At The Bon Marche.

Leaders In Summer Requisites!

MONDAY we place on sale some fifteen styles of $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $1.98 Shirt Waists in Lawn and Percales, at..... 98c

48c Sterling Silver Shirt Waists Sets..... 25c

25c Belts—Full line Black, White, Tan and Colored 25c Belts..... 19c

25c Ties, 19c.

Ladies' Shirt Waist Ties, in Teck and Devetes. All colors..... 19c

19c Turn Back Linen Cuffs..... 15c

$1.00 Embroidery Yokes, in plain and dotted Swiss, embroidery trimmed..... 51c

39c Grass Linen Sailor Collars..... 25c

$4.00 Linen Crash Blazer Suits, $2.98

$3.00 Heavy White Pique Skirts..... $1.98

Soda Water, all flavors..... 5c

Ice Cream Soda, with fresh fruits. 8c

THE BON MARCHE,

314 & 316 7th St.

UNDERTAKERS.

J. WILLIAM LEE.
UNDERTAKER,
332 Pa. Ave. N. W.
First-class service. 'Phone 1383.
ja4-6m

DIED.

MCGRAW—On Friday, June 5, 1896, at 7.35 a. m., Lewis Hartes, beloved son of J. Leo and Estelle C. McGraw, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

Funeral from residence of his parents, 830 4½ street southeast, on Sunday, June 7, at 3.30 p. m. Relatives and friends invited to attend.

SHERMAN—On June 6, 1896, at 9 o'clock a. m., Chester T., infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester T. Sherman, No. 203 Morgan street northwest, Washington, D. C., aged about ten hours. Iden

HENSON—Departed this life June 3, 1896, at 2 o'clock, at her residence, 723 Third street southwest, Mrs. Margaret Henson.

Dearest mother thou hast left us,
We thy loss most deeply feel;
But 'tis God who hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

BY HER CHILDREN.

Funeral will take place on Sunday, June 7, 1896, at 1 o'clock p. m., from St. Paul's Church, Eighth street, between D and E streets southwest.

BURK—On Friday, June 5, 1896, at 8.45 p. m., Margaret Wilson, beloved wife of James Burke, in the fifty-second year of her age.

Funeral on Monday, June 8, 1896, from her late residence, 119 K street northwest. Solemn requiem mass at St. Aloysius' Church, at 9 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

BLESSES THE SICK.

Mrs. Comers Gives Healing Ministrations at Typographical Temple.

Mrs. Lavinia V. Comers, the healer, who came here last week from Chicago, and is giving "blessings" daily, at Typographical Temple, on G street, between Fourth and Fifth streets northwest, is drawing large crowds to the meetings.

Mrs. Comers is an attractive young woman, with a charming smile, expressive eyes, and a clear, forcible delivery. She presents the idea that she calls Principle or Truth in a most positive manner, and declares that the age of miracle-working is not past.

Among her regular followers are numbered several persons well-known in official circles, and the wife of a Treasury chief claims to have been permanently healed by the healer.

Mrs. Comers' addresses are purely informal in character, but she insists that she preaches only the primitive Christian doctrine. She claims that those who have faith in Jesus Christ shall perform all good works, such as healing.

She is to be seen at Typographical Temple from 12 to 4 daily, and every day at 4.15 o'clock she gives "blessings" free to all who are sick in mind or body, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays she conducts a Bible class.

TO REBUILD THEIR CHURCH.

Members of the Mount Zion Congregation Appeal to the Public.

The members of the Mount Zion Baptist Church, colored, whose edifice was destroyed by the recent storm, make an appeal to the public for funds to enable them to rebuild.

No persons are authorized to receive subscriptions except those having books with the church seal attached. Subscriptions may be left at the office of The Times and with colored American newspapers.

The following subscriptions are acknowledged: Lewis Johnson, $50; Rev. G. W. Lee, pastor Vermont Avenue Baptist Church, $22; Mr. T. W. Smith, 400 feet of lumber to make temporary pews; Rev. Cassard of M. E. Church southeast, $5; Mrs. Sarah Brooks, $15; Mrs. Lucy Cook, $15; Mr. I. Saks & Co., $2; Mrs. Lucy Cullants, $10; Mr. William F. Deckinson, $5; Miss Willie Barber, $10; Miss Blanche Johnson, $10; Miss Katie Dotson, $10; Mrs. Clara Deckenson, $5; Mr. Peter Morris, $5; Mrs. Lucy Smith, $5; Miss Sophia Dorsey, $5; Miss Martha Williams, $5.

Gone to Cape May.

A distinguished party left the Normandie yesterday for the Stockton Hotel, Cape May, N. J., via Pennsylvania Railroad, where they will attend the opening of the Stockton, returning Monday morning. The party consists of the following persons: United States Treasurer D. M. Morgan, Mrs. D. M. Morgan, Miss M. Morgan, Mr. W. Morgan, Interstate Commerce Commissioner Knapp, Mrs. Knapp, Hon. Serene Payne, Mrs. Serene Payne, Mr. William Payne, Hon. D. B. Henderson, Mrs. D. B. Henderson, Hon. B. F. Howell, Mrs. B. F. Howell, Hon. I. P. Deliver, Mrs. I. P. Deliver, Hon. E. J. Murphy, Mrs. E. J. Murphy, Hon. R. J. Gamble and wife, Brigadier General T. H. Stanton, Senator Watson C. Squire, Mrs. Watson C. Squire.

Marriage Licenses.

Licenses to marry have been issued as follows:

Richard Heutschel and Lillie Lorz, both of Baltimore.

George H. Aughagen and Susie A. Young, both of Burke's Station, Va.

Bathroom Rugs.

Save your white cotton rags. They will make pretty rugs for the bathrooms. Cut them into narrow strips, sew the strips together and wind them into balls, and when you have enough prepared have them woven with a blue warp and size required. Put a blue cotton fringe at each end.

BUTTER 5-pound boxes of the best $1.05—all this week. GIBBONS, Center, Riggs and K Street Markets.

WOMAN

WOMEN WRITERS TO ENTERTAIN

Reception to Be Given by the Club at "The Oaks."

Small Entertainments Precede the Exodus to the Seashore and Mountain.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Jones entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening, June 2, to meet Babu Jamina Nath Bauerji of Calcutta, India, who gave a very scholarly address on the main features of life in India, its seclusion of women, child marriage and caste.

Another pleasant feature of the evening was a recitation by Miss Emily Sauter, who responded to an encore with a splendid rendition of "The Flower Girl." Mr. Hargraves delighted the company with a tenor solo, and in deference to an earnest request by all present Dr. Jones threw on canvas lantern-slide scenes of ancient and modern Rome, which he described in a most interesting manner.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Belden, Mr. and Mrs. Welland, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hough, Mr. and Mrs. E. Randall, Mrs. M. Rush, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Miss Ross, Miss Taylor, Miss Sauter and Mr. Jamina Nath Bauerji.

Miss Edith Coues, daughter of Dr. Elliott Coues, the scientist, is fast making her way to the front ranks of American magazine writers. Her delightful articles in the leading periodicals show for the research and constant study she is giving to her profession.

The District of Columbia Federation of Women's Clubs will give a complimentary reception tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Henry F. Blount, "The Oaks," 3101 I street northwest, to the Senate and House District Committee, the Commissioners and press of the city in token of its appreciation of the generous attention given by them to the improvement of the laws of the District, as to the property rights of married women and the guardianship of minor children by the passage of the woman's bill.

These women whose names are associated with every effort made for the progress of their sex, are charming hostesses, and combined with the brilliant character of the invited assemblage it is safe to anticipate that tomorrow's event, socially, will correspond with the success that these ladies in all matters invariably maintain.

Miss Lucila Pate of Georgetown will leave tomorrow for Lake George, where she will be the guest of her uncle, Mr. Howard Pate of New York, during the heated term.

The marriage of Miss Nellie Stanleyetta Titus, LL. B., to Mr. Edgar S. Werner, son of Dr. P. P. Werner, of this city, and editor of Werner's Magazine, took place in New York on June 3, the ceremony being performed by Mayor Strong.

The bride is a native of New York, of Quaker parentage, and is one of the most gifted women of that State. She entered the woman's law class of the University of the City of New York in 1891, and graduated at the head of her class the following April. In October of the same year she entered the men's class of the same university and won the faculty prize of $100, being the first woman in the school ever to attain it.

After serving a year's clerkship in a law office she passed an examination, fourth among eighty-eight candidates, before Presiding Justice Van Brunt of the supreme court of the State of New York, being the first woman to pass the examination of this department, and be admitted to the bar of the city of New York. She was also the first woman to be admitted to the circuit court of appeals of the United States.

Miss Laura Grove's beautiful contralto voice will be heard in church solo work for the first time this afternoon when she will sing during the vesper service at the Church of the Holy Name.

Mrs. Daisy Louise Fox, the gifted pianiste, who was run over by a bicycle rider a few days ago, is seriously ill with nervous prostration, consequent upon the effects of the injuries she sustained.

ART AND ARTISTS.

The exhibition at the Royal Academy in London is reported as thronged with wealth and fashion, the greatest interest being manifested in the portraits by Sargent and the red and black Shakespearian study by Abbey.

James Tissot's great plan of illustrating the Bible is nearing the point of completion. It will probably be finished next year, and it is hinted that he will then leave the world and pass the rest of his life as a Trappist monk.

A movement has been started in London to purchase Lord Leighton's house and its art treasures, as a memorial to him. It is estimated that the undertaking will require $250,000, but a committee has been appointed to solicit subscriptions, and the friends of the late president of the academy are sanguine of a satisfactory result.

A similar memorial will probably be erected to Sir John Millais, the present incumbent, whose death is daily expected.

Minneapolis has a newly-organized art league, which has decided to hold an exhibition in the near future. The new gallery of the Beard Art Company has been selected as the place of exhibition.

The picture painted for Sir Henry Irving by Thomas Nast and entitled "The Immortal Light of Genius" has been given a private view by the artist. The size of the canvas is 36x48 inches.

Cecelia Beaux, of Philadelphia, has met with unusual favor at the new salon in the Champs de Mars, Paris. She exhibits six portraits, which were heartily praised by M. Rochefort and other critics.

A fine oil painting of the late Bishop Brooks by C. Akerman Jackson, of Providence, R. I., has been presented to the Boston Young Men's Christian Association. The portrait represents him in his full episcopal robes.

Springfield's Art Museum opened last month. Seven beautiful rooms on the second floor are occupied by the Smith collection. On the same floor the art library which contains many illustrated works of great value and interest, has been most conveniently and elegantly arranged. "The Village Tinker," by Henry Ossier, given to the Library Association last year by John Olmstead, and a wood interior by R. M. Shurtleff of New York hang alone in the large south gallery.

The latter picture is only loaned to the museum temporarily by the artist.

The public building commission have selected a jury of artists to decide on the merits of the designs submitted in the contest for Mural decoration of the council chambers in Philadelphia's new city hall. The jury will consist of five painters, one sculptor, and one architect. Only four members will be local. They are Robert W. Vonnoh, Emily Sartain, Cecelia Beaux, and John J. Boyle.

The other three are C. Howard Walker of Boston, Edward E. Simmons of New York, and Frank Duveneck of Cincinnati.

Robert Blackley and Laurence Brunoldi are among local artists who submitted designs.

The design for the statue of Victory for the Battle Monument at West Point, by Frederick MacMonnies, has been rejected. It is accused of being too gay and ungoddess-like, with fluttering robes and ungainly feet, when viewed from behind.

The sculptor, however, has begun a new figure, which will preserve the general features of the first, except that the goddess will have both feet on the pedestal and wear drapery a trifle less breezy.

Edmund C. Tarbell, the well-known Boston painter, winner of many prizes, notably the Shaw Fund at the Society of American Artists several seasons ago, and the Elkins award at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts the past winter, has recently completed an important decorative work for the Tremont Temple, in Boston.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has recently purchased, with the Catherine Wolf fund, the famous canvas by Theodore Rousseau, "The Edge of the Woods," the "Lachrymae," by Lord Leighton, and Turners' "The Whale Ship."

The Rousseau was bought at auction from the collection of the late William Schans for $25,000.

The Turner is well known, having already been shown at the museum.

Jules Lefebore's "Pandora," Thomas Cole's "In the Catskills," some cats by Henrietta Ronner, a landscape by George Inness, and two especially interesting works by the American, William Augustus Shade, are other things at the Museum.

Daniel Chester French is the first American to obtain permission to erect an outdoor statue in Europe. The statue will be of George Washington and will cost $20,000. A group of American women formed themselves into a Washington memorial association, and, after raising the necessary funds, secured the consent of the municipal authorities to erect the statue in the French capital, on Rue Washington.

A large rose window for the Alexander commencement hall, Princeton College, of which William A. Potter was the architect, has recently been completed by the Tiffany Glass and Decoration Company of New York.

The window is said to be of much importance, classic in character, representing study, genius, knowledge and fame, and was designed by J. A. Hotzes.

Americans are well represented at the Champs de Mars, Paris, this year, the catalogue bearing the names of thirty-five.

A. H. Bicknell of Malden, Mass., the well-known landscape artist, is now holding an exhibition of his works at that place. His latest works have been very favorably criticised.

The board of trustees of the Carnegie fine arts and museum collection fund have announced that a prize of $5,000 will be given for the best painting in oil produced in the year 1896 by an American artist and first shown in the Carnegie art galleries of Pittsburg at an exhibition which is to be held there for five weeks, beginning Tuesday, November 23, 1896. The successful canvas is to become the property of the board of trustees of the Carnegie fund and to be hung in the Carnegie art galleries.

The prize is awarded under the condition that the work is thoroughly representative of the best American art.

It is a very clever way of getting a good picture very cheap, but not especially encouraging to artists, who prepare elaborate canvases with no inducements for their transportation.

Among the recently deceased artists of note are Jacob Fielde, a Norwegian sculptor, who died at Minneapolis May 5; E. Killingsworth Johnson, a member of the Royal Water Color Society, who died in London at the advanced age of seventy-one years; Frank M. Hutchins, the young caricaturist of Puck, and Victor Tilgner, an eminent Austrian sculptor, who died in Vienna at the age of fifty-two years.

Individual Strawberry Shortcakes

Sift with one quart of flour two teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Powder and one-half teaspoon salt. Rub in shortening (one-half cup butter and one tablespoon lard) and wet with enough sweet milk or water to make a soft dough. Handle as little as possible and roll out about one inch thick. Cut the desired size with biscuit cutter and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Break in half and butter.

Have ready a quart of berries, crushed, and sweetened with one small cup of granulated sugar. Place lower half of biscuit, buttered side up, on plate on which it is to be served; cover with crushed berries, then on top the upper half, buttered side up, cover again with crushed berries, and serve at once with or without cream or strawberry sauce.

Cleveland's Baking Powder "Pure and Sure."

TOUR OF A FOUR-IN-HAND

Through National Park With a Woman on the Box Seat.

ENJOYABLE TRIP ENDED

After Viewing the Wonders of Grand Canon, Farewells Were Said and the Party Separated.

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

"Safe? Waal, I guess yer won't run much danger. I'd strap my kid ter the back of one of them cayuses, tell it where ter go an' bet my bottom dollar it 'ud git thar safe an' sound. Them beasts is more human 'an a human's human, I tell yer. Hain't many men's got ez much sense ez they has," said Hank, in answer to various anxious inquiries concerning the scrubby little ponies that had been brought out for our inspection.

Relying on Hank's recommendation, we finally decided to do the canyon on horseback. It seemed more interesting to go in this way than to avail ourselves of the very modern looking surreys with their sleek, well-fed horses, to be had for that purpose, although we were promised that Dutch Louis, the Munchausen of the Park, would drive us; beside the Professional Beauty was anxious, for once at least, to appear in a stunning habit, which she had ordered from London for this trip and which she heretofore had no opportunity to display.

This ambitious lady demanded and obtained the first choice of the horses. She selected, naturally, the best looking one of the lot, a not ugly bay, at which Hank smiled grimly, and winked slyly at me. Why I did not understand until sometime afterward. Of course, the enthusiastic woman, being Hank's favorite, had the best mount, but I was not dissatisfied with my dappled gray, although as ugly a brute as I ever had the misfortune to see.

The road from the hotel to the Grand Canon, formerly one of the worst in the Park, has been, since Capt. Anderson took charge of the roads, put in excellent condition. It winds its way through shady forests, and has many picturesque curves—just the road for a canter, but no amount of coaxing or beating persuaded our beasts out of the walk at which we started. When I used the whip on my animal he became perfectly limp, as though he were going to fall, but instead would gather his feet together and suddenly give a long leap, which almost threw me over his head. Then he would settle back into the same old jog.

WISER THAN MAN.

I was content, at last, to allow him to go as he chose, and devoted myself to calming the Professional Beauty, who, despite her swell habit, was nearly wild with fright, for no reason except her nag had an unfortunate gait which shook her up and made it impossible to keep her seat. One moment she was on the horse's head, the next on his tail. Really she was much excited and quite willing, at the grand duke's suggestion, to take herself and her English habit into the surrey, which drove on behind us.

As a matter of fact the horses were not uncomfortable to ride if one knew anything about riding. They simply would not go faster than a walk, and if they were urged indulged in antics and capers, to the terror of the novices. Imagine our surprise, therefore, when we dismounted at the hotel and the stable boys mounted them, to behold the contrary little beasts lope down the road at break-neck speed.

"Why," I asked Hank, "why wouldn't they go for us?"

"'Cause they're more human an' a human's human, thet's the reason," replied Hank, smiling in a superior sort of a way. "They know jest ez well ez I do that yer tender-fut, an' they ain't a goin' ter run any risk of harmin' yer, an' give the Park a bad name. I tell yer what it is, Miss, yer might prod 'em with red hot irons an' they wouldn't git outer a walk." They ain't never been no accident here on their account an' they hain't liable ter be."

This was absolutely true. Those scrabby little ponies would jump chasms, fences, what not, and go at a terrific rate of speed with the natives on their backs, but a moment a stranger mounted them the beasts became as stubborn as mules. Verily, though more moral, for these horses have been corrupted by long years' association with men, Gulliver's Houyhnhnms were not more intelligent.

For a description of the Grand Canon, see the guide books. In them you will learn when and by whom it was discovered, just how deep and wide it is, to what is due the brilliant colors of its walls, how high the falls are and with what velocity they flow—and much other interesting information, which does not concern or interest me, although the practical man, with a conscientious purpose, which I was far from appreciating, insisted upon my hearing.

THE FIRST VISION.

Suffice it what never has such joy filled my soul as when I first beheld the tremendous and incomparable grandeur. Suddenly my heart seemed to have grown too large for my body; my spirit soared. I was carried quite out of myself by the majesty of the scene. It was thrilling in its effect. When I came to myself I heard some one singing and imagination had taken such a hold on me, it seemed to be a voice in the wind, which came rushing about us.

"I am the God Thor. I am the War-God. I am the Thunderer. Here in the Northland, my fastness and fortress, reign I for ever."

Truly the sacred abode of the gods lay before us, here in this great and awful gorge, cleft in the earth, with all its severe and majestic beauty, by the hammer of Thor, the all-powerful. Here he reigned, this god and hero, and with him Balder, and on his throne Hildskjalf, Odin, looks out over the world. Here the gods have battled, hurling the great boulders as David hurled his pebble, and up and down these perilous slopes the Valkyrias went on their errands of mercy. It was a pleasing fancy.

Of the half dozen in one party who had been around the world, and from the land of the midnight sun to the Cape of Good Hope, not one could remember anything which approaches the canyon in majesty and in the effect it has on the human atoms who gaze on it. It is noble and elevating, religion petrified, inspiring the very highest, the very noblest, sentiments in man. We were prone to linger, and the sun was already hiding itself behind the horizon when we turned our faces homeward. The ride back was a silent one.

At the hotel we were joined by mamma, her ducklings and the Italian count, who had been kept at the Lake Hotel by the indisposition of the fat dulcinea, whose accident at the Thumb had resulted more seriously than had, at first, been anticipated. Indeed, when we reached the lake she felt able to join the fishing party, but the next morning her ankle was swollen and very painful. Mamma insisted, therefore, that she wait until afternoon. Count Dulci, of course, who seems to have entirely overcome mamma's antipathy to foreigners, remained with his angel.

THE DULCINEA'S ACCIDENT.

There is an amusing side to the Dulcinea's unfortunate accident. We had about finished luncheon at the Thumb when this plump maiden, who inclines to sentiment and science, trotted off to the Paint Pots, under the chaperonage of the Practical Man. We watched them saunter leisurely toward the formation, until hidden from sight by a sudden slope, and our risibilities were much excited by the tall and slender figure of the Practical Man, in the bizarre costume, which he had been compelled to borrow from various members of the party after his unhappy and odoriferous experience with the mephitis mephitica, striding along by the corpulent young creature, who puffed and puffed in rivalry of the little steamer lying at the wharf.

Some time had elapsed, and mamma, always a trifle anxious when her darlings are out of sight, asked the count to call her daughter, but at this moment the Practical Man, a distressing looking object, appeared on the slope, minus his charge, gesticulating and calling wildly. From his waist to his feet, from his shoulders to his finger tips, he was covered with thick red mud. Mamma ran screaming toward him, while that wicked Prince Shoboloff tried to get a snap shot of the scene.

The whole trouble was caused by the gushing young creature, who, in a spirit of investigation or concreter, had come too near the edge of one of the Paint Pots, had fallen in the sticky mud, and had sunk far above her knees. Her escort gallantly attempted a rescue, and nearly fell in himself in the effort, but the bulk was too great. It took the combined strength of the entire masculine contingent of our party to haul her out and lay her on the grass.

She was a sorry looking creature. We scraped the mud from her feet and legs and left her to dry and to listen to the reproaches of mamma, who is one of those uncomfortable persons who invariably know, after a thing has happened, exactly how it was destined to be.

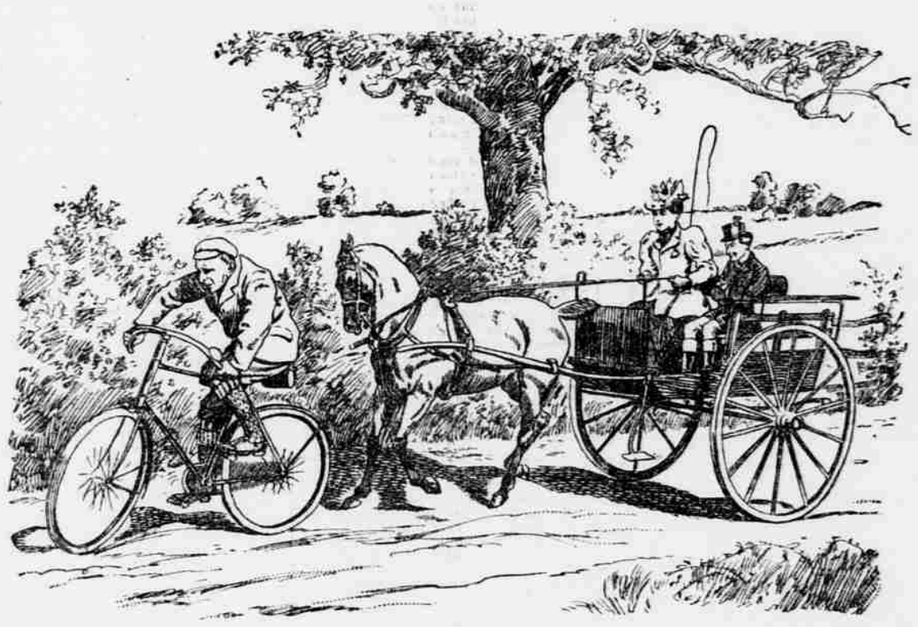
Before we left the Thumb some wicked person stuck up a plank near the paint pot, the scene of the catastrophe, on which was written "The Dulcinea's Landing."

Prince Shoboloff is a cynic, and is always saying wicked things. He insisted, for instance, that there was nothing the matter with the Dulcinea's ankle, and that she remained at the lake for the sole purpose of having a tete-a-tete with Count Dulci, who, like most Italians, was fond both of plump women and plump pocketbooks. However that may have been, we gave them a warm welcome on their arrival, and I must confess there was real pleasure in again seeing our friends before the final separation. The reunion was a short one, for next morning we went our several ways, all of us regretting that we had not planned to spend two or three weeks in the Park, which increases in interest on a close acquaintance.

Unfortunately, in making our plans we had been guilty of a mistake common to people who imagine that the Park is only curious and interesting from a scientific point of view. It is, on the contrary, a delightful resort, a place in which to spend weeks or an entire summer. The air is charming, the rides delightful, the scenery beautiful and varied, fishing supplies plenty of sport, the hotels are numerous and well kept, as well kept, without doubt, as those famous hostelries in Switzerland and the Tyrol, and reasonable withal.

Indeed, so many things commend it that the dozen people in our party have planned to meet there again next summer. With this promise to console us, to the nobility of Europe and to our own countrymen we bade farewell, and are now speeding on our way homeward.

The End.



Lady in Pony Cart (who has made several unsuccessful attempts to pass persevering beginner occupying the whole road): "Unless you soon fall off, sir, I'm afraid I shall miss my train."

—Punch.

READING FOR INVALIDS.

A GOOD way to prepare short stories for the use of invalids is to cut them from magazines for which you have no further use, and mount them on strips of stout muslin or cheese cloth, with a good paste or mucilage. Cut the muslin wide enough for one or two columns. The story can be then rolled and unrolled without the fatigue of lifting a heavy book. Tie with a rubber band or band of ribbon and print the name of the story on the outside of the rolls.

Seashore Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On Fridays and Saturdays during June, July, and August, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets for 10 and 11 a. m. trains to Atlantic City, Cape May, and Sea Isle City, at rate of $5 for the round trip, good to return until the following Tuesday. je7-S,t,th,s,durje,jy:au

All sorts of proper shoes for the summer trip—on the wonderful Comfort Last—at Arthur Burt's.

Ladies' swell Russet Lace and Oxfords, welt soles, beginning at $2.75. Ladies' White and Grass Linen Oxfords $2.00. Ladies' Bicycle Boots $4.00, $5.00, $6.00. Leggins 65c.

Men's swell Patent Leather and Russian Lace and Oxfords—linen lace, kid lace—on the Comfort Lasts, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00.

And those broad sole school shoes for young folks.

1411 F Street,
Next to Branch Post-office.
Open Saturdays 9 p. m.

King's Palace.

Great Surprises At King's Palace.

Six grand bargains are ready for our customers tomorrow. We have prepared a feast of values in every department, but these are specials indeed:

Panama Shortback Sailors, 79c.

We will sell tomorrow 5 dozen Imported Panama Shortback Sailors, in latest and most stylish shapes, at..... 79c

Rough Straw Shortback Sailors, 22c.

25 dozen Rough Straw Shortback Sailors, in white and black, for Monday only..... 22c

$1.00, 75c and 50c Sample Flowers 23c.

We have a special line of fine Flowers—a sample line—in all styles and colors, which we shall place on sale tomorrow at..... 23c

25c Silk Velvet Roses, 5c.

We will sell on Monday elegant quality Silk Velvet Roses—three in a bunch, with rubber stems..... 5c

A Lucky Skirt Purchase.

We have closed out from a manufacturer for spot cash two lots of skirts.

Lot 1—$2 Linen Skirts, 98c.

Best quality Linen Skirts, in stripes red and blue—black and white stripes—and also linen checks—for Monday at..... 98c

Lot 2—$3 Brilliantine Skirts, $1.79.

These Skirts are extra good quality Brilliantine, Russeline lined throughout, velvet bound, very full widths—very pretty, rich dress goods..... $1.79

KING'S PALACE, 812-814 7th St., 715 Market Space.

AN IMPROMPTU DINNER

BY JEAN MIDDLEMAS.

(Copyright, 1896.)

"Let us go to Argenteuil to eat friture and asparagus. To Argenteuil as if we were des petits gens? What fun! I should like it above everything."

And Lady Burke, a great lady in her own country, clapped her hands and looked thoroughly delighted.

"Dear old Henry, you always were the best brother in the world—not a hit changed after your long sojourn in the East—while I—"

"While you—have had one husband, are going to take another, and a foreigner, too—I am ashamed of you, Annie. That is why I am going to lure you out of the beaten constitutional track."

"Wait till you see Count Tolima, Henry. He is—"

Half an hour later Lady Burke and her brother, Sir Henry Lamont, had reached the gate St. Lazare and were off to the little greenery on the Seine, which is one of the favorite resorts of the pleasure-loving French bourgeoise.

That Argenteuil was no new hunting ground to him was evident from the way he, as soon as they arrived there, made straight for a restaurant by the river, where there was a long alee of greenery leading down to the water, and on each side of it little "bosquets," green and fresh and cool-looking, each with a white-clothed table, mostly laid for two people and at which four at the outside could find room. These "bosquets" were divided from one another by trellis work, so thickly covered by leaves that to see into the next compartment was impossible, unless, indeed, you were a giant or took the trouble to stand on something that would render you seven feet high.

But Lady Burke did not think about the next "bosquet." She was enchanted with her own, and while Sir Henry ordered dinner, delighted with everything and in glad spirits, she looked about at the people opposite. This was quite a new experience for her.

On a sudden Annie clutched her brother by the wrist, and laying the forefinger of her other hand on her lip, as though to recommend silence, looked scared and white.

He was amazed, and, in spite of her injunction, asked in a hoarse whisper:

"What the deuce has happened?"

"Jean—Jean de Tolima is in the next bosquet," she said, dropping her voice to a stage whisper.

Sir Henry Lamont saw she was on tenterhooks, so he very soon sauntered off, cigar in mouth, along the allee, only to return in a very few minutes in fits of laughter.

"Just shows where a woman's imagination will lead her," he said. "No foreign count at all, but my old friend, Jack Mason, who is regaling himself with an elderly party and a sweet-looking girl of seventeen. However, I really do think that we had better be on the move, Annie, for it looks to me as if we were going to have a thunder storm."

They passed in front of the "bosquet," down the allee, Sir Henry going on quickly in a hurry to be off, as the sky looked very black, and large drops were already falling.

But the weather at that moment had no interest for Lady Burke; she walked slowly and bestowed long, lingering glances on the trio who had dined in the neighboring bosquet. Having satisfied herself she rushed after her brother.

"It is the Comte de Tolima! It is, I tell you, Henry."

"For goodness' sake, Annie, don't go on like that or I shall think you insane. As if I did not know Jack Mason! Come on to the train, do; we shall be drenched. What idiots we were to come without umbrellas."

She did as he bade her, but she was by no means convinced, and, they reached the station without much of a wetting.

The people were, however, crammed in in a wonderfully rapid manner, and just as the train was moving off a man jumped into the carriage with Annie and her brother.

There was not much light, but enough to see who he was.

"Great Scott!" said Sir Henry. "I am glad to see you, Jack, my boy," and then he looked across triumphantly at his sister.

Lady Burke was disconcerted; so was the newcomer, though he answered Sir Henry cheerily.

He was wondering what Lady Burke meant by dining out alone with Sir Henry Lamont, while she was wondering who the pretty girl was with whom she had dined.

She it was who, irritated by her brother's triumph, took the initiative.

"My brother, Sir Henry Lamont—the Comte de Tolima," she said, introducing them as if she had not noticed that they knew each other.

She had given herself away. The comte's (alias Jack Mason) brow cleared at once, and he laughingly explained to Sir Henry that the Jack Mason of their old soldier days had inherited from his mother's brother a title and a property.

"By Jove! and you've become a Frenchman. Of course, you were always good at the parlez-vous, and you are going to rob me of my little sister, who was to have comforted my old age. Never mind, Jack, I'm delighted. She could not have found a better mate—eh, Annie?"

But Annie did not answer. The men had decidedly got the best of it, and she was still suffering the pangs of jealousy on account of that girl.

It was not till they had all three reached the hotel that Sir Henry, noticing that she was quiet and vexed, guessed the cause, and remarked, as though casually: "Pretty girl, that, Jack. Where did you pick her up? Lucky dog."

"Oh, my little cousin, who, with her demoiselle de compagnie, was dining with me. She is my ward. She lives close to Argenteuil. I had to go there today about business connected with her money. I took her on the river, and the poor child pleaded so hard to dine in one of those 'bosquets' I could not refuse. You see, I, too, have relations, Lady Burke."

Annie bowed her head in acknowledgment of this truth, but felt none the less jealous.

Thus peace was thoroughly re-established and ere long the trio returned together to England. They left, however, one poor little aching heart at Argenteuil. Before her departure Lady Burke had been to see Jack's cousin, and, no longer jealous, had declared in her impetuous way that she was the sweetest and daintiest of damsels. She, too—Yvonne Latielle by name—had been not a little fascinated by Lady Burke and was so glad that Jean was going to make this charming woman his wife.

She was not in the least in love with "le cousin" Jean, not a bit of it. She regarded him solely in the light of a tuteur.

Why then should she have the heartache when the trio started for England?

Of course that was her secret, though Lady Burke, clever woman that she was, managed to guess it. Wayward as are the promptings of Cupid, Yvonne had fallen in love with no less important a personage than Sir Henry Lamont, who had more than once accompanied his sister on her visits to Yvonne.

This was what amused Lady Burke and made her laugh heartily when she told the comte all she had perceived and suspected.

The outcome of their joint deliberations was that Yvonne was invited to come and stay with her tuteur and his wife, in the latter's luxurious house in Mayfair. It was the girl's first visit to England, and under such agreeable auspices she was in perfect raptures with everything she saw, especially when Sir Henry Lamont made up the quartet by accompanying them to the theater or other places of amusement.

And this he did with an increasing amount of frequency, as each day he became more and more impressed by the charms of the bright little French girl, who seemed so unlike any one he had ever seen before.

There was no doubt about it, the steady-going baronet was caught at last, the bonds of love was about his neck; nor did he rest till he had contrived to make his fetters matrimony.

FLOWERS FOR THE SICK.

THOSE who devote a corner of their garden to flowers for the sick should, if the blossoms are to be sent any distance, raise such blossoms as sweet peas, which are quickly revived, lilies of the valley, phlox, candytuft, larkspur, hyacinths, daffodils, and narcissus, pinks, and rose buds. If such a garden produces more plants and flowers than can be used in giving a bit of summer to the sick and poor in one's own neighborhood, the National Flower Guild, which makes a business of distributing flowers in the large cities, will always be glad of a surplus. For this guild the express companies carry packages free of charge. Boys and girls in many communities who may have a garden plot for the asking, and a few packages of flower seeds at a very light cost, may give pleasure to others by organizing little bands that will contribute the yield of their gardens to the Flower Guild.

A TENNIS BOOTH.

AT a carnival to be given for the benefit of an athletic club and gymnasium there will be a tennis booth, decorated with nets, which will be the background for flowers and vines. At this booth balls, rackets, and racket case, and tennis pins in silver will be sold, as well as belts, caps, score books, and books of authority on the game. At another booth footballs, and down pillows, shaped like footballs, photographs of famous athletes, and ribbons for college colors will be provided. There is to be a golf booth and a booth where all sorts of new things for wheelmen will be the attraction and where a little book called "First Aid to the Injured," and a little comedy about bicycle riding for amateur actors will be sold.

DINING ROOM RUG.

INGRAIN or Brussels filling in a plain color, finished by a border combining a number of harmonious colors, one of which matches the color of the filling, makes a pretty, tasteful rug for a dining-room that has a hardwood floor or a stained border. A Brussels or ingrain carpet in a fine mixed pattern that is an allover design, and finished by a border, makes a rug that shows dust and crumbs and footmarks less, but that is not as tasteful as the rug made of a solid color. When a carpet is worn about the table, a large crumb-cloth of linen which is woven with a border, or a crumb-cloth of denim, looks well for summer, covering the wear and looking cooler than a carpet.

DUST OUTWITTED.

ONE clever woman who has no doors between the communicating rooms in the front part of her house, so that sweeping is a care because of the dust that will go where it should not, has had dark gray window shades that are very wide fastened to curtain rollers that are concealed under the top of the hangings between the rooms. When the rooms are swept the shades are drawn down, and make a wall or door. When the room is swept and garnished they are given a touch and roll up out of sight.

COOKERY FOR INVALIDS.

SOME one not long ago asked us for some novelties in cookery for invalids. I am very much afraid that novelties in cookery are not for invalids, and that the proper foods, be they novelties or otherwise, should be prescribed by those who know the case of the invalids. If the weakness is the result of dyspepsia one kind of diet is called for; if of fever another, while rheumatism may demand another kind of feeding. In the majority of cases invalids need plain, simple food, perfectly cooked and daintily served.—New York Evening Post.

IMPROVED BEEF BALLS.

THE beef balls of chopped meat that are so often prescribed for invalid diet may be improved for well persons by occasionally seasoning them with chopped almonds or with pine nuts, in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls to the half pound. Season the balls with paprika, salt, and, if you like it, a teaspoonful of onion juice. Instead of being broiled these balls may be browned in very hot butter and served with a brown sauce. The cooking may be done in a shallow saucepan or in a chafing-dish.

GREEN SALAD PLANTS.

GREEN salad plants that are eaten uncooked should be washed in plenty of salted cold water. The salt will kill any germ that may have settled upon them in the dust of the market, or any parasite that has fastened upon them in the garden.