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SCHWARTZ

MODERN ROYALTY.

Hopelessly Handicapped by the Progress of Mankind.

What is a modern king for if not to set a pattern of the brave, courteous, urbane gentleman and make a comely figurehead for state occasions? If he falls there of what earthly use is he? He cannot govern. He dare not attempt to rule. He is so outclassed in professional training by his own generals that he would never be tolerated as an active commander in chief in time of war. He is hopelessly below the requirements of the age if he dreams of leadership in art or learning, literature or science. If he cannot make a brave showing of the virtues and graces of more primitive times when he gets a chance he falls utterly.

The truth is that modern royalty is handicapped hopelessly by the progress of mankind. The age is far too complex to enable a king to play the part he is cast for in the great drama of the world's work and struggles. He would be more than human if he could live up to the demands of his birth and the traditions of his vocation. Kings were formerly tragedies when they were evil and great benefactors when they were both good and wise. Now they are perilously near the border line of comedy, which slides easily down into farce.—Cleveland Leader.

Sneezing.

Sneezing has an extensive folklore in many countries. Sometimes the act is considered ominous of good and sometimes of evil. Among the Jews it has always been regarded as an appropriate moment, such as the conclusion of a bargain, as propitious, and a belief still lingers in many parts of the country that the regular habit of sneezing, particularly after meals, is conducive to longevity and a precaution against fevers. The old English custom of saying "God bless you!" when a person sneezed, so as to avoid evil consequences, has its counterpart in many far distant parts of the globe. The early settlers in Brazil found the sneezer saluted with "God preserve you!" while in Fiji it was customary to retort, "May you live!" In superstitious Suffolk there is a sneezing tariff—once a wish, twice a kiss, thrice a letter and four times a disappointment.—London Sphere.

The Water Clock.

The earliest application of the clypsdra principle to produce motion was by Tsiang Hung, A. D. 126, who made an "orery" representing the apparent motion of the heavenly bodies around the earth, which was kept going by dropping water. In the sixth century of the Christian era an instrument was in use in China which indicated the course of time by the weight of water as it gradually came from the beak of a bird and was received in a vessel on a balance, every pound representing a one-hundredth part of the day of twenty-four hours. About this time mercury began to be employed in clepsydras instead of water.

Victim of Circumstances.

"That Englishman is a funny chap," remarked the hat salesman in the big hotel; "he hasn't been out of his room today."
"No; he is a victim of circumstances," confided the coffee salesman.
"Victim of circumstances?"
"Yes; he put his shoes outside his door last night, according to the English custom, and somebody threw them at a cat down the airway."—Chicago News.

Rebuke.

A chill, dark, autumn morning. A breakfast table with an overcrowded tribe of clamorous children. A worried mother and an irritable father muttering something about "no decent elbow room." A small child uplifts solemn eyes from his plate and says, "Hain't one of us better die?"—London Academy.

Knew His Dad.

Teacher—Several of your examples in arithmetic are wrong, Johnny. Why didn't you ask your father to help you?
Johnny—'Cause I wasn't looking for trouble, that's why.—Exchange.

JUDGING A CIGAR.

The Only Real Way to Find Its Quality is to Smoke It—Smelling It Is Useless.

On no point is the average smoker so ill informed as that of judging a cigar. Nine times out of ten, upon being handed a cigar, he will hold it to his nose, unlighted, sniff at the wrapper with a critical air and deliver his verdict in a self satisfied manner. This characteristic maneuver is always a source of amusement to any tobacco man who happens to observe it. There is only one way to ascertain the quality of a cigar, and that is to smoke it. No expert will pass judgment on a cigar until he has lighted it and smoked it well down toward the middle. The first and most important point upon which he bases his opinion is the "burn." Tobacco may have every other virtue, but if it does not hold the fire and burn evenly it is poor tobacco. Next in order of importance comes the aroma—the smoke must have a pleasing "smell," next comes the flavor—the smoke must be smooth and not "scratchy" or bitter. Then there is the color—rich brown, indicating a ripe leaf, well cured—and last is workmanship—good if the wrapper is put on smoothly and the "bunch" is made so that the cigar "draws" freely and is neither too hard nor too spongy, bad if the reverse.—Bohemian Magazine.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

These Things Read Like Legends, but Are Matters of Fact.

A peasant girl called half witted did promise to defeat the victors of Agincourt and did it; it ought to be a legend, but it happens to be a fact. A poet and a poetess did fall in love and eloped secretly to a sunny clime; it is obviously a three volume novel, but it happened. Nelson did die in the act of winning the one battle that could change the world; it is a grossly improbable coincidence, but it is too late to alter it now. Napoleon did win the battle of Austerlitz; it is unnatural, but it is not my fault. When the general who had surrendered a republican town returned, saying easily, "I have done everything," Robespierre did ask, with an air of inquiry, "Are you dead?" When Robespierre coughed in his cold harangue Garnier did say, "The blood of Danton chokes you." Stafford did say of his own desertion of parliament, "If I do it may my life and death be set on a hill for all men to wonder at." Disraeli did say, "The time will come when you shall hear me."

The heroic is a fact, even when it is a fact of coincidence or of miracle, and a fact is a thing which can be admitted without being explained.—G. K. Chesterton in London News.

No Drums In the Middle Ages.

As we come to the middle ages, when the nations of modern Europe were struggling into existence, we find that at first the drum was not used at all. So, although melody had been known and practiced for many centuries, rhythm had been quite forgotten, for what there is left to us of the music of the middle ages contains no bars, and we know that it was slowly and monotonously chanted, without the least accent. In the eleventh century, however, things began to improve, more particularly as the crusaders brought into Europe all sorts of percussion instruments from the east. Various kinds of drums, tambourines and cymbals were then seen in Europe for the first time since the days of savages, and they have been used, with very little change, ever since.—St. Nicholas.

An Epistolary Hint.

In the letter from Boston was a special delivery stamp.
"What did she send that for?" the woman wondered. "The information she wants can be sent in an ordinary letter. It won't need to be sent special."

"That stamp," said the man, "is a delicate hint to be quick about answering. It is a hurry up device used by many men. It is very effective. A two cent stamp does not always spur one on to any special effort, but a special delivery stamp means that the writer wants what he wants when he wants it, and the most dilatory correspondent alive is not going to let any grass grow between the scratches of his pen when answering."—New York Press.

Mantle Rays.

"There are X rays and X rays, and there are also rays on those mantle things that you put on gas burners to improve the light." The speaker, a photographer, pointed to a batch of fogged plates. "I know my cost that there are mantle rays," said he. "For a month I stored new plates in a closet along with a mantle, and all of them got fogged. The mantle, you see, contained thorium, a radio-active substance that penetrates a cardboard plate box as easily as it penetrates glass. I didn't know that till my doctor told me so last week. My ignorance cost me over a hundred plates."—New York Press.

Shunted.

Editor—Is this your first effort?
Budding Poet—Yes, sir. Is it worth anything to you?
Editor (with emotion)—It's worth a guinea if you will promise not to write anything more for publication until after this has been printed. I want your entire output, you understand.
Budding Poet—I promise that, all right. When will it be printed?
Editor—Never while I'm alive.—London Telegraph.

A kindness done to the good is never lost.—Plautus.

THE CONSULTATION.

What Her Sister Heard When She Listened to the Doctors—It Was Not Expected.

One of two sisters who lived together was suddenly taken with a lung attack she feared was serious, says the London Telegraph. She therefore sent for a specialist and asked her doctor to meet him. Talking over his coming with her sister, she said: "Mona, I wish I could know Sir Henry B.'s real opinion. Neither he nor Dr. M. will tell us if there is anything really wrong, but I would much rather know."

Her sister replied: "Do not worry, dearest. You shall know everything, for I will go down to the dining room and stand behind the big oak screen and listen to every word they say."
"And will you be sure to tell me, Mona?"
"You may rely on me, dearest. I will tell you every word."
"Even if I am not to get well?"
"Even then, dearest," promised the loyal Mona.

The hour for the consultation arrived, and the sister went to the dining room and, standing behind the great oak screen, ensconced herself and prepared to listen.

By and by the two doctors were heard descending the stairs, and a moment later they came to the room. Walking over to the fireplace, the specialist sank into an easy chair and the local doctor sank into another. Then followed a moment's silence, broken by the specialist, who leaned a little forward.

"My dear M.," he said slowly as he looked across at his colleague, "of all the ugly women that's the very ugliest woman I've ever seen in my life."
"Is she?" replied the local doctor. "You wait until you've seen her sister."

MAMMOTH MINERS.

The Experts Who Prospect and Dig For Prehistoric Creatures.

Mammoth miners are experts who know where to prospect for mammoths and how to dig them out, even as the mining engineer knows where to prospect for silver and how to extract it.

In the west, in Alaska and in Siberia mammoth miners are always at work. They are always unearthing creatures that died 100,000 years ago.

Siberia was the mammoth's true home. Siberia 100,000 years ago was one luxuriant forest. Here the fur covered beasts, with their ten foot trunks and their fifteen foot stature, swarmed. Then an earthquake removed a barrier range between Siberia and the Arctic ocean, and those low lying forests were inundated. All their animal and vegetable life was killed.

The first of the drowned Siberian mammoths was found in 1799 by an Eskimo villager on the banks of the Lena. It was imbedded in a vast cake of ice. The villagers melted the ice, they feasted on the 100,000-year-old flesh, and then they sold the tusks.

Only the bones remained when Zlotover of the Petersburg Imperial museum reached that outlandish village after a journey of 7,500 miles. He took the bones back to the museum, where you may see them mounted today. He bought the tusks from the ivory traders and fixed them on the skeleton, and the book he wrote about his find is still a text book among the mammoth miners of our day.

Safeguarding Crime.

It is inexplicable how those pessimistic carpers who are accustomed to hit all the minor chords with the loud pedal can fail to see all about them the unmistakable signs of progress and the reddening dawn of a new day in the social yeast. And especially is this true in matters pertaining to crime. There is no doubt that the general standards of crime have been immeasurably raised of late. Nowadays a man can do almost anything and get away with it, provided he can arouse the sympathy of the special lady writers and pay the experts. Ah, brothers, who can say that all this does not make for the general uplift? How can we hope to realize the better things of life until crime has been made perfectly safe?—Life.

Sea Air.

At a meeting of the French Therapeutic society M. Laumonier showed that the therapeutic effect of sea air on the coast is quite different from that of the open sea—i. e., twenty or thirty miles out. On the coast the effect tends toward excitement and congestion and, moreover, is irregular in its action. Out at sea it is tonic and regulating, and in addition the patient gets quiet, a regular life and a continuous bath of pure air. These advantages are not so patent on board great liners on account of the vibration and the smell from the engines, but on a sailing ship they are evident.

Chinese Idea of Government.

Here is a Chinese idea of prosperity in a nation: When the sword is rusty, the plow bright, the prisons empty, the granaries full, the steps of the temple worn down and those of the law courts grass grown, when doctors go afoot, the bakers on horseback and the men of letters drive in their own carriages, then the empire is well governed.

Getting Ready For Him.

"Dearest, what did your father say when you told him I loved you?"
"He didn't say anything, Harold; simply went over to the gymnasium and arranged for a course of boxing lessons."—Pittsburg Press.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—Emerson.

WANTED THEM SAVED.

Lincoln Stuck to His Selection of a Hospital Chaplain Despite Religious Views.

The nomination of a Mr. Shrigley of Philadelphia, a Universalist, for the position of chaplain for the hospital was not met with favor on all sides, and a delegation of protestants went to Washington to see President Lincoln on the subject. The following interview was the result:

"We have called, Mr. President, to confer with you regarding the appointment of Mr. Shrigley of Philadelphia as hospital chaplain."

"Oh, yes," replied the president. "I have sent his name to the senate, and he will no doubt be confirmed at an early date."

One of the young men replied, "We have not come to ask for the appointment, but to solicit you to withdraw the nomination."

"Ah," said Lincoln, "that alters the case. But on what grounds do you wish the nomination withdrawn?"

The answer was, "Mr. Shrigley is not sound in his theological opinions."

The president inquired, "On what questions is the gentleman unsound?"

"He does not believe in endless punishment. Not only so, sir, but he believes that even the rebels themselves will be finally saved," was the reply.

"Is that so?" inquired the president. The members of the committee responded, "Yes, sir."

"Well, gentlemen, if that is so and there is any way under heaven whereby the rebels can be saved, then, for God's sake and their sakes, let the man be appointed."

Mr. Shrigley was appointed and served until the end of the war.—Boston Post.

THE GREAT BOMBARDMENT.

A Constant Rain of Missiles Upon the World's Atmosphere.

The regions of space beyond our planet are filled with flying fragments. Some meet the earth in its onward rush; others, having attained inconceivable velocity, overtake and crash into the whirling sphere with loud detonation and ominous glare, finding destruction in its molecular armor or perhaps ricocheting from it again into the unknown. Some come singly, vagrant fragments from the infinity of space; others fall in showers, like golden rain, all constituting a bombardment appalling in its magnitude.

It has been estimated that every twenty-four hours the earth or its atmosphere is struck by 400,000,000 missiles of iron or stone, ranging from an ounce up to tons in weight. Every month there rush upon the flying globe at least 12,000,000,000 iron and stone fragments, which, with lurid accompaniment, crash into the circumambient atmosphere.

Owing to the resistance offered by the air few of these solid shots strike the earth. They move out of space with a possible velocity of thirty or forty miles per second and, like moths, plunge into the revolving globe, lured to their destruction by its fatal attraction. The moment they enter our atmosphere they ignite, and the air is piled up and compressed ahead of them with inconceivable force, the resultant friction producing an immediate rise in temperature, and the shooting star, the meteor of popular parlance, is the result.

A Subtle Hint.

A representative in congress, who is the father of several bright girls, tells a story whereof one daughter is the main figure.

"For a long time," says the representative, "I had the bad habit of hanging about the lower floor when the girls had men callers. One evening I had settled in an easy chair in the reception room just off the drawing room when one of my girls, who was talking to a bright chap from our own state, called out:

"'Dad!'"
"What is it, daughter?"
"It's 9 o'clock, the hour when Tom and I usually go into committee."—Harper's Weekly.

When an Ostrich Kicks.

"The only safe place in the neighborhood of a kicking ostrich is just behind it," said a zoo keeper. "An ostrich can kick a mule to death, but its kicks are delivered at an angle of 45 degrees. Within those 45 degrees, right about the 'pope's nose' of the bird, there is absolute safety. On the ostrich farms of California, when the herds are being driven, you will always see the ostrich boys holding on to the tails of bad kickers. The kickers tear along, and their scaly legs shoot out like piston rods, but the boys in the shelter of the pope's nose are safe."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Condemnation.

"What do you think of members of European aristocracy as sons-in-law?" asked the old time friend.

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "the way their relatives boss them around indicates that they ought to make easy husbands."—Washington Star.

The Idiotic Affair.

Irate Parent—Am I to understand there is some idiotic affair between you and that impecunious young ass, Lord Biliars? Fair Daughter (very sweetly)—Only you, papa!—Illustrated Bits.

For Good.

It never seems to occur to persons who are getting married that they ought to take each other for good as well as for better or worse.—Philadelphia Record.

The tears of a penitent are the wine of angels.—Bernard.