HARPOONING HOGS.

A CENTRAL AMERICAN SPORT WHICH GIVES PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT.

All the members of our party, writes a correspondent in South America to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, were at peace with themselves and all the world until the ubiquitous guide made a discovery which turned his yellow face to an ashen hue, and brought him from the stream where he had gone for water, yelling, "Chanca del monte! Chanca del monte!"

A slender-legged hog was trotting about fifty paces in the frightened man's rear. It had a couple of glittering white tusks on either side of its jaw, which it proceeded to whet on the roots of a walnut tree in which Rafael took shelter.

"Climb, climb, senors!" he exclaimed, as soon as he was safely out of reach, "there is a plenty of them coming. Take up much powder and much shots, or they will keep us treed until we starve."

But the senors did not mean to be treed at all. They recognized in the animal the hog against which the harpoons were to be used, and, instead of leaping into a tree, they got into the saddle and unstrapped the spears, which were beside the guns on the mules' backs ready for the march.

A patter of little feet in the forest told that Rafael's "plenty of them" were coming, and Davys spurred at once toward the brute, which was still grunting at the foot of the walnut tree.

"When it saw me coming it trotted toward me, and it took all the strength in my left hand to keep my mule from turning tail and bolting, but I kept her head well to it, and, as the boar closed with us, my blade caught him at the base of the skull and shaved away the skin along his spine clean to the tail. It was awkward work for a green hand, and if the mule had not shied violently to one side the rush of the pig would have certainly broken his foreleg. The first taste of the harpoon seemed to make the brute furious, and, with blood streaming down his side, he came back at me, gnashing his tusks like the rattle of a pair of bones at the minstrels. This time I missed him altogether, and his sharp teeth took a couple of square inches of skin from my mule's off foreleg. But at the third charge I gave him the harpoon square in the eye. He reared up on his haunches and fell over backward, taking the lance out of my hand in his fall.

"By this time Smith had closed with the leaders of the drove, which had broken cover when they heard the struggle going on, and I saw there was no time to get out of the saddle and pick up my spear, so I tore my gun out of the fastening which held it to the saddle behind me and put a charge of buckshot into the throat of a bristly boar which was goring Smith's mule in the rear. After that I had all I could do to take care of myself. The little beasts—none of them larger than an ordinary bulldog—came at me like a whirlwind, and for the next ten minutes I expected to be thrown into the middle of them. The mule was doing her level best to unseat me, and all the indications pointed to her being brought to the ground with broken legs. The skin was torn from her shanks in ribbons, and if I had gone down it would have been all day with me.

"Smith soon saw that the case was too serious to trust to the harpoons any longer, and after sticking one through the neck he threw the spear away and joined me at thinning the drove out with his rifle. This was much quicker work, and after we had bowled over six and wounded several more the whole party became panic stricken and raced away in the woods like so many deer.

"When the coast was clear Rafael came down from his perch. He looked at the dead hogs and then at us, with an expression of reverence upon his face. 'El Norte esta diabolo' was all he said.

"For a man who knows how to handle a lance or a harpoon pig sticking may be good sport; but, for my part, I would not venture into the midst of a drove of Central American hogs with a harpoon as my only weapon for a clean title deed to the whole country."

A GALLANT ADMIRAL.

HE CAST THE HEADS OF THIRTEEN MOORS INTO A TUB OF PORK PICKLE.

A new war ship was recently launched in England which was named after John Benbow, a famous admiral of two centuries ago. He was descended from an ancient Shropshire family, which was reduced in fortune by its stanch and loyal adhesion to the cause of Charles I. His father, Col. John Benbow, died when the future admiral was very young, having no other provision for the boy than that indicated by the words that he was "bred to the sea." Before 30 he became master and part owner of the Benbow frigate, employed in the Mediterranean trade, in which he would doubtless have acquired a comfortable fortune had not accident brought him into the royal navy. In 1686 he was attacked, upon his passage to Cadiz, by a Sallee rover, against whom, though fearfully matched, he defended his ship with heroic bravery. Although the Moors boarded him, they were quickly beaten out of the ship with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Capt. Benbow ordered to be cut off and thrown into a tub of pork pickle. When he arrived at Cadiz he went ashore and directed his negro servant to follow him with the heads of the Moors in a sack. Scarcely had he landed before the revenue officers inquired what he had got in that sack. "Salt provisions for my own use," curtly replied the gallant tar. The custom house officials demanded to see them, but Capt. Benbow refused. He was then informed that the magistrates were sitting, and that he would have to go before them. He was treated with great civility, and told that, as the salt provisions were of no consequence, he could not object to show them, "Cæsar," exclaimed the stern old sailor, turning to his servant, "throw them on the table; they are very much at the service of these gentlemen, if they like to partake of them." The Spaniards were so struck at the sight of the Moors' heads, and by the narrative of the action in which their former owners fell, that a report of the circumstances was dispatched to the court at Madrid, where Charles II, then king of Spain, invited Capt. Benbow to pay him a visit. His Catholic majesty sent the gallant Englishman on his way with a letter addressed to King James II of England in its bearer's favor. On arriving in London, Benbow was appointed to a commission in the royal navy, and the story of his action in the Mediterranean became so popular in the rough times prevailing in this and every other country two centuries since, that the "Moor's Head" and the "Saracen's Head" soon became a favorite sign for public houses scattered throughout the length and breadth of the islands. Such is the first of the inspiring memories recalled by "Old Benbow's" name, which typifies the intimate and cordial connection which has always subsisted—and never more than at this moment—between the royal and mercantile navies of "the mistress of the seas."—*London Telegraph.*

GRANT.

By J. W. S.

He's gone—the warrior chieftain now has fled
To join the great battalions of the dead.
Yes, gone! the soldier who, with Christian heart,
In war and peace so nobly bore his part,
That friend and foe alike will bow at his great shrine.

'Tis not alone our nation feels the blow;
'Tis not alone America can know
His solid worth; posterity will speak
His name in ev'ry clime. In vain we'll seek
A hero such, in whom like wondrous traits combine.

DORMAN B. EATON ON REMOVALS.

HE THINKS THERE WILL BE FEW, BECAUSE THE INCENTIVE IS GONE.

In answer to the inquiries of a New York *Tribune* reporter, Dorman B. Eaton, United States civil service commissioner, said the other day at the Fifth Avenue Hotel:

"I came here from Washington to attend an examination of applicants for positions as clerks and carriers in the Brooklyn postoffice. The examination was conducted to-day. There were sixty applicants. I also had in view the looking over of the customs service in connection with the change in the collectorship."

"How many employes in the custom house are exempt from removal?"

"None are exempt from removal. But what you evidently wish to know is the number affected by the civil service law. I cannot say exactly how many, but it is all those whose salaries range from $900 to $2,000, except the chief clerks. It embraces practically the entire clerical force. The fact that all are subject to removal does not imply that all will be removed. If a collector should want to put Tom Jones out, it would be for the purpose of putting Tim Jones in. But under the civil service law and rules when Tom Jones goes out, the man who passes the examination and is best qualified goes in, and not Tim Jones. So the incentive to putting Tom Jones out is gone. I can illustrate this for you by a case that recently occurred in Washington. A clerk came to me and complained because the rules did not prevent his removal. I asked how many men were in his division and he said 180. I asked how many had been removed and he said five. I asked how many he thought would have been removed if the civil service law had not been in existence, and he said 180. There is a fair illustration of what the law is doing. If you can't put your man in, you don't want to put the other man out."

"What about Kellar?"

"He has received his place, is serving, and is likely to continue to serve. It is perfectly well understood that he is not to be interfered with if he discharges his duties faithfully."

"What is to be done about the attack on him?"

"So far as the commission is concerned, nothing more is to be done. We investigated the matter as it affected the rules, and enforced them. As it affected the law we have nothing to do with it. If it can be proved that there was a conspiracy against Kellar, it would be a criminal offense. I do not wish to express an opinion as to whether or not it was a conspiracy. It is evident that something was wrong. But Secretary Manning made short work of it."

"How do you regard the working of the law?"

"No obstruction is put in the way of the commission by any member of the administration. There have been persons put into minor positions who are antagonistic to our work, it is true, but I think they are more and more learning that the President and his entire Cabinet intend to have the law enforced."

In speaking about the New York collectorship Mr. Eaton expressed surprise that Mr. Hedden should be away from his post so soon after taking office. He paid a high tribute to ex-Collector Robertson's executive ability, his frankness and good judgment as a man, and his strict adherence to civil service reform in the conduct of the office.

THE ART OF UNDRESSING.

I suppose nearly all women have some time or other experienced a sense of the difficulty there is in undressing gracefully. It is more or less of a study. How nicely, how exquisitely, indeed, it can be done even in public (and fancy just for one moment the difference) has been illustrated here at the Fifth Avenue Theater by Alfa Norman, the new American prima donna. She had to do it nightly before crowded audiences in the character of Zerlina, the peasant heroine of Auber's never-dull opera of "Fra Diavolo." Aimee and Theo sometimes have undressed on the stage. They have tried to be as demure and conservative as possible, but it was a failure. Some kick, or break or wriggle betrayed them, and it was always the cocotte trying to be a lady. The men liked it; the women blushed. There was too much suggestiveness. Lucca, the German prima donna, used to make this very scene in "Fra Diavolo" vulgar and heavy, too. It was just a trifle nasty. Kellogg, when she was young and had not grown to 300 pounds, was wont to play the part of Zerlina. But as the peasant girl she wore diamonds in her ears, and on her breast and her arms, and people used to wonder how she had the face to sing in front of her mirror with all these riches on her.

"For a servant there's no denying
Here's a shape that is not much amiss."

The shape was amiss, because it was scraggy. And so Kellogg used to show as little as possible, and by undoing one button of her dress the whole used to drop to the floor and then display nothing but a prim underdress. And of this scene Alfa Norman makes the principal one of the opera. She elaborates it to the proper time of the music, and all with an unconscious air of innocence that makes the women of the audience clap their gloved hands in an ecstacy of astonishment. Only a beautiful woman could do this, and Alfa Norman has not alone a pretty and mobile face, but one of the most beautiful forms that was ever seen upon the stage. She pretends to be no more than the peasant girl which she is in the opera. Her clothes are simple, neat, and exquisitely white. While singing of her lover she removes the pins from her Italian head-dress and apron, and then she gradually unfastened the lacing of her bodice. This comes off, and is gracefully folded on the chair at her side. The warbling proceeds, and the band about her waist is undone; and she steps out of her skirt for all the world like a young girl at her mirror. The audience begins to wonder where all this will end, and, perhaps, some of the ladies in the audience become a little nervous. But this is not all, for there is still a sort of Italian underwaist of white muslin to remove. It takes some time, for there are buttons and lacings to it without end. The audience hold their breath until it comes off, but it reveals shoulders and arms that would make the glory of any woman. By the time this is done Zerlina stands in a species of princess chemisette all in white—not the slightest bit of lace or furbelow—just what a peasant girl would have.—*Clara Bell in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

WASHINGTON BARRACKS NOTES.—The Secretary of War has authorized the expenditure of about $12,000 for the erection of three sets of officers' quarters at the Washington barracks post; a measure necessitated by the increase of the garrison from five to six batteries of artillery.

The troops of the 3d artillery stationed here have resumed their target practice. One day of the week is devoted to each battery. E battery had, in June, the best record of any company in the regular army.

A survey is being made by Lieut. B. W. Dunn to estimate the probable cost of filling the low grounds near the mouth of the canal, so as to prevent high tides from overflowing them. Gen. Gibson believes keeping the unclean waters of the canal from saturating the barrack grounds will greatly improve the sanitary condition of the post.

THE Berkeley, it is pure.

A 1,200-POUND SEA MONSTER.

THE CAPTOR THINKS IT IS A SEA SERPENT OR A NEW BREED OF TURTLE.

PORTLAND, ME., July 25.—The sea serpent has been captured, or rather the creature that has started all the sea serpent stories on the New England coast has just been towed into this harbor. Capt. Cobb, of the schooner Dreadnaught, which arrived this morning, says:

"We were about five miles from Halfway rock when we saw a break in the water ahead, and one man sung out, 'There's a sea serpent!' I looked, and there was something that did look like a big snake dead ahead. We made sail, but couldn't overtake him. Then we lowered boats and gave chase. It was a five mile job of it before the boats came up with him."

"Yes," broke in another man, "and all we could see was that big snake-like head lifted out of the water three or four seas ahead. We came up and struck at him with a harpoon. It took him right inside, and would have fastened a right whale, but it didn't make an impression on him. It turned the harpoon, but the critter kept right along. You might fire cannons at him all day and it wouldn't do a bit of good if you didn't hit his head."

"Then," said Capt. Cobb, "we struck at him again and sent a boat alongside. He turned over on his back, making a great swell. Then we struck him in the neck, and, after making a big fight, he yielded, and we towed him alongside the Dreadnaught. He will weigh from 1,200 up."

"What do you call him, captain?"

"I don't call him. He's got some kind of an armor that may be called his shell. His neck would not draw in turtle fashion. His head is a cross between a catfish and a snake, and he's about as bad looking as he can be. A doctor came on board the schooner this morning, and he says he's a serpent. I've no doubt he's what they've been calling a sea serpent along the coast. If we hadn't captured him we'd have reported that we saw and chased a sea serpent. I've sailed all over the world and have seen all kinds of turtles, deep sea turtles among the rest, and if he's a turtle it must be a new breed, that's all."

Capt. Cobb has brought the Dreadnaught up to the custom house wharf, and Dr. Thomas Hill is to be appealed to and asked to name the monster. In the meantime the snake or turtle, as the case may be, promises to get well of his wounds, and manifests a strong desire to smash things.

THE SOUTH'S FUTURE.

Since the south has recovered from the delusion that cotton was king, says a writer in the New York *Sun*, the enterprise, industrial spirit, and adaptation to new pursuits exhibited by this people have surprised the civilized world. It has dumfounded the old slaveholders, who never believed such a transition to be possible, or that their own sons would be the instruments of its achievement. They have lived to see extraordinary prosperity grow out of the very ruin of a system which they had held to be sacred and the only salvation of the south.

No longer does the South depend on the culture of cotton as a source of profit. Factories have been built near the fields. Transportation, insurance, brokerage, pressing, and other expenses, which the northern manufacturer must pay, are all saved, and a fabric is produced which not only commands ready sale on the spot, but is in demand in the great commercial cities, as a superior competitor with cloth of a similar grade manufactured elsewhere. It is only a question of time when the finer fabrics will enter the general market, the way being probably led by eastern capitalists, who will carry their plant and their experience to the enticing fields of the south.

From West Virginia down to Alabama, the Apalachian chain is aglow with the fires of furnaces that illumine the scene and give employment to thousands of willing hands. It is an open secret that iron is made and sold at a far less price than it can be produced with all the experience, skill, and capital of the iron masters of Pennsylvania.

These are stern facts, and others might be named equally imposing, which show that the south is prepared to contest with the north for ascendancy in industries with which it has hitherto had very little connection.

The returns for the last six months, in a time of exceptional depression, and with an enormous aggregate of capital lying idle from want of confidence in investments, show that nearly $37,000,000 were placed in a variety of southern enterprises. They were not confined to any particular locality, and extended from Maryland to Texas, and included fourteen states.

Every good citizen will rejoice at these encouraging signs in the new south, because under our institutions and relations the prosperity of one part of the Union must in some form or other contribute to the general prosperity.

DID GEN. GRANT SURRENDER?

EDITOR NATIONAL REPUBLICAN: The following incident, which I have never seen in print, related by Mr. W. B. Slomons, of Corydon, Ind., a gentleman whose veracity is entirely above question, will show whether the popular belief that Gen. Grant never surrendered is correct. In November, 1861, while the general had his headquarters at Cairo, Ill., there was to be a review of some troops at Cape Girardeau, just opposite. On the boat crossing the Mississippi was the general and party, among whom was a lady and her children, one a little boy, probably about 4 years of age. Gen. Grant took the boy and stood him up on a chair, stepped back, doubled up his fists, and struck an attitude, *a la* John Sullivan, challenging the boy for a sparring match. The little fellow bristled up with true grit, clenched his tiny fists, and the fight began. Pretty soon the little warrior planted one right on the general's nose, whereupon the general acknowledged himself conquered, and gave up the fight. Gen. Grant did surrender. It is not known whether the lady was Mrs. Grant and the children hers and the general's, but the little fellow did what the gallant armies of the south, commanded by their splendid leaders, were unable to do, conquered Gen. Grant. I was on the boat at the time, but did not witness the incident described, or if I did, do not now recall it.

J. T. WILSON.

HAVE you had a sample of Berkeley? If not get one, it is pure. Tharp, 618 F street northwest.

CITY ITEMS.

IF you feel nervous as to your kidneys, liver, or urinary organs, use Hunt's Remedy.

MANY a man who had lost nerve, vigor, and energy has been cured by Hunt's Remedy.

JOSHUA TUTHILL, Saginaw, Mich., had Bright's disease and was cured by Hunt's Remedy.

HOWLAND DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 211 Four-and-a-half street northwest, three doors north of Pennsylvania avenue. E. P. Howland, M. D., C. H. Howland, D. D. S., and Robert W. Talbott, surgical, operative, and mechanical dentist. Extractions, under nitrous oxide, 50 cents each tooth, and only 50 cents extra for gas, whether one or a number of teeth are extracted at the same sitting. Have administered nitrous oxide to over 40,000 persons. Artificial teeth, $7 per set. Gold, amalgam, and white fillings inserted in the best manner. All work warranted first-class.

$3 per gallon, 75 cents a quart bottle. No. 1 Rye Whisky, best in the world for the money, at McGee's, Ninth street, near D.

WAGONS.—Fresh Alderney morning, and delivered in 35 cents per pound. ball; buttermilk, k at 5 cents per

FLIES AS HOT WEATHER DIET.

A TELEGRAPH MAN'S VITIATED APPETITE APPEASED—A RASH OFFER.

"I don't see anything about flies that should prejudice people against 'em," said Tom Maddox, an employe of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in the Corcoran building, at lunch time on Saturday, as a group formed about were brushing away the winged creatures swarming over their lunches.

After this speech Tom applied himself more vigorously to the medley of sandwiches and pie which lay before him. No one said anything, but Tom could see that he had struck an original idea, and he continued to enlarge on and elucidate the subject. "Smack" went the palm of his hand on his cheek as a fly was wending its way from his Dundrearies to his mustache, where choice bits of edibles clung. The fly was paralyzed, and was soon between the forefinger and thumb of the philosopher, ready for inspection. "Look at him," said he, "there's his wings and legs and body, that's all there is to the little fellow, and yet you fellows are everlastingly complaining about the flies. It's prejudice, and that's the secret of it all."

Another fly then lit on Tom's nose and began dancing a jig, whereupon the hand was again brought into requisition as a fly trap, and a slap captured the insect half alive.

"Look at him kicking and buzzing his wings. Why, sum him up and he is only a little bird after all. You fellows eat chicken, don't you? Why ain't flies as good as chicken? There's not much difference, except they are smaller, and I'd make a wager they are ten hundred times as tender as the spring chickens that are served up at the average boarding house. Bless my soul!" and he glanced at the faces of his auditors defiantly. "If you give me a dollar I'll eat ten of 'em."

"Taken," chimed in half a dozen voices. A hat was passed around, and in two minutes $1.07 had been subscribed. Tom counted the money and was undismayed. "Catch the flies," he said.

"Smack, bang, slap," sounded all over the office.

The result was ten flies. Some dead, some half dead, and some kicking with a full amount of vigor. They were deposited in the hand of the fly eater, who called for a glass of water. He said he had eaten his lunch, and on that account didn't feel as keen a relish for the insects as if they had been served up sooner, but, however, his confidence in their edible qualities was so great that it made no difference. He bundled the group of flies in the palm of his hand, so they could be counted, and yet the live ones not escape, and all were satisfied that the experiment was bona fide.

"Here goes," and his hand went to his mouth and the flies went in. He had to keep his lips close shut so that none might escape, and by a dexterous wriggling of his tongue managed to keep them from crawling down his throat. He chewed, and a smile of blissful satisfaction played on his features, akin to the expression the summer girl wears in an ice cream saloon. The crowd thought to see an instant spitting and hawking, but no one who looked at that face could keep his mouth from watering, and they all felt as if they had paid a man to eat a chicken pie. The man who timed the affair said it took one minute and sixteen seconds to get those ten flies chewed up, and then a few swallows of water washed down the repast.

As an extra precaution they made him keep his mouth closed for five minutes, and the money was declared fairly won and paid over.

"People are prejudiced against flies" were Tom's first words on opening his mouth. "I'll eat all the flies you bring me for 10 cents apiece," and he looked around unflinchingly.

"'A fool and his money are soon parted,'" murmured one of the group who had subscribed to the first experiment, and he jingled 23 cents in his pants pocket.

Tom afterward offered to eat the office cat for $10, but only $6.16 was found among the crowd. If his courage is still good on pay-day he may be taken up.

For draping, 200,000 yards plain black goods of every description at wholesale prices. Lansburgh & Bro., 420, 422, 424, and 426 Seventh street.

ROBBING CONDUCTORS.

THE OPEN CARS INFESTED WITH PICKPOCKETS WHO PREY ON THE BELL PUNCHERS.

The conductors on the avenue summer cars are suffering from an inconvenience incident to gathering fares while hanging to the side of a car with coat pockets in easy reach of passengers' fingers. Passengers, it seems, do not scruple to seize these golden opportunities of their lives, and in this manner provide themselves with car tickets and pocket money enough to last a month.

Thursday evening Conductor A. H. Hyatt, on summer car 161, discovered that nine packages of tickets had disappeared from his coat pocket. In talking to a reporter for THE REPUBLICAN later he said: "You have no idea the extent that this practice is developing. The other day one of the conductors told me that in one week he lost $13 in cash by this pilfering of our pockets. You may say, 'keep your eyes open, or don't carry your money in your coat pockets,' but if you knew the convenience of the latter and were to swing along the side of an open car for awhile you would soon realize our difficulty. People seem to think we are fit subjects to rob, with our high salaries and short hours."

BERKELEY is pure.

THE STOLEN $10,000 BOND.—A report on the recent loss and finding of the $10,000 bond suggests that the bond was stolen, but that the thief, being unable to get out of the building, threw it away. The report does not charge anybody with the theft, but charges Deputy Comptroller Langworthy with gross neglect of duty in not seeing that the bonds were properly secured.

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THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN has a Scott web press for sale. See advertisement.

DEEDS FILED FOR RECORD SATURDAY.

13th st., east side, bet. F and G sts. n. w., lot 33, A. R. Shepherd's sub, sq. 289, Lewis Clephane to Samuel W. Woodward and Alvin M. Lothrop, $8,000.

16th st., west side, at southwest cor. of I st. n. w., lots 28 to 34 inclusive, Wm. W. Corcoran's sub, sq. 186, Samuel F. Emmons to Lucius Tuckerman, $11,000.

12th st., east side, bet. W and Boundary sts. n. w., lot 21 and pt. lot 20, Starr and Metcalf's sub, sq. 302, Edw. A. McIntire, trustee, to Wm. W. Metcalf, $140.

3d st., west side, bet. Md. ave. and C st. n. e., south pt. lot 9, sq. 727, Ferdinand Schmidt et al., trustees, to Charles Walter, $650.

Same property as next above described, Malinda Brown to Charles Walter, $350.

Half st., west side, at n. w. cor. of O st. s. e., lot 1, sq. 702; Half st., west side, bet O and P sts. s. e., lot 10, sq. 704, also pt. sq. 906; also an undivided moiety of lot 1, sq. 845, Sarah A. Kealey to William E., Sarah B., Maggie E., and John F. Tucker and Mary J. Dooley, $1.

C st., south side, bet. 6th and 7th sts. n. e., lots 24, 25, 26, 27, Rupp's sub, sq. 863, William H. Rupp et al. to Levi Woodbury, $1,754.73.

11th st., west side, at northwest corner of C st s. e., lots 1, 2, 18, 19, 20, sq. 969, Caroline T. Bancroft, executrix, to John Joy Edson, $5,029.20.

COUNTY.

"Grassland," pt. of tract called Friendship, on road leading from Georgetown to Rockville, Md., containing 97 acres, Lewis D. Means to William C. Whitney, $30,000.

Meridian hill, lot 2, blk. 15, Hall & Elvain's sub., Wm. C. Hill to W. P. Van Wickle, $1,000.

Barry Farm, lot 2, sec. 1, Wm. G. Tallaferro to John A. Moss, $1,000.

For draping, 200,000 yards plain black goods of every description at wholesale prices. Lansburgh & Bro., 420, 422, 424, and 426 Seventh street

THE POSTOFFICE CLERKS' PETITION.—The clerks in the first assistant postmaster general's office petitioned a few days ago to have the length of working hours shortened. Of late they have been working until 5 o'clock, owing to the increased amount of work. The petition was laid before Postmaster General Vilas, who has as yet taken no action upon it. It is probable, however, that the request will not be granted, as the work of the office is considerably behind, and to shorten the hours now would be a detriment to the work of the office.

LADIES' GOODS.

CLOSING SALE.

ALL GOODS MARKED DOWN.
WE WILL NOT CARRY ANY SUMMER GOODS OVER.

All Swiss Embroideries marked down to prime cost.
Remnants of Swiss Embroideries below cost.
Oriental Laces, in cream and ecru, at astonishing low prices.
Linen Outline Goods, such as Splashers, Towels, Side-board Covers, Tidies, all marked down.
Hand-made Shetland Shawls reduced from $1.75 to $1.25.
Jerseys for Children, 79c, 98c to $1.25.
Jerseys for Ladies, 98c, $1.25 to $3.98.
In Corsets we have a few specialties this week. Some broken lots at 43c; reduced from $1 and $1.25.
Children's Caps and Dresses at half price.

MRS. MAX WEYL, Agent,
712 SEVENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

MISS ANNIE R. HUMPHREY,
430 TENTH STREET N. W.,
MAKES CORSETS to ORDER
In every style and material, and guarantees perfect fit and comfort.
Her specialties are French Hand-made Underclothing, Merino Underwear, and Finest Imported Hosiery.
Patent Shoulder Braces and all Dress Reform Goods, French Corsets and Bustles, Children's Corsets, and a One Dollar Corset (Miss H.'s own make) that for the price is unsurpassed.
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