be seen at this critical juncture, for various reasons, by any of the members of the household and his best girl in particular, the dude, as he heard footsteps approaching, thrust the disciple of Bacchus forward, and hid himself well in the shadow. With an equally well displayed dislike to being seen and recognized, the person who opened the door took in the situation at a glance. Into the darkness there was thrust a ghostly white hand that groped round until it touched the dude, when the fingers relaxed and dropped the fifty-cent piece in his palm. Then with equal celerity and dispatch that same ghostly hand laid hold of the slumberer's coat collar, gave one powerful pull, and landing him well in the hallway, shut and locked the door with a resounding click that the dude knew meant the concluding chapters of that ghostly hand would be most business-like ones.

The ludicrousness of a situation, even when it happens to be in fashionable society, among people whose wits are abnormally sharpened for such things, does not always strike the principals in the case.

There are far more funny things go unrecorded than are ever set forth in the papers, and perhaps not the least of these is the way in which the list of invitations is made up for certain entertainments.

Shortly after the funeral of the late Secretary of State was the subject of dispatches far and near, there was an entertainment given in Washington at which a large number of guests were in attendance. Pretty much all of the official element, then left in the city, was there, but that did not quite fill the soul of the hostess. She yearned for the unattainable. After she had greeted her guests and been greeted by them, to such as stood for any Washington woman into hysterics when further tarrying of polite nothings of conversation, she vouchsafed the remarkable statement:

"I had expected Secretary Gresham tonight. He would have been here beyond any question—if he had not died."

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Gilmer will sail for Europe on the 27th instant, to remain until the latter part of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Boot, whose marriage took place several months since in this city at the residence of the bride, on M street, are now in Paris. They will sail for home the first of August and make their future home with Mrs. Booz's mother, Mrs. Norment, at 928 M street.

Miss Breedin is convalescing from an attack of malarial fever.

Prof. Francis R. Fava will go to-morrow to Ridgely, Va., for a short stay.

Mrs. R. M. G. Brown is spending the summer at Elkins, W. Va., with her father, ex-Senator Davis, according to her annual custom.

Mrs. L. J. Silverman, with her son Erle, has gone to Frederick county, Md., to visit her mother, Mrs. A. Herman.

Mrs. James A. Dumont and Miss Dumont left the city yesterday for the Thousand Islands. They will not return to Washington until some time in September.

Mrs. W. M. Burchell will spend the summer with her family at Brigantine, N. J.

Major J. M. Carr will go to Lenox for the season the latter part of the present month.

Ensign R. S. Douglas, U. S. Navy, who has been ordered to sea, arrived yesterday in Washington, after enjoying a visit of several weeks among his relatives in Georgia.

Mr. James Newton, chief examiner of the Patent Office, will leave in a few days for Atlanta, Ga., where he will superintend the arranging of the U. S. Patent Office exhibit at the International Cotton States exhibition.

Miss Louisa Russell sailed for Europe yesterday with a party of friends, chaperoned by Mrs. Gowen, of Philadelphia.

Miss Thompson and Miss Edith Thompson will leave the city to-morrow for Asbury Park. They will not return to Washington until the latter part of September.

Mrs. M. E. Prince is at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Whitney will leave the city to-morrow for a visit to Atlantic City, after which they will go to Bridgeton, Me., for a stay of several weeks. Mr. Whitney, after his trip to Atlantic City, will return to Washington on account of his official duties requiring his presence in the city at that time.

Ex-Commissioner Myron M. Parker's family will spend the summer in the Green Mountains at his boyhood home, Canbridge, Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McGuire are now at Manchester-by-the-Sea. Before returning to Washington they will spend a few weeks at the Warm Springs of Virginia.

The Commissioner of Pensions will return to-morrow after an absence of several weeks.

Miss May Hines has gone to Takoma Park Hotel for a month's vacation.

Mr. Charles G. Thorne, accompanied by his niece, Miss Grace, the daughter of Mr. W. H. Dempsey, left for Atlantic City yesterday morning. Miss Dempsey will remain a couple of weeks, but Mr. Thorn will make periodical visits during the sojourn of his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Napp, of the Normandie, are spending the summer at Long Branch.

Mrs. Charles Needham will leave in a few days for the North.

Mrs. Rowland L. Goodman has gone to Ridley Park, near Philadelphia, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Marble have given up their apartments at the Cairo, and have engaged a suite of rooms at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Culp, of the Southern Rail road, with their maid and baby, will leave for Lake George August 1st.

Mr. D. F. Murphy, first deputy commissioner of pensions, will leave on Tuesday next to join a yachting party on Long Island Sound. Mr. Murphy will be the guest of Capt. Merritt, of the Merritt Wrecking Company, whose yacht, "Carrie," is said to be one of the finest afloat.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gardner will leave in a few days for Atlantic City.

The Misses Minnetree have returned after a delightful stay in Boston.

Mrs. Abner Taylor and her sister, Miss Babcock, who was so seriously injured by being thrown from her cart several weeks ago, will leave for Cape May in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Havener are traveling in Europe and will probably remain until October.

Mrs. Clifford Walton is expected home within the next few days from the Isle of Shoals.

Judge and Mrs. Veazey are located at the Isle of Shoals for the summer.

Mrs. S. H. Kauffman and her daughter have gone to Manchester, Vermont, and will spend the next two months in the New England states.

Gen. and Mrs. Edgar Allen are summering in the vicinity of the lakes of Northern New York, where Gen. Allen is rapidly improving.

Mrs. Harry Parker and daughter, of Mount Pleasant, are sojourning in the Blue Ridge.

Mrs. Frank Crump and children are spending the heated term at Asheville, N. C.

Lieut. Lucien Young, whose arm was seriously injured by a fall from his horse, is improving rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Portner and daughters have gone to Atlantic City.

Miss Georgie Monroe, who has been attending school at Macon, Ga., has just returned home to spend the vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Monroe, of this city.

Mrs. John Creghan and her daughter, Miss Beatrice, will spend a few weeks at Colonial Beach.

Miss Daisy Foster, of this city, who is now visiting friends at Newark, N. J., will leave there for Boston in a few days, where she will remain several weeks.

Judge James W. Walker has gone to his country home at Madison Mills.

Mr. William Alvey, of Takoma Park, has joined a party of friends on a fishing trip.

Senor Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish minister, and family left yesterday for Swampscott, Mass.

Misses Lottie and Lola Allen are at Asheville, N. C. The engagement of Miss Lottie to Mr. Grove, of Frederick, is announced, and the wedding will take place in the fall.

Mrs. John F. Ellis and her daughter Raphael will leave on Tuesday for the mountains of Virginia. After a few weeks' stay they will go to Pennsylvania for the balance of the summer.

Mrs. C. E. Clifton, of 1444 Stoughton street, is spending a month in Chicago, the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. H. Holmes.

Miss Eva Mills is spending the summer at Atlantic City, where she sang at a musicale recently. Two of the "Boston Ideals" also gave operatic selections.

Mr. Henry Haywood Glassie, of the Washington Bar, is visiting friends in Raleigh, N. C.

Mrs. Amelia Leavey is stopping at Bay Ridge, Md., for the summer.

Mr. F. C. Chorley has gone to Pleasant Grove, Outree Park, Md., for a month or more.

Mrs. Lucas, with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Victor E. Green and son, will return to-morrow from an extended trip through Virginia.

Miss R. J. Samarr, of No. 1610 Fourteenth street northwest, has left for her home at Outree Park, Md.

Attorney General Harmon left Washington yesterday afternoon on a brief visit to his home in Cincinnati. He is expected to return next Wednesday.

Misses Mamie and Cora Frank are stopping for a few weeks at St. Cloud Hotel, Asbury Park, on their way home from Boston, where they have been attending the Christian Endeavor convention.

Miss Edna Fawcett, of Capitol Hill, has gone to spend the summer with relatives and friends at Springfield, Mass.

Miss Annie French, who has been staying at Wedderburn, Va., has returned to her home on East Capitol street for a short stay. She will return to Wedderburn to spend the rest of the summer in a few days.

Piney Point Hotel has over 100 guests.

Mrs. William H. Seaman will leave on Saturday for Harper's Ferry to remain until the middle of August. Their summer tour will include visits to the Massachusetts coast and New Hampshire.

Dr. C. A. v. Hartleben and wife and Col. P. Hoffinger and wife are at Colton's on the Potomac.

Appraisers Appointed.

Judge Cole yesterday signed an order appointing Noble D. Larner, Chas. D. Sloan and Wm. R. Wilson commissioners to appraise the value of land through which the proposed Washington & Great Falls Electric Railway Company will go.

Abandoned His Wife.

Divorce proceedings were begun yesterday by Mary E. Noel against Eldridge R. Noel, her husband. The papers were withheld, but it is understood that the petition filed by the complainant alleges abandonment.

EMRICH.

LADIES who set a nice table experience a good deal of trouble in having a variety in the menu. No one cares to eat the same dishes every day. It is the housekeeper's constant worry, "What shall we have for dinner to-day?"

Why not come and see us? We think we can give you an inspiration. We have meats of every description and fresh vegetables in season. We also keep the best creamery butter and imported and domestic cheeses. Canned goods, too, and groceries of every description.

And you needn't be scared of us charging you more than you can afford to pay, because our prices are lower than anybody else's, though our quality is the best.

Give us a trial and we will try to please you.

EMRICH BEEF CO.

MAIN MARKET 1336-1338 Md. st.

(Telephone 747.)

BRANCH MARKETS.

1718 14th st. nw. 22d and N sts. nw.
1020 14th st. nw. 215 Md. ave. ne.
8th and M sts. nw. 7th and I sts. nw.
4007 M st. nw. 4th and I sts. nw.
24th st. and Pa. ave. nw.
7th st. and N. Y. ave. nw.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST MILWAUKEE PABST THE BEST BEER MADE ASK FOR PABST

DIED.

ADAMS—On July 19, 1895, at 9 a. m., at his residence, 143 D street northeast, William Adams.

Funeral services at Waugh M. E. Church, Monday, July 22, at 3 p. m. Relatives and friends respectfully invited to attend.

ANDERSON—On July 19, 1895, at 1:40 p. m., at her residence, 1226 Tenth street northwest, Mrs. Alcinda Anderson, beloved wife of C. C. Anderson, in the sixty-third year of her age.

Funeral from the above residence to-day at 4 o'clock p. m. Relatives and friends respectfully invited.

BECKSTEDT—Suddenly, on Friday, July 19, 1895, at 9 p. m., Henry, beloved husband of Sophie Beckstedt, aged forty-nine years.

Funeral from his late residence, No. 469 I street southwest, on Monday, July 22, at 3 p. m. Relatives and friends invited to attend.

BROWNE—On Friday, July 19, 1895, at 12:18 p. m., Lucille Holland, infant daughter of William H. and Rebecca A. Browne, aged six months and six days.

Funeral from parents' residence, Broad Branch road, D. C., to-day at 3 p. m. Friends and relatives are invited to attend.

DALLAS—In Washington city, July 19, 1895, Lieut. Col. Alexander James Dallas.

Funeral from the Hamilton, Fourteenth and K streets, at 10 o'clock on Monday, July 22. Relatives and friends invited.

FARR—On Thursday, July 18, 1895, at 9:40 a. m., at her residence, Benning, D. C., Margaret Jackson, widow of the late Nimrod Farr and mother of Mrs. M. E. Cook.

Funeral will take place from her late residence, Benning, D. C., to-day at 3 o'clock p. m. Friends and relatives invited to attend. Interment at Glenwood. Please omit flowers.

HURDLE—July 20, 1895, Katie Hurdle, twin daughter of Charles H. and Katie Hurdle, aged one year and two months.

Funeral from parents' residence, No. 705 Seventh street southwest, Monday, July 22, 1895, at 2 p. m. Friends of the family invited.

JOHNSON—July 20, 1895, Ralph J. Johnson, only son of James E. and Lillie Johnson.

Funeral will take place from parents' residence, Sunday, July 21, 3 o'clock p. m.

JAMES—On Thursday, July 18, 1895, at 11 p. m., Martha James, mother of John H. James, aged sixty-nine years.

Funeral from residence, 1022 New Jersey avenue, to-day at 2:30 p. m.; thence to Vermont Avenue Baptist Church. Relatives and friends invited.

MAGRUDER—At 11 a. m., July 20, 1895, at the residence of her daughter, Helen E. Magruder, 26 Grant place, Emily C. Magruder, in the ninety-first year of her age.

Funeral Monday, July 22, from 26 Grant place, at 4:30 p. m. Interment private.

PORTS—On Saturday, July 20, 1895, at 3 o'clock a. m., Elizabeth, widow of the late Adam Ports, in the ninety-third year of her age.

Funeral will take place from her son-in-law's (Thomas Goodall), 503 South Capitol street southwest, on Monday, July 22, at 2 o'clock p. m., and thence to Methodist Episcopal Church. Relatives and friends of the family invited to attend.

STANTON—On Friday, July 19, 1895, at 1:45 p. m., at the family residence 3003 O street northwest, Minnie B., oldest daughter of Thomas J. Stanton.

Funeral to-day at 3:30 p. m.

UNDERTAKERS.

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