UP AMONG THE HILLS

THE LIGHTS AND SOUNDS TO BE SEEN AND HEARD AMONG THE CATSKILLS.

The Grave of Vite, the Bayard of Dogs—Christain Charley's Musical Ideas and Traditions—The Washington Harmonic Company—The Spot Where Rip Van Winkle Slept and Lived.

HAINES FALLS HOUSE, HAINES FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 9.—It would be impossible to imagine any combination of rocks, woods, and water that is not accessible from this point. You start for some particular cascade, and on your way you pass a dozen others just as pretty, not to speak of innumerable great gray rocks, half covered with gray lichens and moist green moss, over which cold little springs are trickling. Very near here are the Kaaterskill falls, where one sees a smooth stone covered with an inscription commemorating "Vite, the Bayard of dogs, *sans peur et sans reproche*." The story is that the dog was trained to jump for what his master tossed, and, seeing him stretch out his arms as he pointed to the view, mistook it for his accustomed signal, and jumped down the sheer descent of 189 feet and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. This happened in 1868, and since then no one knows how many thousand visitors have spelt out on the rock the worn memorial of a dog's fidelity.

Whichever way we drive or walk we see the big Kaaterskill, as the natives pronounce it, on the summit of its mountain looming over us as predominant as the Washington monument is at home. Even by night we do not lose sight of it, for then the big electric light gleams out, and can be seen far and near. It looks very near, but when you start to make the ascent, either on foot or in a carriage, it seems to recede instead of growing nearer. You climb, and climb, and climb, and when you get to the top and see the great hotel like a little town you can but wonder how they ever got the things up there to build it. Like all the other houses in this region, big and little, it is white, with green blinds, but around it are such miles of wide piazzas, with such a wilderness of easy chairs, and within it such luxury of electric lights, of soft carpets, rich hangings, and beautiful paintings and engravings that you can hardly believe you are in a mountain hotel. To be sure there is the view, but where there is so much else to see you are rather apt to neglect the view.

You buy from the news stand the *Catskill Mountain Breeze*, and see that Mrs. J. Smith is at one house and Mr. Isaac Guggenheimer and family at another, and you are much disappointed among all the 914 guests to see only two pretty gowns. Indeed, so simple and in many cases so dowdy are the costumes that you might think you were at Haines Corners were it not for the diamond earrings, but they scintillate dazzlingly in every direction. We are also struck by the immense variety of Thompson waves that are displayed, for these damp mountain mists are apt to make the "tangles of Neaera's hair" rather wispy. There are some advantages after all about the Haines Corners, for down there if your hair doesn't stay curled you can brush it straight and don't feel called upon to conceal it beneath a "Thompson wave" or a "shingle bang" or any of those contrivances which are guaranted to look perfectly natural, and which would never deceive a blind man for a moment.

We sit in the parlor and listen to the lovely orchestra, and would almost regret leaving it were it not for the reflection that we have a cabinet organ to go back to. It is a fine instrument, the cabinet organ, and especially pleasant in a house where there are enough children to relieve each other, so that one of them may always be trampling upon it and making it "moo" plaintively. Our host, who goes in the neighborhood by the sobriquet of "Christian Charley," has conscientious scruples about having in his house a piano, which he calls "a child of the devil." The main objection to it is that it is a temptation to dance, and dancing he considers one of the last steps on that easy descent to Avernus, which he rightly considers would be by no means easy if attempted by a cabinet organ. He has a terrible tale of a young doctor who one summer attempted to arrange a hop, even steeping his soul so deeply in crime as to engage a fiddler. The could be but one end to the career of this bold, bad man. He left without paying his bill, and finally met a tragic fate in a "dogel in Cuby"—a direct result of not being satisfied with the cabinet organ.

Last week we had a concert from the Washington Harmonic company, a set of colored musicians from Washington, who sang very well, but whose attempts to render "Lightly We Skim O'er the Ocean Wave," or words to that effect, to the cabinet organ were rather funny. One of the gentlemen recognized in the basso the driver of the "Black Maria," which was considered a very damaging admission. The basso was tremendously tall and excessively black, and when he gave a laughing solo, with immense dramatic effect, showing all his white teeth, and swaying his long body back and forth in what appeared to be a perfect paroxysm of mirth, the entire audience, largely composed of natives, rose up and whooped with delight. I am afraid the "New Metropolican African Methodist Episcopal church of Washington" will not be financially much benefited by the performance though, as the audience, though large, seemed to be limited pecuniarily to 10-cent pieces, of which it would take a large number to pay the board of seven people, even at the most modest of the Catskill resorts, and we have seen the musical director and the soprano drive by several times in linen dusters and a buggy, and we know by sad experience what an expensive amusement that is.

Although the old Mountain house itself is quite thrown into the shade by the splendors of the much-advertised Kaaterskill, there is nothing finer in the mountains than the view from there. Nine days out of ten you look down into a sea of silver mist, but on the tenth you see—well! hyperbole being the figure of speech with which I am least conversant, I will simply say the whole United States, instead of throwing in Europe, Asia, and Africa, as I am tempted to do. You look down as from a balloon and see the Hudson river winding in and out till it becomes a silver thread in the distance; you see fields, and whole farms for, aught I know, that look like squares on a checker board; little white towns and villages scattered around indiscriminately, and trees that look like the little chunky ones in the toy villages we used to play with when we were children. And over it all sweeps the clean mountain wind that seems to have blown over nothing but rocks and moss and clear splashing little streams and spicy pine woods.

Then you drive down the winding, shady road through a perfect blaze of wild flowers—such quantities of them and so many kinds! One of our party gathered a distractingly beautiful big bouquet the other morning, in which we counted twenty-eight varieties. Springy-looking buttercups, dandelions, and daisies appear to see no incongruity in blooming freely beside great masses of autumnal purple asters and flaming golden rod and meadow queen, tossing her dainty head. You can't bear to come away and leave them all, and yet you have no place whatever to put them when you have gathered the great bunches you are tempted to.

It is down this sweet, shady road that you come to Sleepy Hollow, shut in by towering mountains, lovely with soft afternoon shadows, with a clear little brook tumbling over the rocks, and a little rustic bridge, and the most frightful man it has been our misfortune to encounter. His bald head shines and his dyed moustache gleams purple in the sun as he hails us from afar in a flow of eloquence, untrameled by punctuation.

"Won't you 'light, ladies and gentlemen, won't you 'light? It won't cost you nothing, and you will see the famous Sleepy Hollow, the scene of Rip Van Winkle's slumber of twenty years as represented by the pop'lar actor, Mr. Joseph Jefferson."

In a moment of weakness we consented and bitterly regretted our lack of decision. In a moment we were submerged in a torrent of eloquence.

"Will you climb up the path, ladies and gentlemen, to the rock where Rip Van Winkle took his twenty years' nap?"

The path being perfectly perpendicular we decline.

"No? well, perhaps it would be a little rough for the ladies," with a genial laugh, "and no doubt you get as good a view of it from here."

All we see is a jagged rock on which no human being could have slept for five minutes, much less for twenty years.

"You will observe first, ladies and gentlemen, the house, which is more than a hundred years old, and on which many travelers has carved their names, which don't cost them nothing. Mr. Jefferson, the popular actor, visited us for the first time last summer, although all his scenery was painted from this locality, as you will observe. Over the door is the old painting reppersenting Rip as he awakes from his famous slumber of twenty years, and under it are the words he is supposed to have said: 'Oh, that flagon! that wicked flagon! What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?' Within (here he steps inside) you will see Mina's boots and Rip's powder horn and false teeth."

At this point he casually and parenthetically, without pausing in his tide of remarks, throws up a fly-specked mosquito netting which covered some aged withered oranges and bananas. A venerable fruit cake, which looks as if Rip must have left it there before he took his "famous sleep of twenty years," and a huckleberry pie of cavernous depth and blackness. Huckleberry pie, indeed, when you are ten miles from a tooth brush!

You are thankful to escape by ordering lemonade, which is brought you in very small glasses, for which you pay a very large price and which has a distinct flavor of hair dye, caused me surmise by his tasting it to see if it is weak enough. As we get into our wagon we hear him fall upon a fresh lot of arrivals:

"Won't you 'light, ladies and gentlemen, it won't cost you nothing, and see the famous Sleepy Hollow, the scene of Rip Van Winkle's slumber of twenty years, as reppersented by the poplar actor, Mr. Joseph Jefferson," and the last sound we hear growing fainter in the distance as we drive away as rapidly as possible is—

"Oh, that flagon, that wicked flagon, what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?" ELISE HATHAWAY.

A POT OF GOLD.

The Curious Hallucination That Possessed a Camden Man—Seeking in the Streets for a Buried Fortune That He Never Found.

Philadelphia Times.

"Old John" Eberhardt was found dead last night on the Ferry road, near the cemetery, in Camden. The man was only 45, but his beard has been white, his figure bowed, his step tremulous, and his wits obscured for so long that he has been known since the days at least of Andrew Johnson's presidency as "Old John." Since the year 1866 he has been looking for a fortune in a place where only a passenger railway company could find it—the streets of Camden. His mother, so he thought, left it to him, and if she had only lived five minutes longer he always said that she would have betrayed the whereabouts of the fortune for which he has been looking since.

There is this much certain in proof of "Old John's" sanity and the truth of his story, that all through the war, at about the beginning of which the family was first heard of in Camden, Eberhardt and his mother lived in comparative luxury on Linden street, and that almost immediately after her death he fell into complete poverty. He then began at once to tell the story of the buried fortune, which he could not find and for which he has been looking ever since.

For some weeks after his mother's death Eberhardt said nothing about his fortune, but appeared uneasy and drank heavily. One morning, about two months after her death, he was seen closely examining the ground of the garden in front of the Linden street house where he and his mother had lived. The lease ran out shortly afterward and the landlord found to his surprise that it could not be renewed, as his tenant could not pay the rent. Soon afterward in his cups he told his story, which has since been common property in Camden.

"Mother had queer notions," he said 'about money. Although she had plenty, which was left her by my father, who kept a general store in Herkimer, New York, she was always afraid of becoming poor. On this account she kept a little piece of land in the outskirts of Oriskany until nearly the year of her death. It was wholly unproductive, and the taxes were an annual drain, but she said that if we lost everything beside we could go there and raise enough from the soil to live on.

"Finally, the year before she died she lost all faith in investments and securities of all kinds, and, as I believe, converted all she had, amounting to about $63,000 into cash. She hid that somewhere and drew from it for our household expenses and what money I wanted, but where she did hide it I never knew, and although she tried to tell me when she died—she was taken very suddenly with apoplexy and never spoke—I believe I never will know. Of course I looked all through the house, in every closet and desk and cupboard, not only for money but for any paper that might give a clew to its investment if it were not hidden about the house, but it was gone."

Ebenhardt's story was so naturally and forcibly told that at first many people believed it. The owner of the house, George Q. Sears, permitted the digging up of the garden flower beds, gravel walks, grass plats, and all in the search for the buried treasure. The new tenants of the place also let a long-haired seventh son with a divining rod loose over the place at Eberhardt's request. It was no use, the hazel rod wouldn't turn down. Some one else lent the man the $10 necessary for the divining-rod experiment.

After this, which was half a year after his mother's death, the man seemed to lose his mental hold on the great belief of his life. His search was extended from the garden into the street, and once, it is said, though it is so long ago that no one vouches positively for the story, he was arrested and locked up, after a week's feeble excavation with a stick, for digging a hole in which a butcher's horse had broken his knee. His small means, his scant credit, and most of the charity called forth by his story were exhausted in a year's time, and since then he has been regarded generally in Camden as a pauper idiot.

That there has been much light on his mind, clouded by his great misfortune or hallucination, no one who has seen him of late years could believe. He was ragged and stooped, with a frowsy gray beard, and went about on a continual poke with a knotted stick, that forever scratched in the dust, mud, or snow for the buried treasure. His research has led him as far out of town as Riverside. How or where he has lived of late no one seems clearly to know.

He was found dead, as stated above, on Ferry road last night, very ragged, thin, and dirty. His stick lay near him, and beside it was a little furrow in the soil, the last trace of "Old John's" fruitless search for his mother's fortune.

Precautions Against Cholera.

Surgeon General Hamilton says that the most rigid quarantine precautions are observed on the Canadian frontier against the importation of rags from there into this country. The Canadians themselves enforce stringent precautions. The English ports, from which reshipments are made from infected districts, are regarded by the Canadian authorities as infected ports, and importation thence is prohibited.

Sweeney and Dolan, St. Louis battery.

A GUNBOAT EPISODE.

REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Attack on a Gunboat By Infantry—A Sharp and Novel Combat—Glimpse of an Old Virginia Plantation—Scenes and Incidents of Which Historians Have Taken No Note.

In the summer of 1862, shortly after the battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks, the federal gunboats on the James river were accustomed to come up the river within two or three miles of Drury's bluff (Fort Darling), and very frequently their crews landed, and, without saying "by your leave," helped themselves very freely to provisions and live stock from the rich plantations adjacent to the river banks. The intelligent contrabands, too, availed themselves of the opportunities which these frequent raids afforded to betake themselves and their belongings—and sometimes their owners' belongings—to the land of freedom represented by Gen. Butler at Fortress Monroe. The planters on the banks of the James were thoroughly terrorized, and those of them who had the means left their plantations in the hands of their negroes and removed with their families into Richmond or Petersburg; or, in the words of the "Contraband Song"—

He seed de smoke way up de ribber
Where de Linkfum gunboats lay,
An' he tuk his hat an' he lef' mighty sudden,
An' I spect he's run away.

And still further is it literally true in the words of the songs—"An' I'll make my bed on de parlor floor, and wait for de kingdom to come," for surely no such wanton destruction of valuable personal property as occurred in the richly furnished houses on the plantations along the James during the period when McClellan sat down before Richmond was witnessed anywhere else during the war.

This state of affairs aroused the confederate authorities, and special details of artillery from the best light batteries were made, escorted by cavalry with instructions to take position at favorable points on the river and to engage the gunboats, wherever found. Now at this time the majority of the gunboats were wooden vessels, so that it is not to be wondered at that often times the batteries got the best of them, for by the selection of proper positions on the bluffs the batteries would be out of reach of the heavy guns of the boats for the first three rounds or so at all events.

If the reader will look at the map and consult a good history of the war it will be seen that McClellan's left did not extend to the Charles City road, that runs from Richmond parallel with and nearest to the river. Both banks of the river as far down as the mouth of the Chickahominy were up to the date of the Seven Days' battle practically in the hands of the confederates, except for the occasional appearance of a scouting party of federal cavalry. Neither army had any considerable force in this locality, however. All the attention was directed to the east and north of Richmond.

On the date stated at the beginning of this article the authorities were informed that there was a large amount of grain, forage, and live stock on the plantation of Mr. Allen, situated on the left bank of the James, some three or four miles (if my memory serves me aright) below Drury's bluff. The information was given by Mr. Allen himself, I believe, with the request that troops be sent to bring the spoil into the lines. Mr. Allen, who was the gentleman who had adopted the poet, Edgar A. Poe, as his son, lived in Richmond. For some reason or other the federal gunboats had spared his property, and it had remained in pretty much the same state of hearty prosperity as existed before the war begun. None of the stock or grain had been molested, and, moreover, not one of the one hundred and fifty slaves on the place had deserted.

Well, early one bright morning a detail consisting of four companies from the eleventh and seventeenth Virginia regiments, each accompanied by a company of cavalry, left the lines before Richmond and, escorting a long train of wagons, took up the line of march down the Charles City road en route for the Allen plantation. No artillery accompanied the column.

After a brisk, breezy march of three or four hours we reached the gate of the magnificent avenue of live oaks which led up to the mansion house, and found the entrance thronged with a lively, chattering throng of blacks, who greeted us with the warmest of welcomes, having been apparently notified of our coming, but, true to their nature, men, women, and children followed the battalion in its march up the avenue, begging for to bacco. No tobacco was grown upon the Allen estate, and for some time the negroes thereon had been suffering from a tobacco famine. It is needless to say that the men freely shared their "plugs" with these people, who had given them so hearty a welcome. Having stacked arms on the spacious and well-kept lawn before the house, the wagons were brought up, and under the direction of the overseer, one of the most dignified, intelligent, and courteous colored men I ever saw or ever expect to see, they were loaded with the produce of the plantation. All the cattle, horses, and mules that we cre not absolutely necessary for the support of the plantation colony, were brought out and corralled and drivers placed in charge of them. Meantime the cavalry was picketed in front of us.

As indicative of the carpe diem nature of the negro, it was sad to an intelligent mind to note how lightly the negroes witnessed the taking away of the animals which they had reared, the spoliation of of the crops raised at their hands, the removal of the furniture of the big house familiar to their eyes from earliest childhood—all of which were signs that the conditions of their surroundings, with all the pleasant memories (for the negroes were the happiest people that ever existed when owned by humane and gentle masters) of childhood and manhood were suddenly to be changed. But they laughed and frisked about the troops, bringing offerings of fried chicken and succotash and cake and sweet milk and buttermilk, until the men could eat and drink no more, but lay back on the smooth sward under the shade of the oaks smoking their pipes in a dreamy *dolce far niente*, lazily watching the little half-clad piccaninnies, who were timidly fumbling about the cartridge boxes on the stacks of arms and eyeing wistfully the beautiful battle flag as its folds filled and sunk to the kiss of the languid breeze from the river. I shall never forget that pastoral scene—the old mansion house, the stately trees, the broad green sward, the dogs and the fowls about the great portico, the negro men, women, and children sitting apart and contentedly smoking their pipes, which had been filled for them by the stalwart fellows in gray uniform, who were listlessly lying about in unconsciously picturesque attitudes near their arms; the broad wheat fields on the right; the flower garden on the left, and over all the bluest of all skies, the Virginia sky. But suddenly comes the West Point cry of "Attention-n-n!" as an officer gallops up to the lazy line of men. Instantly every man is on the alert, and in his place behind the stack of arms. Then the adjutant announces that a gunboat is coming up the river close at hand, and 100 men are wanted for an ambuscade. The rank and file are all old soldiers, and want to know how in the devil infantry can successfully contend with a gunboat. No volunteers are forthcoming. An old soldier does not like to make an egregious ass of himself.

But there happens to be with us the adjutant general of Gen. Garland, who has volunteered for the expedition, and thirsting for gore, glory, and promotion, he has sought for and obtained permission from the easy-tempered commander of the expedition to have a detail of men put under his command for an attack upon the gunboat whose smokestacks had been discovered some miles off, down the winding reaches of the river, (and the James is a "snakier" river, if possible, than the great "Father of the Waters" in its interminable twistings and turnings). To the utter disgust of the writer, his company was one of the four detailed to be under the command of this part-your-hair-in-the-middle cub from Lynchburg, who had attained his shoulder straps simply because he was a nephew of the niece of Gen. Garland, or some other such connection. Readers will please observe that "kissing went by favors" in the confederacy "as it did in the volunteer army of the north then, and as it does in the army and navy of the United States to this day," although Secretaries Lincoln and Chandler, I honestly believe, are doing their best to remedy the miserable weakness of their predecessors while under the spell of petticoat influence.

I may say here that nothing was more remarkable in our civil war than that the privates immediately "sized up" the officers placed over them. A shoulder-strapped ass they followed as a matter of duty in a perfunctory manner, but even the instinct of discipline could scarcely conceal from him their utter contempt, unless his hide was so thick that it could not be penetrated even by the spear of Ithuriel, so to speak. Again, no matter how unpopular a man might be as to his personal bearing, if he had exhibited in battle the qualities of a brave and capable officer, the men would follow him to the death, because they believed that they were doing the best for their cause. The American soldier as a veteran is an officer in all but the shoulder-straps, and I believe that this statement may be taken as an axiom.

But my indignant recollection has caused me to digress. This adjutant moved us to the brink of the river, and he had sense enough to range the men on a bluff about sixty feet above the surface of the stream and where the channel was within 100 yards of the bluff. A wheat field (the wheat was then nearly four feet high) extended absolutely down to the brink of the bluff, which dropped sheer down to the brink of the stream. According to the command of the adjutant aforesaid the men laid down on their bellies on the brink of the bluff and waited patiently for the coming of the gunboat, the order being given that fire should be reserved until he (the adjutant) should give the signal. The d—d fool was so fussy and nervous that we knew the whole affair would prove a fiasco, and then what good could be gained, it was asked except to excite the federals to to raid the Allen plantation, which had been hitherto unaccountably spared from visitation. We certainly could not capture a gunboat with rifle shots.

Time wore on, and after we had been watching for an hour or so the two smokestacks of the gunboat came slowly rounding into the quiet reach of the river before us. Unsuspiciously (the negroes on the plantation were true blue, or they might have given warning) the boat came on, the officers and men lounging about the decks, when, as they were approaching us at 100 yards, our nervous commander, instead of letting them get fully abreast of us, fired his rifle. We poured a volley into them, and while the crew dived down into the hatchways like prairie dogs into their burrows, the captain maintained his place, and his hoarse voice was heard cry, "Back her! back her! hard d—d." We on the bluff thought we had made a fine stroke, for at least five men were laying dead or wounded on the deck, and our little adjutant was jubilant, jumping up and cracking his heels. But we had counted without our host, and the tables were turned upon us with a vengeance. The crow's nest on the mainmast, which in our ignorance we thought a simple lookout station, was ironclad, with a twelve pound howitzer on a pivot therein, and no sooner had the boat got clear of the bluff around the bend of the river than they opened upon us with cannister at short range and gave us such a dose of it as made us laugh the wrong side of the mouth.

The speedy manner in which our men got through that wheat field with the cannister rattling about us was a caution to sinners, and, by way of interpolation, I may say the jackass adjutant was among the first who made tracks for a place of safety. The result of this foolish escapade was that ten good men were killed and wounded to further the ambition of an incompetent dude.

However, we brought back to Richmond a welcome supply of stock and forage. MURRAY.

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NINTH STREET M. P. CHURCH, between E and F streets—Dr. J. L. Mills, pastor. Preaching SUNDAY at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Revival services during next week. Public cordially invited. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. 1t

READ "G. H. R.," WHO DISCOURSEth on "Cannibalism" in TO-DAY'S HATCHET. For sale by all newsboys. 1t

HOLY CROSS CHURCH, MASSAchusetts avenue and Eighteenth street—The decennial commemoration of Foundation Day will be held on SUNDAY, SEPT. 14. Holy Cross Day, first celebration Holy Eucharist, 7:30 a. m.; Matins, 9:45 a. m. with short address to children by Rev. N. W. Camp, D. D. Choral Litany 11 a. m., and second celebration of Holy Eucharist, with sermon, 11 a. m. Evensong 8 p. m. The service, stainer in E flat, introit, Anthem, "O, Saviour of the World," Goss. Offertory, "Hope in the Lord," Handel's Largo, sung by Mr. Copeland, tenor. Cantores, Messrs. Miller, basso; Latimer, Harris, Gease, and Mr. Parker, precentor of Incarnation Choir; Robert Evans, basso, precentor Holy Cross Choir. Hymns, proses, and recess, 135 and 97 A. and M. Mr. Frank E. Camp will preside at the organ. Rev. N. W. Camp, D. D., celebrant at 11 a. m. service. All services sung chorally for the day by full vested choir. Seats free.
1t REV. J. A. HARROLD, Rector.

CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY—Rev. William Paret, D. D., Rector. Arrived Friday evening and will preach TO-MORROW at both Morning and Evening services. 1t

WAUGH M. E. CHURCH, THIRD and A streets northeast (seats all free.)—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. Robert N. Baer, D. D., at 11 a. m., and by the presiding elder, Dr. Deale, at 7:45 p. m. Sunday school exercises at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. 1t

THE WORKINGMEN'S NATIONAL Blaine and Logan Club will celebrate the Maine victory at Chandler's Hall, Four-and-a-half street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest, SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 13, at 8 p. m. Addresses by Hon. Edwin W. Keightley, Third Auditor of Treasury; Dr. William G. Green, late a delegate to Chicago from Maryland; Capt. Donald McCathran, and others. Good music by the glee club and other talent. Special invitation extended to ladies. 1t

DR. H. O. CANDEE, THE VITOpathic Magnetic and Electric Physician, has returned from his summer vacation, and is ready to receive patients. I would also call the attention of the public to some of the testimonials which I have at my office, which surpass any ever heretofore presented to the world. Call or send for testimonials of wonderful cures by DR. CANDEE, 922 F st. n. w., Washington, D. C. 1f

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Great effort will be made to close the entire stock on the days assigned.
THOMAS DOWLING,
se12-5t Auctioneer.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S SALE.
By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued out of the Clerk's Office of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and to me directed, I will sell at public sale, for cash, in front of the Court House door of the said District, on MONDAY, THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1884, at 12 o'clock m., all the right, title, claim, and interest of the defendant in and to the following described property, to wit:
Lot number three (3), in John G. Harkness and others' subdivision of square number five hundred and ten (510), in the city of Washington, to satisfy execution number 23,200 at law, in favor of Hannah Etta Green against William H. Holliday. CLAYTON McMICHAEL,
U. S. Marshal.
THOMAS DOWLING, Auctioneer. au23-20t

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ARTIST TAILOR—H. KOPPEL, 605 13th st. n. w., between F and G sts.

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WANTED—A TIDY WHITE GIRL, 14 TO 16 years old, to assist in housework; must have references as to character. Apply at No. 410 N. J. av. S. E. (Capitol Hill). 2-16

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WANTED—GIRL, WHITE GERMAN preferred, to do general housework, for small family; must have good references. Call at No. 1731 13th st. N. W. 2-15

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