THE NEW EDEN.

Not a Speculative Western Town, but a Paris Theater.

The Remarkable Ballet which is Now the Rage in the French Capital.

PARIS, May 1.—The weather is so changeable that even Paris is no longer Paradise. One day sunshine, the next rain, the third cold enough for mid-winter. What can have happened in the empyrean to cause such extraordinary caprice in the nature of the seasons? Change, change, and yet again change! We can no longer count upon spring, summer, autumn, winter. Things have resolved themselves into summer and winter, and all is said.

Dressmakers are grumbling, tailors are raging, the thousand and one restaurateurs in the environs of the city are waiting with folded hands and gilded menus for the usual flock of Parisian birdlings who come not. They dare not, as yet, affront the night air, the bitter east wind that almost rivals her English neighbor for fierceness and cold. Summer is indeed like a capricious beauty going to a ball; she will make a late entrance in order to create a sensation.

In the meantime the theaters enjoy a later season of prosperity than usual. The great attraction is the "Eden," a magnificent structure, where a fine ballet nightly crowds the house. This place of entertainment is the newest place of its kind anywhere. There is a very deep stage, a marvelous breadth of scene, and an auditorium vast enough to seat over three thousand. There is a promenade running around the horseshoe with cafes, grottoes, long walks, and so on. Flowers bloom, trees wave great branches over the promenaders, and thousands of electric jets flood the place with a noonday radiance.

The building itself is the handsomest thing of the kind that I have ever seen. The interior arrangements are harmonious and comfortable, although of startling elegance and beauty. The ceiling is good as a work of art. Aurora and a few hundred ladies in very summer like costumes float in space to their hearts content. Pink, gray, blue, with faint brown and violet, furnish the coloring, which is of course very Frenchy.

There is only one balcony, and around the lower part of the house is a row of open boxes in the style of the old Valgneire, but not closed, and mysteriously conspicuous as these much-to-be-desired places. Everybody, or nearly everybody, can see everybody else at the Eden. On either side is a vast inclosed space where promenaders crowd in at three francs (sixty cents) a head. Looking up one imagines that they are in their own loges, but that standing is preferable to sitting. I was told afterward the reason of their uprightness.

The usual nude statues support the usual gilded columns. The art of coloring is fairly understood by the French, but their failure to produce anything classic in modeling is lamentable. There is not one figure among the hundreds that decorate the inner or outer walls of the Eden which is not almost ridiculous in its bad proportions and weak style. In sculpturing France is far behind every other nation. The nude figures are certainly unsatisfactory, and show a deplorable lack in taste, culture, and talent.

Now that we have disposed of these ladies in chocolate brown (color takes the place of the ordinary fig leaf), something may be said of the theater proper and the performance. The prices of admission come within every one's reach—balcony stalls five francs, orchestra chairs seven francs, boxes fifteen and twenty-five francs, promenade three francs. All Paris goes to this theater, and I must say that one gets fully one's money's worth.

The promenade has been appropriated vastly by the demi-mondaines. Ladies may go up during acts and walk or sit about, but it is scarcely pleasant to jostle such human nature at every turn. One gets used to many things in Paris, and I suppose one must get used to that. During entre acts Tzganes sing and play, Tyroleans warble their guttural national songs, gymnasts leap, dogs perform; in fact the regular circus sideshow fills up the interim of stage waits.

A magnificent personage in rose satin, point lace an twenty-buttoned kids presides at the English bar. She is the real Hebe. Various handmaids sell delectable or non-delectable drinks. The rage for champagne at present is the delicious Gelderman from the Ay vineyard. I believe Paris Allen, in New York, are the American venders. American drinks are taking, but rarely palatable. It is needless to say that any man will drink almost anything when it is handed him by slender, white hands accompanied by a smile which nature alone has patented.

The ballet "Excelsior" is simple in plot. It treats of the struggle between Progress (light) and Obscurantism (or darkness). Everything happens that may happen in real life or—on the stage. A demon with a snake on his breast and very red hair always inspires turmoil, smashes globes, chops up ships (the then new invention), is ready to blow up Mr. Edison and his—(excuse me, Franklin discovering electricity), dashes back and forth raging against Progress.

He succeeds in one scene, but at the end is always met by a fair young woman in glittering tights. She appears with shimmers of electric light upon her—representing Progress. When this radiant young creature waves a radiant wand, the demon falls back foiled. The snake on his breast trembles; his whole person incarnates disappointment and rage. Obscurity is doomed to oblivion. Progress is again triumphant.

I had the rare pleasure of witnessing two elevated trains passing each other on the Brooklyn bridge, with three full rigged ships sailing underneath, a ferry carrying several thousands to Hoboken, and two mountains rising back of the whole, with a gilded temple at the summit of the first. I thought to myself that one must needs come to Paris in order to see the first train of cars on the Brooklyn bridge, and mountains that I have never yet seen in Gotham.

The extraordinary fidelity of these scenes causes one almost to tremble for Progress. "Excelsior" in plot is a gratifying but a startling success.

Too much praise cannot be awarded for the perfection of the mise-en-scene and the dancing. About six hundred figures at one time, and the effect is superb. The dancers are all Italians, with a very few exceptions—none, I think—and the gesturing or "miming" is thoroughly descriptive as so much speaking, and vastly more agreeable considering the rot, which usually constitutes the libretto for pantomime.

In every step in every dance one recognizes artists from the famous ballet school of Milan and the master hand which it requires to put such masses in motion. The writers scend from the great school of dancing, of or composers of such ballets as "Excelsior" de which Taglivin and the old chorographists were exponents.

They are years thinking up a piece; months reconstructing it when written, and months preparing for a first representation. Hence perfection may be arrived at, but for many a long day nothing has attained the celebrity of "Excelsior."

It is the most complete, curious and magnificent spectacular piece that I have ever seen. The mimes are fine and the premiers first class. One, by the way, is a little American, Albertina Flindt. She has great grace and a splendid school for dancing. Her talent is quite remarkable. One and all deserve such praise that I may sum the performance up in one word—success.

The costumes are marvelous and innumerable, and the stage setting, like the piece, simple perfection. Do not hope to see any approach to it in America unless the whole band, composer, musicians, and artists be transported bodily to Niblo's. I do not see how they could ever give "Excelsior" much show. It is the symmetry of this spectacle which charms, not individual airs or graces, or one scene being more perfect than another. All harmonizes.

In my next I will speak of the salon and pictures by American artists. FELDEN.

"The Frigid Wiggle.

The proprietor of the Maxwell house at Rawlins, on the Union Pacific line, having "graded the tables" so that the railway employes who boarded there were set apart and made to feel their inferiority, that body of gentlemen foregathered and subscribed their names to the following polite resolution:

Resolved, That in this great and glorious country—particularly that portion of it which is bounded on the north by the Union Pacific railway and on the south, east and west by the corporate limits of the town of Rawlins—all men are free and equal; that the brakeman weighs as much to the pound and is entitled to as much and as good hash as the dry goods clerk; and that until every boarder is allowed the right to sit at any table he chooses—so long as he combs his hair and does not use the cloth as a napkin—we give the Maxwell house the frigid wiggle.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

A Sailor Crosses the Pacific Alone in a Small Two-Ton Boat.

The London *Daily News* condenses from antipodean sources the following interesting account of the voyage made by a foolhardy mariner from San Francisco to a point near Australia:

Details are just to hand of the extraordinary voyage across the Pacific by an American named Gilfoy. The voyage was undertaken as one of pleasure, but the adventures he passed through were not all of an agreeable nature. Gilfoy and his little craft were fallen in with on the twenty-ninth of January by the schooner Albert Vittery. He was then 160 miles off Cape Sandy, and when taken from the boat was in a state of extreme exhaustion. He kept a log of the voyage, in which the whole of his experience was recorded. It seems that he left San Francisco on the twenty-ninth of August last year, with the intention of crossing the Pacific and reaching Australia. He anticipated that the voyage would occupy some five months, for which period he had provisioned his boat, taking with him also 140 gallons of water. For the first week matters went on very satisfactorily, but after this calms and headwinds were encountered, which continued for at least a fortnight. On the twenty-sixth of September he crossed the line, having then fair winds. Subsequently, however, calms set in, and very little progress was made, so little, indeed, that Gilfoy found it necessary to shorten his allowance of food; but before this he was unable to eat much on account of having no exercise. It was Gilfoy's habit to sleep three or four hours before daylight, but in this he was very often disturbed by the knocking of fish against his boat. Very often sharks came near to the boat, and, after taking mouthfuls of small fish, would disappear. Gilfoy, however, was very much afraid of the sharks, and made a harpoon from a boat-hook, and with this he speared any that came within his reach. The sharks, however, soon became aware of the danger in going too near the boat, and after this kept a safe distance off. Several were struck with the improvised harpoon, but Gilfoy was unable to draw any of them near the boat. When, however, he went below, he found that the sharks ventured dangerously near his boat, and in order to keep them off he had to resort to stratagem. Each time when he retired to rest he put his shirt in the place where he was accustomed to sit, and the sharks, still thinking he was there, did not venture near. On November 10 the brigantine Tropic was spoken and Gilfoy was enabled to rectify his compass, having previously been guided by dead reckoning. He also received from the vessel a quantity of fruit. On the 9th of December he was sailing along rapidly when his boat was suddenly struck by a wave and capsized, and Gilfoy was thrown into the water. He managed to get on the bottom of the boat and by great exertions he succeeded in righting it, though immediately afterward it was turned completely over a second time. Fortunately he was again able to right the craft, but found that most of his provisions and water had been lost and spoiled by the salt water. He was then 1,400 miles off Cape Sandy. It took him seven days to put his vessel in order, and he again resumed his voyage. Shortly after this a sword-fish struck the boat, causing it to leak very much, and it was not observed by Gilfoy until the boat was very nearly full of water. By the capsizing of the boat Gilfoy lost his watch and compass, and he therefore determined to make for New Caledonia. On the 7th of January he caught a bird which had flown on his boat, and four days later he caught a second one. The bird in this instance alighted on top of the adventurer's head. Both of them were very acceptable for food. On the 14th of January Gilfoy ate the last of his provisions—a two-pound tin of preserved meat—which had lasted him for a week. On more than one occasion a flying-fish was caught, which was eaten without ceremony. Gilfoy was now becoming ravenous for want of wood. The 16th of January brought another disaster, the rudder of the vessel giving way, but this was counteracted to a certain extent by a temporary contrivance which he rigged up. Off Cape Bellonia island another bird was caught, but by this time Gilfoy's hunger was becoming too great for him to bear, and as a last resort he took the barnacles from the bottom of the boat and extracted what he could from them. On the twenty-fourth he shot a bird with his revolver, but was unable to recover it from the water. The next day he was fortunate enough to catch another bird, and this did him for two meals. He cooked it over a few broken matches. Sunday and Monday passed without any food, and by this time being careless which way the vessel steered, he lay down to sleep. A short time afterward he awoke, and to his surprise he saw a vessel a short distance off, and which was evidently making for him. This proved to be the Albert Vittery, which rescued him and landed him at Maryborough, Australia. Gilfoy is a man 33 years of age. At latest accounts he had almost completely recovered.

Arrest of Catherine Lewis.

CHICAGO, May 21.—Catherine Lewis, the actress and comic opera artiste, was arrested this afternoon on four warrants sworn out by members of her chorus charging her with the larceny of slippers, dresses, bustles, and numerous unmentionables, which form part of the female wardrobe. She was held in $800 bail for a further investigation to-morrow. She was unable to obtain bondsmen, but the justice so far deviated from the usual rule as to allow her to return to the Palmer house in charge of a constable rather than to be locked up for the night at the armory. The affair seems to be the outcome of a financial squabble with a few of the chorus, and the alleged larceny consists in her having retained possession of the trunks containing the personal effects of the chorus with the supposed intention of skipping town. Her own trunks have also been attached by Greenfelder and others of her leading support for overdue salaries. Catherine lays all her troubles to her husband, whom, so she has alleged in interviews, has spent her earnings in high living. She has just concluded a successful two weeks' engagement at Hooley's, but although she disbursed to her company nearly every penny received, the sum total was not enough to clear her liabilities.

Political Points.

BOSTON, May 21.—At the meeting of the veto investigating committee this afternoon, a written statement was presented from Lieut. Gov. Ames, saying he regarded himself as acting governor from Feb. 24 to March 2 during Gov. Butler's absence, and mentioning the official acts which he performed.

Some days since the legislature passed a bill amending the law so as to allow the Bell Telephone company to hold stock without restriction in corporations whose business within this state consists solely in the manufacture and sale of electrical apparatus. It is announced by way of Lowell that the governor has vetoed the bill.

Married on Her Death Bed.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, May 21.—Julia Renachere, a beautiful young woman, was married on her dying bed Wednesday to C. W. Seymour. Friday she died and on Sunday was buried. To-day the body was exhumed by order of the coroner and an autopsy held. Evidence of abortion was discovered and Seymour and a midwife, named Silvia L. Webster, were arrested charged with complicity in Julia's death.

Tabor Gets a Terrible Scoring.

DENVER, May 21.—This morning the case of Wm. H. Bush, charged by ex-Senator Tabor with the embezzlement of $2,000, was given to the jury. The jury was out five minutes and returned a verdict of not guilty. Tabor received a terrible scoring from Bush's lawyers.

DEATH OF MRS. HARRY C. NEW.

The Story of a Romantic Marriage and a Brief but Happy Married Life.

Not quite three years ago the story of the romantic marriage of Harry C. New, son of Assistant Secretary New, and Miss Kathleen V. Milligan, of Chicago, went the rounds of the western press. The young couple met at Green Lake, a Wisconsin watering place, and fell in love, a fact they were not long in finding out. They became engaged, and there was no reason why the course of true love should not have run smoothly to the end. The young man was moderately rich in his own right and the prospective heir of a large fortune. Miss Milligan was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant of Chicago. She was as beautiful and amiable as she was lovely. The match was in every way desirable.

One evening they rode over to Ripon, a neighboring village, and on a banter by another couple who accompanied them they were married. The event was kept a secret, and the two families went on to prepare for a grand wedding during the fall. One morning a Chicago paper published a full account of the Ripon marriage, and Harry and his bride came out of ambush. The grand wedding was postponed, and the affair constituted a social sensation. The young couple settled down quietly to live in Indianapolis with every prospect of a long life of happiness before them. A beautiful child was born to them. It sickened and, after lingering for months, died last fall. A year ago or more Mrs. New contracted a severe cold, which developed into consumption. Everything that skill and tenderness could suggest was done to save her, but in vain, and last evening a telegram was received in this city from Harry, announcing her death at the house of her father in Chicago. A sadder ending of a union that gave promise of exceptional happiness cannot well be imagined. The romance was cut short with grim vindictiveness before it was well into the first chapter. Harry New is well and favorably known among the newspaper men of the west as one of the owners and editors of the Indianapolis *Journal*, and he will have their sympathy very generally.

DEATH OF A CHIEF ENGINEER.

Oscar H. Lackey, of the United States Navy, Passes Away.

Chief Engineer Oscar H. Lackey, U. S. N., died at his late residence, No. 129 Maryland avenue northeast, about 10 o'clock yesterday morning, of fever contracted while serving in and about Panama. His death was rather sudden, but not wholly unexpected. The funeral will take place from his late residence Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Chief Engineer Lackey was born in Northumberland county, Virginia, on March 8, 1837. He entered the navy before attaining his majority, and served faithfully until yesterday. His service at sea amounted to seventeen years, his first cruise being in the Crusader. Mr. Lackey's last cruise was as chief engineer of the Wyoming, of the European squadron, from which he returned about two years ago, and was practically an invalid until his death, although on duty at the Washington navy yard. He was a conscientious, painstaking, able, and efficient engineer, standing without a blemish in his profession at the department. He leaves a widow, the daughter of Capt. Stone, of the navy, and a young son. Chief Engineer Lackey had a host of warm friends in the city, who will be pained to hear of his death and the affliction of his interesting family.

A Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Summy last night celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The parlors or the Hillman house were taxed to the limits of comfort to accommodate the large number of friends who called to extend congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Summy are aged 73 and 72, respectively. They have lived happily together for the past half century, and announce their intention of living together for fifty years more. They have five children still living and three grandchildren. The members of the Christian church, through Rev. H. Clay Stier, presented Mr. and Mrs. Sunny with fifty gold coins as a token of esteem and congratulations. Mr. Summy responded to the gift in a neat little speech. Then little Carrie, daughter of O. D. Summy, stepped forth and presented her grandfather and grandmother with a pair of gold spectacles each. The rest of the evening was spent in singing and reading by Mrs. Chauncey, Mrs. Powers, Miss Lena Simons; a quartette consisting of Misses Myers, Belt, Newman, and Hancock; M. E. B. Hay, and Mr. Warren S. Young. At 10:30 Mr. Summy invited his guests to the large dining room, where a long table loaded down with delicacies was spread. The happy couple were the recipients of many hearty congratulations. Among those present were:

Misses Addie Davis, of Lynn, Mass., Kate Canfield, of Indiana, Belle Fitzgerald, of Kansas, Mrs. F. D. Power, Mr. and Mrs. Stier, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Capt. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, Dr. and Mrs. Mussey, Mr. and Mrs. Calvert, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. McIlwane, Mr. and Mrs. Stricker, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Prott, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Laurn, Mr. and Mrs. Tingle, Mrs. Jennie Davis, Miss Suter, of Alexandria, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Miss Garnett, Mrs. Holland, Miss May Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Hozard, Miss Mary Davis, Lena and Mollie Redd, Miss Katie Larkin, Drs. Foy, Bennett and Childs, and many others.

Died Suddenly.

Charles B. Tilloy, a white man, aged 35 years, who has been employed at Boyle's hotel, on C street, between New Jersey avenue and First street northwest, for the past seven years, yesterday fell in a fit while engaged in some light services. Dr. Briscoe was sent for, but by the time he arrived Tilley was dead. He had been drinking heavily of late.

An Old Citizen Gone.

Andrew Rothwell, one of the oldest and best known citizens, died at his residence in this city last night about 12 o'clock, aged 82 years. Mr. Rothwell was at one time collector of taxes for the city of Washington.

Dined With the President.

Hon. Richard Crowley, of New York, who is concerned as counsel in a case before the commissioner of internal revenue, is in the city, and dined with the President at the white house last evening.

Local Items.

There are at present in the district jail no prisoners who have been tried and sentenced for penitentiary offenses. They have all been transferred to the various institutions in which they are to pass their terms of imprisonment.

A new postoffice has been established at Eippers, in Spottsylvania county, Va.

Troubles of the Toilers.

At Reading, Pa., the boiler makers and helpers at F. J. Obert's Union Boiler works, struck because they could not get their wages every two weeks.

The employes in Bolckow, Vaughan & Co.'s Iron works at Middlesborough, England, have gone on strike because of an attempt on the part of the employers to reduce their wages. Four thousand persons are affected by the strike.

A number of tin and slate roofers in New York struck yesterday for an increase of pay from $3 to $3.50 per day. Out of about 300 men belonging to the organization, at least 250 had been granted the increase demanded. The strikers are hopeful of gaining their point.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Richard Crowley, of New York, is at the Arlington.

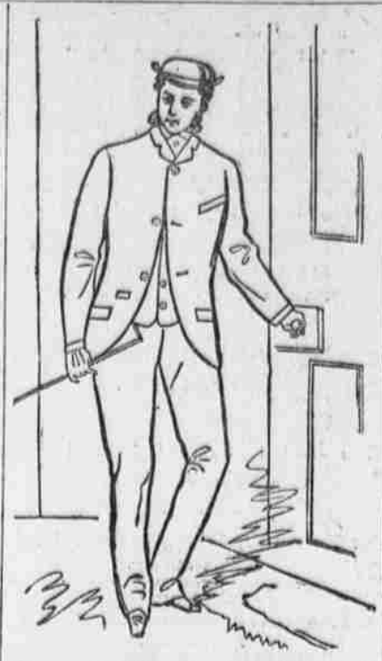
Mrs. J. H. Pulien, of New York, is a guest at the Arlington.

F. W. and C. H. Jackson, of New York, are stopping at the Arlington.

Dr. William G. H. Newman, a prominent physician of the West End, and one of the police surgeons, is lying dangerously ill at his residence, No. 2403 Pennsylvania avenue, no hopes being entertained by his physician of his recovery.

Died.

ROTHWELL.—On May 21, 1883, at midnight, ANDREW ROTHWELL, in the 82d year of his age. Notice of funeral hereafter.



Young Men's Clothing!

There is that something—we might say a certain TONE, CHARACTER, and STYLE—ABOUT OUR YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING that at once distinguishes it from the common run of "Ready Made." All this is quite natural, for it is carved out by an artist—THE MASTER ARTIST of the Clothing Trade—and represents the Very Latest Styles decreed for young men.

We tender thanks to the many young gentlemen who last week rigged themselves out gayly from our Select Stock of Youths' Artistic Suits. Not a single one of you will regret your purchase, for we always aim to put value as well as style into the Clothes we have for sale.

If you are passing by Headquarters come in and look them over.

A. SAKS & CO.,

Leading Clothiers and Tailors,

316 AND 318 SEVENTH STREET.

Undoubted Bargains

AT

THE MISFIT STORE,

Corner 10th and F Streets.

500 pairs of pants for Men, Youths, and Boys, from $1.50 up; great bargains.
Good Boys' Suits, 4 to 11, from $1.50 up.
Splendid Boys' Suits, 12 to 17, from $3.00 up.
Blue Flannel Suits, G. A. R. style, at $5.50; sold elsewhere at $10.
Best Indigo Flannel Suits at $9, cheap at $15.
Fine Yacht Cloth Suits at $13, worth $25.
A full line of Men's suits at $6, worth $10.
An excellent assortment of Men's Suits at $7.50, worth $13.
A complete assortment all Wool Cassimere and Cheviot Suits at $10, worth $18.
Fine Blue Serge Suits $10, just half value.
Black Drap D'Ete Suits $10, worth $18.
Great variety of light weight Coat I and Vests, Dusters, Odd Coats, &c., &c., just received, very cheap.
Black Cloth D. B. Frock Suits at $15, worth $22.
Black Diagonal Suits, $10, worth $15.
Finest Black and Brown Diagonal Prince Albert Coats and Vests, $15, worth $20.
A full line of White and Fancy Vests, at all prices.

P. S.—Like every SUCCESS, the MISFIT STORE has its Imitators.

Be sure, therefore, of coming to the CORNER of TENTH AND F STREETS.

LEND AN EAR

Of intending purchasers of Clothing. Let us ask, Do you know anything about Cloth? Do you understand its value, either in the piece, or when made up into garments? If you are a judge, please pass your opinion on some of the many things we display. Take, for instance, the

Brighton Suit.

Feel of it, examine trimming and make up. Try on the coat or entire suit. Is it not neat enough for any gentleman's business dress? Is it not excellent value for $15?

GEORGE SPRANSY,

One-Price Clothier & Tailor,

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Carriage Lap Dusters.

A large assortment, solid colors and fancy, at

Topham's Harness Factory,

1231 Pennsylvania avenue.

TRUNKS.

His own make, in many styles, at low prices, at

TOPHAM'S TRUNK FACTORY,

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Traveling and Hand Bags,

All styles, in Seal, Alligator, and Grain Leather, at

TOPHAM'S TRUNK FACTORY,

1231 Pennsylvania ave.

Repairing and Trunks covered promptly at

TOPHAM'S TRUNK FACTORY,

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

At the trustee's sale on the 10TH of MAY of the assets of the late firm of Blackmar, Ebling & Co., agents for the Chickering Piano in Baltimore, I purchased some magnificent bargains in new and second hand Pianos and Organs. As I was crowded for room before making this purchase, I find myself now compelled to sell these goods at a trifling advance, as I have no room to store them. I will sell for ten days bran new square pianos for $100, worth $300; uprights for $175, worth $350; square grand pianos for $180, worth $600; new organs for $60, worth $90, &c.; 7 octave Square Pianos, used, as low as $65; 6 octave for $30. These instruments are made by the best known firms in the business and are fully warranted. People of good countenance can purchase of us on monthly payments. For further particulars call on

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433 SEVENTH STREET N. W.

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CONTRACTS FOR NEW BUILDINGS SOLICITED.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

THE FINEST JOB PRINTING IN WASHINGTON by the finest workmen. Call and see specimens. National Republican Job Rooms

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ALL THE NOVELTIES FOR SPRING IN

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

Cut, Make, and Trimmings first class in every respect.
Prices within the Reach of All.

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ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

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Inducements Extraordinary.

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814 SEVENTH STREET.

Fresh arrivals of all the Latest and Most Fashionable Styles.
Great Bargains in Hats and Bonnets, Elegant French Flowers, and Plumes. Beaded Laces and Crowns at half their value. Special inducements in Ribbons and Spanish Laces. $50,000 worth of Millinery Goods to be Slaughtered.
Children's and Ladies' Dresses at 60 cents on the dollar.
Do not fail to call early to avoid the rush.
Don't purchase until you have ascertained our prices.

KING'S PALACE, {814 SEVENTH STREET.

GUINNIP'S

404 and 406 Seventh Street N. W.,

WILL OPEN ON MONDAY MORNING, MAY 7,

A SPECIAL SALE

OF

Silks, Dress Goods, and Hosiery!

At prices not hitherto offered this season in the District, including a full and complete line of SPRING and SUMMER SILK, plain, striped, and checked, at prices ranging from 40c to $1.50 per yard.

A Special Lot of FOULARDS marked down to 30c; former price, 75c and $1.

A full line of HEAVY GROS GRAINS, in all the new shades, 24½ inches wide, at $1.25 per yard; good value for $1.75.

A case of POLKA DOT SURAHS, 25 inches wide, at $1, worth $1.50.

Also a case of ORIENTAL POLKA DOT SATIN SURAHS at $1; former prices, $1.75.

A large and varied stock of BLACK SILKS, including the following well-known makes: GUINETS, BELLONS, and TAPESSIERS. Also OTTOMANS, RHADAMES, and MARVELLIEUX, at prices ranging from 75c to $3.50, and positively 25 per cent. below market value.

A full and complete stock of BLACK GOODS, in all makes and materials, at reasonable prices.

WATERLOO, A SABIT, and FRANKLIN SUITINGS, in all the fashionable shades, 57 inches wide, reduced to $1 per yard.

ILLUMINATED SUITINGS, all wool, 42 inches wide, 50c per yard, worth 75c.

All the summer shades in DE BEGES, ALBATROSS CLOTHS, NUN'S VEILINGS, and CASHMERES.

EMBROIDERED and POLKA DOT FLANNELS, SATEENS, and PIN-HEAD CHECKS.

Special lots of LACES, RIBBONS, HAMBURGS, KID and LISLE THREAD GLOVES, RUCHINGS, COLLARS and CUFFS, HANDKERCHIEFS, and CORSETS.

Our HOSIERY DEPARTMENT will be found replete with all the newest styles in Foreign and Domestic Hosiery and Underwear.

A full line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS always on hand.

In our White Goods, Linen, and Domestic Departments will be found Desirable and Necessary Goods at Low and Reduced Prices.

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719 LOOK! 719

Don't fail to see our new "JERSEY;" best value ever offered; only $2.25 each; all sizes at colors at DAVIS', 719 Market Space.

Complete stock of Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Laces, Ornaments, and all kinds of Millinery Goods, at low prices, at DAVIS'.

Job lot Children's Collars, very cheap, received this day at DAVIS'.

Bargains in every department. Examine stock and be convinced. Reliable goods at low prices AT DAVIS', 719 Market Space

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C C E R R E S
CCC EEE R R EEE SSSS

TTTT EEE RRR L II NN N GGG
S T E R RL II NN NG G
SSS T EE RRR L II N NG
S T E R RL II N NG GG
SSSS T EEE R RLLLL II N NN GGG

RRR EEE L II A NN N CCC EEE
R RE L II AA NN NC CE
RRR EE L II A A N NC EE
R RE L II AAA N NC CE
R R EEE LLLL II A AN NN CCC EEE

GGG OO L DDD EEE NN N
G G O O L D D E NNN
G O O L D D EE NNN
G GG O O L D D E N NN
GGG OO LLLL DDD EEE N NN

H H II L L
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GERMOND CRANDELL vs. WASHINGTON CITY SAVINGS BANK—3423, Eq. Doc. 12:

The payment by the receiver of dividends to creditors of said bank having been heretofore decreed in this cause aggregating one hundred per centum, it is, this third day of May, A. D. 1883, on motion of William F. Mattingly, Receiver, ordered, adjudged, and decreed that all depositors in the Washington City Savings Bank, defendant herein, and their assigns, be, and they are hereby, forever debarred from making any claim or demand against said defendant, the receiver in this cause, or the assets in his hands, unless their claim for undrawn dividends be presented to said Receiver before the first day of January, A. D. 1884; provided notice of this order be published at least three times a week for four successive weeks from this day, and three times a week for six successive weeks prior to said January 1st, 1884, in two or more newspapers published in the city of Washington, D. C.

CHARLES P. JAMES, Justice.

A true copy.
Test—R. J. MEIGS, Clerk.
By M. A. CLANCY, Ass't Clerk.

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