the sale of your one, only, priceless crown—your professional honor.

Your professional honor is a quality delicate as the honor of woman, and as priceless. Violate it deliberately, even once, by attempting what you know to be a fraud against the law, and instantly, and remorselessly, and forever you are consigned, in the judgment of the good, of your grand brotherhood, and in the forum of your own conscience, to the pillory of public scorn, and to be of the lepers of your profession.

Or when, hereafter, it shall come to pass that you deem that the exigencies of your case require at your hands some attempted imposition upon the court—such, for example, as citation of a statute you know to be repealed, or reliance upon a decision you know to be overruled, or a deceptive statement to the court when you believe the court is giving to your statement trust, or when you may deem that you can secure advantage by some other form of deception, cunning, or low artifice—then remember what you owe to yourself, and escape, with your rescued and priceless good name, to your only safe refuge place in the sanctuary of integrity, truth, honor.

You can never, safely, for one moment forget what I have said you owe to yourself is no sublimated or impracticable or utopian standard of professional ethics, good enough to be put into lectures and into books, but too good to be practiced in this rough and surging and battling age. I admonish you that, on the contrary, there never was, since the dawn of modern civilization, a time when the combined intelligence, virtue, and conscience of enlightened men, and which make up that "fierce light which beats upon all thrones," was so inexorable in its imperial demand, made upon all rulers, all courts, all officers, and all ministers of the law, that not their ends and aims only, but their methods, also, shall be right. And even one deliberate resort to an act of oppression or fraud, or even to "those little arts and meannesses which carry base men a certain way, and no further," and which the scorn of mankind has named "pettifogging," will consign its sad and deluded victim perpetually to the dregs of his profession, if it do not wholly banish him from the profession he has dishonored.

FIDELITY TO THE CLIENT.

But this loyalty to yourself requires of you in no degree or sense disloyalty to the highest obligations of your profession to country, citizen or client. Lord Brougham, in that memorable speech of his before the house of lords, when Caroline of Brunswick, the wife of George IV and rightful queen of England, was his client, and the "royal brute," her husband, was her accuser, gave to that high court his conception of the obligations of the attorney to his client.

After saying that "the evidence against her majesty did not now call upon him to utter one whisper against the conduct of her illustrious consort, and solemnly assuring their lordships that but for that conviction his lips would not be closed," he proceeded to define the lawyer's duty to his client in these words: "An advocate, in the discharge of his duty, knows but one person in all the world; and that person is his client. To save that client, by all means and expedients, and all hazards cost to other persons, and among them, to himself, is his first and only duty; and in performing this duty he must not regard the alarm, the torments, the destruction which he may bring upon others. Separating the duty of a patriot from an advocate, he must go on, reckless of consequences, though it should be his unhappy fate to involve his country in confusion."

So one of England's most eminent and learned lord chancellors, philosophers, and lawyers estimated and defined the tie which binds the lawyer to his client. Dr. Johnson made fidelity to a client to include and require, first of all, accurate presentation of the facts and of the text of the law; but, that being done fairly, the client was entitled to demand that all the resources of logic and rhetoric—of eloquence and persuasion—all the arts of befogment, of torture, and of mystification, should be taxed to their uttermost for the purposes of triumph, he holding that if justice and its court were "lost in the fog" that was their fault, and not the fault of the fog or of him who made it.

We are apt to be charmed by the gallantry—the chivalry—involved in these definitions, by Brougham and Johnson, of "fidelity" to the client; and Brougham's will never cease to be praised, owing to the magnificent setting with which this gem is furnished by the speech in which it is found. But I like better the definition of "fidelity" to client as it is found in the utterances of that best thinker and most brilliant wit produced, in England, in the last century—Sidney Smith. Reduced to its essence, his definition of loyalty—fidelity—to the client is that the lawyer shall bring forth, in his client's cause, all of both law and fact which makes for his client's side, and which is true, or is considered by him to be true, leaving to his adversary and the court to detect and defeat the errors and weaknesses of his side of the cause; and that in doing this he shall, so far as he deems they stand in the way of the truth making for his client's side, know no other being, cause, or force in the whole universe of God save his client only.

I give you this definition of "fidelity" to client as the best in our language; and, having given it, I say to you put this word—"FIDELITY," so defined—amongst your jewels. Put it upon your signet-ring. Wear it upon your index finger. Wear it so that you shall write down no word in your client's cause when that word shall not be a light under your vision. Wear it so that you shall never lift your hand to the court when that word shall not be a flame in the presence of the court, and a halo around your head. Wear it at night when you sleep, so that it—fidelity—shall be the angel of your dreams. Wear it always, and ever, until you shall die; and then, when you are dead, on the monument which you will have reared to your self—the monument of a good life—men will read, tranferred from your signet-ring, your epitaph—

FIDELITY.

When, hereafter, the poor shall come to you for help, bringing to you no fee, and no reward or hope thereof, save the reward which ever comes to a noble soul from having defended, in a just cause, the helpless, then take their cause and forget everything else in the universe except fidelity to truth, and duty to those whom you, as minister of the law, are set to succor!

When hereafter some one shall come to you who is being wronged by the great or the powerful, or by that most monstrous and insatiable of all tyrants, the mob, or by that supreme cruelty of our age, a conscienceless and licentious press, then—his case being just—take his case—take it though you must thereby encounter the frowns and sacrifice the patronage of your client's pursuers—take the case though the mob and multitude bay and bite at your heels, even up to the very doors of the sanctuaries of the law; and when you have taken the cause summon to your client's rescue all of the law's mightiest enginery, all of the stores of your learning, all the resources of your intellect and of your genius—spare no instrument of attack—soften no argument; and when your triumph has come, as it generally will come—and when you have "protected the innocent from the grasp of power"—then will come to you the supreme honors of your life work, "and you will be followed from the hall of judgment by the prayers and blessings of a grateful people;" and even they who were your pursuers will give you their unsolicited and involuntary homage as they read inscribed on your life its sweet and sacred motto—Fidelity.

The Quantico High Tea.

The lady managers of the Garfield Hospital have fixed upon Monday evening next, June 8, for the Quantico high tea river excursion which was prevented on the 29th ultimo by the rain. The Jane Moseley will leave the wharf at 4:30 and return at 10 sharp, with splendid music, singing, and refreshments to make the evening a very delightful one. The party will be a very select one, and every care will be taken to make it equal, if not surpass, its famous predecessors. The lady managers hope in this way to raise money sufficient to pay outstanding accounts of the hospital, and those who join in the excursion will have a double pleasure in the thought that it is a help to a worthy cause. Many merchants, confectioners, caterers, and hotel keepers have contributed toward the supper, which will be a pronounced success in every way. In case of rain on Monday the boat has been secured for Tuesday, when it will make the trip without fail.

The Marine Band Concert.

The first Marine Band concert of the season will be given from 5 to 7 o'clock this evening in the President's grounds. The music at the capitol will begin on Wednesday afternoon at 6 o'clock and last until 7:30. The programme is as follows:

Caprice—"Ulanenruff" ..... Ellenberg
Morceau—"The Skating Rink" ..... Godfrey
Collocation—"Gioconda" ..... Ponchelli
Cornet solo—"Inflammatus" ..... Rossini
Mr. Wm. Gaeger.
Valse—"Estudeantina" ..... Waldteufel
March—"Mother Hubbard" ..... Sousa
Descriptive Fantasia—"A Hunting Scene" ..... Buccalossi
1, Morning; 2, The Meet; 3, On the Scent; 4, The Full Cry; 5, The Return.

Shot Over a Ball Game.

During a base ball match Thursday evening between two clubs of colored boys a dispute arose, and when near the corner of Second and E streets southwest an unknown colored boy drew a pistol and shot Wm. Taylor in the right thigh. The injured boy was taken to his home, 219 Virginia avenue southwest, where Dr. True attended him.

A New Aqueduct Victim.

Charles S. Ville died yesterday at Providence Hospital from injuries received at the Champlain avenue shaft of the extension of the aqueduct. Ville was standing in the shaft when a cage fell on him, breaking his spine. He had no friends here, and his body was interred in potter's field.

FROM OLD POINT COMFORT.

News and Gossip, Personal and General—Dolce for Niente by the Sea.

FORT MONROE, June 5.—Almost every body goes to Old Point Comfort some time during the year, but just now it is particularly dedicated to the invalid and the business weary. Every yellow-washed cottage is hall smothered in roses, the campus of Fort Monroe is a green sward flecked with daisies and buttercups, the air is heavy with perfumes. Everybody breakfasts at 11 o'clock, bathes at 12, and sleeps the rest of the day; a dolce for niente state of existence admirably fitted to rejuvenate the tired statesman or journalist.

Thursday night batteries B and C left Fort Monroe under command of Lieut. Williams. The band accompanied them to the wharf, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the Jane Moseley moved off, while the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" floated on the breeze.

Charles Dudley Warner, accompanied by Mr. C. S. Rhinehart, the artist, spent several days here this week, leaving for Richmond on Thursday morning. Mr. Rhinehart is in this country for the first time in many years, though his work has mainly been for American publishers and patrons, and he is a native of Pittsburg, Pa. He is a tall, well-formed young fellow, more French in manner and even features than German, as his name indicates.

Mr. B. G. Perkins, of New York, is painting a moonlight scene on Hampton beach.

Miss Fletcher, of Washington, well known as a distinguished ethnologist and the agent for the United States government to distribute lands in Dakota, has just returned to the city from a visit to the normal school. It is said that what neither missionaries nor soldiery could effect she has accomplished by gaining the affection and the perfect trust and confidence of the red man, and to do so has devoted her life to their cause. Col. Jones, assistant inspector general, United States army, reviewed and inspected the troops at Fort Monroe on Tuesday. Arsenal, library, soldiers' quarters, &c., were all visited.

Mr. and Mrs. Calderon Carlisle, with the Marquis de Castelfurte, spent several days at the Hygeia recently, returning to Washington last week. Dr. Ritchie Stone, with his beautiful young wife, nee Whitney, arrived this morning. Miss Carpenter, of Wisconsin, the daughter of the late Senator Matt Carpenter, has been here for two months. Mrs. Charles Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Lesch, of your city; Gov. and Mrs. Cameron, of Virginia; Congressman and Mrs. John S. Wise, who spent the last two winters in Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Young, of Chicago; Miss Chadborne, of St. Louis; Col. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. Winfield Scott, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Shepard (Mrs. Shepard is the sister of Mrs. William D. Howells); Judge D. W. Pardee, of Connecticut; A. Gilliat and son, the London bankers; A. S. Abell, of the Baltimore Sun, are here at date.

A new industry of the firm of McMonamin & Co., packers of canned goods and raw oysters, affords employment to 400 people. The crab factory is situated on Hampton creek, and along the length of the coast several thousand bushels of oysters have been planted this season. The Car Builders' Association, with 600 delegates, many of whom are residents of California and other states of the far west, will on the 9th hold a convention here.

On the 23d of this month the Press Association of New Jersey will hold its annual meeting here. The following are late arrivals from Washington at the Hygeia: Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Davis, H. H. Smith, D. A. Chambers, C. B. Beall, J. H. Kingsbury, C. G. Allan and wife, Miss Utley, Mr. and Mrs. T. Ritchie Stone, William Brush, G. H. Raymond, Hon. John C. Harris, Mrs. Peter C. Harris, B. R. Tracy, J. P. Ryan, Joseph Nimmo, jr., Maj. and Mrs. R. S. Shelly, Dr. and Mrs. George B. Harrison, Mrs. A. S. Monroe, Mrs. Hopkins and family, Rear Admiral Quackenbush, R. J. Fisher, jr., and Admiral and Mrs. Cooper, U. S. N.

UTOPIAN TREE PLANTING.

A Second Futile Attempt to Form a Forestry Company in This District.

A meeting of those interested in forest culture was held last evening at 913 Pennsylvania avenue. Among those present were John Sherman, L. J. Atwater, John F. Paret, Otis Bigelow, N. H. Eggleston, Daniel S. Curtis, Samuel Maddox, and Mr. Trembly, of Glymont, Md. Mr. Paret called the meeting to order, and Mr. Atwater was chosen chairman. He stated that it was proposed to organize a limited Forestry Company, to buy land anywhere from ten to 100 miles of this city, and sow thickly in rows such forest tree seed and nuts as might be decided best to plant. By the end of the second year or sooner the company could begin selling trees, and continue to sell until the fourth or fifth year. By that time or before the company would be able to sell the land with a crop of strong young forest trees upon it. He claimed that on the land, judiciously bought, the company ought to double its money in five years time. That in the young trees the company ought by any kind of fair management to double and treble its money before the five years pass, and that in the crop of trees left standing at the end of five years or sooner the company ought again to double and treble its money. This, he claimed, was not a new business, but had been done for years and its profits had been proven, and it would be impossible to overstock the market for 100 years to come. Messrs. Curtis, Eggleston, and others expressed favorable views as to the feasibility of the project but no definite action was taken looking to the formation of a company.

The Lanier Heights Scenery.

Country walks are now becoming fashionable, and no more pleasant route for a tramp outside the city limits can be found than out Sixteenth street beyond Boundary street, past the Wayland Seminary a short distance, to Columbia road. It is a little way beyond the ridge of the hill, and overlooks the city, and gives a view down the river which is not excelled from any of the heights around the city. Beyond Columbia road, between Sixteenth and Eighteenth streets, lies a tract of land extending back to Rock creek. It has been subdivided into lots, and already a large portion of these have been bought. Many shrewd people are investing in this land while the prices continue so low as at present. Messrs. Fitch, Fox & Brown, real estate brokers, at 1437 Pennsylvania avenue, furnish plats to all applicants.

Death of a Well-Known Veteran.

Richard McNelly, whose sudden death occurred yesterday, had an enviable record as a soldier during the late rebellion. He enlisted for three years and served with distinction as orderly sergeant in Company K, 5th United States cavalry. This company was Gen. Grant's body-guard during his command of the Army of the Potomac.

Social Life at the White House.

Miss Cleveland and Miss Nelson went out to Soldiers' home yesterday afternoon. The President also took a drive to the navy yard. Miss Nelson will return to her home next week, and Miss Cleveland will be her guest during the summer. Mrs. Lawton, the regent of the Mount Vernon Association, was among the callers on Miss Cleveland last night.

A Bonanza for the East End.

Enterprise is amply represented in East Washington by Mr. A. Kaufman, who gives that section a most ably conducted and completely equipped establishment. Everything in dry goods, shoes, and notions is there displayed at prices that tempt many from West Washington.

A special service of the Y. M. C. A. will be held in the lecture room to-morrow, commencing at 6 p. m. Mr. B. H. Warner will conduct the meeting. The delegates who attended the Y. M. C. A. convention at Atlanta will give a brief report of the convention.

WANTED TO ADJOURN.

The old capitol at Tallahassee was a picturesque sight. It was built by the federal government in the old territorial days, before the orange developed into a gold mine, and when land agents were unknown. It was of brick, stuccoed in imitation of stone. Here and there the angry storms, indignant at the palpable fraud, had torn off portions of the outer garment, leaving the dingy brick exposed. The building was two stories high, with a basement, and ornamented with heavy columned portices, from the floors of which on a hot July day pitch exuded like patriotism from the disinterested office-seekers who thronged the lobby and the hall. The legislature was in full session and the scene was a most animated one. Never in any country has a stranger sight been seen. At one end of the hall the state senate was in session. At the other the house of assembly was incubating, and in the hall and rotunda a negro festival was in progress, the right to hold it within these sacred precincts having been given by solemn vote of the assembled statesmen.

It was an amusing sight. Upon plain pine tables, grouped around the halls rested huge dishes of chicken stew and chicken pie, flanked with cake, pie, biscuit, and other things calculated to tempt the legislative appetite. Behind these sat jolly, laughing "aunties," dressed in cool calico garments, with green boughs to keep off the flies—olive branches carried by black doves, as it were, to show that the journey of the ark was over and peace and plenty could be had. Behind a large tub of lemonade a yellow Venus presided, and with seductive smiles and a tin dipper beguiled dimes and picayunes out of thirsty passers-by. The center of attraction, however, was the watermelon table, behind which a stalwart black, knife in hand, shouted at short intervals: "Yah's your nice slice of watermillion; only half dime a slice. Walk up gem'men, an try it. Get frum un'er dat table, you triflin' pot-likin' boy, or I'll chop offen yer head wid dis yer knife."

Under and around the tables little children, cute in their blackness, romped and gamboled, and through the halls and out on the broad piazzas young girls, with arms around each other's waists, leisurely sauntered, their bright eyes flashing as they caught the admiring glances of some proud Caucasians. Old mothers in the church in little groups discussed some knotty question in theology, while their stronger halves crowded the legislature in open-mouthed and awesome wonder at the eloquence and learning there displayed. There was a profusion of white dresses and gorgeous ribbons, and all was joy and laughter and song. Near the watermelon table a quartette of happy young girls sang in a low melodious voice the song of the Methodist convert. The song was not loud enough to disturb the legislature or to be heard very far away, but to the young northern invalid, leaning against a huge pillar gazing in amused idleness at the scene, it sounded very quaint and sweet.

Inside the house of assembly the scene was equally animated, but hardly more dignified. A white member, so drunk that he could hardly keep his seat, was gazing at the speaker with owl-like gravity. One or two of the negroes, with thumbs stuck in the ragged armholes of their waistcoats, in humble imitation of some of their white confrères, strutted about the floor. Others, bolt upright in their seats, munched peanuts, to the droning accompaniment of the reading clerk's voice, as he hastily called the vote on minor bills. From my coign of vantage near the speaker's chair I watched the changing scene.

The Rev. Scipio Palma, member from Dug Out, was growing terribly impatient. Never to him had the session seemed so long. The Rev. Scipio during the slave times had been the driver of the family coach, but after he became free, having noticed that the negro preachers did no hard work and always looked fat and glossy, he decided to join that ilk, and being able to read a little he had no trouble in doing so. Now he was in grave trouble. He was a great lover of watermelon. Every once in a while he could hear the noise and confusion of the festival, and he squirmed in his chair as though covered with fleas. He did not know but what he would be expelled if he left before adjournment, and as he was getting $10 a day for his services he dared not risk the venture. Still from the hall came the cry, "Watermillion on'y 10 cents a slice." He became more and more uneasy. At last a bright idea struck him, and leaping to his feet he shouted at the top of his powerful voice: "Mistah Speakah!" All eyes were turned in his direction, and the speaker announced: "The gentleman from Dug Out has the floor." From the corridor came the cry: "Look at dis boss watermillion. See how red his insides am. Oh, my! ain't him a whopper, an' on'y a dime a slice."

The Rev. Scipio was a sight. He was bathed in perspiration, and his eyes were nearly starting from his head, as he glanced anxiously at the door. In response to the speaker's recognition, he yelled with frantic energy: "Mistah Speakah, I moves dat we now dejourn."

From the other side of the house a tall, thin white man arose, and, pointing his long forefinger at Scipio, said: "I sincerely hope that the gentleman from Dug Out will withdraw his motion. We have a very important measure now pending before the house. The discussion cannot possibly last over three hours, and I expect that the honorable gentleman himself will like to be heard on the subject."

"Watermillion, nice, juicy watermillion, on'y a dime a slice!" was heard in the corridor.

"Did I un'stand dat white man to say tree hours?" inquired the black clergyman.

"Yes; I think that we will be able to close the contemplated debate in about three hours. I see no cause for the gentleman's excessive agitation, although, of course, he should be deeply interested in it, as it is a measure for the amelioration of the condition of his own race."

"Only three more slices of dis boss watermillion leff! Who'll hab de nex' one?" from the corridor.

The hair on the head of Rev. Scipio stood straight up. "Gorra mighty," said he, shaking his fist at the white member, "does you hea' dat? You kin all stay here off you wanter, but I is gwinter dejourn right now," and, seizing his hat, he bolted out of the room, and soon was up to his eyes in a luscious melon.—*New York Sun.*

A Mock Polar Bear Hunt.

The mock polar bear hunt is a favorite game among the Eskimo boys. A few lines will describe it. One of the boys of the village gets a polar bear robe, and wrapping it around him after he is out among the ice hummocks about the village, he comes crawling about the sledge path near the igloos, when he is discovered by the dogs and surrounded. This is likely to be very rough sport; for the boys take their spears and jab away at their brother in the bear robe until you would think they would break some of his ribs; while the dogs, emboldened by these supposed brave advances, oftentimes take big bites of fur from the dangling edges of the robe. The mock bear rears up on his hind feet and growls in a very ferocious manner, until, worn out at last with his hard work and with having his head so tightly covered up with a heavy robe, he finally falls over at some thrust of a spear and pretends to expire. But the next moment he crawls out from the robe, much to the disgust of the dogs, with their hopes of a fine meal of bear flesh.—*Lieut. Frederick Schwatka in May St. Nicholas.*

Poe's Aversion for Punsters.

He had an intense hatred for punsters. A little rhymester, who lived in Richmond, by accident was introduced to him. The party were drinking, and Poe very politely requested him to join in, and asked him what he would have. He replied that in honor of so distinguished a gentleman he believed he would take some Poe-rter. Poe gave this a frigid acknowledgment, and ever afterward kept out of the fellow's way as far as he could.—*Baltimore American.*

A WIFE'S TALE OF WOE.

Bed-Ridden With Cancer and Abused by Her Husband Because She Does Not Die.

Mary Fischer, in her petition for divorce from Phillip Fischer, filed yesterday, states that she has for months been confined to her bed with a cancer, and has been informed by her physician that she cannot recover, and charges that during the past three years her husband has treated her with cruelty, harshness, and neglect, until she has become so feeble that she is scarcely able to talk, and is unable to help herself in any manner; that he uses profane, low, and vulgar language toward her, and is constantly abusing her because she does not die. For some time past he has failed and refused to provide food, clothing, or any attention for her in her sickness and suffering, and she has been living upon such little things as her neighbors and friends have brought her. It is also claimed that his language in the presence of the children is profane, vulgar, and indecent, and Mrs. Fischer fears that in the event of her death and they are left to his care they will grow up in ignorance and vice. She says that her husband owns real estate to the value of about $10,000 free from debts, and keeps a store on the corner of Twelfth and P streets. She asks the court to grant her divorce a mensa et thoro from her husband, and that he be restrained from entering her room or in any way interfering with her; that the court will allow her counsel fees, alimony, award her the homestead where she resides, appoint her guardian of the children, and grant a sufficient sum for their maintenance.

Judith E. Tousey charges her husband, Granderson H. Tousey, with cruelty and miscoanduct toward her, and wants divorce.

The Capital City Gun Club.

The following scores were made by the members of the Capital City Gun Club yesterday afternoon. The high wind prevailing rendered the shooting very difficult, and the scores do not appear very creditable in consequence. Conditions—15 birds each, 18 yards rise, from 5 traps: Wagner, 12; McLeod, 12; Mills, 10; Bailey, 9; Corson, 8; Wilson, 8; Hosford, 8; Adams, 2.

An Animal Apple-Gatherer.

Gathering fruit is a frequent practice of animals, and yet there is a stratagem attributed to that "walking bunch of tooth-picks" called the hedgehog, which is curious enough to deserve special mention. It seems that fruit is frequently found in the hedgehog's sleeping apartment, and its presence there is explained in this remarkable way: It is known that hedgehogs often climb walls, and run off upon low boughs, and instead of scrambling down in the same manner, they boldly make the leap from the top to the ground, sometimes ten or twelve feet. They coil into a ball in the air, strike upon their armor of spines, and bound away unharmed. In taking this jump they have been seen to strike upon fallen fruit, which, thus impaled upon their spines, was carried away by them; and this has given rise to the opinion that in some such way they may have stored their winter homes.—*St. Nicholas for May.*

Mr. D. C. Bangs, the elocutionist, will, it is expected, give some interesting readings at the meeting of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society at Carroll Institute Hall to-morrow evening. It is understood that the Choral Union will also be present and entertain the audience with some fine music and songs.

Deeds Filed for Record Yesterday.

T st., south side, at southwest cor. of 17th st. n. w., lots 19 and 20, sq. 152, Grace B. Hubbard to James E. Fitch, $7,100.

Front on alley in rear of M st., south side, bet. 6th and 7th sts. n. w., pt. lot 17, sq. 449, Daniel Mahoney to Charles S. Shreve, $799.

11th st., west side, bet. T and U sts. n. w., lot 32, Gunnell's sub., sq. 305, Caroline E. T. Knox to Charles F. Reed, $1,000.

3d st., west side, bet. K and L sts. s. w., lot 24 and pt. lot 25, sq. 543, Edmund Cammack to John Cammack, $1,400.

4½ st., west side, bet. Va. ave. and Union alley s. w., lot B, McGuire's sub. of sq. 494, Anna Bohlke to John H. Prout, $3,300.

D st., north side, bet. 1st and 2d sts. s. w., pt. lot 2, sq. 580, James M. Johnston, trustee, to John Miller, $10.

3d st., west side, bet. F and G sts. n. e., lots 20, 21, 22, and 23, sq. 753, Bank of Washington to Campbell Carrington and Irving Williamson, $1,016.88.

N. H. ave., west side, at the n. w. corner of R st., n. w., lot 17, Fisher and Sharon's sub. of sq. 153, Reginald Fendal to J. Davenport Wheeler, $7,500.

N. H. ave., west side, between R and S sts. n. w., lot 75, Fisher and Sharon's sub. of sq. 153, Thomas J. Fisher (trustee for Thomas Sunderland) to J. Davenport Wheeler, $3,500.

R st., north side, bet. N. H. ave. and 18th st. n. w., lot 76, T. J. Fisher's sub. of sq. 153, Thos. J. Fisher (trustee for Thomas Sunderland) to Kate Fellows Wheeler, $2,450.

COUNTY.

Meridian Hill, lot 17, block 6, Hall and Elvan's sub., Charles C. Duncanson to Wm. S. Hixson, $375.

Meridian Hill, part of lots 12 and 13, block 17, Hall and Elvan's sub., Jennie M. Crummell to Albert Crutchfield, $550.

Part of tract called "Aaron," on Marlborough road, Henry McGoines to Ida May Pierce, $200.

Meridian Hill, lot 14, block 12, Hall and Elvan's sub, Nicholas Auth to Mary Connors, $4,300.

DIED.

MCNELLY.—Suddenly, of apoplexy, RICHARD MCNELLY, eldest son of Arthur and Mary McNelly, aged 39 years.

Funeral from his late residence, No. 749 Sixth street southeast, Sunday, June 7, at 3 p. m. Relatives and friends respectfully invited. [Star copy.]

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THE COURT RECORD.

Business Transacted by the District Judiciary Yesterday.

Court in General Term—Justices Cox, James, and Merrick.—Hine vs. Magarity; reargument ordered. Rich vs. Henry; argued and submitted.

Equity Court—Justice Hagner.—Middaugh vs. Wilson; testimony ordered taken. Owen vs. Owen; testimony ordered. Lang vs. Lang; sale ratified finally and reference to the auditor. Brosnan vs. Brosnan; time to take testimony limited. Castell vs. Castell; cause revived against the heirs of S. J. Mundell, and sales confirmed nisi. First National Bank of New York vs. District of Columbia; leave given to file supplemental bill. Colt vs. Bradley et al.; pro confesso against Rosa Wallach. Knoor vs. Knoor; appearance ordered. Hewitt et al. vs. Western Union Telegraph Company et al.; injunction granted. Gulick vs. Gulick; testimony ordered taken before Examiner Aaron Johns.

Probate Court—Justice Hagner.—Estate of Wm. Bowles; order appointing F. W. Ritter, jr., collector; bond, $1,500. Estate of Jas. F. Kins; order appointing Amanda Kins administrator; bond, $4,200. Estate of John McClelland; order to sell steam yacht. Estate of John E. Thompson; letters granted to Mary E. Thompson; bond, $1,000. Estate of Caroline B. Hornblower; letters issued to Joseph P. Bradley; bond, $20,000. Estate of Joseph H. Nowhaus; order appointing Maria A. Newhaus guardian to orphan children; bond, $1,500. Estate of Wilhelm Bandel, of Austria; order appointing James L. Norris, administrator; bond, $2,000. Estate of Peter Monaghan; letters issued to Thomas Gevry; bond $10,000. Estate of John C. Ramsden; order appointing H. C. Hazard administrator; bond $1,000. Estate of Serafino Velati; order appointing J. J. Darlington administrator; bond $3,000. Estate of Gurden Snowden; order of publication issued.

Criminal Court—Justice MacArthur.—Wm. D. Reed, embezzlement; pleaded guilty; five days in jail. James Grady, assaulting officer; pleaded guilty; ten days in jail. John Little, larceny; not guilty.

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Shatters the Nerves, Impairs Digestion, and Enfeebles the Muscles.
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Trade Mark. QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.
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Quickly and completely cures Malaria, and Chills and Fevers, Fever Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, it has no equal. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
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I have had a cancer on my face for many years. I have tried a great many remedies, but without relief. I almost gave up hope of ever being cured. Dr. Hardman, my son, recommended Swift's Specific, which I have taken with great results. My face is now well, and it is impossible for me to express my thanks in words for what this medicine has done for me.
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