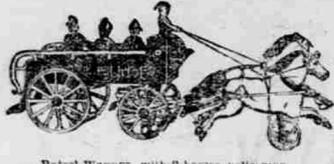


"Universal" Toy Bazaar---

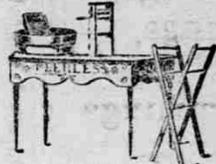
Tomorrow we introduce you to our new and most complete TOY DEPARTMENT. It's packed and crowded with SANTA CLAUS' gifts of every description from the simple but child soul-delighting toy to the more expensive articles. Bring the children tomorrow if only to look at the delights of this FAIRYLAND for the little ones. They are more than welcome, whether to buy or just to look. Prices are lower and the variety is greater than anywhere else in Washington.



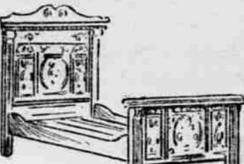
Patrol Wagons, with 2 horses, policeman and driver, 18c.



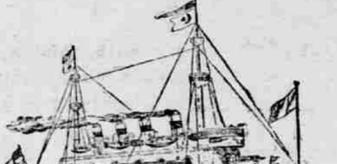
Truck, with 2 horses, 28c



Wash Sets, complete, 9c.



Bedstead or Cradle, No. 63, 15c.



Steamer New York, 31c.



Doll Furniture, complete set, 7c.



House that Jack built, 19c.



Barge and Scow, 37c.



Coal Cart, 18c.



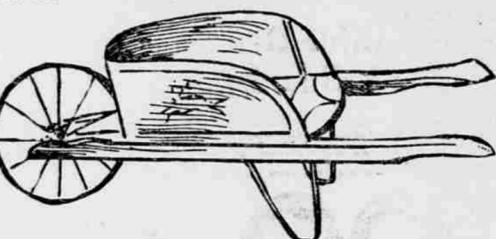
Iron Horse and Wagon, choice of any of above, 31c.



Irish Train of Cars, 13c.



Hand-painted Wagon, iron axles, extra strong, etc.



Iron Wheelbarrow, 46c, 52c, 51c. Children's Shoolie double Locking Chair, 63c.



Steel Wheel Iron Wagon, 57c. Larger size, 72c. Extra large, \$1.25. Steel Wheel Vespa, \$1.21. Larger size, \$1.38. Extra large, \$1.63.



Brown Ladder, 26c.



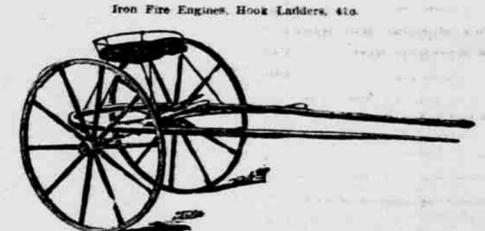
Boys' or Girls' Beds, 33c.



Iron Fire Engines, Hook Ladders, 41c.



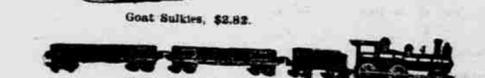
Solid Ash Spring Buckboard, \$2.25



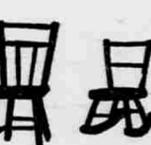
Goat Sulks, \$2.82.



Iron Sulky and Wagon, with Browne driver, 9c.



Iron Freight Train, 10c.



Doll Chairs or Rockers, 3c.



Decorated Chamber Sets, 10 pieces, \$1.34.



Kid body Dolls, sixteen inches long, flowing hair, 25c. Kid body Dolls, 26 inches long, fine flowing hair, 32c. Handsomely Dressed Dolls, 16 inches long, 54c.



Solid oak Blocking Case, carpet top, 81c.



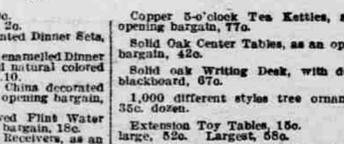
Latest Steam Egg Poacher, finest made, 35c.



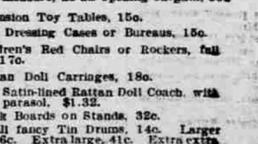
Folding Cutting Table, with inside rack, measure, as an opening bargain, 56c.



Chair Step Ladders, 80c. 10,000 Paper Novels, 2c. French China, hand-painted Dinner Sets, 102 pieces, \$10.92. English China decorated enameled Dinner Sets, with gold lines and natural colored flowers, 112 pieces, \$7.10. One-half dozen French China decorated Cups and Saucers, as an opening bargain, 47c. One-half dozen Engraved Flint Water Tumblers, as an opening bargain, 18c. 10,000 Japanese Card Receivers, as an opening bargain, 5c.



Copper 5-o'clock Tea Kettles, as an opening bargain, 77c. Solid Oak Center Tables, as an opening bargain, 42c. Solid oak Writing Desk, with double blackboard, 87c. 1,000 different styles tree ornaments, 35c. dozen. Extension Toy Tables, 15c. large, 52c. Largest, 55c. Plush Seat and Back Rocking Chairs, 75c.



Extension Toy Tables, 15c. Oak Dressing Cases or Bureaus, 15c. Children's Red Chairs or Rockers, full size, 17c. Rattan Doll Carriages, 18c. Full Satin-lined Rattan Doll Couch, with satin parasol, \$1.32. Black Boards on Stands, 32c. Small fancy Tin Drums, 14c. Larger size, 26c. Extra large, 41c. Extra extra large, 53c. Largest, 58c.

Grand Holiday opening Monday and Tuesday, 9th and 10th. Open till 9 p. m.

Universal Housefurnishing Store, 512 Ninth Street N. W.

SPEND THIRTS IN OFFICE

Get Good Salaries for Years and Quit Penniless.

STORY OF ONE, STORY OF ALL

Gambling and Drink Take All They Can Earn—Experience of a Man Who Is About to Be Turned Out and Might Have Had a Fortune, But Has Nothing.

The Republican party will return in a few days to control of a portion of government patronage. Some men who have worked for a few years will go out to face the world again and fight for the standing ground they left to come here. Where will they go? What has it profited them to be here? Some of them wish they had never come, and curse the day they ever considered the beginning of good fortune.

But they have been well paid, generously paid, most of them. What have they done with the money? Salaries begin very near the figure allowed a Cabinet officer, if perquisites and all be counted. A thrifty man, not over scrupulous, easily finds his income from his place in a year into five figures, if the place be a good one. Even the conductors of elevators get \$1,200 a year, with a chance to make nearly as much more on the outside. With \$10,000 a year why should not a man in any ordinary station in life, with no necessarily heavy expenses, quit at the end of five years with a comfortable sum had by to bring an income that will keep the wolf from the door?

THEY MIGHT, BUT THEY DON'T. Especially, why should not a single man with moderate personal expenses and no outside drain upon his resources, get out of Washington with a bank account big enough to establish himself elsewhere and leave enough to provide against misfortune, too? Some men do, most of them do not.

One man who has held office here most of the time for twenty years and received from the Government not less than \$75,000 is about at the end of his term with hardly money enough to pay his fare home. He has a family, and they have seen all kinds of ups and downs. He has held office under both parties as a member of Congress, and under both. His places have seldom paid less than \$2,000 and have run as high as \$5,000. He is an unusually bright, useful man. In one department he has been invaluable to Congressmen. They have come to him and leaned upon him for ready information till he was at a time an absolute necessity to scores of them.

This was the heyday of his power. He had a fine memory for men and things, unusual tact, and out of his cups, sound judgment. Not only did members, new and old, avail themselves of his gratuitous services—he as paid well by government—in matters where minute, accurate information was required, but they came to him with their personal affairs.

Any difficulty requiring delicate handling was likely to be confided to him, and in dozens of instances he has skillfully untangled the web of error, through the devices that accused heads to trip up some Congressman and won his effusive thanks and promises of support "for anything." In these affairs he frequently came into possession of information that gave him great control over the man he befriended. At one time he had a sufficient number of men so bound to him as to get almost "any thing" when a difficulty was met with which scores who were his friends for his genial manners and for the sake of many small favors. He family lived reasonably well on those days, and he lived like a prince.

But like all things human, this condition ran its course. His friends were retired, and new men came in, some of whom were his obligations to pay much of his friends had been to him. Without genuine political principles, he had gotten so involved with one party that he had to get out of the other party leaders believe his protestations of fealty. He went out one December day. It was cold, but he had a "pull" with a great man in the Department, sufficient to lead him in one of the Departments.

There he was in congenial relations, and lacked opportunity to keep up his acquaintance and usefulness at the other end of Pennsylvania avenue. He kept the place for the money in it, drank whisky, quarreled with his Democratic associates and supporters and made his family unhappy. In spite of strained relations and ugly differences with his office companions he induced his powerful Democratic friend to keep him in for many months.

At last, however, this support failed him, too, and he was out entirely. By virtue of many debts, aggregating several thousand dollars, he had a cash balance of several hundred dollars on hand. He made a desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes by joining forces with every Republican recently thrown out, and laying wires for a place with the incoming Congress. It looked for a time that he had succeeded, but indications are now he will be blown out with the craft next Monday.

WHERE DID THE MONEY GO? What then? His \$75,000 is gone; not a cent left, and a load of debt instead. He may fall into line as a member's clerk and so escape beggary. Nothing else now seems hopeful.

But what became of the \$75,000? Take an evening's outing with another gentleman, a Democrat, with a very similar career, and the question will be partly answered.

It was a rainy night in October, 1893, that the Democratic official invited a friend, who was a novice in such matters, to accompany him across the river to Jackson City. He promised to show some interesting scenes during the evening. The roads came down in a steady, monotonous drizzle, that promised to continue all night. At the Pennsylvania depot the two were jostled by an impatient crowd with dripping umbrellas and damp bundles and baggage. They were glad when they reached the other end of Long Bridge and stepped again into the rain.

They stood for a moment on the long, black, uncovered platform, and the sight-seer noticed a ramshackle-looking building with a stairway outside and a cupola on top. To this building, they made their way through the mud and water. The outside stair, dripping and creaking, brought them to a door with a hole about the height of a man, closed by a heavy iron slide. A knock brought an attendant, who snuffed a recognition to the official, and admitted them into a cosy ante-room. Thence they passed after waiting and drying a moment at the fire, into a large hall, where a dozen games of chance were in full blast. The official sat down at a roulette table and in two minutes was absorbed in the movements of the revolving wheel and the clattering ivory. His companion took a seat at the end of the table and watched the game for a quarter of an hour.

He then turned his attention to the faro, keno and card tables in turn. At each an eager crowd hung round, impetuous youths from the departments, fresh from country towns to generous salaries here, bent over the tables with parting lips and gleaming eyes, watching the result of each turn now being now winning, but always steadily pouring a golden stream into the coffers of the proprietor of the place, who sheltered himself from one game to another with a job for one, and a hint for another and an invitation to toddy for a third.

IN THE GAMBLING HELL. The room was brilliantly lighted, but carefully drawn curtains reinforced the outside shutters, so that hardly a gleam told outside that the old black hall was anything different from the warehouses adjacent. Backward fascinated a crowd in one corner, while on a green table in another a group were throwing dice, "shooting crap." Animated cries, "come seven," "come eleven," combined with the shuffling and fantastically distorted caths that have accompanied the game from the negroes on the steamer decks to "sporting circles."

While the novice was passing about noticing the luxuriant appointments and staked his money again and again,

"Read and Remember."

We closed out a Manufacturer's Stock and are selling hundreds of fine Suits at

\$4.80

Clav Diagonals, Worsteds, Cheviots, etc. Excellent Linings and Trimmings. These Suits sell elsewhere for \$12.50, \$10.00 and \$8.50. Get yours at once! They won't wait for you.

GARNER & CO.,

OUTFITTERS.

Northeast Cor. 7th and H Sts.

hour after hour. His companion came back and sat at the end of the table again, and tried to make out wherein the fascination lay. His friend had become so lost in the game as not to notice his return.

With eyes fixed and body poised, he sat as if in a daze and moved his arm almost like an automaton to place his counters. He lost without moving a muscle. When won, he smiled faintly, moved a little in his seat, his lips met with a light touch that gave off a soft liquid note of satisfaction, and then went on as before.

It was the last train before midnight when the visitor, by hard work, got his friend's attention long enough to insist that he was going home. By that time the player had passed over the table to the contestant on the other side \$100 of the \$400 salary he had drawn the day before. There were no more trains that night, and when the official walked quietly and meditatively into his boarding-house at breakfast next morning the entire roll of bills with which he started the night before was gone. He borrowed \$12 from his friend to pay the month's rent for his room.

A day or two later he paid this back and told, with great satisfaction, how he had struck it on a grain deal in a bucket-shop, and was \$200 ahead.

This gentleman had a way of thrusting a roll of fives, tens, and twenties into his vest pocket and never knowing how much was there. He was consequently never sure whether he had fifty dollars or only ten, and frequently was relieved of a ten or twenty-dollar bill to the surprise of an impetuous acquaintance grown familiar with his habits.

This was most likely to happen when he lingered by the counter where delicately curved, slender-necked decanters stood in terraces on the other side and were mirrored in brilliant plate glass at the back, while fumes of fine cigars lifted in light clouds and wafted away, now hiding, now revealing the beauties of costly pictures not found in polite drawing-rooms. On such occasions he sometimes lingered till he couldn't tell vermouth from lager beer and needed a back to help him home.

It never happened that he was not able to walk up the steps when he reached his door, and the kindest of spirits always had a pleasant word for everybody next morning and a bit of silver when not "broke" for the little half-orphan whose mother was housekeeper.

But it was along such devious ways he and his Republican companion-piece left their thousands, and today, with their debts paid, could hardly raise railroad fare to go home.

NOVEL NUMBER ONE.

Remarkable Work Published in Boston One Hundred Years Ago. It was a "new woman" who wrote the first American novel. She was a Boston blue-stocking and she wrote in 1789. To the novel-reading public this interesting fact has been lost sight of, but the literary antiquarians have rejoiced to know that recently a reprint of this really notable book was published in Boston. The title is "The Power of Sympathy," and only a limited edition was printed.

The author, Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton, believed in female education, at that time an unheard of issue, and she used the art of fiction to sugar-coat the pill of ethical instruction. She wrote over the name of "Philonis."

Her literary methods did not in the least resemble those of the latter-day woman novelist. Neither the "Quick or the Dead" or "When His Love Grew Cooler" were of the type of this first American novel, which Mrs. Morton dedicated to the "Young Ladies of America." This novel, which was destined to be read by the midnight candle of the maiden of those days of primitive Puritan standards, was about a novel with a purpose.

The Independent Chronicle, of Boston, in its issue of January 22, 1789, had the following announcement: FIRST AMERICAN NOVEL. This day published, price 9c, bound and

lettered, and 6c. 3d. stitched in blue paper.

"THE POWER OF SYMPATHY; or, the Triumph of Nature." A novel founded in truth. In two volumes, 12mo. The most valuable idea ever conceived with a copperplate frontispiece. Dedicated to the Young Ladies of America. Fairly would she strew Lilies' thorny way with flowers.

And open to your vine Elysian bowers Catch the warm Passions of the tender Youth And win the mind to Sentiment and Truth. The author's preface is unique and sets forth ingeniously the purpose and style of this first American novel.

"Novels have ever met with a ready reception into the Libraries of the Ladies, and this species of writing hath not been received with universal approbation. Futility is not the only charge brought against it. Any attempt, therefore, to make these studies more advantageous has at least a claim upon the patience and candour of the public."

"In novels which expose no particular vice and which recommend no particular virtue, the fair reader, though she may find amusement, must find them without being impressed with any particular idea so if they are not harmful they are not beneficial."

"Of the letters before us, it is not necessary to remark that this error on each side has been avoided, the dangerous consequences of seduction exposed, and the advantages of female education set forth and recommended."

The heroine was an earlier edition of the unfortunate Charlotte Temple, familiar to the fiction reader of fifty years ago. "The Power of Sympathy" was followed by "My Mind and Its Thoughts," "Yankee, or the Virtues of Nature" and other smaller productions, many of them contributed to the Massachusetts Magazine, which was the leading literary publication of that period.

Though quaintly didactic in style Mrs. Morton's novels were appreciated by the Boston public, and the books "stitched in blue paper" sold astonishingly well, and "The Power of Sympathy" finally reached its second edition. Very few copies are known to be in existence. Such is the transitory nature of fame that "Philonis" is scarcely remembered in the literary annals of the Republic.

Steamer Gorsead Safe. Portland, Wash., Dec. 7.—The British tramp steamer Gorsead, recently reported as having foundered on her voyage between Singapore and this port, arrived here this morning. All are well on board. The delay was caused by the blowing out of her boiler tubes.

Hiram Lodge Election. Hiram Lodge, No. 10, F. A. A. M., has elected the following officers: Alva B. Taber, W. M.; George W. Ulmer, S. W.; W. F. Phillips, J. W.; James W. Wilson, secretary, re-elected; Philip H. Ward, treasurer, re-elected; William H. Zimmerman, S. D.; Samuel Gotshall, Jr., J. D.; Louis D. Link, Martin R. Thorp, George W. Watkins, trustees; George N. Perry, representative in Masonic body of relief.

Ambassador Bayard Visiting. London, Dec. 7.—The Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, the American ambassador, and Mrs. Bayard are visiting Viscount Peel, ex-speaker of the House of Commons, at the Lodge, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

Mrs. Chandler Will Not Remarry. Richmond, Va., Dec. 7.—A rumor has been current here that Mrs. Annette Rivers Chandler, the actress, who was recently divorced from her husband, was about to marry a French count. Mrs. Chandler states that there is no truth in the report.

Stoll's great December shoe sale tomorrow. See page announcement in this paper.



"You will mend my slippers right away, won't you?" "Yes; don't worry about that. I won't be apt to overlook a pair like that." —Flegende Blatter.

A Distant Hint.



"Don't you feel close in this room, Boss?" "I don't know. I might feel closer."