MASSES FOR DEAD MEXICANS

STRANGE FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN THE LAND OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

Heirs to the Departed—Diamond-Decked Corpses and Magnificent Displays of Grief—The Vicissitudes of a Gorgeous Shroud—A Ballet Dancer in a Grave Dress.

MEXICO, Oct. 24, 1885.—A big, black bordered envelope, just now handed between my window-bars, by the crape-garnished valet of the late Senor Don Jesus Jose Gonzalez, announces the death of the latter and invites the reader to his funeral. The sheet of pink-tinted paper is as heavily bordered with black as its cover, and bears at the top a collection of tombstones of various styles (doubtless the advertising plate of some dealer, which the thrifty printer utilizes in this manner) and at the bottom of the page a seasick-looking female bends in the usual attitude over an urn. Between these two suggestive pictures is printed in faultless Spanish the information that Mr. Jesus Jose Gonzalez died yesterday at noon, and that his afflicted wife (who mourns under the neat little name of Maria Conception de las Angeles Narro de Gonzalez), his son, Ramon Flores Gonzalez, together with his brother, relatives, and many friends, desire to participate with you in lamenting the melancholy event, and in supplicating the Redeemer to grant the dead man's soul a speedy exit from purgatory, and eternal rest in paradise; also that the reader is invited to attend the cadaver from its late residence to the Cathedral de San Francisco, and thence to the main pantheon at 5 p. m. to-day.

ETIQUETTE OF THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

Funeral etiquette is vigorously observed to the minutest particular by all classes in Mexico, and a death in the family has been the financial ruin of many a man. Black garments must be worn for at least two years by every female relative, even to remote cousins and little children, while male relatives, however distantly connected, must for an equal length of time wear broad bands of black draped upon their straw or felt hats, black silk neck-ties and black gloves, not to mention the scarf of crape with flowing ends, which is kept tied above the elbow of the right coat sleeve for not less than six weeks after the funeral. Upon no account whatever must the ladies of the household be seen anywhere in public during the two years of mourning. Jewelry and all adornments must be laid aside, letter paper and envelopes must conspicuously advertise the family affliction, and all the smallest signs of woe must be faithfully employed—even by those who could have had little interest in the deceased, or when, as sometimes happens, death could have brought nothing but welcome relief to all concerned.

The one occasion upon which even a thirty-third cousin, or a great-great-grandniece, may be excused for appearing during the prescribed term of seclusion is when public masses are being said for the dead.

INVITATIONS TO THE MASS.

These "honors" for the dead are so numerous that scarcely a day passes without bringing an invitation to attend the celebration of one or more of them. Invitation cards are gotten up much in the style described above for funerals—each with tomb, cypress, and weeping woman above the lettering. Among the half dozen now upon my table here is one, lately received, which sets forth the fact that the brothers and uncle of Senor Don Ysmael Perre Gomez, who died on the 28th of last June, request you to assist at his funeral "honors," which, by the desire of his wife, will be celebrated on the 23d of the present month.

A MAGNIFICENT AFFAIR.

Not long ago, in the City of Mexico, I attended the "honors" of a daughter of a cabinet officer who is one of the richest men in the republic. It was an indescribably magnificent affair, no expense having been spared to enhance the splendor of the occasion. The walls and pillars of the cathedral were covered with draperies of crimson velvet, bordered with gold. All the choicest treasures which centuries have gathered in the rich old sanctuary were brought forth; thousands of waxen tapers blazed from dome to pavement, and several bands of music played during pauses of the deep-rolling organ. An innumerable company of priests, each carrying a lighted candle a yard long, were ranged around the glittering altar. All the male relatives of the family, dressed in deepest mourning, occupied high-backed chairs placed along one side of the church. Hundreds of veiled and black-robed women knelt upon the rich carpet which temporarily covered the stone floor, but among them all was not one near relative of the deceased, the grief of mothers and sisters being considered too great to permit them to appear, even for this solemn purpose. Drawing our mantillas of black lace over our faces (for to wear a bonnet in church at any time is considered sacrilegious), Betsy and I knelt among the mourning throng, wondering much why it is that women must always kneel while men may sit or stand. Is it because the latter are less wicked than the weaker sex, and, therefore, not in need of praying; or because it is the special province of the former to possess piety enough for the whole family? Really, if heaven is to be won only through personal prayers, I seriously fear that the "Sweet By and By" will include only a vast colony of lonesome saintesses, with never a man among them.

The whole service, which continued more than two hours, was exceedingly impressive—the solemn music, the burning incense, the chanting of priests and choir boys, the impassioned prayers and fervent responses; but all seemed more joyous than sad, because of the prevailing idea that each note which rose to heaven carried with it some lessening of the tortures of the young and lovely dead and wafted her soul nearer to the City Beautiful. She was scarcely 17 when called to leave this world—as pure and innocent a maiden as ever lived—yet, according to Mexican ideas, as much effort was required to rescue her from purgatory as if she had been a hardened criminal!

A BEJEWELED CORPSE.

An old lady, belonging to one of the "first families" of the ancient Spanish regime, has told me, with great pride, how—on the death of her grandson, a dozen years ago—the little corpse was decked with jewels enough to ransom a king, which out-shone all the treasures of the great national pawn shop. The boy was enveloped in richest point lace, and all the diamonds of his titled relations (including six countesses and five marquises) were collected to put upon him—rings, brooches, necklaces, tovins, to the value of more than a million pesos. The entire street was hung with sable draperies, a brass band played all day upon the outer balcony of the house in which the tiny cadaver lay in state, and crowds came to see the show. Poor baby! Notwithstanding all this splendid masquerading, no doubt the mother mourned her blighted hopes as other mothers do—perhaps the more bitterly because in him perished the last scion of a noble house.

THE COUNTESS' STORY.

Apropos of thus making a show of the dead, a story is told by the Countess Calderon de la Barca, which is doubtless true. A lady of high rank being dead her family, according to the then prevailing fashion, undertook to commit her to the tomb habited in her most magnificent dress, that in which she had been married. This robe was a marvel of richness, whose equal had never been seen even in luxurious Mexico. It was entirely composed of the finest point lace, of fabulous value, profusely adorned with bows of ribbon covered with embroidery of pure gold, and strewn with priceless pearls. Thus gorgeously attired the countess was laid in her coffin. Thousands of friends flocked to view her beautiful costume du mort, and at last she was locked in her sepulcher, the key of which was intrusted to a sacristan. Well, from charnel house to ballet care is rather an abrupt transition, but it happened to the gold-embroidered gown aforesaid. A few months later a company of French ballet dancers appeared at the Mexican capital, whose chief danseuse was as remarkable for the brevity of her petticoats as for the length of her pirouettes. On the night of the favorite ballet, when, as in our own country, the sea of bald heads made the front rows of the opera house look like a cobble-paved street, Mlle. Pauline waltzed in with a succession of astonishing pirouettes and, poised upon one toe, looked around for the customary applause. But, instead, a thrill of horror, accompanied by loud murmurs of indignation, pervaded the assembly. The coquettish danseuse was attired in the identical dress in which the dead countess had been buried—point lace, pearls, gold ribbons—there was no mistaking it! Hardly had the curtain dropped before the discomfitted Pauline found herself surrounded by officers of the law, who demanded to know where and how she obtained that robe. With tears of anger and mortification she protested that she had rifled no tomb, but that a persistent and wealthy lover whom she hated had purchased her favor with it, he having paid an extravagant sum for the dress to a certain well-known modiste. To the modiste then went the authorities. She also pleaded innocence, asserting that she bought the garment, for many golden ounces, from an old man, whom she minutely described.

A SHORT-SIGHTED SACRISTAN.

The dishonest guardian justly ended his days in prison, but one good result arose from his rascality, i. e., that thenceforth whatever magnificence, owned or borrowed, corpses were "laid out" in, it was only for show, and plainer garments were generally substituted before burial.

These gentle-hearted people have sweeter ways of expressing their ideas than we of the colder north. For instance, they never speak of a deceased child as dead, but call it otra angelita—"another little angel." One never hears of "an old maid" in Mexico, and to remain forever unmarried entails upon the luckless spinster no such stigma as the epithet so common in our country, but if her lonely condition is alluded to, they sweetly say of her that she is "hard to please." The aged are universally treated with the greatest respect and every mark of deference. It is considered more courteous to address even elderly married ladies as Senorita (Miss), instead of Senora (Madame). The lady of the house is always affectionately called by her servants la nina (the little girl), though she may have attained the mature age of 80.

FANNIE B. WARD.

The Election in Danville.

EDITOR NATIONAL REPUBLICAN: The good people of the country ought to know how our late election was conducted. I will state only facts which can be proven by substantial witnesses and have been already established to my entire satisfaction. I have taken nothing on hearsay, and investigated every fact I shall refer to. Republican voters who applied by letter to the Democratic registrars for transfers received their transfers the day after the election, and in each case called to my notice the transfer was dated a week before, and the postmark was so blurred as not to be deciphered and the date not to be distinguished, showing clearly collusion between the registrars and postmasters. In many cases where an ignorant negro applied in person for his transfer the registrar gave a defective transfer, leaving out some important part, either the name of his former or present precincts.

Some ignorant negroes were informed by Democratic emissaries that their precinct boundaries had been changed, and that they must get transfers to another precinct near by; they got such transfers only to find they had been bedazzled and could not vote at either precinct. Letters and public documents sent to Republican leaders were not delivered in many cases for three weeks. Packages of circulars and party matter sent from state headquarters to leading Republicans came to hand at last, opened and with postmark torn off.

A telegram sent from Richmond about the destination of some ballots shipped by express was dated Saturday, Oct. 31, and never delivered until Monday, Nov. 2, too late to be of service.

Messengers sent out to distant county precincts with Republican ballots were bribed not to deliver the ballots. Democratic judges of election at several precincts took the ballot boxes to a private room and stayed there an hour before they returned them to the sight of the people or allowed any Republican to attend the court; in one such case twenty-one more ballots were found than voters on poll book.

So far as I can ascertain there was but one Republican judge of election in Pittsylvania county, including Danville. There are twenty-nine precincts outside of Danville, three in Danville, and one in North Danville. Every precinct has a Democratic registrar, three Democratic judges of election, and two Democratic clerks. Every postmaster in the county is a Democrat.

The men who distinguished themselves in the Danville riot were sent to the voting places of Danville and the country precincts in the vicinity of Danville. They massed themselves near the polls, and by insults, threats, and menacing gestures frightened away the timid colored voters. At one precinct, where there were 500 colored voters last year, there were only 153 this year; in Danville only 600 colored voters out of about 1,200 voted.

This intimidation was only resorted to, however, where the Danville bullies were sent; but it cost us at least 1,000 votes; fraud cost us several hundred more. This has now become the banner Democratic county. Up to the date of the Danville massacre the usual majority was less than 300; now it is nearly 2,000. I send you an extract from to-day's Danville Register (Democratic), which speaks for itself:

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

EDITOR DANVILLE DAILY REGISTER: Coleman E. Hawkins, colored, who has a meat and vegetable stand on the market, and has in every literally patronized by the white ladies and gentlemen of the town, voted the straight Republican ticket Tuesday. Now, will the people of Danville continue to deal with this radical when there are so many good white Democrats on the market that they could deal with?

DANVILLE.

November 4.

The bourbons of Danville paraded a cavalry company at daylight on the day of election. This company, at least fifty strong, and fully armed with pistols, marched up the main street of the town in order fully to impress the negroes. They then proceeded to a precinct in the county, three miles distant, where the usual Republican majority is 300, took possession of the grounds around the precinct, knocked down several negroes, and drove the balance away.

TRUTH.

DANVILLE, VA., Nov. 5.

Fence Posts.

An experimental writer on this subject very rationally remarks: "To have a fence that will last, we must have good posts; for that is the part that gives out first by rotting off at the surface of the soil. Then the fence has to come down, new posts set, and the boards replaced. Sixteen years ago I experimented with my fences, and find seasoned oaked posts, oiled and then tarred with boiling coal tar, makes them last the longest. I took green posts that were sawed five inches square at one end and two by five inches at the other, and seven feet long. I tarred half as many as would build my fence, and the other half I put in the ground green, with nothing done to them. In five years after, the tarred posts were nothing but a shell under the ground, all the inside being decayed. Some of the other posts were rotted off, and some were about half rotten.

"Two years after, I built another fence, with seasoned oak posts, same size as the first, giving them all a good coat of oil, and in a few days after tarred them, as I did before, with coal tar, heated in a can made for the purpose, four feet deep, and large enough to hold four posts set on end. I left them in the boiling tar for about ten minutes, then took them out and sanded them. And now, after fourteen years, not one in ten needs replacing. I shall never build a fence for myself requiring posts without first thoroughly seasoning, then oiling, and then tarring them. If they are tarred when green, the tar does not penetrate the wood, and in a short time will all scale off. When the wood is seasoned the oil penetrates the wood, and the coating of coal tar keeps out the moisture, thereby preserving the wood from decay."

To Prevent Adulteration.

Prof. Dodge, chief of statistics of the agricultural department, is collating all the state laws on the subject of the adulteration of butter and cheese, and it is believed that Commissioner Colman will recommend to Congress such legislation as will prevent the sale of the adulterated and artificial for the pure and natural article. The national butter, cheese, and egg convention will be held in Chicago Nov. 10, and will formulate a forcible expression of its views upon the subject.

Lullaby.

[Boston Gazette.]

Sleep my darling; sleep in quiet,
In thy dainty bed so warm;
Mother watches by thy cradle,
To protect thee from all harm.
Father's late; but soon he homeward
Will his tardy footsteps trace;
And dear baby will be fondle
In a loving, sweet embrace.
When he comes, O! then my treasure,
Ope your wondrous eyes so bright,
And, my precious, cry, and make him
Walk the room with you all night.
Lullaby!

MEXICAN GIRL'S LOVE LETTERS

[Temple Bar.]

When I was in Cuba I was fortunate enough to form the acquaintance of a lady of noble Mexican family, who had been settled in the island for many years. She must have been between 60 and 70, but, except that her hair was snow-white and her form somewhat bent, she showed little sign of age, while her skin still preserved its smoothness, and her eyes sparkled with the vivacity of youth. She was one of the most charming talkers I have met. One evening, in conversation with her, I alluded to the passage in the "Barbiere" where Don Bartolo examines his niece's fingers to see if she has been writing to Almaviva. "Surely" I said, "it is out of the nature of things to suppose that Don Bartolo would exercise so strict a watch upon his ward."

Donna Juana smiled.

"Well," she said, after a moment's pause, "I will tell you of a case in point, which shows that when I was a girl such extreme vigilence was by no means uncommon. I was educated with my sisters at a convent near Mexico. I was the youngest, and when I was 15 I returned to my father's house. My sisters had married, and I was alone with my father and my duenna. I led a very happy life; whatever I wished for was mine at once, and I was careful not to give utterance to unreasonable desires. In the morning I sat in the house or walked with my duenna; in the afternoon we drove, my father riding by the side of the carriage. Four things only were denied me—pen, ink, pencil, paper. But I had no one to write to and I did not feel the restriction a hard one; you see, senor, that your Don Bartolo is not such an exaggerated character, for my father's views were but those of his countrymen."

"But, tell me, senora," said I, "did the time never come when you found these restrictions burdensome?"

"You shall hear," she said, "that is, if you care to listen to the love story of an old woman like myself. I was seated one morning at the window when I noticed a young cavalier come riding up the street. He was superbly dressed and mounted; he wore a broad-brimmed sombrero, trimmed with silver lace; his large black riding cloak was lined with scarlet, and his heavy silver spurs jingled as he rode. I thought I never in my life had seen so handsome a cavalier. He saw me sitting at the window, and looked so fixedly at me that I drew the curtain in my embarrassment. He must have turned his horse at the head of the street, for while I was still trembling with excitement he came riding past again, and this time as he passed he took off his sombrero and bowed. I scarcely slept that night. Next morning I accompanied my duenna to mass at the cathedral. As we left the church I raised my eyes and saw the cavalier who had bowed to me the day before standing at the entrance. Senor, I need not tell you that I had never had any experience in affairs of the heart; I was fresh from the convent and had scarcely spoken to any man except my confessors and my father; but I felt instinctively that this handsome gentleman had come there to see me. As we passed I felt his hand touch mine, and a little note was placed between my fingers.

"When we returned to the house I managed, not without difficulty, to open and read my letter alone. It is fifty years since I received it, and I have it still—my first love-letter. Can you enter into the feelings of a Mexican girl when she is told for the first time that her eyes are brighter than the stars, more tender than the gazelle's, and that her heart surely cannot be colder than her smile? But I will not weary you with the repetition of my precious little letter, every line of which I still know by heart. I read and re-read it, and then sat down to consider how I was to answer it."

"There your difficulty must have been insurmountable!"

"Truly it did at first seem so. Writing materials I had none. Confide in my duenna I dared not; she was a relative of my father's, stern and severe. Still, I was determined to answer the letter. So kind a note; so handsome a cavalier; it would be cruel to leave him without a reply. Besides, my heart was enlisted on his side. The letter had to be answered, that was certain; only, how was I to do it?

"I need not tell you, who know something of Spanish life, that my library was extremely select. Indeed, it consisted but of my book of office and two large books of devotional exhortations. But I had a huge packet of saints' cards I had used at the convent—one for almost every day in the year. I do not know whether you have ever seen such cards—with a picture of the saint or martyr at the top and a prayer addressed to him underneath. Well, I was desperate, and I resolved to sacrifice the saints' cards. I cut out the words I needed—and the feryid ejaculation served my purpose well—and thus I composed my letter. Then I took one of my handkerchiefs and sewed each word to it in regular order.

"The next morning I was at my window betimes, and it was not long before I saw the cavalier approach on foot. I rolled my handkerchief into a ball, and when he was close up to the window I let it drop at his feet. He picked it up, pressed it to his lips, and hastened away.

"In this manner we corresponded for nearly two months, exchanging handkerchiefs daily, either at my window or at the cathedral door. During all this time I had never exchanged a spoken word with this gentleman. He told me who he was, and I was rejoiced to learn that his family was equal in position to my own. By this time my pile of saints' cards had long been exhausted, and the books of sermons were sadly mutilated, but they furnished me with the fairest phrases! When the second month had passed I wrote that I thought he should speak with my father.

"The next day he came, accompanied by his uncle, and proposed formally for my hand. My father readily accepted him, for he was a man of distinction and noble. We were married soon after, and lived for ten years in Mexico. Political disturbances forced us to return to Cuba, where my husband had estates. I have been twenty years a widow, and have never ceased to regret my loss. So you see, senor, that though I won my husband by deception, yet it was, as it were, forced upon me, and I think in my case it was pardonable. Only the saints' cards and those pious books! that was a grievous sin, and I have done penance for it since, I may tell you."

I have given the substance of the story, but the manner of the narration cannot be reproduced. The lively, white-haired old lady, telling her little love story of half a century ago, now with a smile and then a sigh: her soft voice and the tenderness in her eyes as she spoke of her husband and lover would have impressed the most careless listener; and by one who heard her the story of that evening will not soon be forgotten.

Dakota's Growth.

Some interesting facts concerning the wonderful growth of Dakota are presented in the October report of Mr. Dodge, the statistician of the department of agriculture. The increase in population from 135,177 to 415,664 within the five years that have passed since the census of 1880 has already been published; but it is only by comparison between this incipient commonwealth and some of her older sisters, long since admitted into the family of states, that a just idea can be gained of her wonderful progress. Such a comparison has been made by Mr. Dodge, and it appears that in the number of farms, which increased from 27,455 in 1880 to 82,467 in 1885, Dakota outranks seventeen of the thirty-eight states. The number at present exceeding that of any one of the New England states, or the number in California, Delaware, or Maryland. It exceeds the combined number in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and it also exceeds the number in Oregon, Nevada, and Colorado in the west, combined with that of Rhode Island, Delaware, and Florida in the east. No state east of the Alleghanies or south of the Ohio outranks it as a wheat-producing state, and even Wisconsin holds a lower place.

Fall Plowing Orchards.

The benefit usually claimed for fall plowing is that it exposes more of the soil to deep freezing, and thus prepares to yield its plant food more freely. But in the case of orchards this advantage is more than neutralized by the injury to tree roots during extremely cold and dry winters. Many apple orchards have been entirely destroyed by repeated fall plowing, while those covered with grass in winter have escaped. If the orchard is already plowed try to spread a coating of manure under the trees as protection to the roots. If manure cannot be had, straw is better than nothing, except for very young orchards, where it would harbor mice.

THE RELIGIOUS RECORD.

A building, with the lot upon which it stands, has been purchased in New York for $30,000 for a Hebrew-Christian Church. Five thousand dollars have been paid, and the Rev. Jacob Freshman is making vigorous efforts to secure further assistance for this, the first Hebrew-Christian Church in America.

The general executive committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church reports that $175,000 had been collected during the past year.

Special evangelical services are now being held in the Presbyterian Churches in New York city.

The cornerstone of a new Methodist Episcopal Church Home, on Tenth avenue near Ninety-second street, New York, was laid Thursday afternoon. Bishop Harris presided.

The Jewish Association for the Diffusion of Knowledge has adopted the revised version of the Old Testament as the basis for a new edition of the scripture which is about to be issued for the use of the English-speaking Jews.

Many strange religions are being introduced into California, among them Hindoo theosophy and Chinese Confucianism. The growth of spiritualism there is so rapid as to challenge attention. A local paper noting these facts says it is about time for the Christian churches to wake up.

Rev. Mr. Tannant, aged 115 years, died the other day at Evansville, Ark. He has been preaching for ninety years.

The London Tablet of to-day will contain an unsigned article by Cardinal Manning, in which he says he is convinced that no system of popular education which is not based upon the visible facts of religious divisions, and which does not provide for full liberty of conscience, can adapt itself to the kingdom. The fact that England is denominational cannot be masked or ignored, much less suppressed by force or fraud.

Since the occupation of their new building on New York avenue, the Y. M. C. A. has increased in membership until it has reached over a thousand at the present time.

The lecture committee of the Y. M. C. A. in this city announces the following course of lectures, concerts, and readings to the sustaining members for the season of 1885-86: Dec. 11, Robert J. Burdette. Jan. 15, 1886, the Meigs-Underhill Combination, composed of the Meigs Sisters quartette and Charles Underhill, the reader and impersonator. Jan. 29, Will Carleton will give one of his monologue entertainments. Feb. 5, Prof. S. M. Spedon will deliver an illustrated lecture, entitled "Character and Characteristics," off-hand drawing, faces of prominent men, and funny people, figures, landscapes, and transformations wonderful. Feb. 19, Rev. Robert Nourse, D.D., will give his humorous and instructive lecture, "John and Jonathan." March 5, the famous Fiske Jubilee Singers appear, although this date has not been positively fixed yet. The Congregational Church has been engaged for the above dates.

Rockville Records.

ROCKVILLE, MD., Nov. 6.—The overwhelming Democratic majority in this county was a surprise. In the fourth district (Rockville) the vote was remarkably large—560 out of 600 registered. The tickets were not cut as much as expected, though Mr. A. A. Braddock, the Republican candidate for sheriff, ran far ahead of the ticket.

The canal report shows for October 472 boats, carrying 51,234 tons of coal, and a revenue of about $13,600. These shipments are said to be the heaviest of the season.

Mrs. Gulnilda Schley, widow of Col. J. M. Schley, former Democratic candidate for Congress, is dead.

Mr. R. L. Bentely, of Sandy Springs, is in possession of a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to Mr. Thomas Moore, an uncle of Mr. Bentley. The letter is dated "Monticello, Sept. 16, 1806."

The recent rains have done damage at the Great Falls to the amount of $20,000. One of the fish-ways has been completely torn up, while it is thought several others have suffered equally. Work is impracticable, and Messrs. Crimeden & Bros., contractors of the government dam, have sustained some loss, the high water having washed away all their derricks, a lot of cars and track, and one engine, but no injury was done to the dam itself.

George Randolph Pickett, who died at Fort Klamath, Oreg., Oct. 31, was a nephew of Mrs. Codwise, of this town. He attended the Rockville Academy for several years, and at the time of his death was attached to the United States geological survey.

The reputed author of the "Bread Winners," Mr. Charles Frederick Adams, clerk and examiner United States civil service commission, is a resident of Montgomery county, near Rockville.

A hay house, valued at $200, belonging to Mr. Frank Waters, of Spencerville, was destroyed by fire last week.

TOM CARLYLE.

Men's sack overcoat. Eiseman, cor. 7th and E

Fifty Dollars For Keeping a Bath House.

Sarah Brown, the colored proprietress of a bath house at 305 Missouri avenue, was tried in police court yesterday for keeping a bawdy house. Detective Block testified to assisting in the raid. In the third story of the house witness found a number of young women with small children. In the house a number of circulars were also found offering to board women; others stating that "Mrs. Brown (colored), of New York city, with polite attendants, will give her highly recommended, medicated, electric, salt water, and toilet baths." Lieut. Kelly said that a complaint had been lodged against the house. The court imposed a fine of $50 or three months in jail.

The President's Reception.

Representative Springer was among the callers on the President yesterday and talked for over an hour about the Vincent case. The other callers included Representatives Townshend and Lawler, of Illinois, who called on strictly "private business" to see about some public offices which have not been filled. They remained some time and appeared to be satisfied with the result of their visit.

There were over 250 people assembled in the east room when the President came down shortly after 1 o'clock. In just ten minutes he had shaken every one of them by the hand, said "Howdy do," and returned to his work.

Boys' cutaway suits. Eiseman, cor. 7th and E

Protecting the Chinese.

A telegram has been sent to Gov. Squires, of Washington territory, by order of the President, assuring him that the issuance of his proclamation calling on all the officers of the law to preserve the peace of the territory and protect the Chinese from all abuse, and asking all law-abiding citizens who have the interest of the territory at heart to assist in preserving its good name by suppressing the outrages upon the Chinese, receives the unqualified approbation of the President, and the governor is directed to follow it up with vigorous measures of precaution and prevention.

The Garfield Property in Virginia.

Frank Hume has purchased from the heirs of Judge Jerry Black their interest in the Abingdon farm, on the banks of Four Mile run. The price paid is $2,880. The other interest is owned by the widow and children of ex-President Garfield.

Men's 4-button cutaway suit. Eiseman, 7th & E.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage licenses were issued yesterday to Emil A. Steebel and Caroline Oppenheimer, Moses Grimes and Ida Fox, William Dyson and Ellen Ducket, C. Herschel Koyl and Georgia T. Washburn.

Let the Experiment be Tried.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

It is suggested that Mr. Carl Schurz would accept an office if it were tendered him in a pair of silver sugar tongs.

The Officeseekers' Plaint.

[Columbus Dispatch.]

What is this we hear 'bout Grover?—
Slammed the white house front door shut?
Turned the dining tables over?
Our acquaintanceships all cut?

Who's this King that we've elected,
Mauls us with a Mugwump club,
Then gets rattled, Three-X selected,
And into our wounds doth rub?

Lord! how is it we who've waited
Years for this ascendency,
Find reformers addle-pated
Robbing us of Victory?

Temperance at Soldiers' Home.

The bright, new hall at Soldiers' Home, which has recently been so neatly and comfortably fitted up and given to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for services every Friday night, was filled last evening with the veterans, nearly every seat being occupied. The music was conducted by Dr. Hensley to the delight of the soldiers. After devotional exercises Mrs. Clara Hoffman, of St. Louis, an officer of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, made a most forcible and eloquent address, holding the wrapt attention of her audience for nearly an hour by her womanly plea to her "soldier brothers" to lead pure temperance lives. Thirteen signed the pledge. Maj. Rittenhouse, who has so kindly assisted this work, was present with his family.

Building Improvements.

The following building permits were issued yesterday: D. W. Ogden, to build one two-story and cellar brick on Q street, between Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth streets, to cost $2,500; Carl Mueller, to build one two-story and brick stable, corner of Eighth and H, to cost $700; J. W. Morgan, to improve 517 Ninth street, to cost $700; Mr. Stetson, to improve 1441 Massachusetts avenue, to cost $3,000; William Morrison, to build one three-story and basement brick on Iowa circle, to cost $7,000; George W. Cochran, to erect one three-story and cellar brick to be known as 1320 T street, to cost $5,000; J. H. McKenny, to build one three-story and cellar brick on Rhode Island avenue near Sixteenth street, to cost $2,000.

Josh Billings's Dog.

[Philadelphia Times.]

A good story is told of the humorist being thrown, on one occasion, among a batch of students in a country town near New Haven. He was tramping along with a rusty yellow dog, and entered the bar room of a hotel for some refreshments. A group of the Yale lads chanced to be there on a frolic, and immediately interviewed Billings, whom they evidently mistook for a farmer. They inquired with affected interest after the health of his wife and children, and Josh, with counterfeited simplicity, gave them a graphic account of his family and farm.

"Of course you belong to the church?" asked one of the boys.

"Yes, the Lord be praised, and my father and grandfather before me."

"Now, I suppose you would not tell a lie," said one of the students.

"Not for the world."

"What will you take for that dog?" pointing to Josh's cur, which was crouching beneath his chair.

"I won't take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars! Why he's not worth twenty cents."

"I assure you I would not take $20 for him."

"Come, my friend," said the student, who, with his companions, was bent on having some fun with the old man. "Now, you say you won't tell a lie for the world. Let me see if you will not do it for $20. I'll give you $20 for your dog."

"I'll not take it."

"You will not? Here, let me see if this will not tempt you to a lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, which he built up into small piles on the table. Josh was sitting by the table, with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. "There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars, all in silver, I will give you that for the animal." Josh quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and, as quick as thought, scraped all the money into it, except one half dollar, and then exclaimed:

"I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and half is as much as that dog is worth; he is your property."

A tremendous shout from his fellow students clearly showed the would-be wag that he was completely sold, and that he had not look for sympathy from that quarter, so he good naturedly acknowledged himself beaten.

To Alaska Via Cape Horn.

The United States steamer Bear, of the Greely expedition, will sail to-day from Tompkinsville for San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn. The Bear will go to Alaska, to remain two years.

A Card from the Capital Club.

At a meeting of the Capital Club last evening action was taken in regards to the raid upon the club and in refutation of the article printed in last evening's Star. The raid, in the first place, was so surprising to the gentlemen comprising the club, that they feel their feelings to have been outraged unnecessarily. In the first place, the club is for the refinement and intellectual welfare of its members, also for social comfort and amusement. The games played were mostly chess, checkers, &c., many of the members not playing cards at all. They are all willing to be responsible to the law as far as amenable, but they feel, as a whole, that they have been prosecuted, and unjustly too. It seems that a few citizens of this city care more for social benefits which accrue from the intercourse of fellow man. We do not wish to do anything wrong, merely to be set forth in your paper, as not being gamblers and roues—the names printed in the Star of the aforesaid instant. You will find us to be gentlemen and scholars at the least, and for the sake of our own feelings we desire these few lines to be set forth in your sheet.

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Per President.

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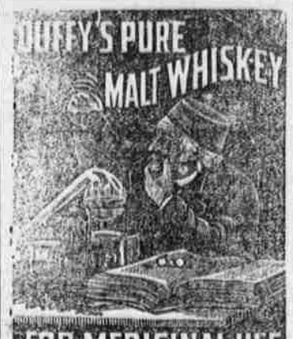

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No street in Washington, not even grand Pennsylvania avenue itself, is better known or more fashionably frequented than Fourteenth. A broad thoroughfare, smoothly concreted, with continual passage of cars, the rush of wagons, the rolling by of magnificent equipages, built on either side, almost connectedly, with stores and beautiful dwelling houses and hotels—it is a favorite resort, both of business and pleasure.

As one of its merchants remarked to the writer a few days since: "I have never known any enterprise start on Fourteenth street without meeting with full success."

The importance of this grand thoroughfare is steadily and rapidly increasing. At this time many buildings are being erected for stores, even to the base of the northern hills, and no sooner is one finished than it is occupied. The display of goods of all kinds along the route is rapidly becoming as attractive as any in the city, and the ability and courtesy of its merchants cannot be excelled.

The retail trade of this street is well established, and will now progress at an unexampled rate. Investments here will prove highly remunerative, and the attention of capitalists is at present eagerly directed to this rapidly approaching realization. From an extensive and fruitful region of